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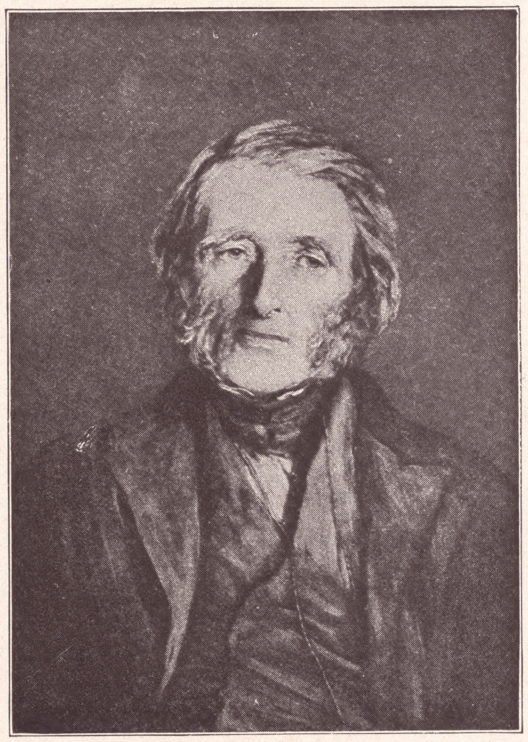
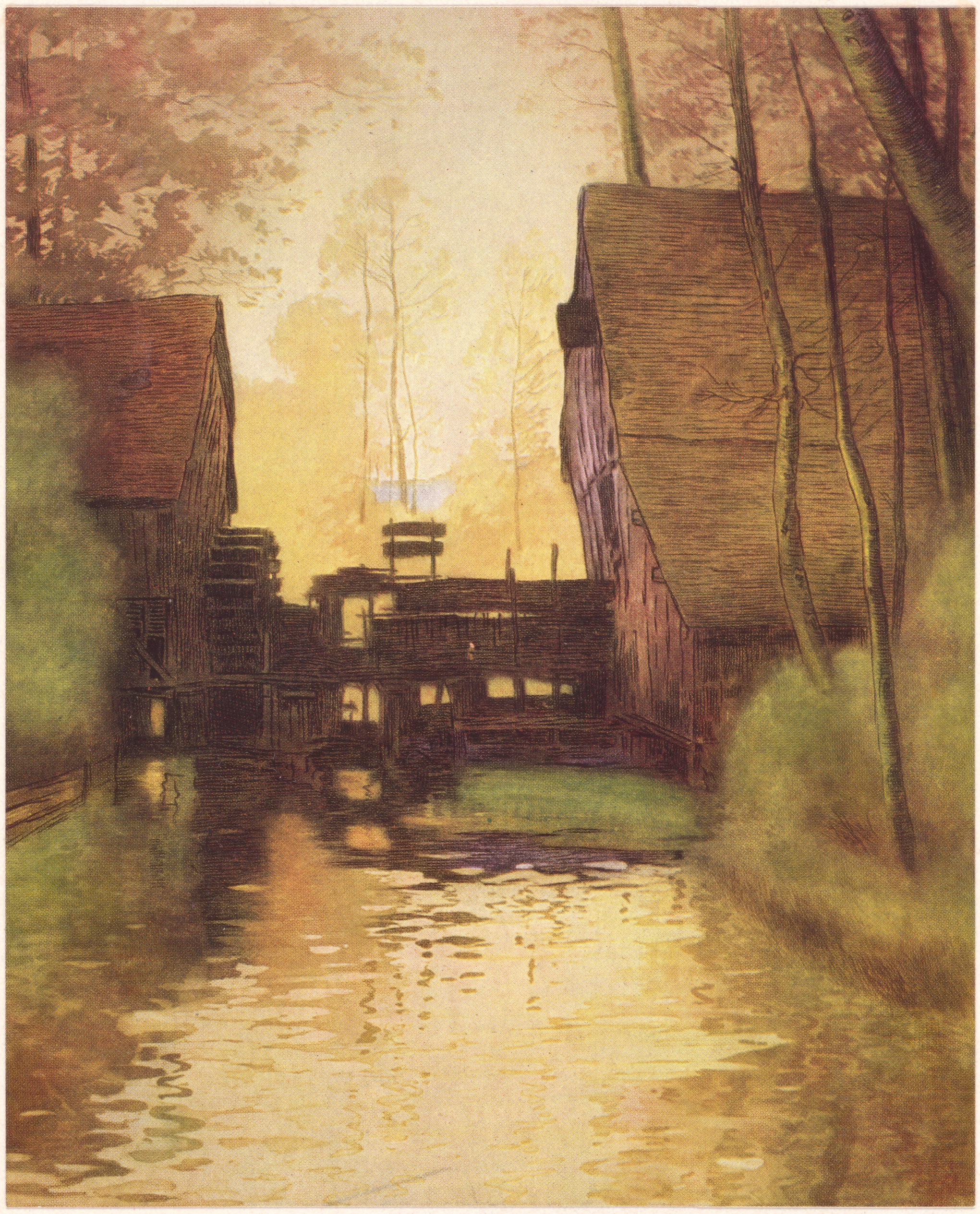


Noble art is nothing less than the expression of a great soul; and great souls are not common things.

JOHN RUSKIN, M. A.



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OLD DUTCH MILL

PAINTING BY HENRI FOURADAY

The still and quiet of a deserted mill has been often voiced by poets but seldom by painters, and Mr. Fouraday, in his constant quest for the unusual, has made it the theme of one of his best pictures. The mill has long since outlived its usefulness, for its very walls are bending under the weight of its quiet wheel. It has been long since that wheel has turned, for the water of that once wild mill-race is stagnant and covered with moss.

The coloring of this small print is absolutely unsurpassed, for it is true to its original, and who but Henri Fouraday could put such harmony into a picture. The browns, reds and greens melt into each other and that odd combination of green and brown in the thick growth of bushes seems a perfect medium for expressing the subserviency of the foliage on either side to the rest of the picture. Almost the only lights in the scene are the many and varied reflections cast by the setting sun on the water. These reflections are very difficult to paint and no one is such a master of them as this great etcher. The picture, in spite of its suggestion of completed toil as shown in the buildings, does not lack life and strength, for the saplings on the right are virile and stand out strongly from the rest of the scene. The treatment of the trees in the background is daring and attractive. The whole picture is restful and cannot fail to appeal to all those who are fortunate enough to possess it.

The etcher, Mr. Fouraday, was born near Paris in 1874, and is of French-English parentage. He is a noted painter as well as an able exponent of the art of color etching.

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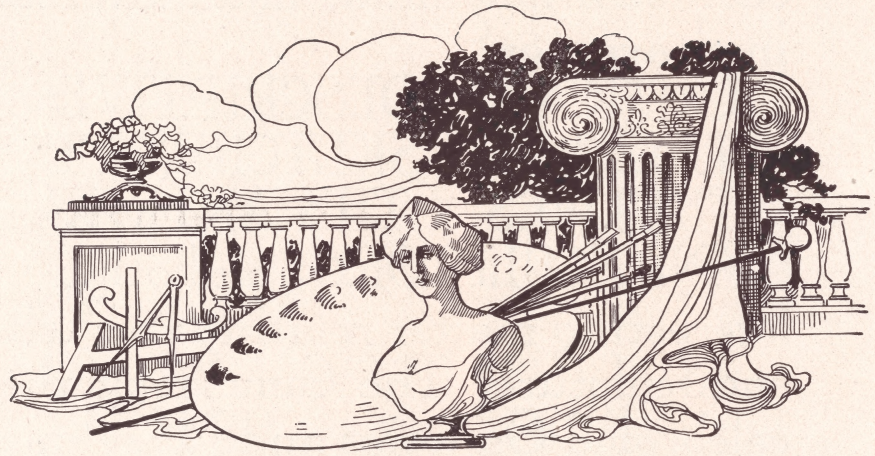

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THE STORY OF THE BOOK

THE influence of Art on the masses is great. It lies in the same light as that of the uses of reading or writing, for drawing so far as it is possible to the multitude is mainly to be considered as a means of obtaining and communicating knowledge. He who can accurately represent the form of an object, and match its color, has unquestionably a power of notation and description greater in most instances than that of words.

Painting or Art generally, as such, with all its technicalities, difficulties, and particular ends, is nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing. He who has learned what is commonly considered the whole art of painting—that is, the art of representing any natural object faithfully—has as yet only learned the language by which his thoughts are to be expressed. Of course, abuses and dangers attend the acquirement of every power. Nevertheless true taste or the instantaneous preference of the noble thing to the ignoble is a necessary accompaniment of high worthiness in nations or men. To the peasant in his garden you cannot dictate the preference of gilly flower or of rose; but we can make art a means of giving him helpful and happy pleasure, and of gaining for him serviceable knowledge—the art of photography enabling us to reproduce the works of the masters in painting and sculpture, which for most practical purposes are as good as the originals. This being the case, the work of "Art" should be in every home; the influence on the growing child as well as the adult is most beneficial. An artist can always paint well for those who are lightly pleased or wisely displeased, but he cannot paint for those who are dull in applause and false in condemnation.

Ideas of beauty are among the noblest which can be presented to the human mind, invariably exalting and purifying it according to their degree; and it would appear that we are intended by the Diety to be constantly under their influence, because there is not one single object in nature which is not capable of conveying them, and which, to the rightly perceiving mind, does not present an incalculably greater number of beautiful than of deformed parts; there being in fact scarcely anything, in pure, undeceased nature, like positive deformity, but only degrees of beauty, or such slight and rare points of permitted contrast as may render all around them more valuable by their opposition, spots of blackness in creation, to make its colors felt.

You must not follow Art without pleasure nor must you follow it for the sake of pleasure. The solution of the enigma is simply this fact, that wherever Art has been followed only for the sake of luxury or delight, it has contributed, and largely contributed, to bring about the destruction of the nation practicing it; but wherever Art has been used also to teach any truth, or supposed truth—religion, moral, or natural—then it has elevated the nation practicing it and itself with the nation.

Thus the Art of Greece rose, and did service to the people, so long as it was to them the earnest interpreter of a religion they believed in; the Arts of northern sculpture and architecture rose, as interpreters of Christian legend and doctrine; the Art of painting in Italy, not only as religious, but also mainly as expressive of truths of moral philosophy, and powerful in pure human portraiture.

The success of a painter depends on his desire to convey a truth, rather than to produce a merely beautiful picture; that is to say, to get a likeness of a man, or of a place; to get some moral principle rightly stated, or some historical character rightly described, rather than merely to give pleasure to the eyes. Compare the feeling with which a Moorish architect decorated an arch of the Alhambra, with that of Hogarth painting the "Marriage á la Mode," or of Wilkie painting the "Chelsea Pensioners," and you will at once feel the difference between art pursued for pleasure only, and for the sake of some useful principle or impression.

Extracts from the works of John Ruskin, M. A.

The Art Publishers
Chicago
New York

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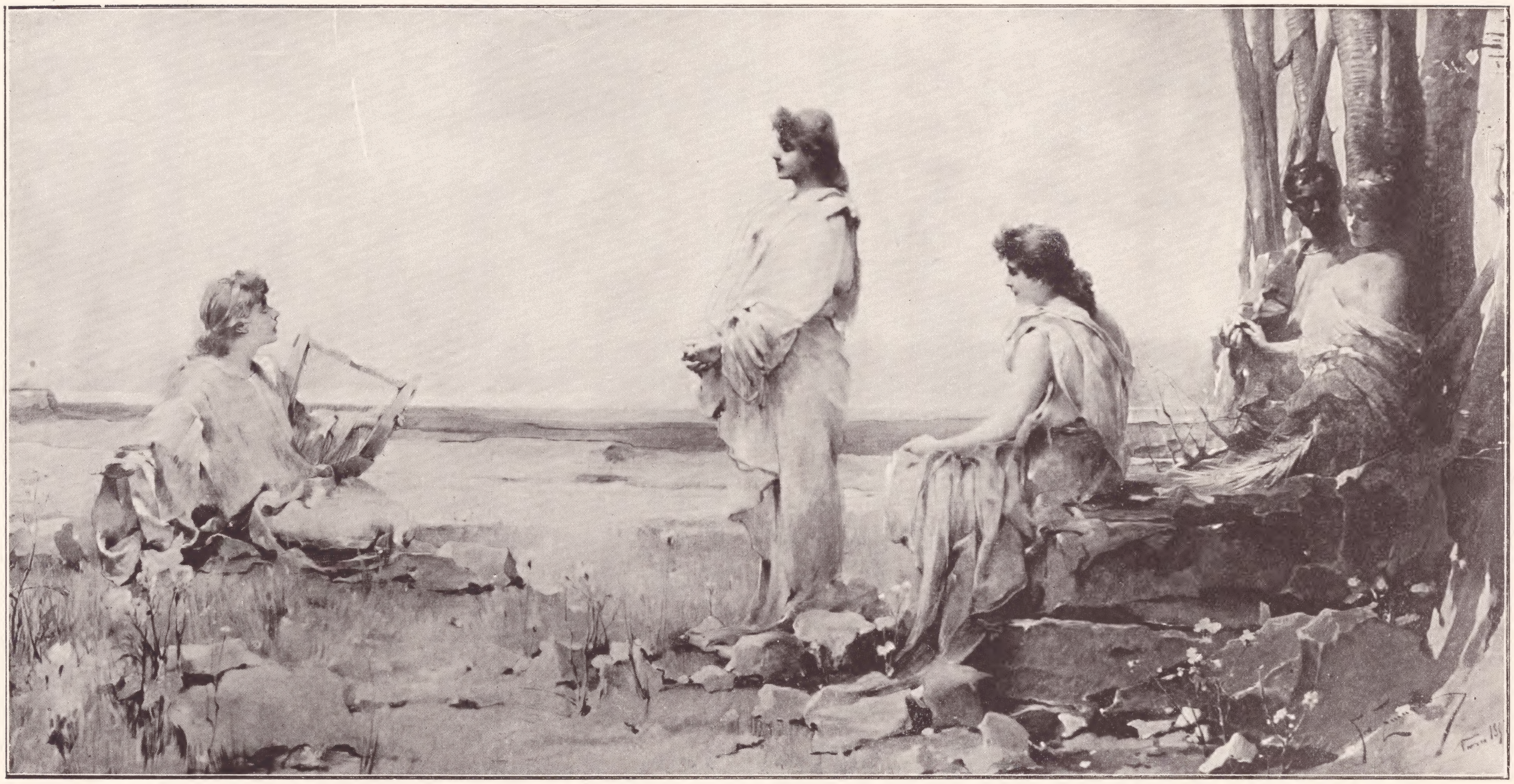
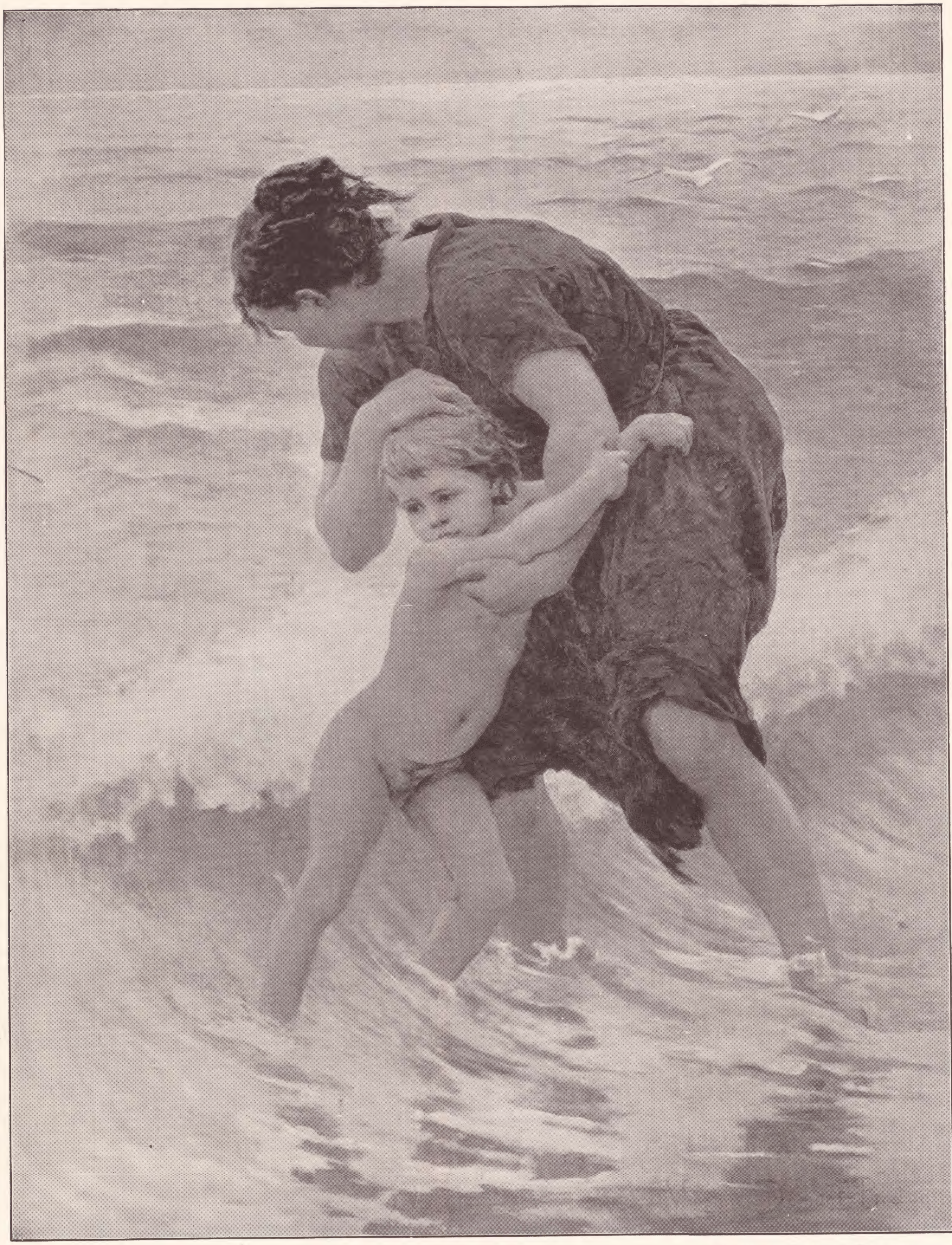
ART

As it relates to Paintings and Sculpture



POLAND. EVENING SONG. F. ZMURKO.

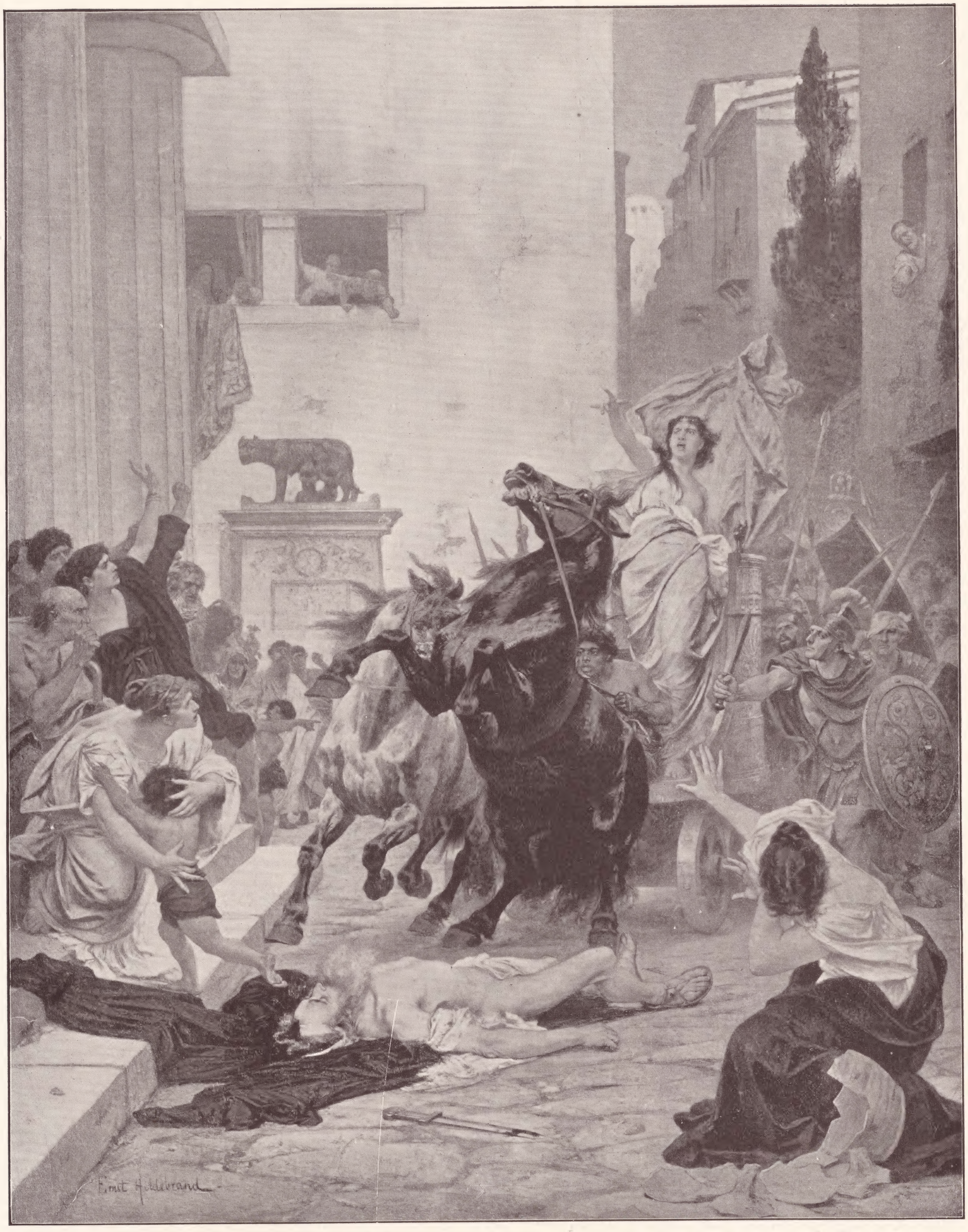
SUNSET glow gilds the sky over a wide plain. A reposeful group chants a hymn to the evening splendor, or else the painter means to convey thus his own ode to nature. The central figure stands with hands folded and eyes downcast. To the left a young woman reclines, holding a lyre. Another maiden sits upon the rocks in the foreground, while farther on a couple, in silent contemplation, leans against the trunks of trees. It is a song without words, even without music. No direct reference to legendary stanzas is made. Form and color are harmoniously brushed into vision. Warm light pervades the landscape and defines the draped figures. A composition of some quiescence is felt. F. Zmurko is a member of the Polish Society of Artists, whose department at the World's Columbian Exposition was quite large. He was represented by three works, "A Lady in Fur," "The Feudal Law," and the "Evening Song." Reproductions of both the other canvases will be found in this publication. The range from intimate study of a subject to vague idealization is covered with much talent.



FRANCE. VIRGINIE DEMONT-BRETON.

THE DRENCHING.

A WOMAN and a child are bathing in the sea. The tide is coming in. Long rollers move toward the beach. The bathers have waded into the water up to their ankles only, and are now bracing themselves to receive the shock of the next wave, the woman bending over her little charge, who seems somewhat timid. The horizon is near the top of the picture, leaving in view only a small ribbon of sky above the sea. Both the figures are in a snap-shot pose, in curved outlines against a fluid background. Two seagulls float in the air, close to the surface of the water. Madame Virginie Demont-Breton, the daughter of Jules Breton, had three paintings at the World's Fair. The one entitled "Au Pays Bleu" has been reproduced in this volume, with a biographical notice of the artist.

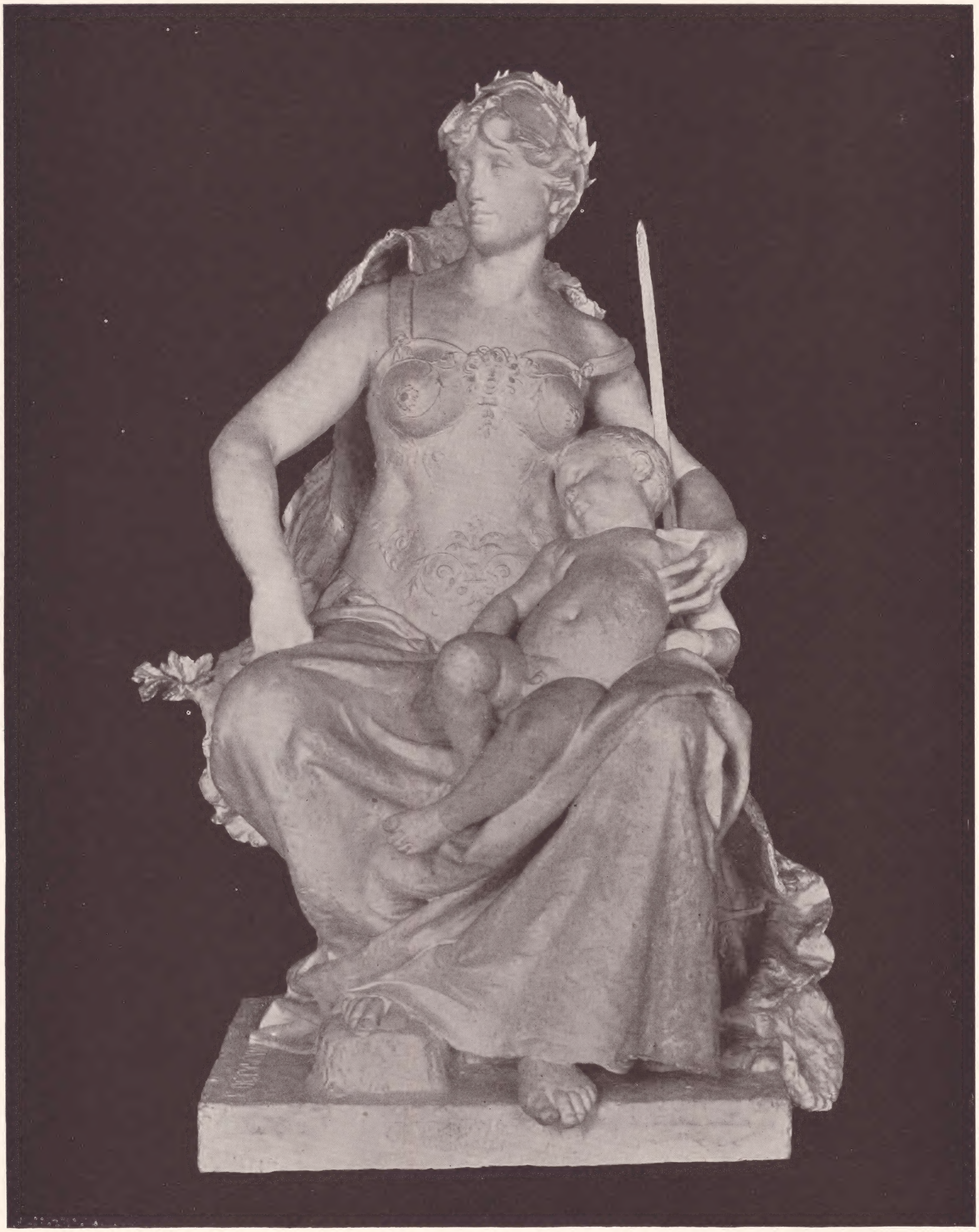


GERMANY.

E. HILDEBRAND.

TULLIA.

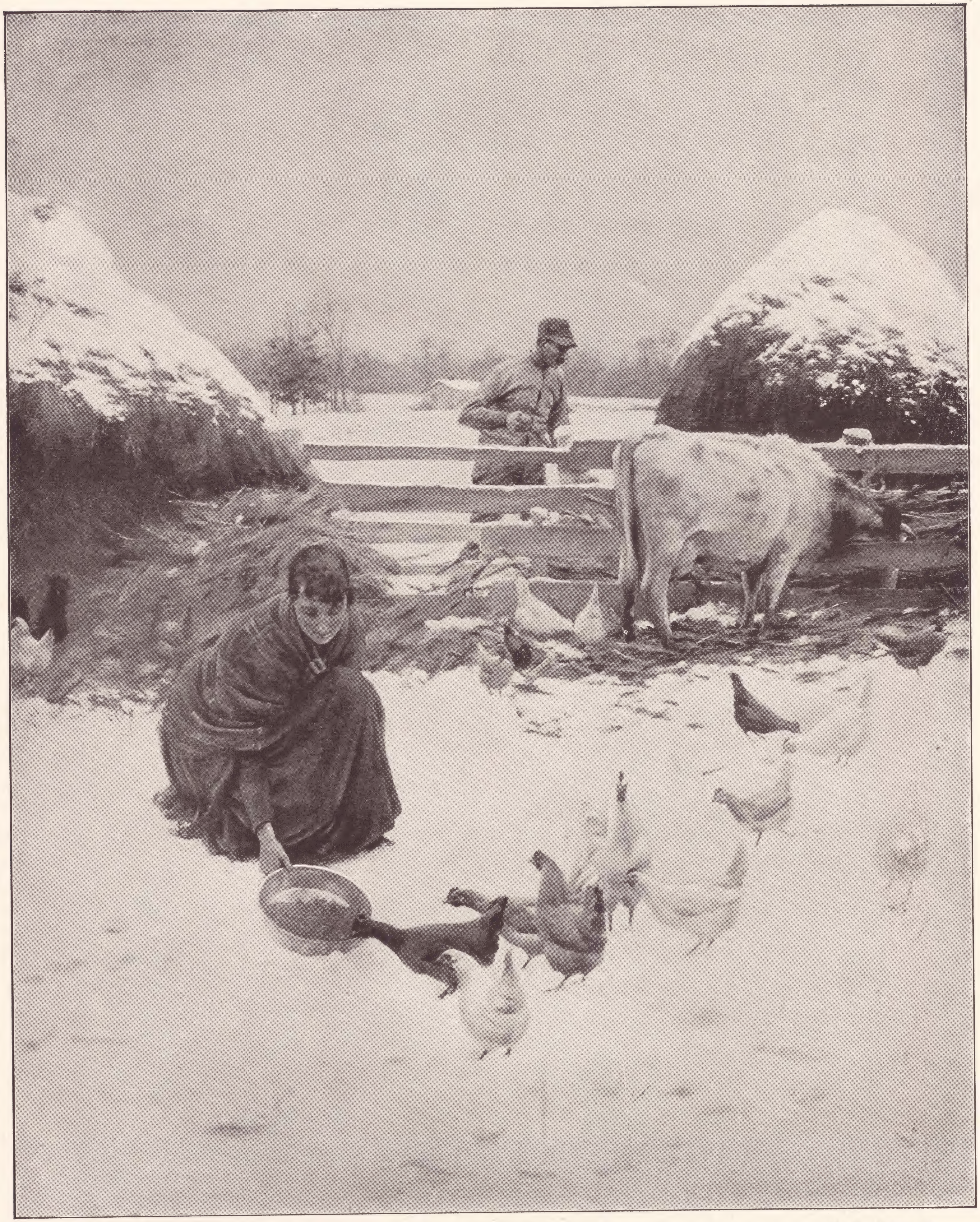
TAKE a well-regulated mind, steep it in historical data, apply it to a studio manikin, compass according to the doctrines of circus pantomime, decorate with an obscure title, serve cold and dry. It has been said that too many German paintings owe their existence to the above recipe, yet there are men who, even within such limits, can arrive at great distinction. The incident chosen by Hildebrand belongs to the early epoch of Roman royalty. The families of Servius and Tarquinius were allied by miscellaneous marriages; a confusion of murders left the cruel Tullia triumphant. She is seen driving in a chariot through the street. The horses shy before the body of her own father that lies upon the pavement, with the bloody sword of the assassin. Her course is not to be stopped by such an obstacle. The horrified multitude sees her dashing over the dead king. A highly dramatic moment. E. Hilderbrand is Professor of Painting in Berlin. Another work by him, "Queen Louise," was lent for the Exposition by the National Gallery.



FRANCE. EUGÉNE DELAPLANCHE.

SECURITY.

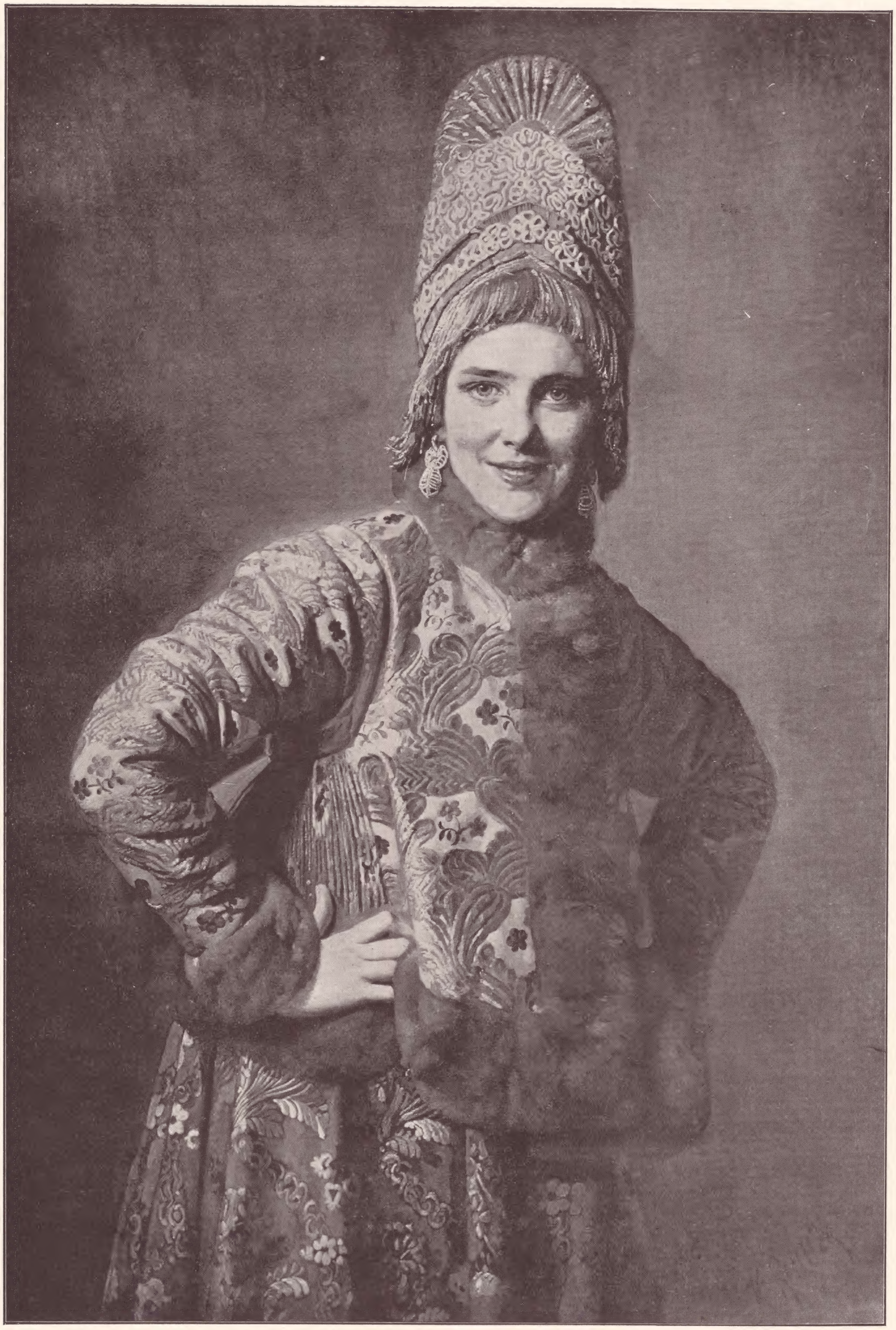
THE group symbolizing security consists of a young mother with a sleeping infant in her arms. She looks into the distance whence danger might arise, her vigil over the child is steady and loving. A long sword leans against her to be used in defense. The work is one of those with which the sculptor has decorated many public buildings in Paris. Eugene Delaplanche died recently. He was born in 1836 in Paris. studied under Duret, obtained the Grand Prix de Rome in 1864 and the medal of honor at the Universal Exposition of 1878. Toward the end of his life the sculptor became interested in the production of artistic faience, modeling reliefs in an original manner that found quick recognition.



UNITED STATES. C. C. CURRAN.

WINTER MORNING IN A BARN-YARD.

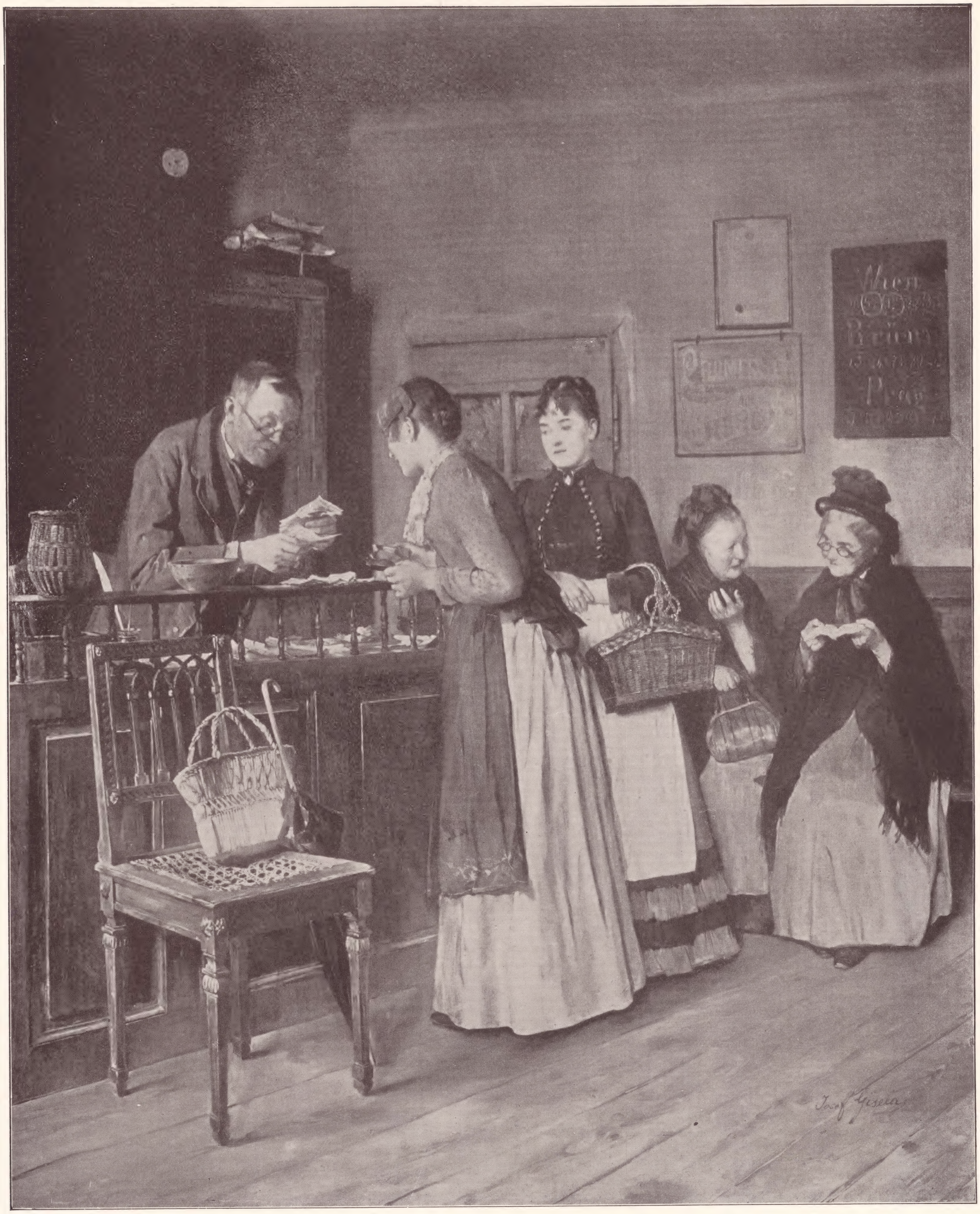
THE yard is seen on a quiet, gray morning after a light fall of fluffy snow. A group of white chickens is in the foreground, where their tracks are marked indistinctly. A girl in a faded shawl stoops down holding a pan of corn. In the middle distance a man pitches corn stalks to a cow. He stands behind a fence between snow-covered stacks. Farther on snowy fields stretch to a distant farm-house. There is a skillful gradation of whites, relieving the chickens and the cow against a snowy background. Charles C. Curran is a Kentuckian. He was born in 1861, and received instruction at the Cincinnati School of Design, at the Art Students' League in New York, and at the Académie Julien, in Paris. His picture, "A Breezy Day," obtained the third Hallgarten prize in 1888, an honorable mention was given him at the Salon of 1890 for his "Lotus Lilies of Lake Erie," and in 1893 he was awarded the Clarke prize at the National Academy of Design for "The Sirens." The World's Columbian Exposition medal was received by Curran for works, including the "Winter Morning."



RUSSIA. CH. VENIG.

A RUSSIAN GIRL.

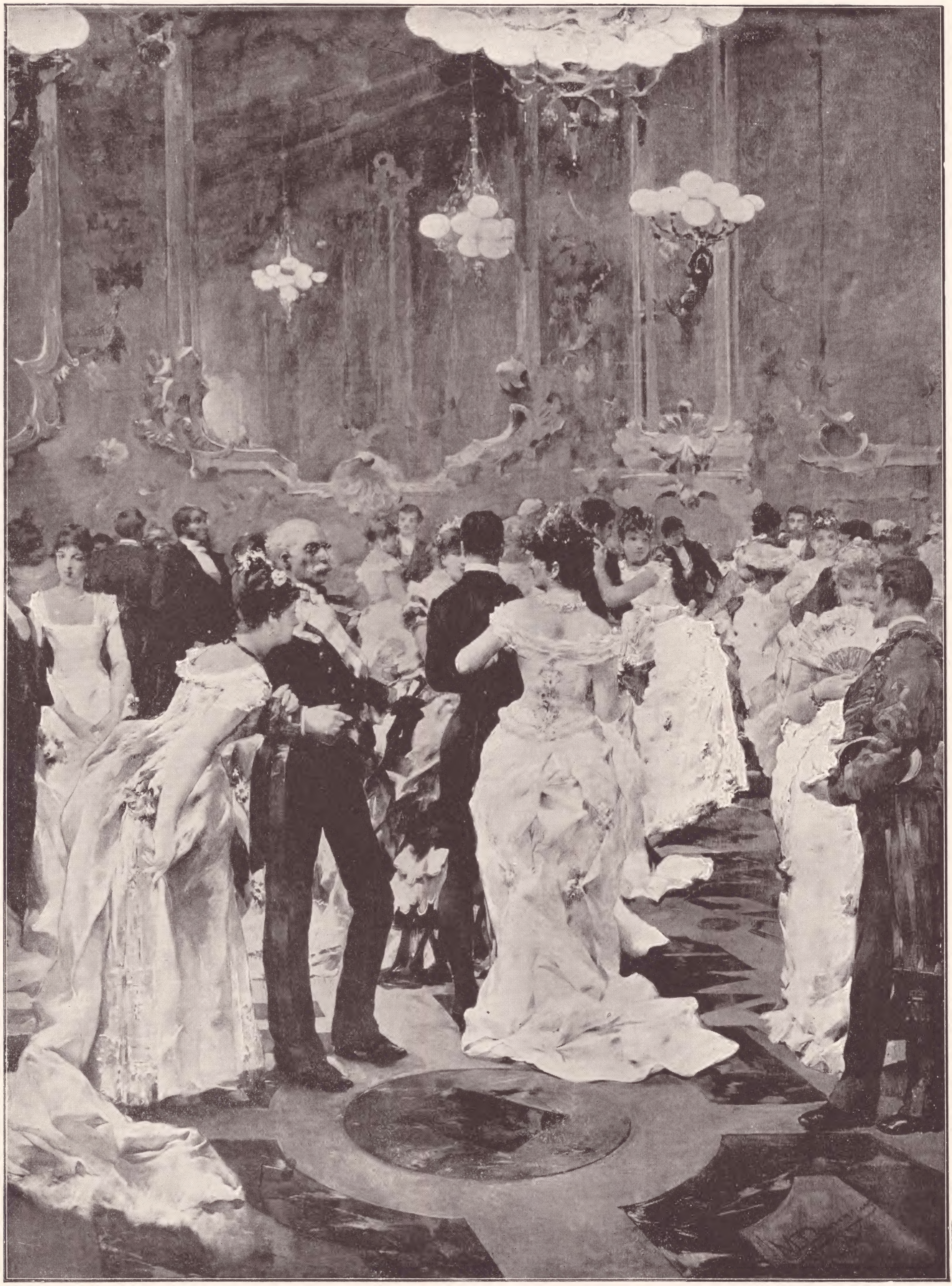
THE picture is a costume study as well as a portrait. The smiling face looks out from under a huge bonnet, shaped not unlike a bishop's miter, stiffly spangled with metal ornaments, of intricate design. Weighty jewelry is attached to the ears. The loose fur-trimmed coat hangs straight from the shoulders and is, like the rest of the costume, of a heavy fabric interwoven with a large flowery figure. She has her hands upon her hips and poses with youthful candor. The work is dated 1889, and the author, Ch. Venig, is an artist of distinction, being professor of historical and portrait painting since 1862, member of the Academy Council since 1871, professor at the Academy since 1869, and professor of first degree since 1888.



AUSTRIA. JOSEF GISELA.

A VENTURE IN THE LOTTERY.

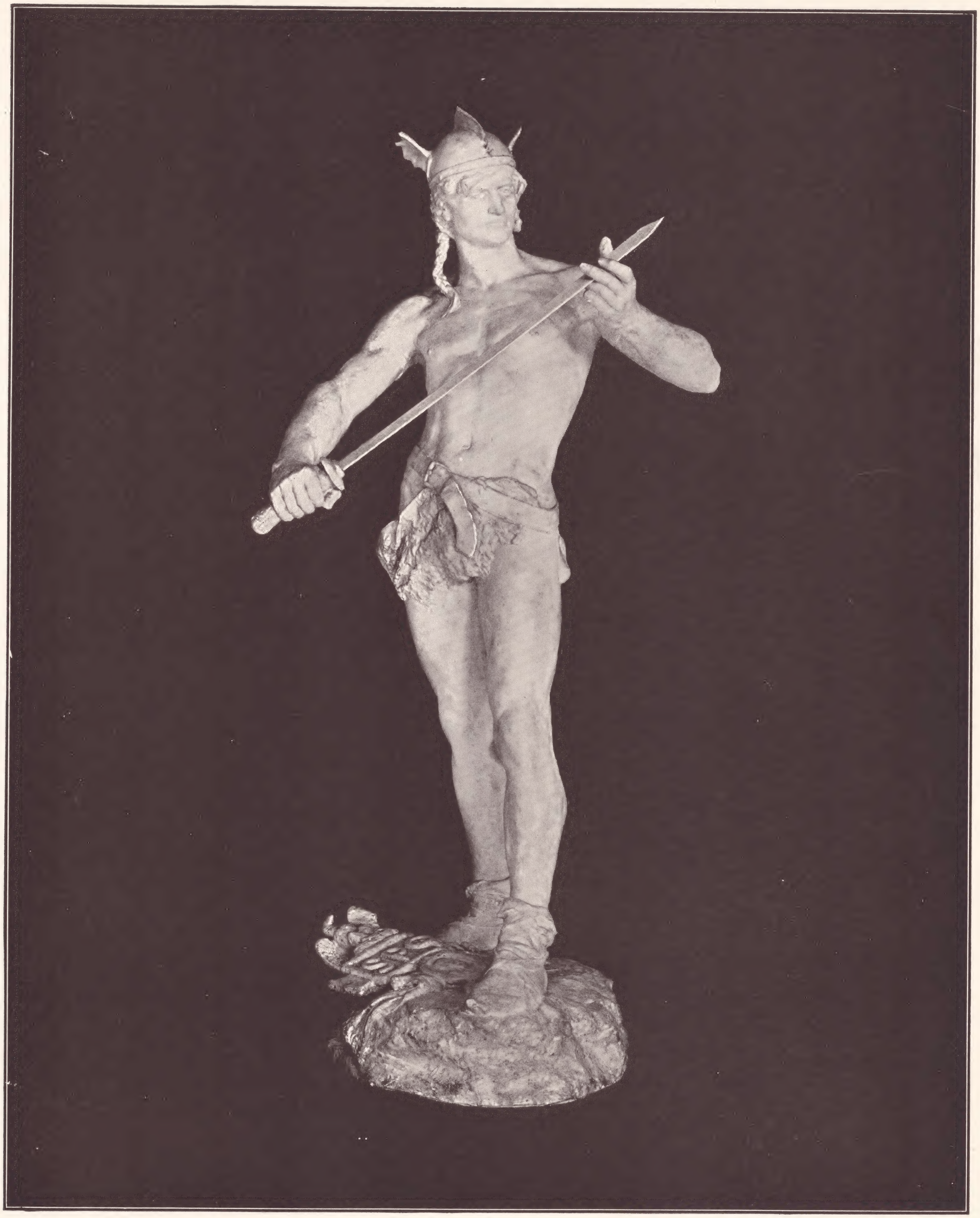
THE form of gambling known in Southern Europe under the name of lottery is conducted on a semi-official system, and appeals for support mainly to humble pocket-books. Many hard-earned pennies flow into the treasury of the agencies where the bets are registered, to be returned afterward in a few large amounts to the possessors of the fortunate tickets. Women of the people are especially given to the little vice, which affords to them as much excitement as would to others a play for large stakes. Four of the lottery sisters are at the office. The two younger ones interview the clerk, while the elderly dames sit by the wall, probably comparing notes or discussing chances. Superstition enters freely into the choice of numbers, and the laws of hazard are ever the theme of optimistic conjecture. The artist of this picture, Josef Gisela, had four others on view at the Chicago Exposition, all of them cleverly illustrating scenes from Vienna life. The "Venture in the Lottery" was lent by the Emperor of Austria, who appears in the Austrian catalogue as the owner of various other works exhibited in that section.



SPAIN. M. DOMINGUEZ.

A ROYAL BALL.

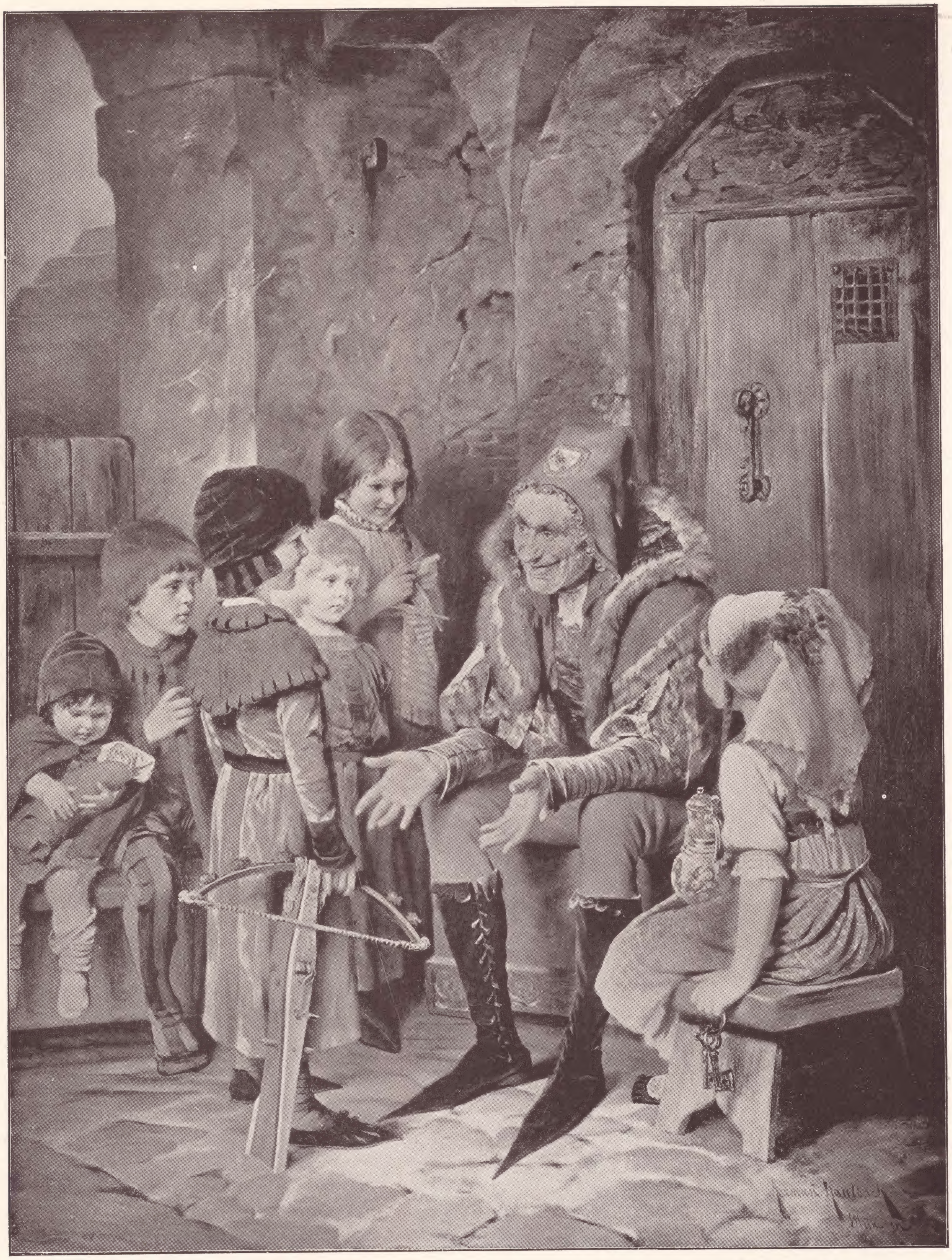
GLITTER is as essential to a ball in a royal castle as glamor is to a village festival. A hall where mirrors, gilt decorations, and polished marble reflect the brilliant illumination. Courtiers in uniform according to rank, or in costumes of an approved fashion. The rigor of Spanish etiquette presides over the assembly, which is present by command of royalty. Some couples are seen dancing, others converse, or promenade in an officious manner. Whatever may be animating these dignified people is hidden under their ceremonious bearing. Neither the types nor their momentary expressions seem to convey anything more distinct than does the title of M. Dominguez's painting, "A Royal Ball" The pictorial account given is interesting and quite sufficient Another canvas entitled "A Venetian Terrace," by the same artist. was exhibited at the Fair A reproduction of it will be found in another part of this book.



FRANCE. A. P. MASSOULLE.

AN ANCESTOR.

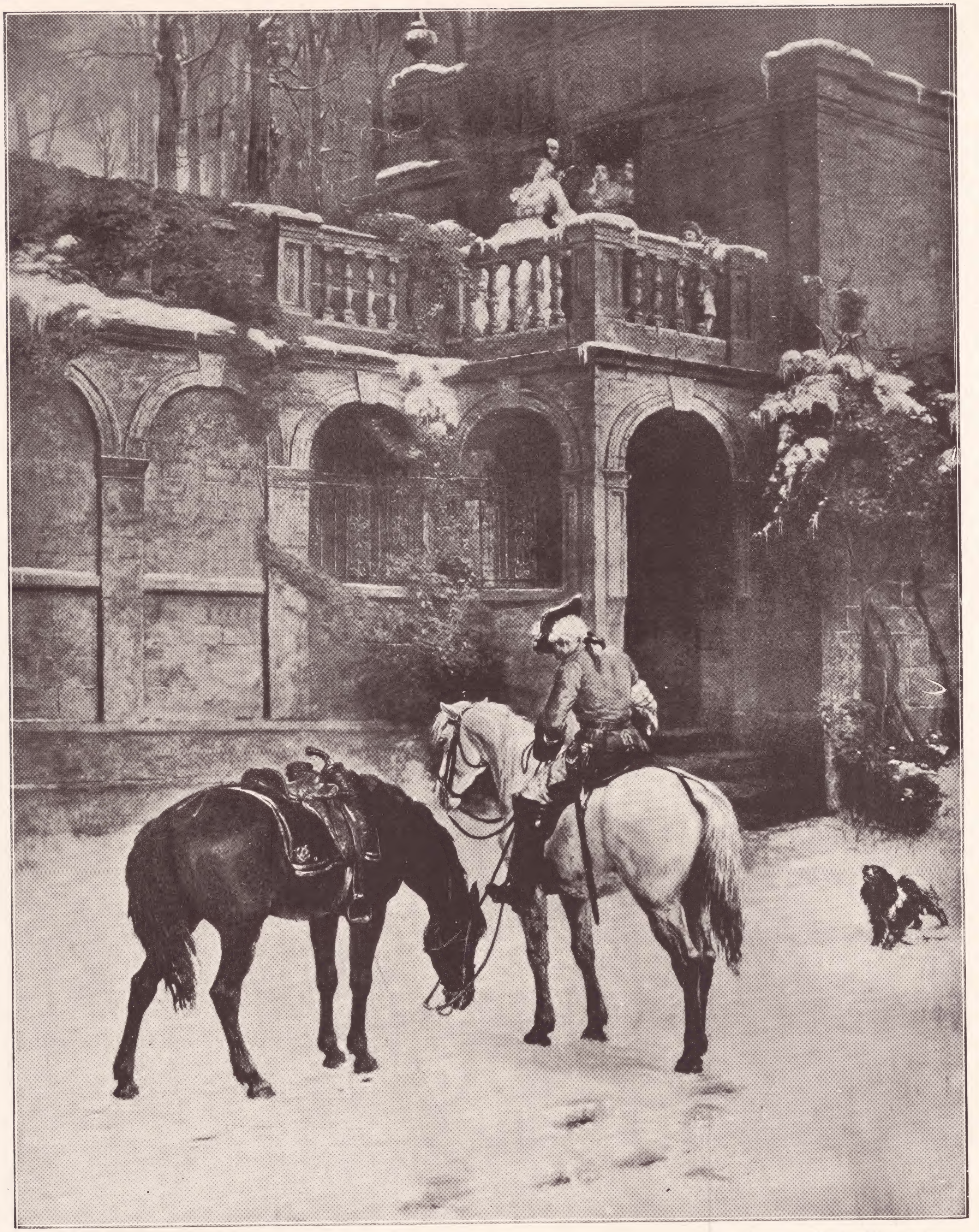
THE sinewy figure of a man, holding in one hand a long sword and trying its edge with the fingers of the other, stands over the broken emblem of Roman power. He is a Gaul, the ancestor of a race whose military spirit has been kept alive to this day. The poise of this soldier of Vereingetorix is firm; his face expresses confidence in his weapon; there is more suggestion of a skilled fencer than of a brute savage. A metal helmet is the only piece of armor protecting the man. The plaster-cast of "An Ancestor," seen at the Chicago Exposition, was modeled from the bronze which belongs to the city of Paris. The sculptor, A. P. Massoulle, was born at Epernay. Salmson and Cavelier were his masters. He received medals at the Salon of 1882 and at the Universal Exposition of 1889.



GERMANY. HERMANN KAULBACH.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

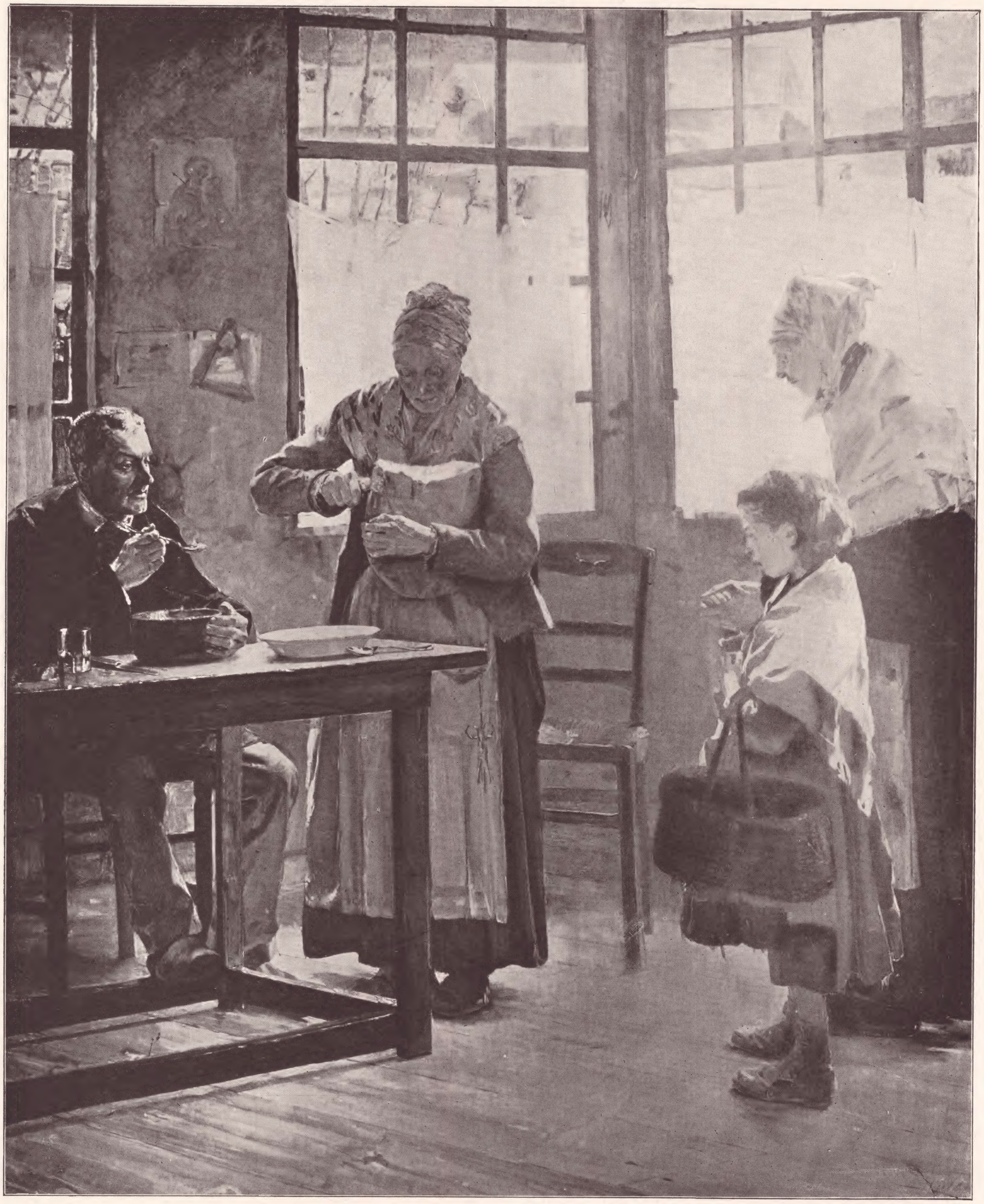
THERE can not be any doubt that this is a "picture with a story," even if the painting proves more interesting than the tale with which the old jester delights his juvenile audience. To the children it must seem that the man with the wrinkled face could relate from his own experience what happened once upon a time when there were fairies, and bewitched castles, and giants, and speaking animals, and princesses more beautiful than sunbeams. The story-teller is sitting in the corner of a court-yard near the wall of a frowning mediæval castle. His office is to amuse the lord of that domain, and in assembling the little ones around him he meets with more eager attention and fresher imaginations than he finds when he is the fool companion of noisy banqueters. The small picture is of superior facture, warm tone, and fat coloring. Professor Hermann Kaulbach is the son of the famous painter, Wilhelm von Kaulbach. He was a pupil of that other Munich celebrity, Piloty, and follows with much talent the precepts given by those two masters of historical painting.



GREAT BRITAIN. S. E. WALLER.

THE EMPTY SADDLE.

BEFORE the balcony of a baronial manor a retainer has halted. He is mounted on a white animal and holds a riderless black horse by the bridle. Above, a lady faints, and would fall were there no arms to support her. A little howling spaniel is on the snow-covered ground. Eighteenth century costume, the bowed head of the rider, and the bleak winter landscape furnish inferences for the romance of "The Empty Saddle." Love, enemies, mortal combat, the sudden ending of a happy, perhaps a glorious, career might be its chapters. The artist means to convey them all to the imagination. Were there somebody upon the black horse, the story would not be touching. As it is, it appeals to sentiment, if it does not create it. The architecture is prominently treated. Form and color are sharpened by the snow effect. If pictures with a story arouse the interest of the spectator, it is oftener the story than its pictorial expression that accounts for it. Waller's effort is successful in both respects.

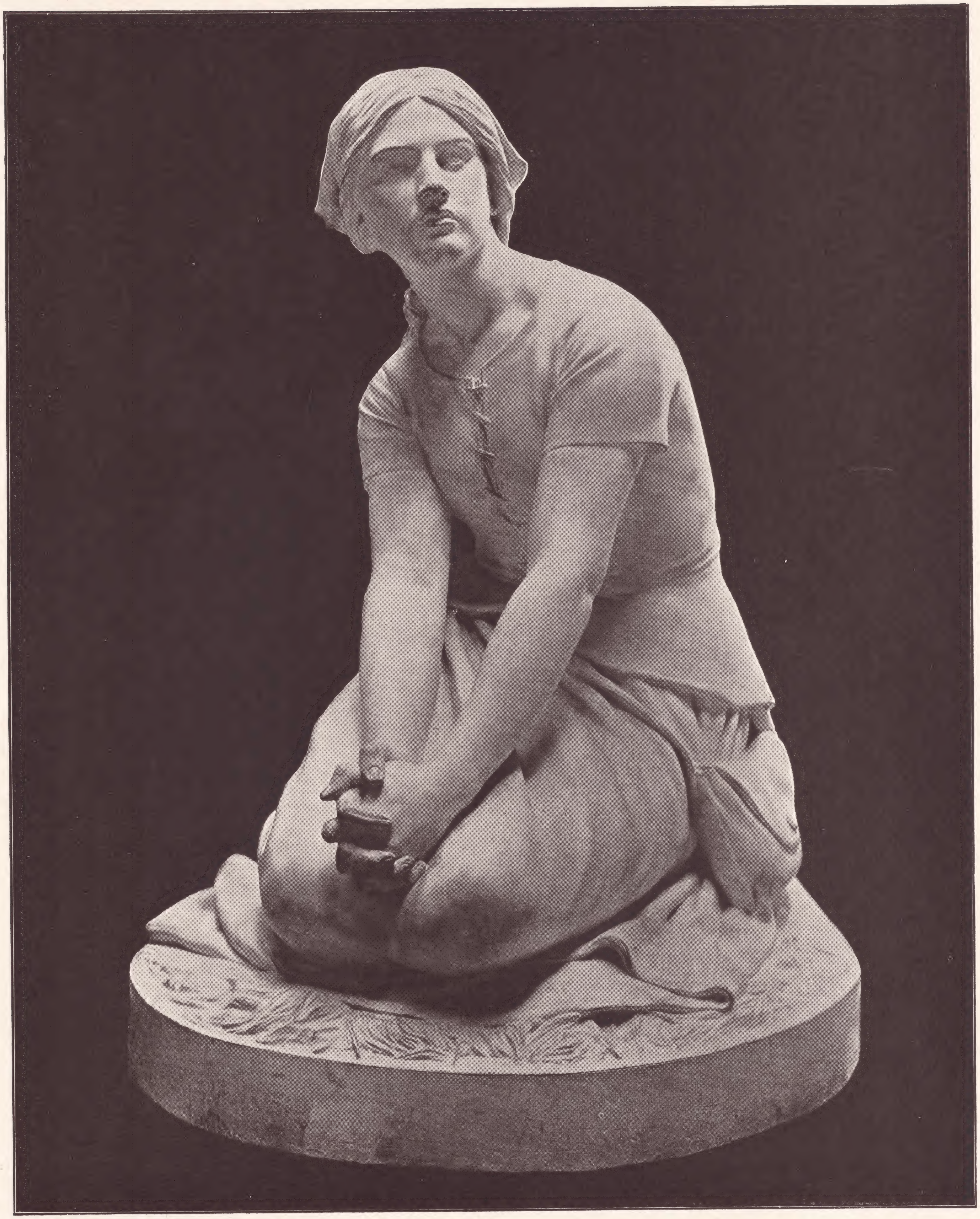


UNITED STATES.

WALTER GAY.

CHARITY.

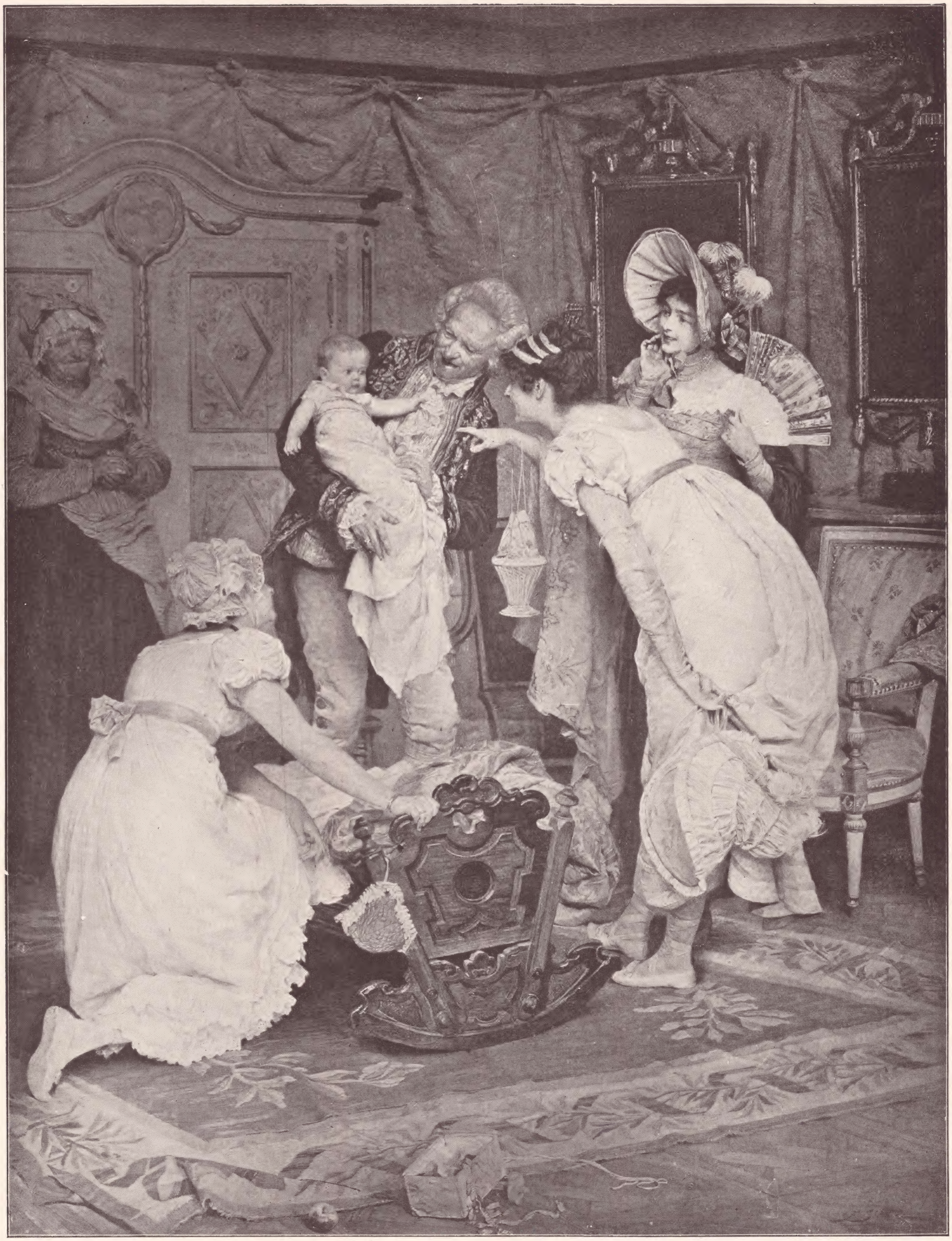
A MAN is taking his meal in a humble interior. While he is at table a child leading a blind old woman by the hand asks for food, and another woman prepares to cut a piece from a large loaf of bread. The occurrence is common and the story simple enough. Large windows on both sides of the corner of the room let in a profusion of light. The artist does not exaggerate the feeling, but gives a straightforward account of what he must have seen. He handles his subject soberly, studying faces, lights, and shadows. Walter Gay had four pictures at the World's Columbian Exposition, besides the decorative work that he executed upon the Fair buildings. His "Mass in Brittany" was especially remarked, and has been reproduced in another part of the present publication, together with some data concerning the artist himself.



FRANCE. HENRI CHAPU.

JOAN OF ARC

THE visionary maiden of Domremy is half-sitting and half-kneeling upon the grass-grown earth, her hands folded and her eyes looking up into space. In the spell of her day-dream she hears the voices and beholds the dim apparition of angels commanding her to save the country from its foes. She will rise to begin her journey to glory, to death, and to beatification. The plaster statue was molded for the Chicago Art Institute from a work in the Luxembourg. At the time of his death the sculptor, Henri Chapu, had conquered as high a rank as any held by his contemporaries. Born in Mée, his early studies were made under the direction of Pradier, Duret, and Léon Cogniet. In the year 1855 he obtained the Prix de Rome, and from then on he was always a favorite for honors. He was a member of the Institute of France and a Commander of the Legion of Honor.



GERMANY. FRANZ SIMM.

THE PRIDE OF THE FAMILY.

FRANZ SIMM is certain of popularity. His "Pride of the Family" presents one of those themes that have always attracted genre painters, and only need a slight touch of individuality to meet with success. In a stylistically furnished room a graceful group is paying homage to an infant. The old man in the center holds an interesting new-comer in his arms; to the right two young ladies in directoire costume are playfully talking to the baby, whose mother has knelt down by the cradle and proudly watches them. In the background, to the left, an old servant looks on with pleased countenance.

There is the usual humor in the scene, and the types are polished. Ornamental attitudes give importance to the attire, while the treatment of surroundings puts emphasis upon genuine French furniture of a century ago. The artist has imitated the stuffs with a delicate touch, and the chromatic scheme corresponds with the feeling of the picture.

PAINTING or Art generally as such, with all its technicalities, difficulties and particular ends, is nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing. He who has learned what is commonly considered the whole art of painting, that is, the art of representing any natural object faithfully, has as yet only learned the language by which his thoughts are to be expressed.

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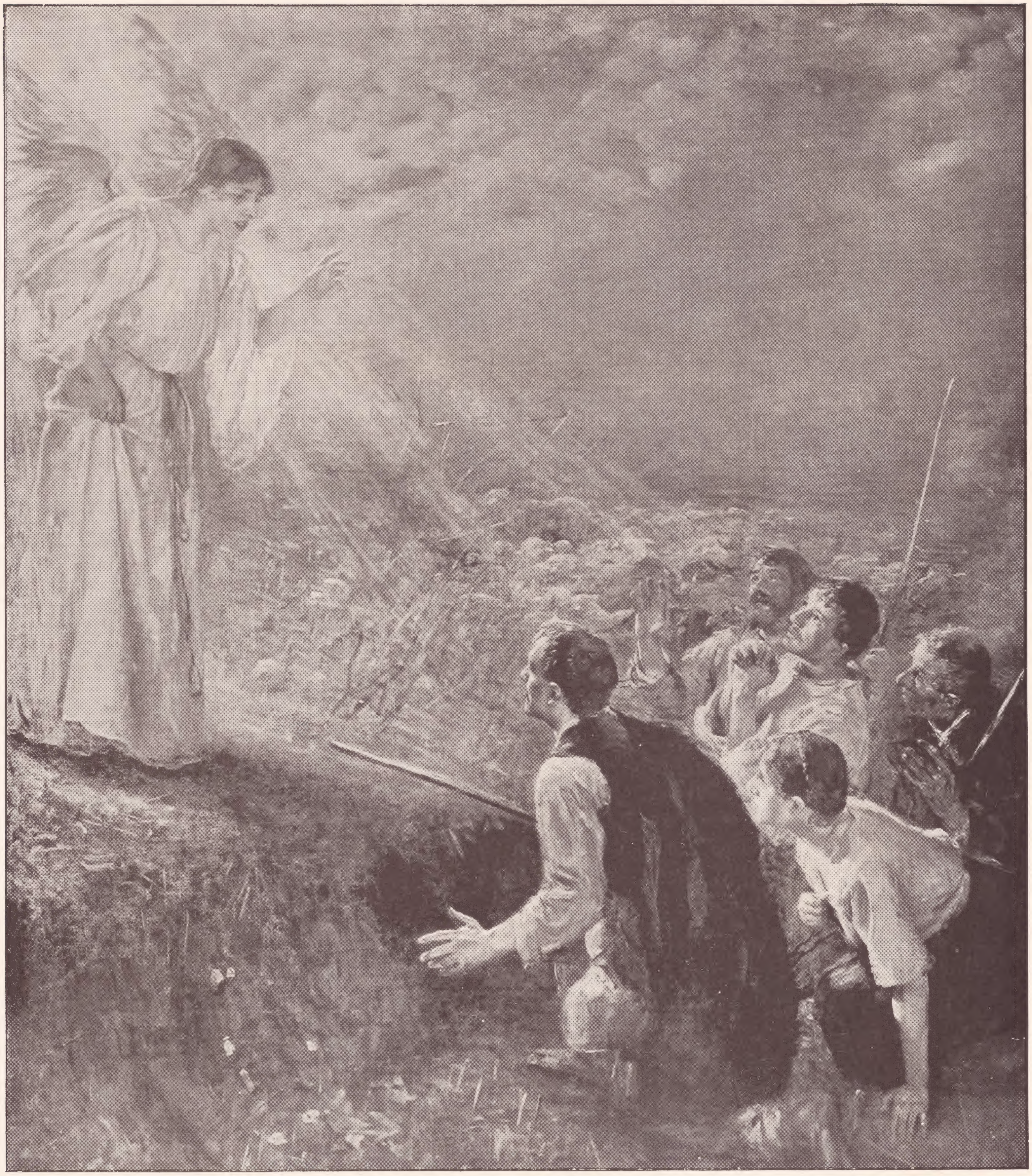
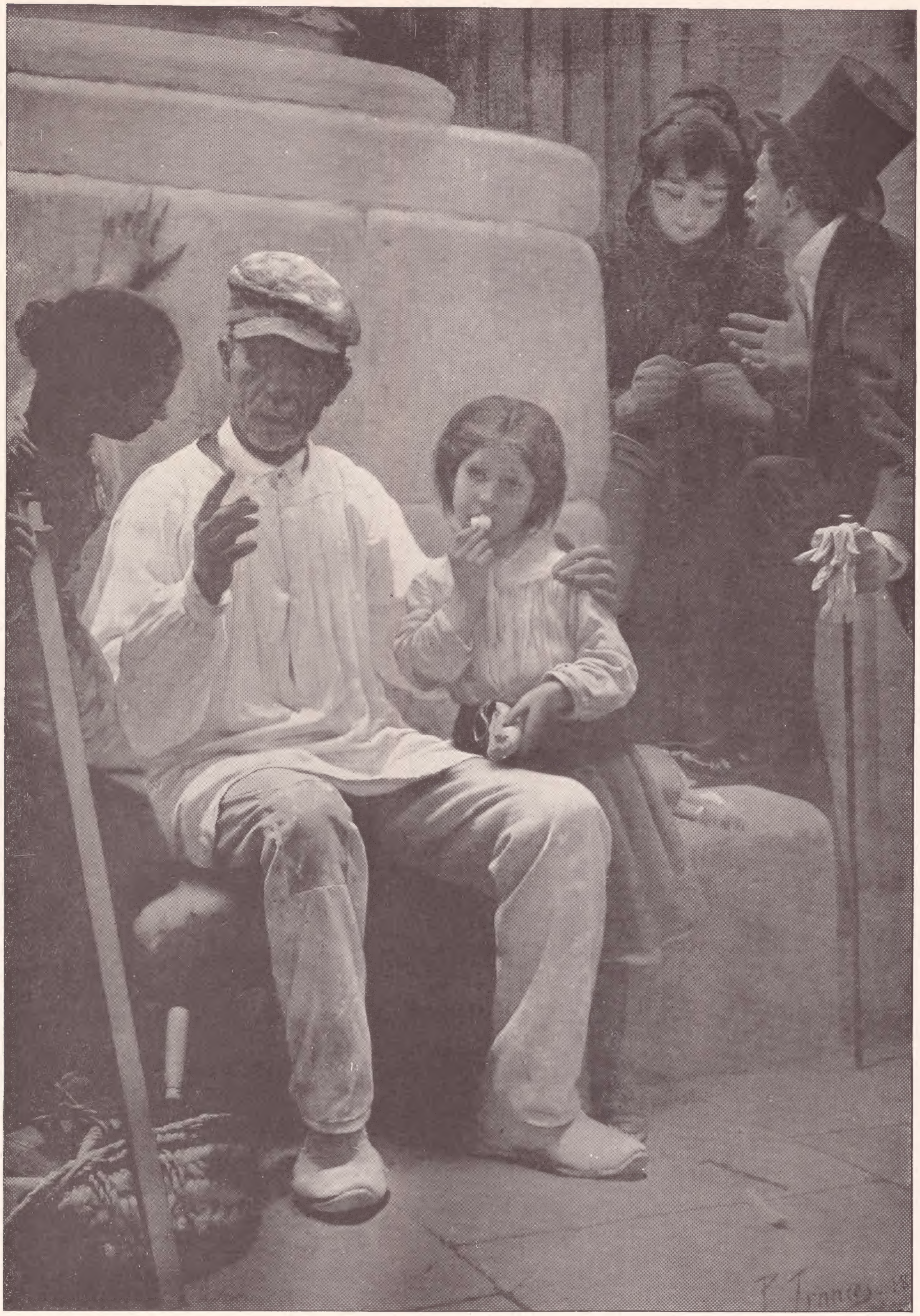


GERMANY. FRITZ VON UHDE.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE SHEPHERDS.

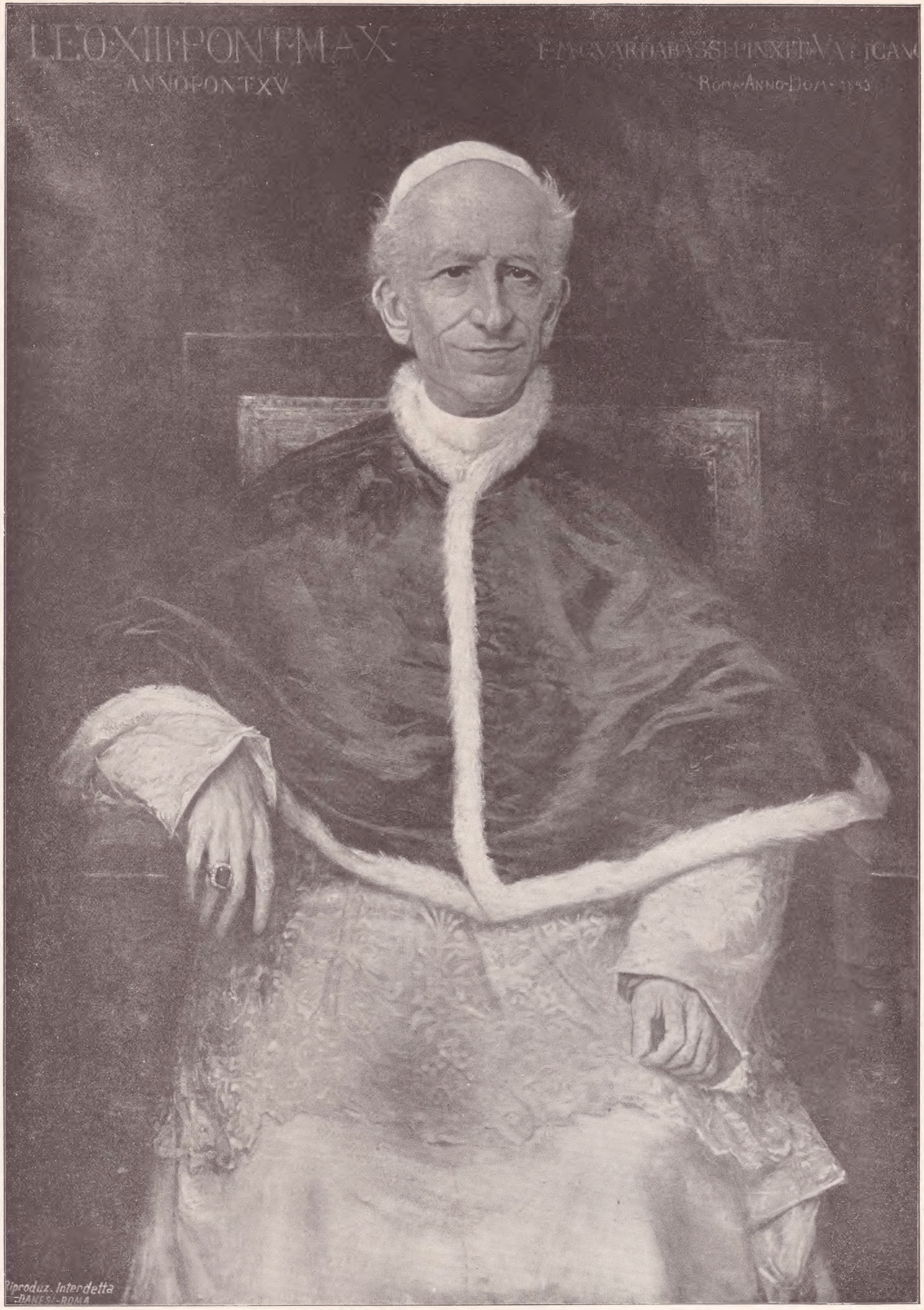
MEDIÆVAL art fostered by a mighty church attained immortality; recent religious painters find oblivion in turning to the memories of belief. Occasionally one of them tries to instill new life into old faiths by adapting them to modern surroundings. The pious population of the Bavarian highlands has given to Fritz von Uhde fit models for his miracles brought down to date. He has chosen a group of rustics of his acquaintance in their every-day clothes to receive the angelic message of ''Peace on earth, good will toward men.'' Only the bearer of the announcement is imaginary, according to the convention. Were it not for the peculiar light effect, the picture might well suggest a rehearsal of the peasants who act at Oberammergau. The kneeling shepherds to the right have a worshipful expression, while the angel's face beams with spiritual fervor. An endless perspective of sheep completes the scene. Fritz von Uhde is an innovator in the Munich school. His biblical compositions, always figured by modern peasant types, make concessions to French influence, so that the approval met with at Salon expositions is hardly surprising. His ''Last Supper,'' an important painting, has made his reputation world-wide.



SPAIN. PLACIDO FRANCES.

FATHER'S ADVICE.

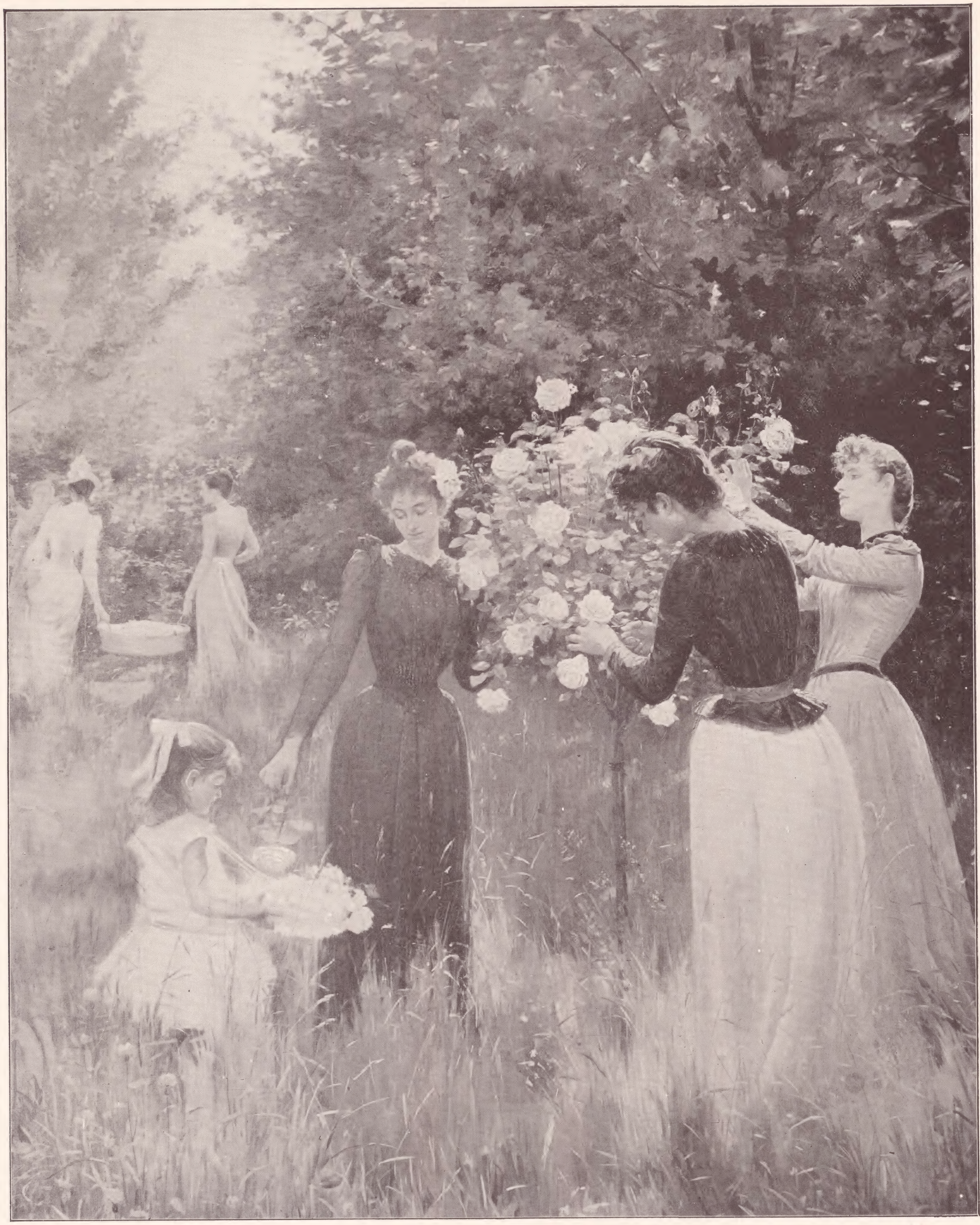
AFTER the day's labor has been done a stonemason gives earnest counsel to his two daughters who are beside him. Seated upon the base of some public monument he talks with his head turned toward his older daughter, telling her, probably, that hard work and poverty are great virtues. The occasion for the sermon is quite near. On the corner of the same stone structure appear the figures of a young man in modish clothes and of a young woman who listens to his glib words. It may be presumed that the two speakers voice different theories. Their proximity should aid the women to decide. At the same time the spectator can make a choice. The painter presents the two groups cleverly, depending as much upon manual as upon facial expression. Placido Frances has treated an interesting genre subject in a manner which is easily understood and readily appreciated.



ITALY. F. M. GUARDABASSI.

POPE LEO XIII.

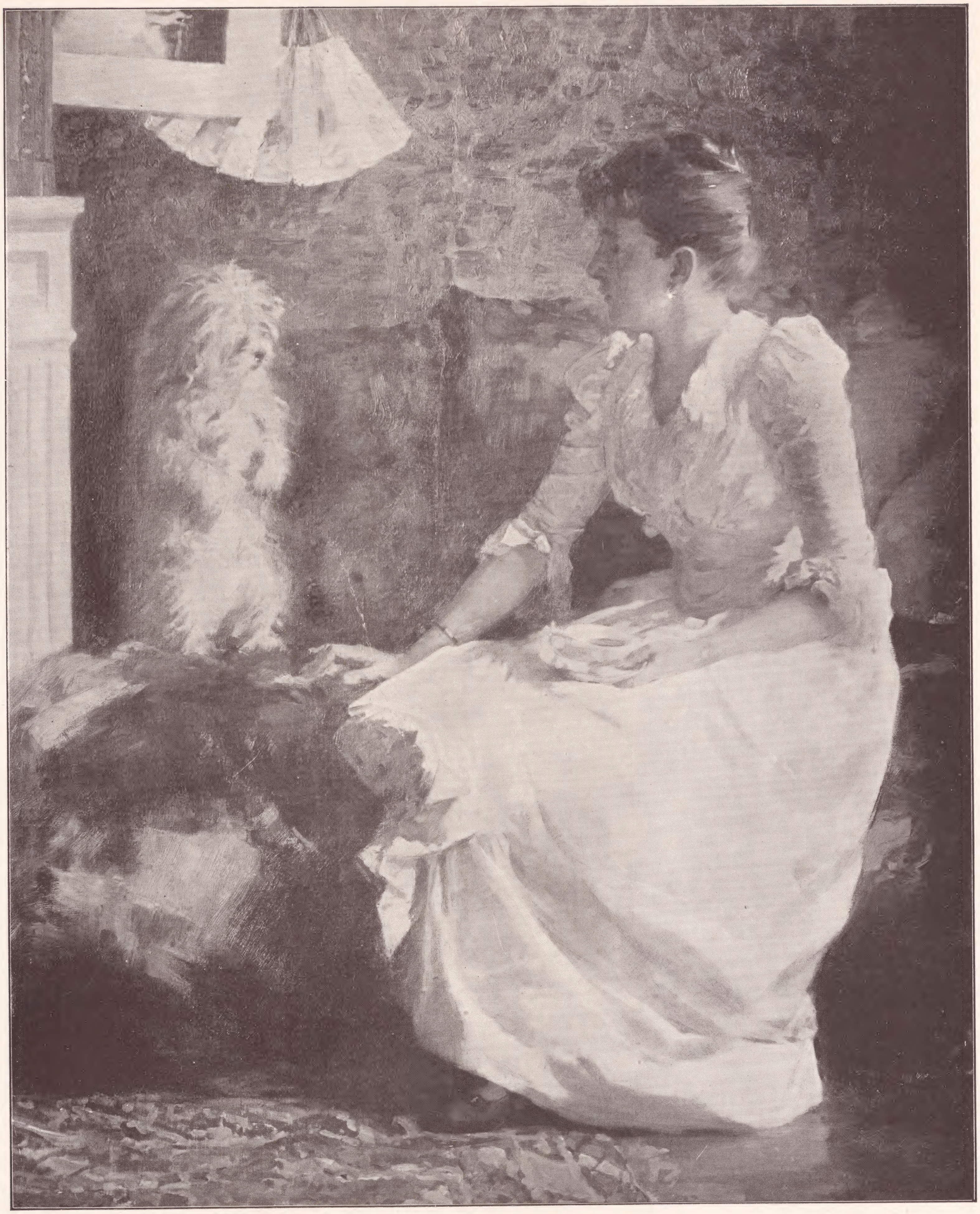
SUCH masters as Lenbach and Chartran have added to their already great fame by the portraits they have painted of his Holiness. It denotes a high ambition on the part of a young artist not to be deterred by such illustrious achievements, but to find in them an incentive for emulation. The latest portrait of Pope Leo bears the inscription, "Painted in the Vatican in 1893," showing that the most unusual privilege of private sittings was accorded to the author. Much has been related of the intellectual superiority and of the sympathetic fineness with which the features of the aged pope beam over the christian world, and, it may be understood, beyond it. The likeness created by Guardabassi defines these characteristics with fresh and subtle suggestions. Francesco Maria Guardabassi was born at Perugia in 1867, the town where Leo held, for thirty-five years, the archiepiscopal see. The work was exhibited in Rome after having received the approval and the benediction of the pontiff. The prelates of the Vatican as well as the Roman public appreciated it greatly. Other noted portraits by Guardabassi are those of Marchesa Toschi Mosca of Rome, of Miss Edwards of Boston, and lately of Madame Melba, the famous singer. He was the recipient of a medal at the National Exposition at Rome in 1893.



FRANCE. ALBERT AUBLET.

GOD'S FEAST.

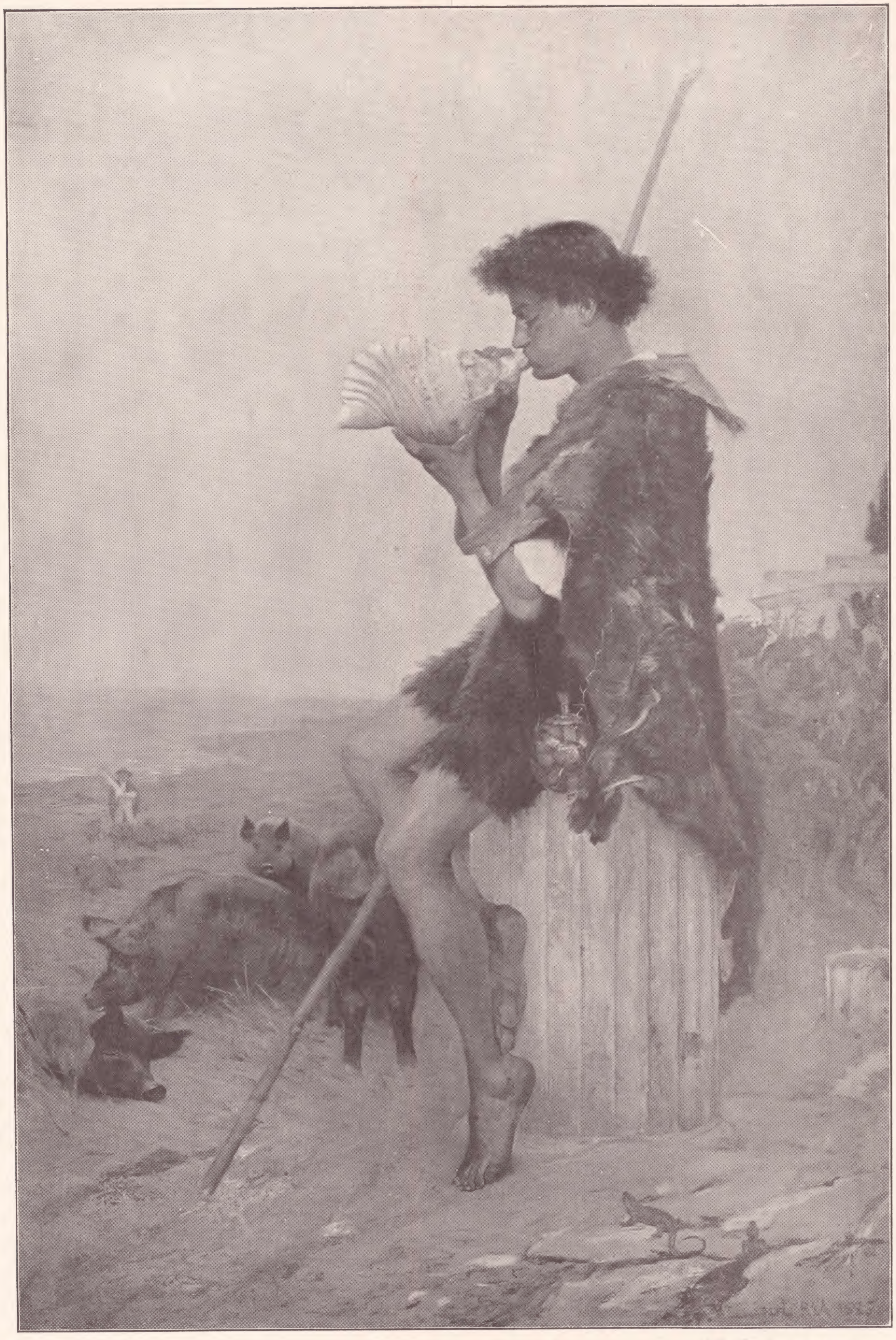
FRENCH custom keeps up much of the magnificence of that yearly holy day of holy days, the féte Dieu. The treasures of the churches are borne in solemn procession through the cities, the clergy in gala attire officiates before altars erected along the road, sacred music resounds, and the pious parishioners follow through the flower-strewn streets. Albert Aublet's picture represents a group of young women who cut roses in a park; they give the blossoms to a little white-robed flower girl who will drop them before the procession. The scene is in reality a part of the religious celebration, although it takes place in such a charming green spot. "The Aged," another painting by the same artist, was exhibited in Chicago, and is reproduced in the present collection.



United States. R. W. Vonnoh.

NOW BEHAVE PRETTY.

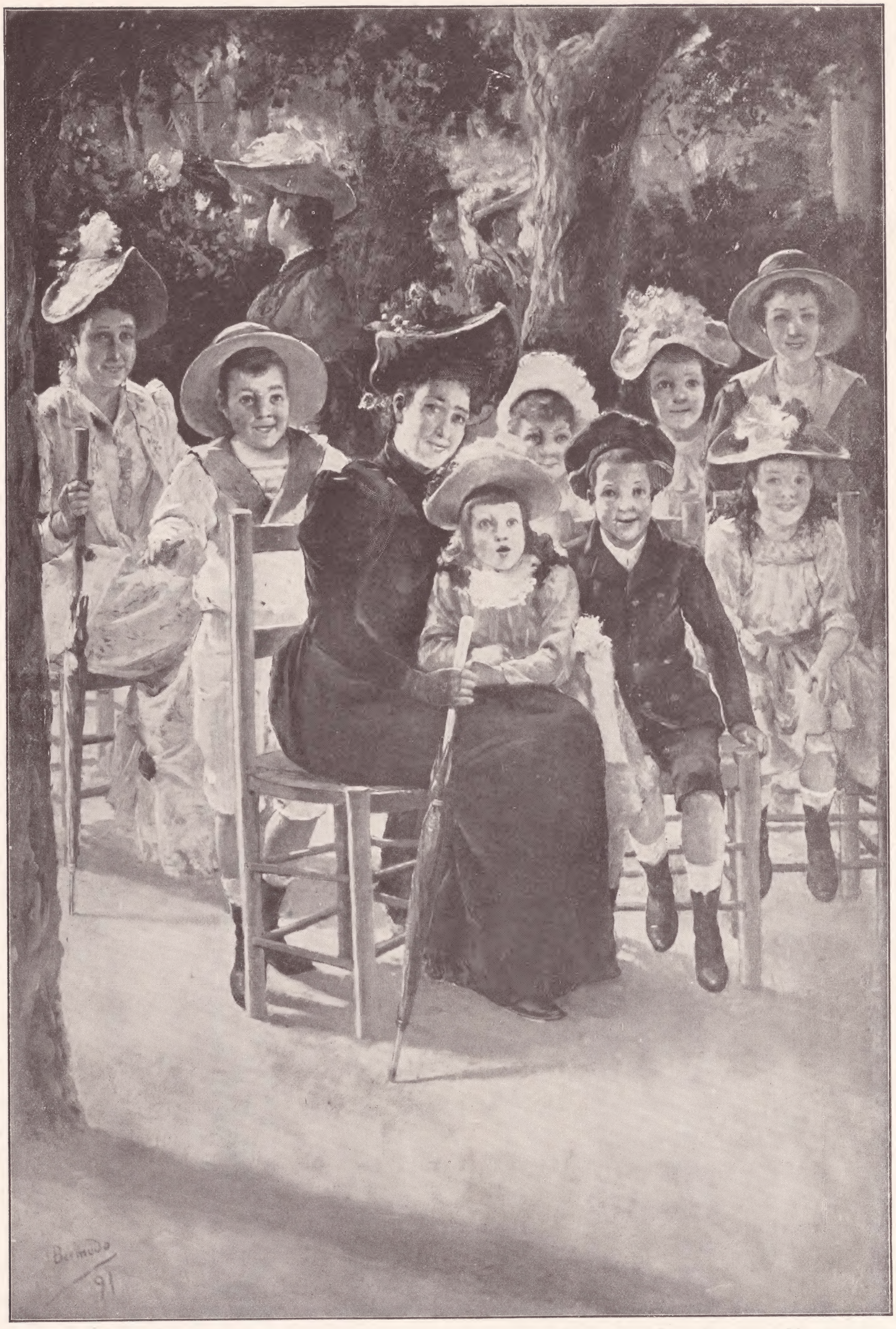
THE request to exhibit his accomplishments is addressed to the little sky-terrier who stands up on his hind legs. Beside the portrait of the dog, and of course the important part of the picture, there is the portrait of a lady holding a teacup and turning toward the little pet. The face is seen in profile, half in shadow, and is a likeness of the wife of the artist. R. W. Vonnoh was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1858, received an elementary art education at the Normal Art School in Boston; and studied at Julian's, in Paris, under Boulanger-Lefebvre. He was a frequent exhibitor at the yearly salons, received a gold medal for portraiture at a Boston exposition in 1884, a Mention Honorable in Paris, 1889, and also a medal for a portrait which is now owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. As a teacher of drawing and painting he has been, and is, connected with several of the best art institutions of America. The portraits he has painted are numerous and well known.



GREAT BRITAIN. W. E. LOCKHART.

THE SWINEHERD.

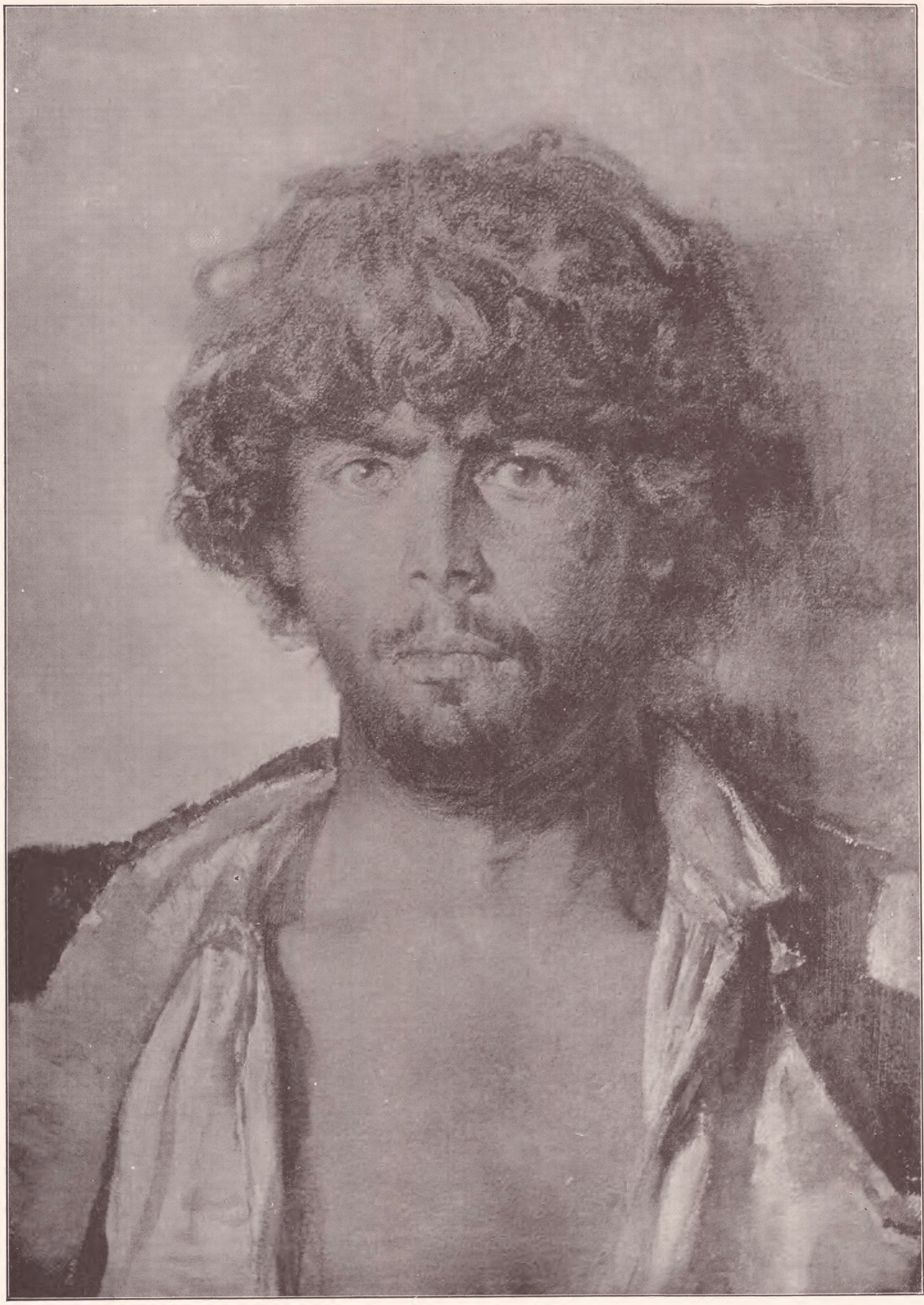
THE Swineherd is a boy half-clothed in the skin of an animal and seated upon the shaft of a corrugated column. He blows into a sea-shell. Some pigs are near him and another herd of them approaches from the plain. In the middle distance to the right a white structure is seen behind the trees. The picture belongs to the trustees of the Dundee Free Library, and was lent by them for the Chicago Exposition. There was also the portrait of a man by the same artist. W. E. Lockhart was born in Dumfriesshire in 1846. In 1878, after having traveled in Australia and in Spain, he was elected a full member of the Royal Scottish Academy, and also an associate of the Society of Painters in Water Colors. He now lives in Edinburgh. "The Swineherd" represents a model of that southern picturesqueness which is cherished by the insular academies.



Spain. Jose Bermudo Mateos.

PUNCH AND JUDY.

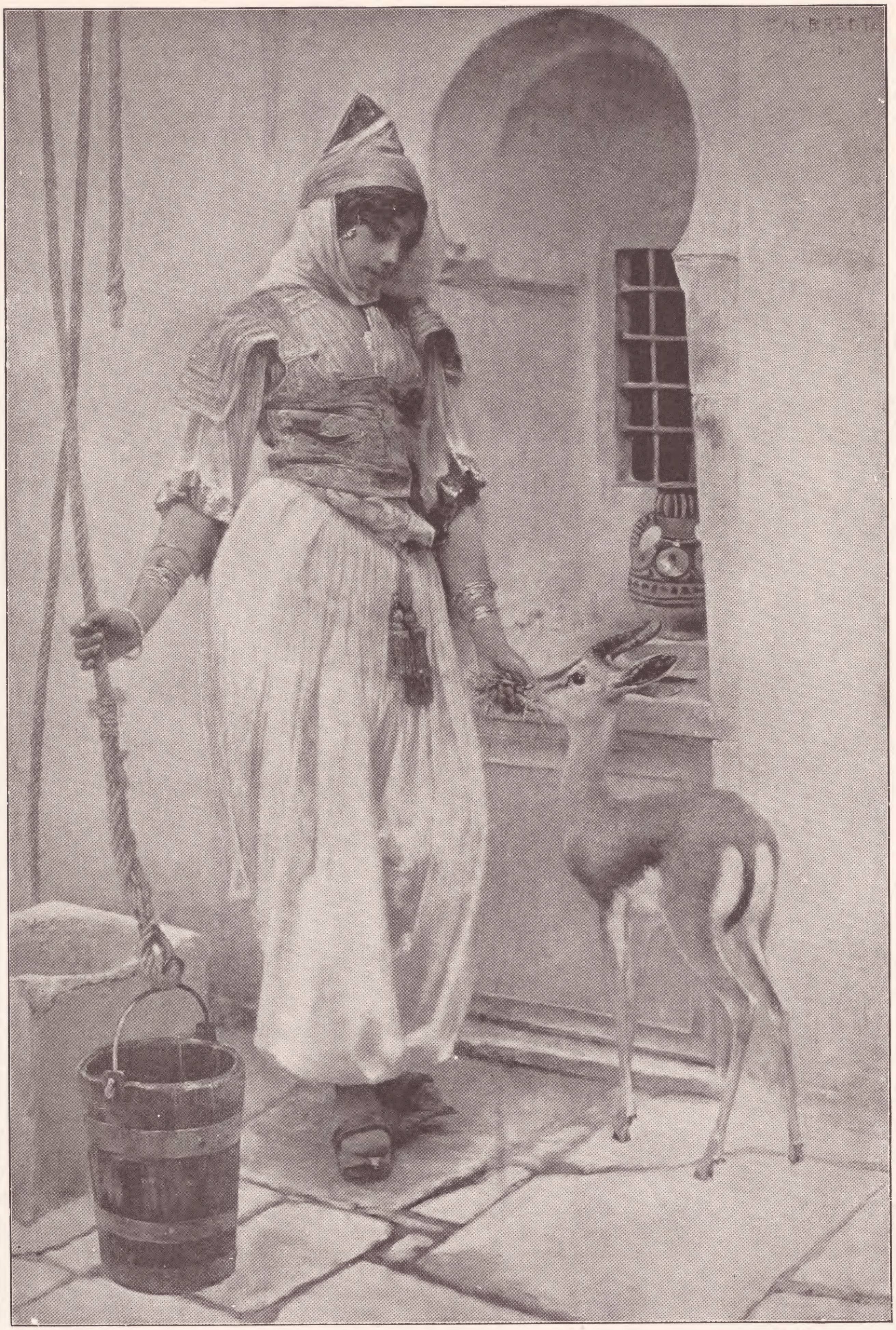
THE picture represents an audience at the Punch and Judy show. Of course there are children, and they follow with intense interest all the sudden developments of the play. Their impressions are so vivid that they will be able to teach their own wooden puppets how to act. They have neither come to criticise the plot nor to study the diction, but to enjoy hugely everything they see and hear. The treatment of these juvenile faces is attractive; it somehow overcomes the difficulty of portraying a similar animation upon a number of individuals. There were three works by the same artist at the World's Columbian Exposition: "In Guiñol," under which title the picture herewith reproduced was catalogued; "Under the Awning," and the "Café Thief."



ITALY. A. CORELLI.

MAN OF LATIUM.

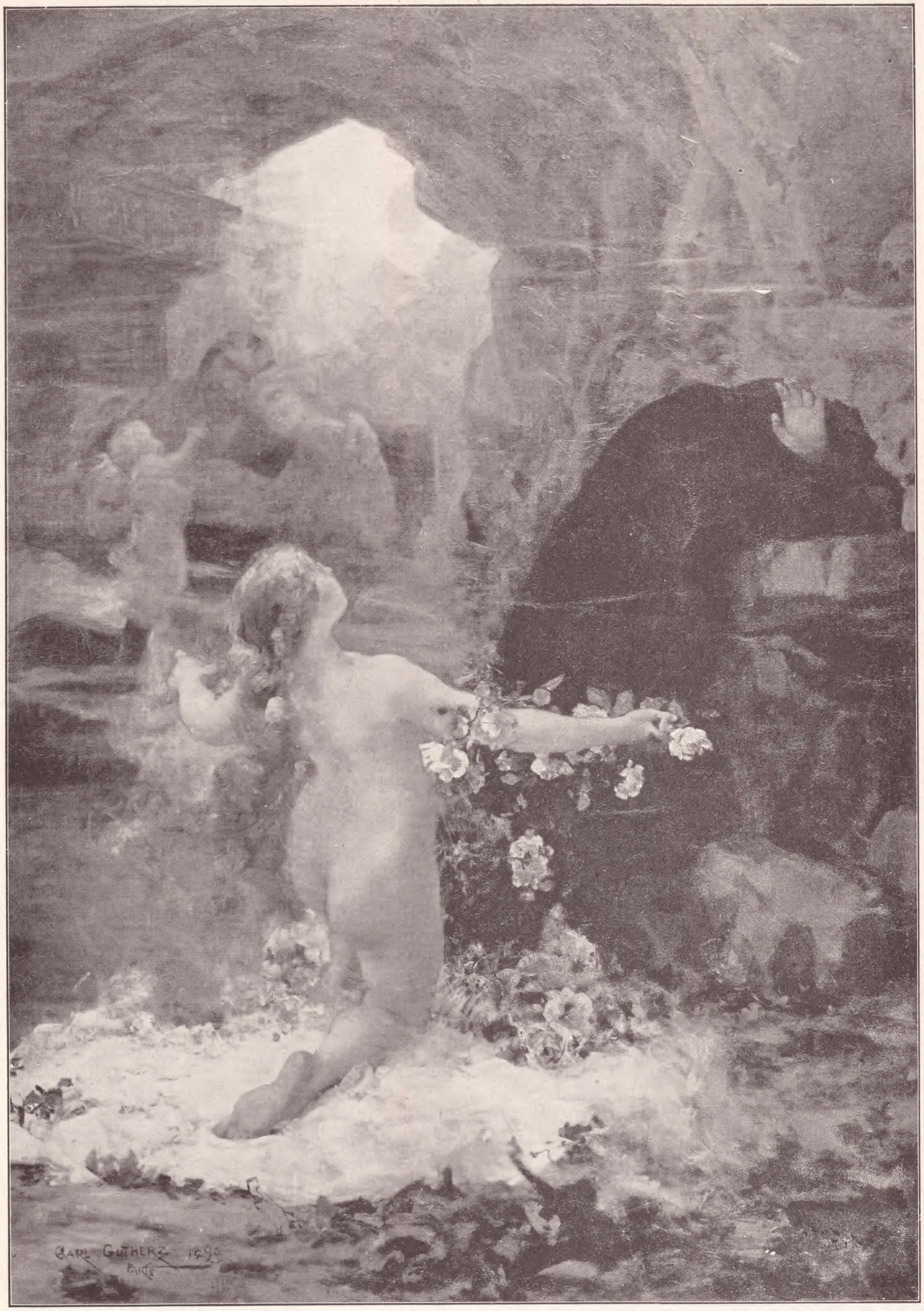
THERE were two paintings in oil and three in water colors by A. Corelli at the Chicago Exposition. The "Man of Latium" was one of the latter. It shows such a sober use of the pigment that one might mistake it for a drawing, if the aquarelle process should not, indeed, mean that. The head is portrayed in natural size. According to the title it belongs to a young inhabitant of the center of Italy, and if it is typical of the descendants of the old Latins, that race shows no signs of degeneration. In manner of execution the painter gives evidence of profitable acquaintance with his classics. As a pendant a "Woman of Latium" was exhibited. A. Corelli is a Roman.



GERMANY. F. M. BREDT.

TWO GAZELLES.

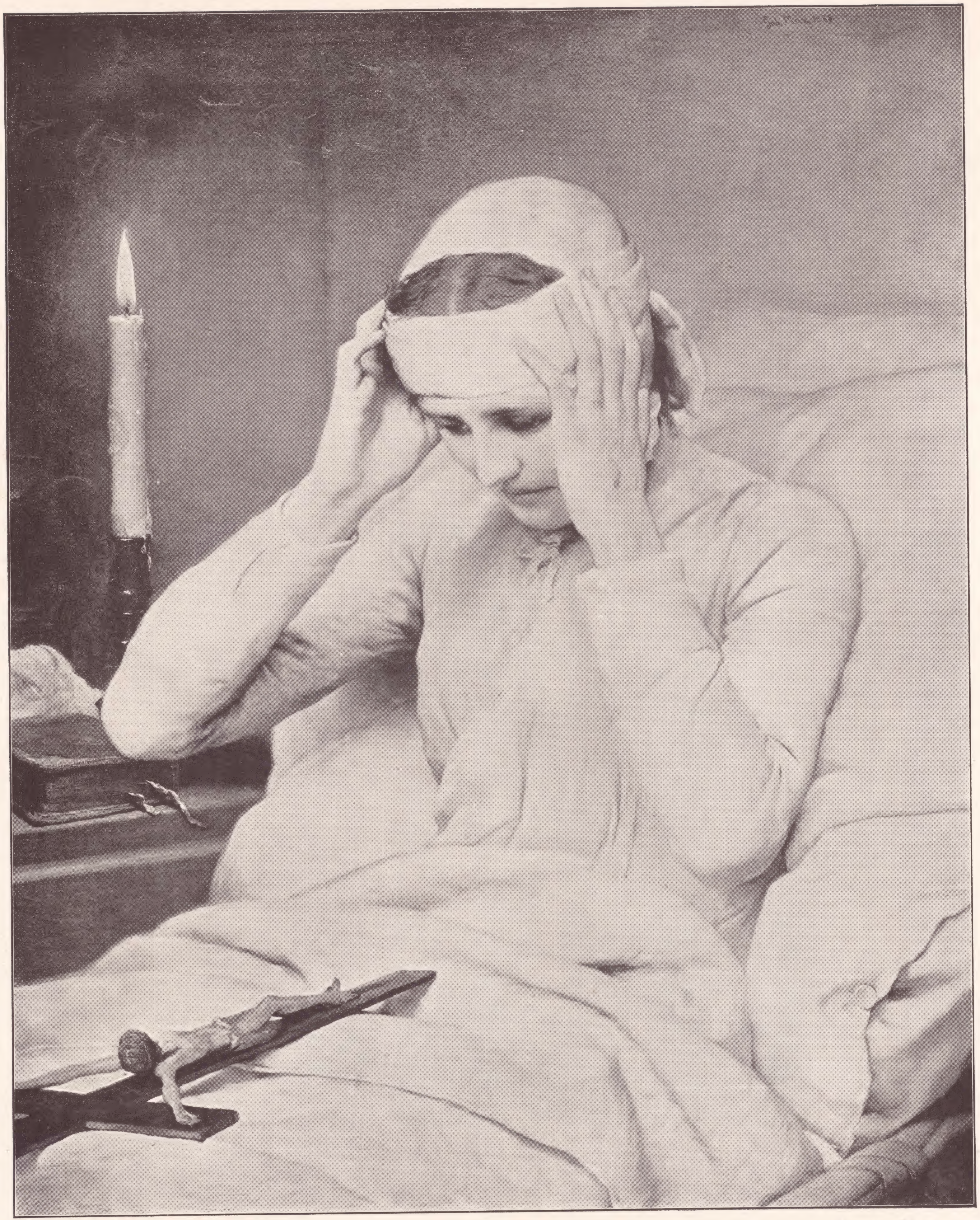
AGAINST the whiteness of a wall leans the figure of a young Tunisian woman who is feeding a tame gazelle. Oriental lore is probably responsible for the likening of female grace to that of the gazelle, and has guided the artist when he was in search of a romantic title. The well, the window, the vase, the slender animal, the garb of the woman, and perhaps her type, would in themselves be sufficient to establish the Moorish impression, neatly drawn and painted in a high key as it is. F. M. Bredt is a painter of Munich, whose travels in the East were productive of both the works sent by him to the World's Columbian Exposition, "A Soudanese Girl" being the subject of the second.



UNITED STATES. CARL GUTHERZ.

THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY.

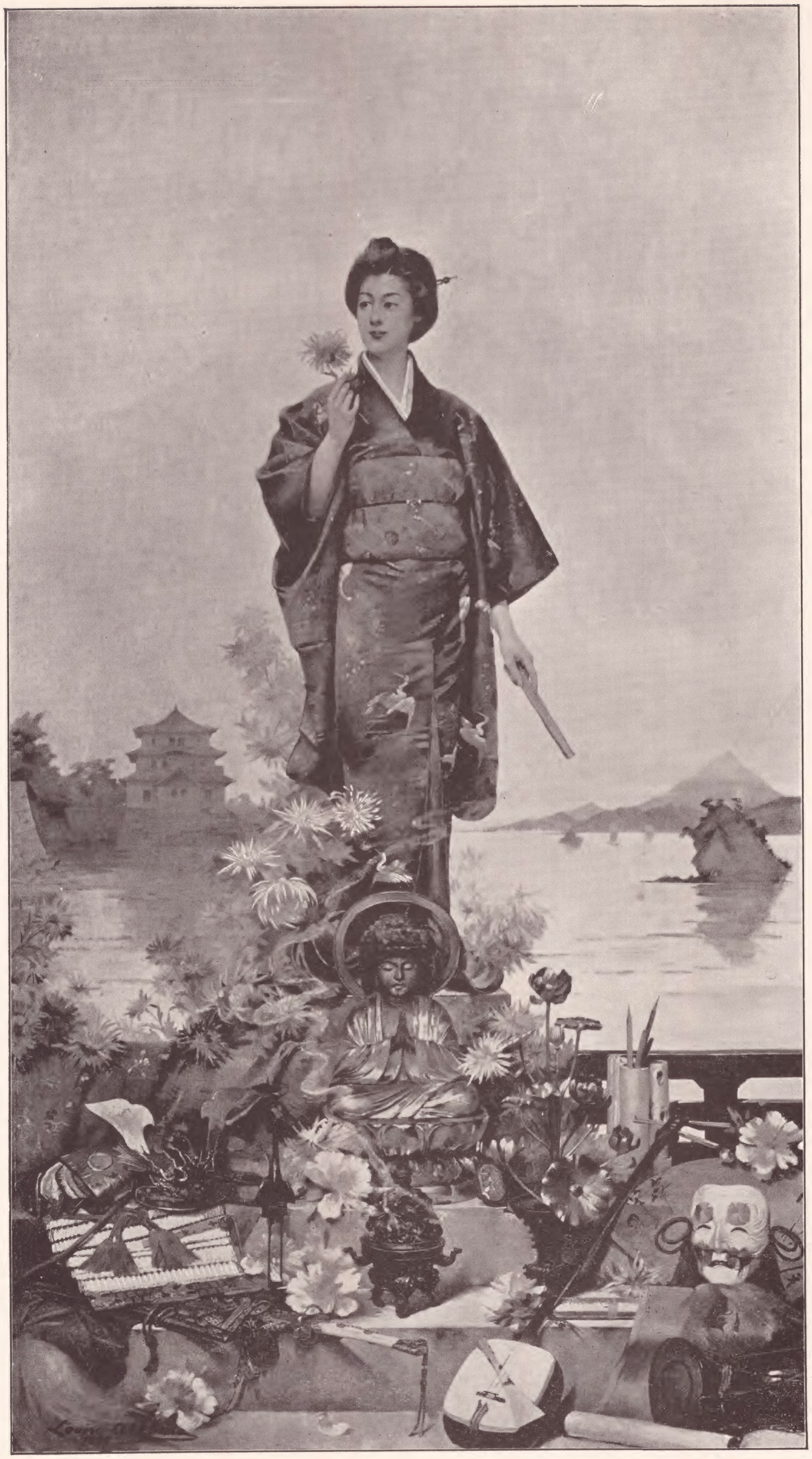
IF the legend be true, life in an abandoned tomb was not so devoid of incident for the ermite as he may have expected when he left his opulent home in Upper Egypt for the solitude of Thebes. He is said to have found ample opportunity for exercising his taste upon a multitude of offerings, but rejected them all, as none, not even those of the most tempting sensuousness, proved equal to his ascetic bliss. Carl Gutherz imagines the saint in his cave assailed by the visions of a nude woman and also of a scene of domestic happiness. Anthony is firm, hides his face in his arms, and once more his triumph over the desires of others is conquered. The hand is the only living part of the principal figure that is delineated. Its gesture, in opposition to the rest of the composition, is meant to convey the victorious struggle.



GERMANY. GABRIEL MAX.

KATHARINA EMERICH.

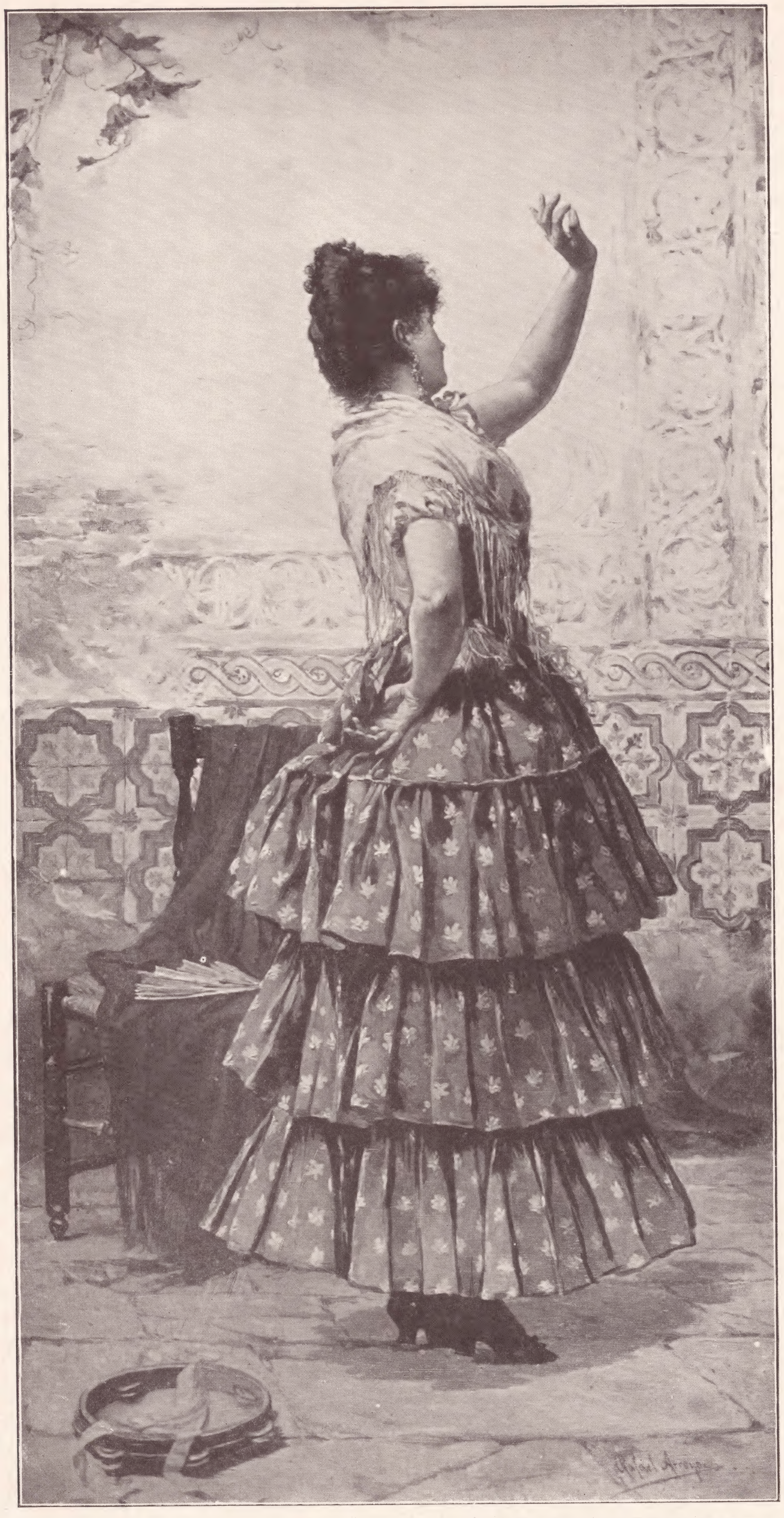
TO the painter, whether he be or is not a psychologist, no more curious subject for study could have offered itself. Katharina Emerich is sitting up in bed; a burning candle beside her sheds yellow light upon the livid figure and upon the white linen. Her hands are raised to her temples, the phenomenal stigma appearing upon the left. She gazes intently at a crucifix which lies on the bed cover. Brooding over the tortures, inflicted upon Christ, has caused her to feel a suffering physically similar to his. Gabriel Max was born in Prague in 1840. He is the son of the sculptor Joseph Max. Blaas, Kurzbauer, and Piloty were his masters. Works by him exhibit a remarkable talent, an intellectuality, combined with assured technique, which places him among the best-gifted artists of the Munich school. He is a professor of the Academy. Among the pictures which he has painted many treat rather gruesome motives.



France. Louise Abbema.

JAPAN.

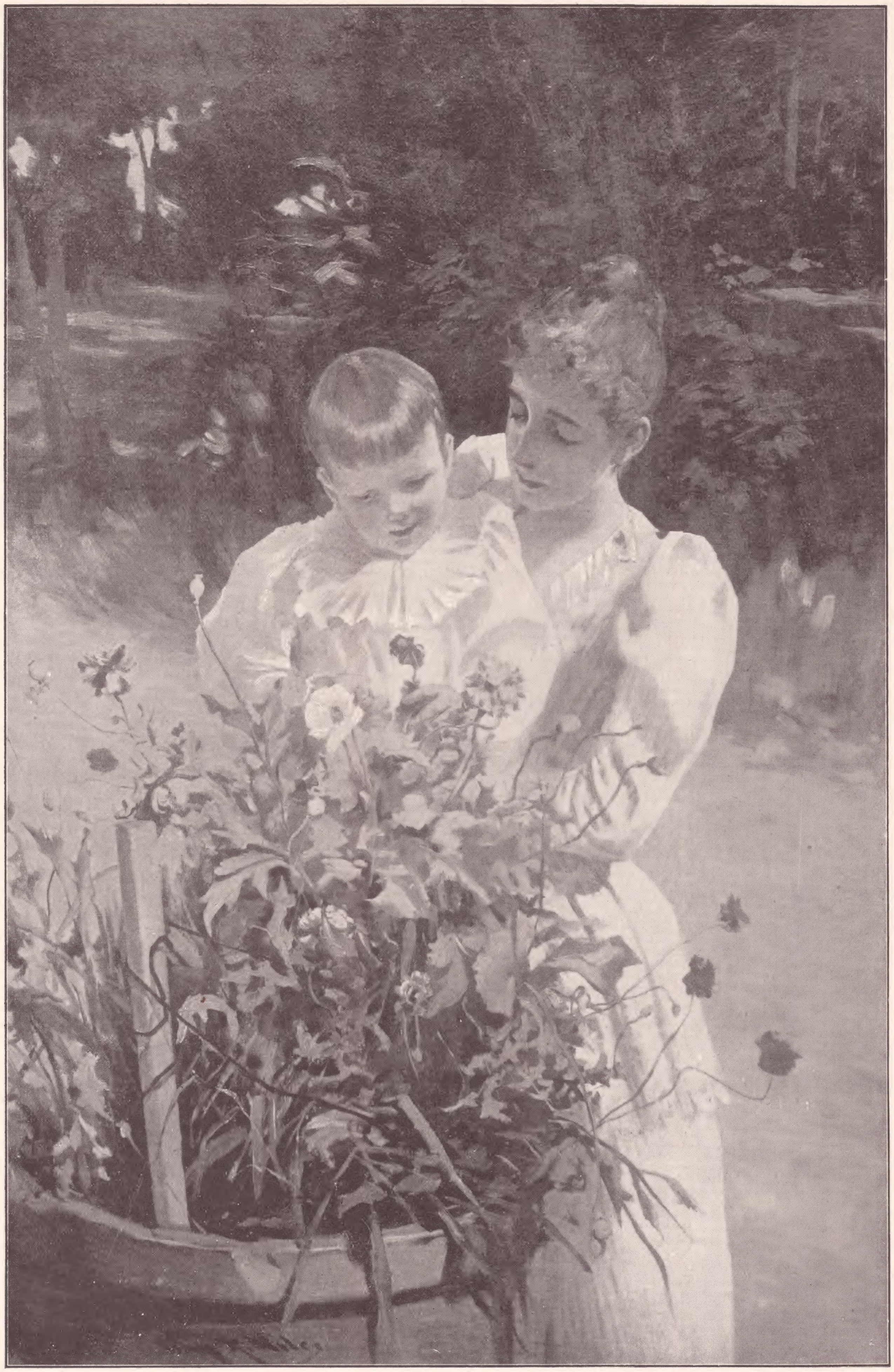
A DECORATIVE fantasy. In the center is the standing image of a Franco-Japanese holding a chrysanthemum and a folded fan. Her little flower-covered pedestal is raised over a lake with a low horizon line. In the distance, to the right, is a high mountain, probably the Fusi-Yama. At the feet of the principal figure are displayed the contents of an Eastern curio shop; a Buddhist idol, masks, swords, armor, bronze pots, embroidered stuffs, musical instruments and the like. Everything is neatly drawn and skillfully colored. Chaplin, Henner, and Carolus-Duran were the teachers from whom Mme. Louise Abbema sought advice. She was born at Etampes and lives in Paris. Her composition had the distinction of leading the array of pictures in the French catalogue.



SPAIN. R. ARROYO FERNANDEZ.

ANDALUSIAN DANCER.

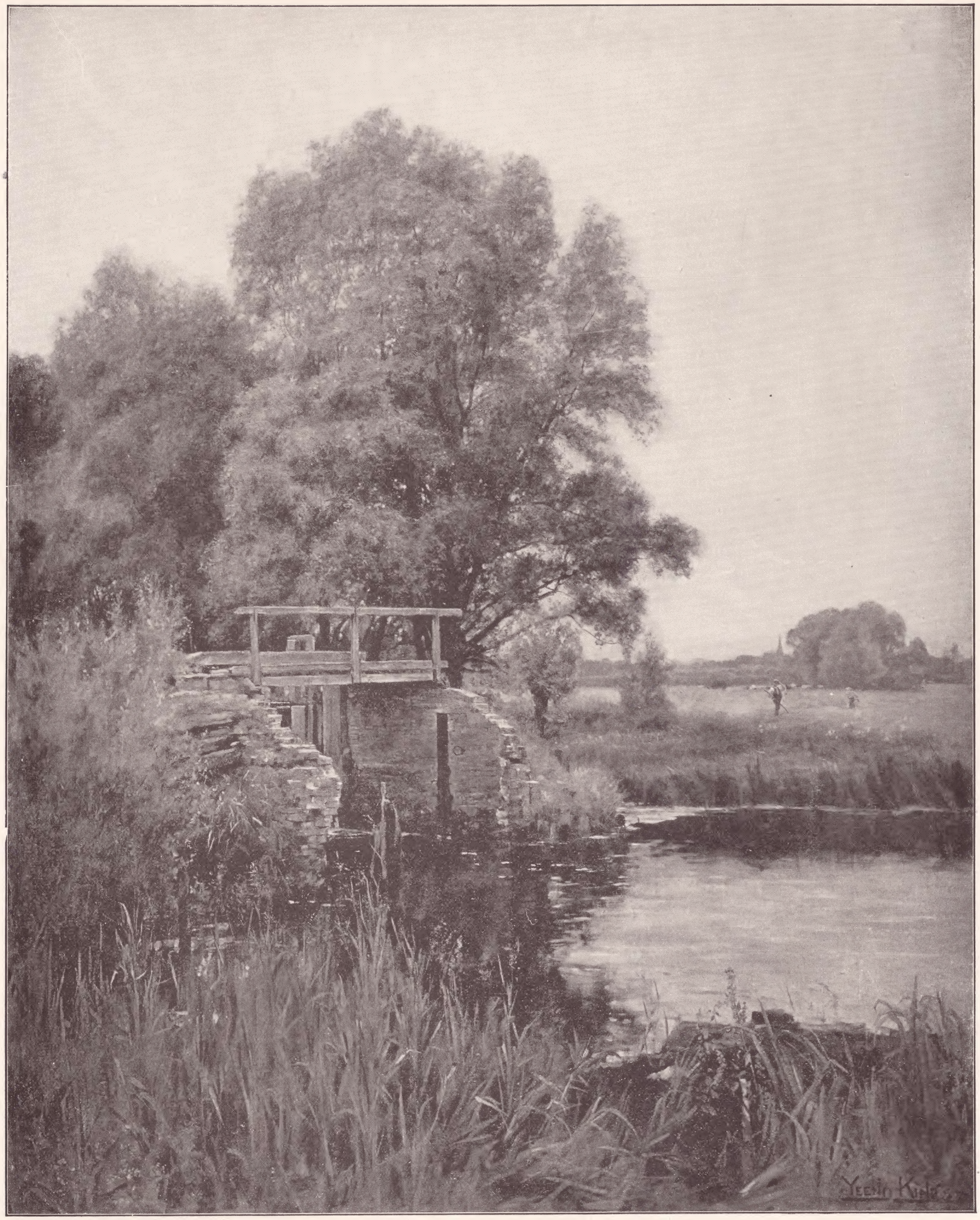
THE side view of a dark-haired woman, who stands with one arm lifted, the hand of the other posed upon her hip, and seems about to begin dancing. Of the face, only the last profile is seen; head and upper body are slightly bent backward; the feet, in high-heeled slippers, touch the tiled floor. The inevitable fan and mantilla upon a chair near the wall, and a tambourine in the foreground, are the accessories. Most of the space is taken up by a flower-patterned, three-storied ruffle-skirt. The figure is sharply drawn upon the background formed by a decorated wall; light comes from above and behind. Rafael Arroyo Fernandez lives in Madrid. Besides the "Andalusian Dancer," a landscape painting of his was at the Chicago Exposition. His figure-study illustrates a type that has become known almost everywhere. The national dances of Spain are rapid successions of poses rather than continuous movement, and therefore of more grateful analysis for the brush.



UNITED STATES. I. R. WILES.

SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS.

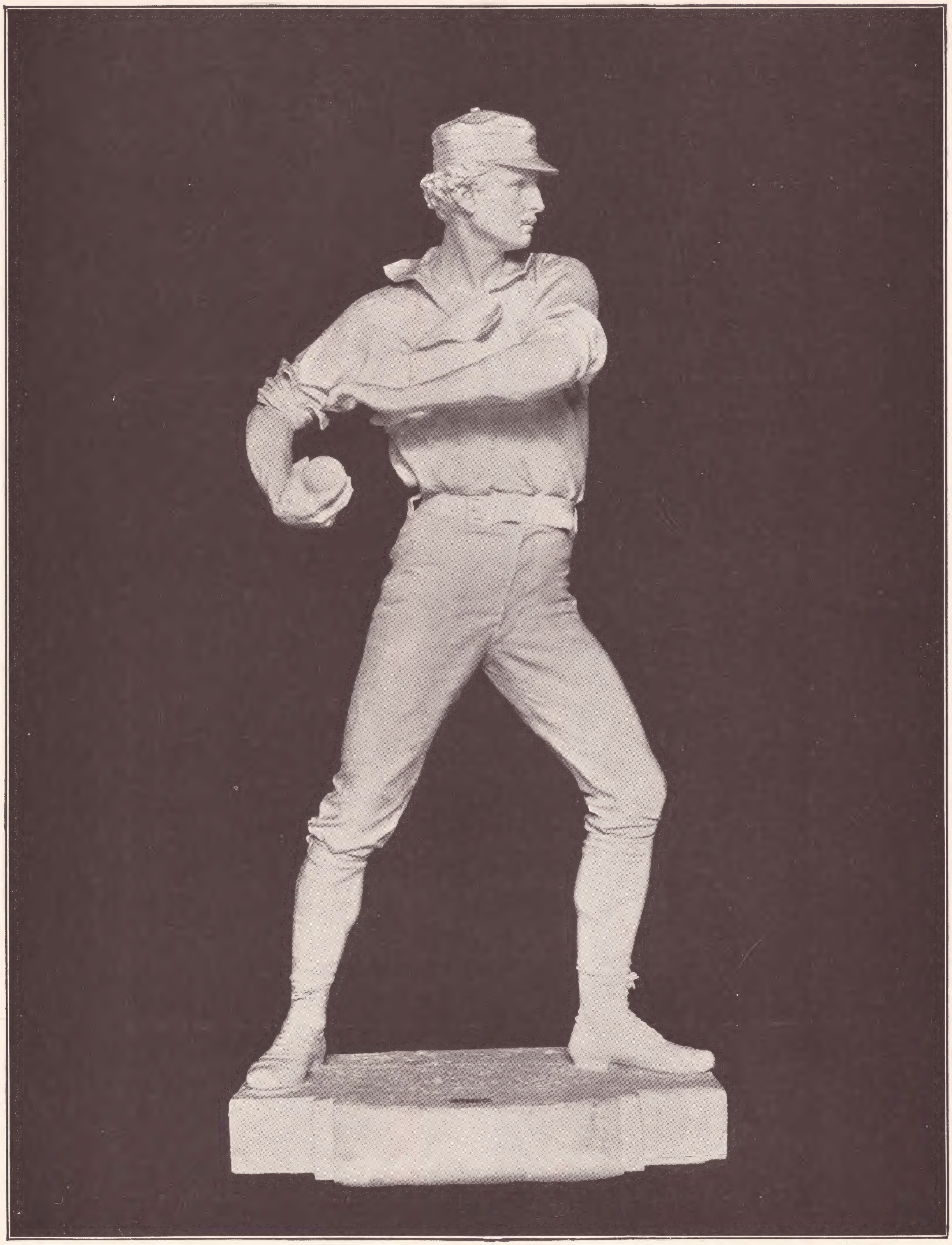
POPPIES, red poppies, bright red poppies, a mother and her child choosing and picking them, summer sunshine on the figures and flowers—the situation and its color invite the attempt on canvas. Irving R. Wiles, born in Utica in 1861, began studies with his father, L. M. Wiles, and at the Art Students' League. He continued in Paris under Carolus Duran. He is a member of the Society of American Artists, the Water Color Club, the American Water Color Society, the Society of Painters in Pastel, and an associate of the National Academy of Design. Among the distinctions awarded him he counts the Clarke and Hallgarten prizes at the Academy of Design, and an honorable mention at the Paris Exposition of 1889; also a medal at the World's Columbian Exposition. Figure compositions and portraits were the principal works from his brush.



GREAT BRITAIN. YEEND KING.

A GRAY DAY IN JULY.

THE gray day is observed from a pretty corner in a landscape with trees. A little stream flows through the high grass in the foreground. The upper parts of two brick walls are connected by timbers, a structure intended either for a bridge or a sluice. The crowns of several fine trees appear beyond the water which reflects them. A meadow lies farther, with two men laboring there. In the distance another group of trees and the roofs of a village are visible. The "Gray Day in July" is the third of the works which Yeend King has sent to the Chicago Exposition, and which have all been reproduced in this publication. The other two canvasses contain human figures prominently treated, while this one is a study of nature without story.



UNITED STATES. DOUGLAS TILDEN.

BASEBALL PLAYER.

BASEBALL, the American favorite of all athletic games, is no longer considered purely a sport, but has become the regular profession of a number of men who are adepts at it. As a consequence the standard of the performance demands greater skill on the part of players. The game itself, however, appeals rather to the theoretical interest of the onlookers where it used to be popularly indulged in. Tilden's plaster statue represents a man in the act of pitching the ball. His pose is elastic; his muscles are trained for the effort; his eyes are sharply watching the opportunity. There is a physical as well as a mental tension noticeable, rendering the work doubly interesting. Douglas Tilden exhibited five works at the World's Columbian Exposition several of which are reproduced in this publication.

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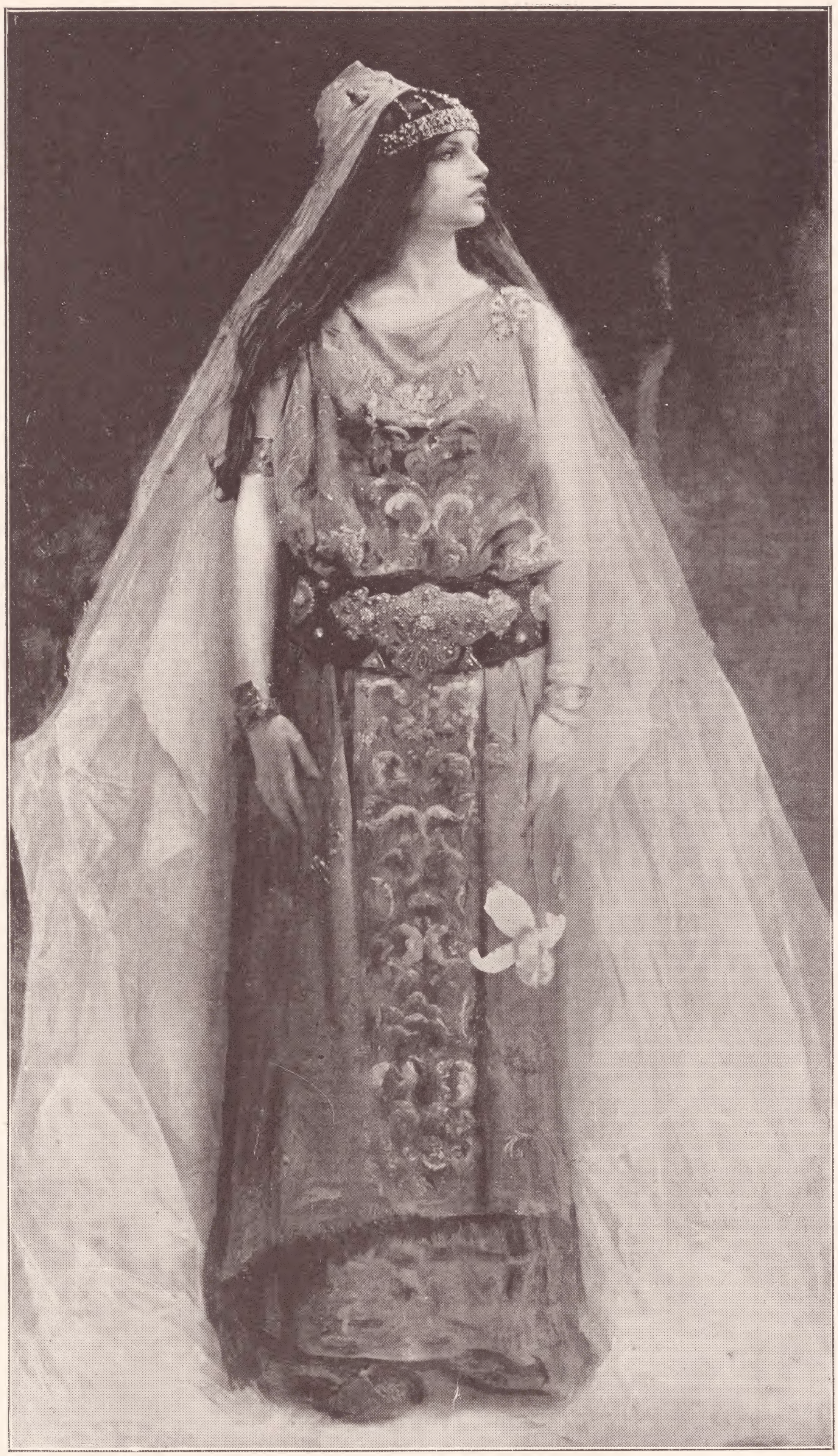
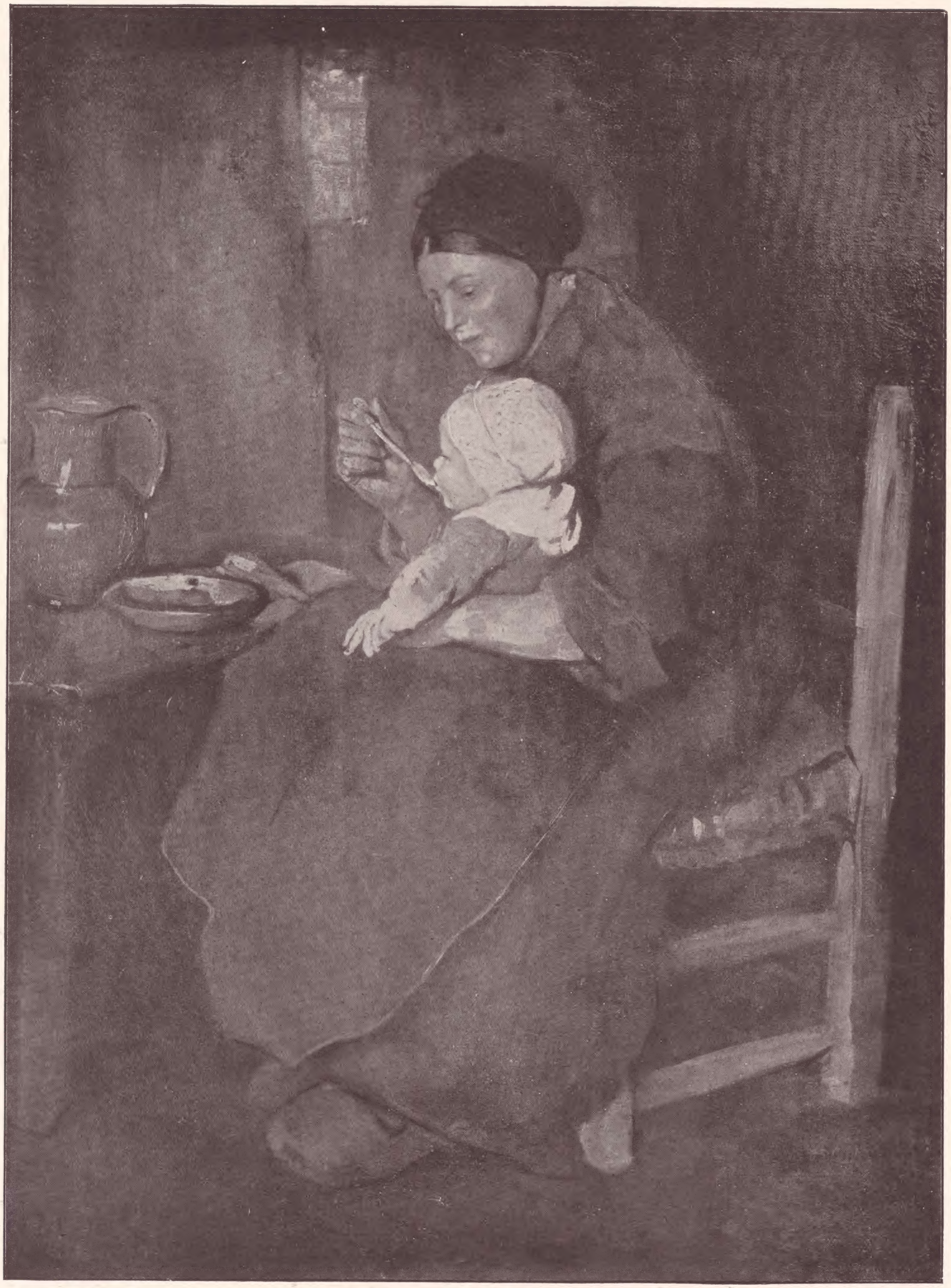


FRANCE. PAUL SINIBALDI.

A DAUGHTER OF THE RAJAH.

ORIENTAL beauty in the rich attire of an Indian princess is certainly a picturesque theme. The full-length figure of the Daughter of the Rajah is presented in front view, her head turned to the left, looking into the distance. A light veil is attached to her hair, and falls in ample folds to the ground. Neck and arms are bare; the body is enveloped in a robe heavily ornamented with embroidery and jewels. Her left hand holds the symbolical lotus flower. The face is interestingly intense; flesh-tints and materials are treated with a gorgeous palette. Paul Sinibaldi studied at the Paris Academy of Fine Arts under the direction of Cabanel. He obtained the Rome prize, and has had several noted pictures in the Salon expositions. Among them were four decorative panels for a private mansion, a canvas depicting a highly dramatic marriage scene, also a "Manon Lescaut" and "The Aurora." All these works were purchased for public museums. At the World's Fair was another painting, "Salammbo," by the same author, and he intends his allegorical painting, "The Sacred Gui," for the Salon of this year.

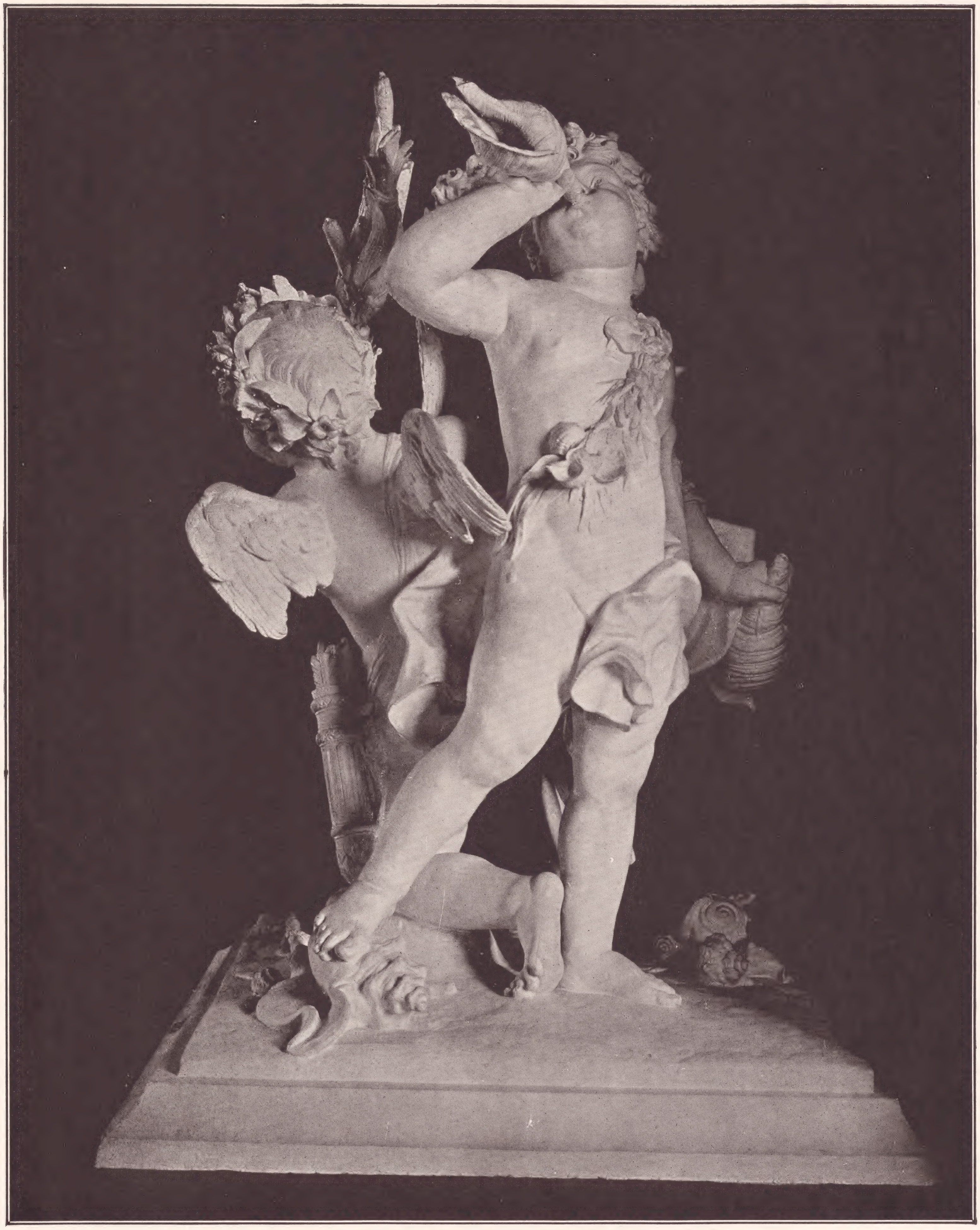


HOLLAND.

ALBERT NEUHUYS.

MOTHER'S DELIGHT.

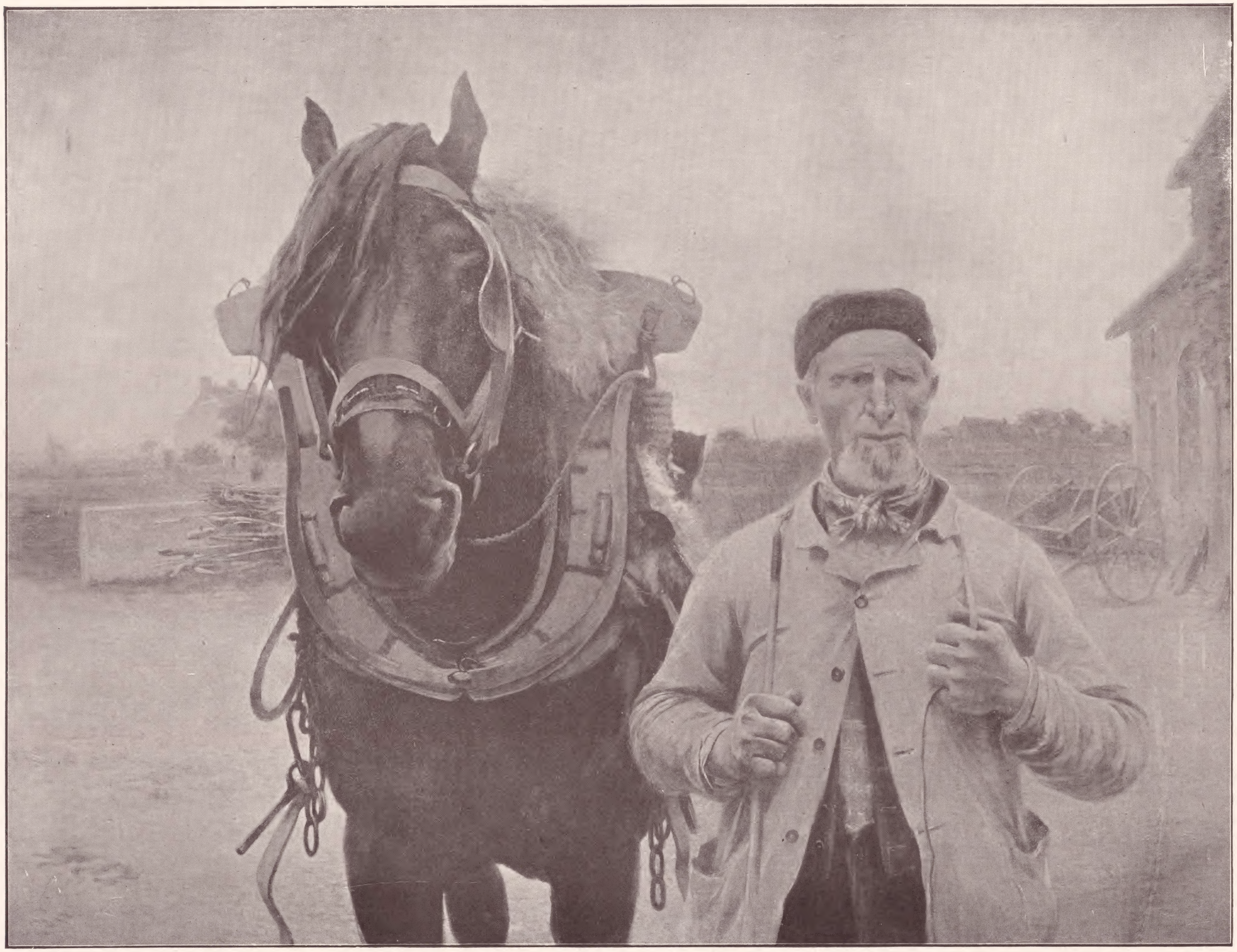
SHE holds the babe upon her knees and feeds it with a spoon from a plate upon the table before her. The interior is clean, humble, dusky; only the figures and a few utensils receive higher lights. What has been said repeatedly in these notes about the realistic effects obtained by the contemporary painters of Holland may be applied also to this interesting work. Neuhuys excels among the followers of Israels, although his productions are not devoid of a spirit and a use of color of their own. There were not less than seven pictures by him at the Exposition in Chicago, most of them maternal "genres," as would appear from the titles given as follows: "A Sober Meal," "The Mother's Delight," "Dutch Woman and Child," "Can I Have It, Mother?" "Rocking the Cradle," "Sunlight," and "The Mother and Her Children." (Water color.)



FRANCE. VAN CLEVE (1645–1732).

GROUP OF CHILDREN.

THERE are two of them, the one standing and blowing into a sea-shell, the other kneeling and holding a bow. The group is reproduced from a bronze in the Park of Versailles, and is one of the number that Van Cleve has modeled for the Parterre l' Eau there. Like all their mates, these children are playful creatures. Modern parks are filled with monuments of statesmen, soldiers, or literary people, thus carrying into the hours of recreation the idea of pompous instruction when none is required.

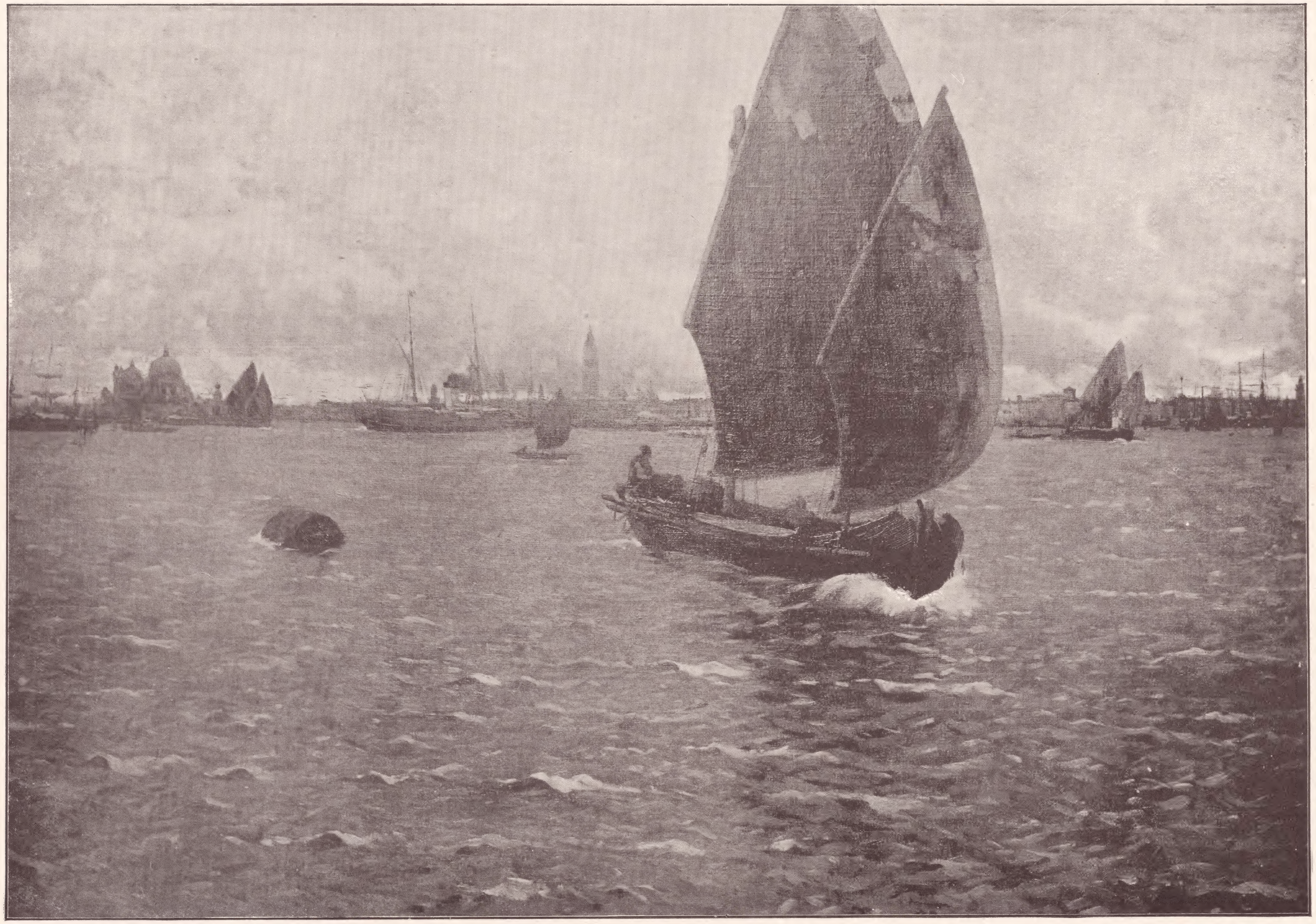


SWEDEN. AUG. HAGBORG.

BIJOU AND HONORÉ.

INTUITION does not suffice to arrive at the meaning of the artist in affixing this title to his picture. Perhaps the horse's name is Bijou, Honoré the man's, and there are two portraits, an animal and a human one. Bijou carries around his neck a sort of picture-frame collar, which doubles the effect of some skillful foreshortening, done by the painter. Honoré is a sharp-nosed, deep-eyed old man, who exhibits two enormous fists. Bijou and Honoré pose in a barnyard, probably in full knowledge that they are having their "picture taken." Aug. Hagborg is a resident of Paris. He sent to the Swedish section at the World's Fair four of his works: "Beggar," "Evening," "Low Tide," and the one reproduced here.

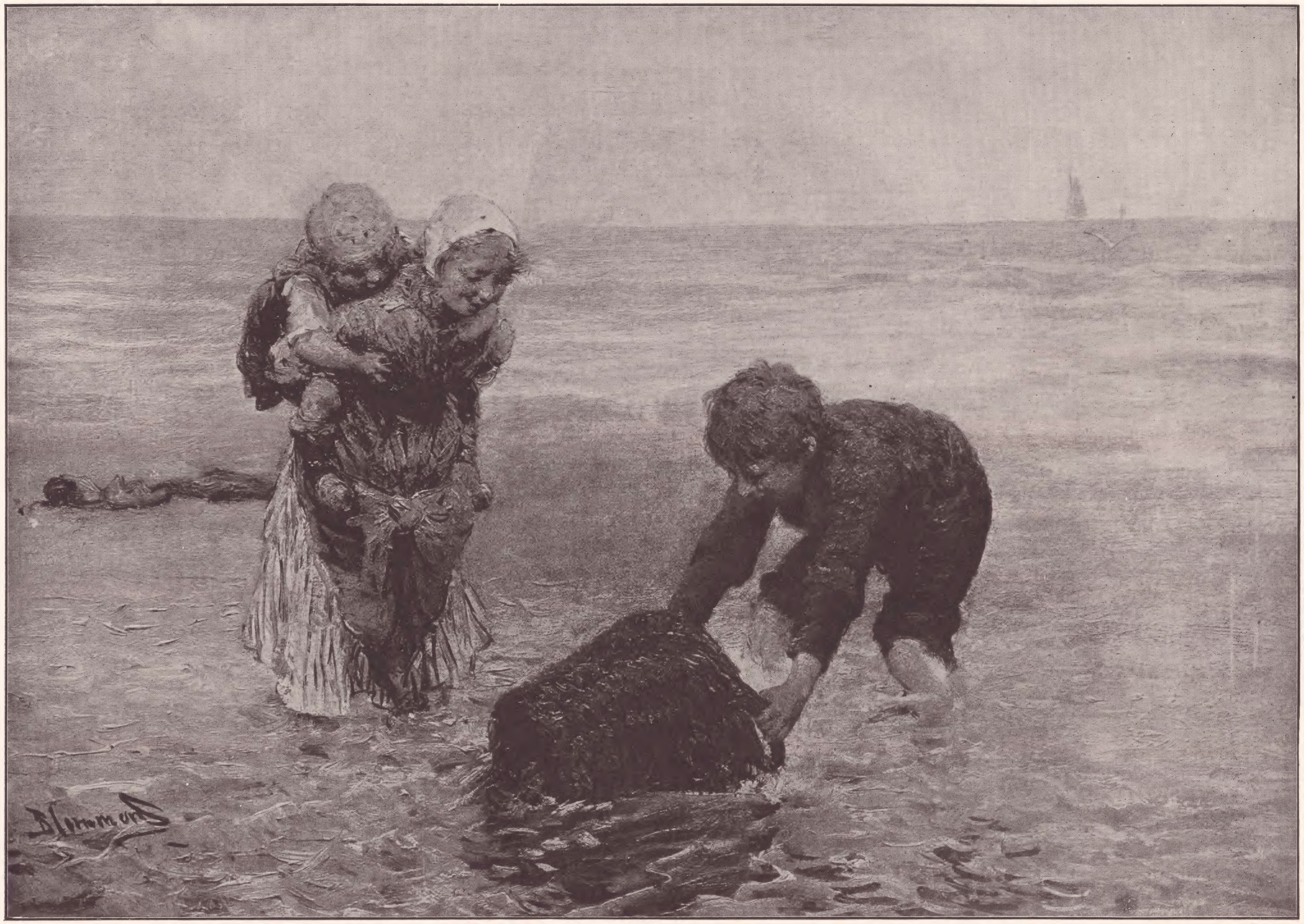
ART



ITALY. GUGLIELMO CIARDI.

SOUTHWEST WIND.

THERE were six pictures by this artist at the World's Columbian Exposition all representing Venetian views with fine originality. The following were the titles of the series: "Spring Clouds," "Basin of St. George," "Sunset at Venice," "On the Lagoon," "Canal of St. Marc" and the "Southwest Wind," which is the subject of this reproduction. A broad expanse of moving water extends almost to the horizon line, which is broken by the masts and spars of shipping, and the domes and spires of the city. A small boat, rigged with two sails, runs out before the breeze. Quick atmosphere, low daylight, and a long perspective are well rendered. Guglielmo Ciardi is a Venetian by birth. He received his artistic education in the Reale Accademia di Belle Arte of his native city, continued his studies in Florence, Rome, and Naples, but returned to Venice, where he is now professor at the Academy. He has received honors at the many expositions in which he took part.

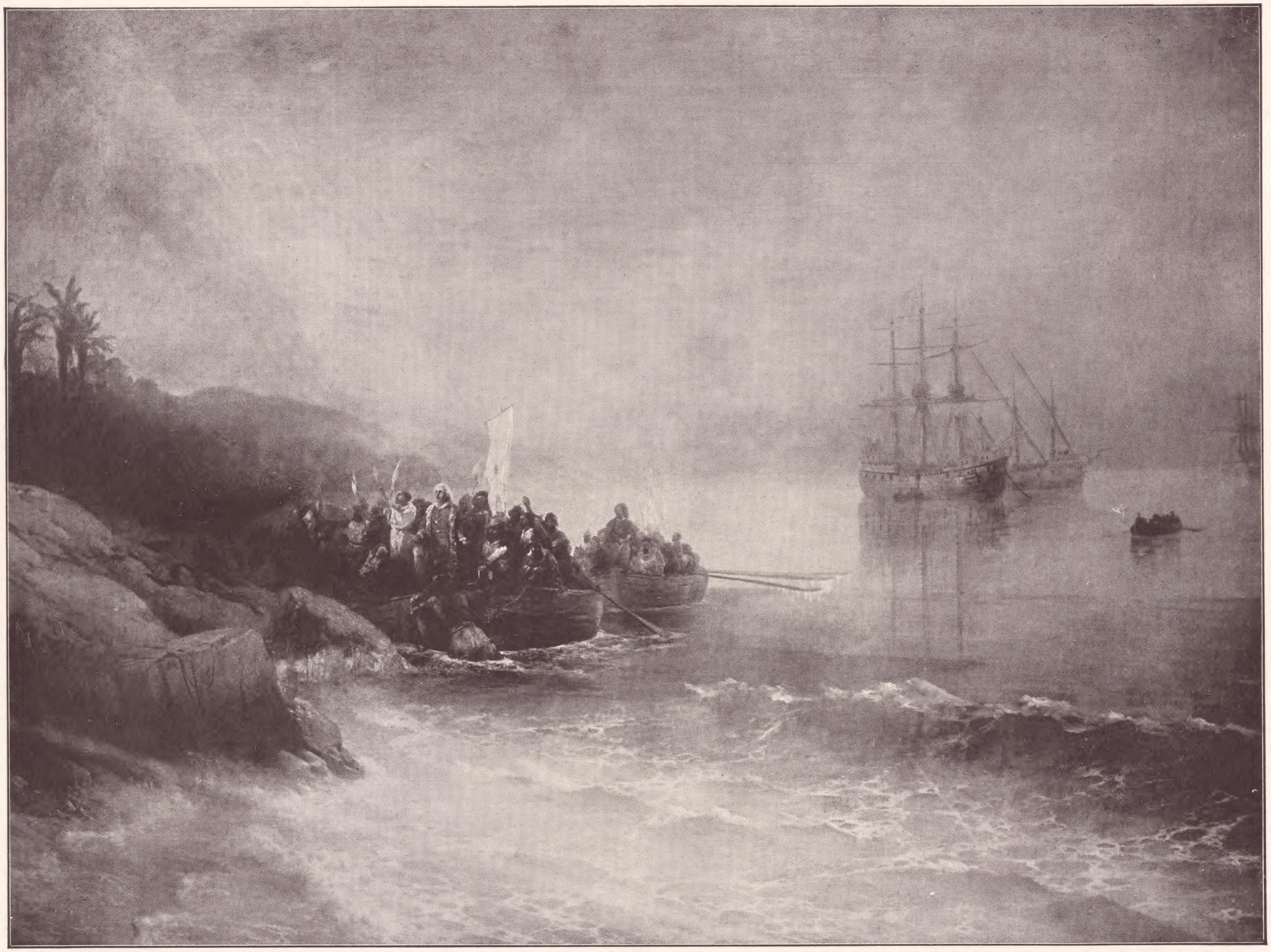


HOLLAND.

B. J. BLOMMERS.

SHRIMPERS.

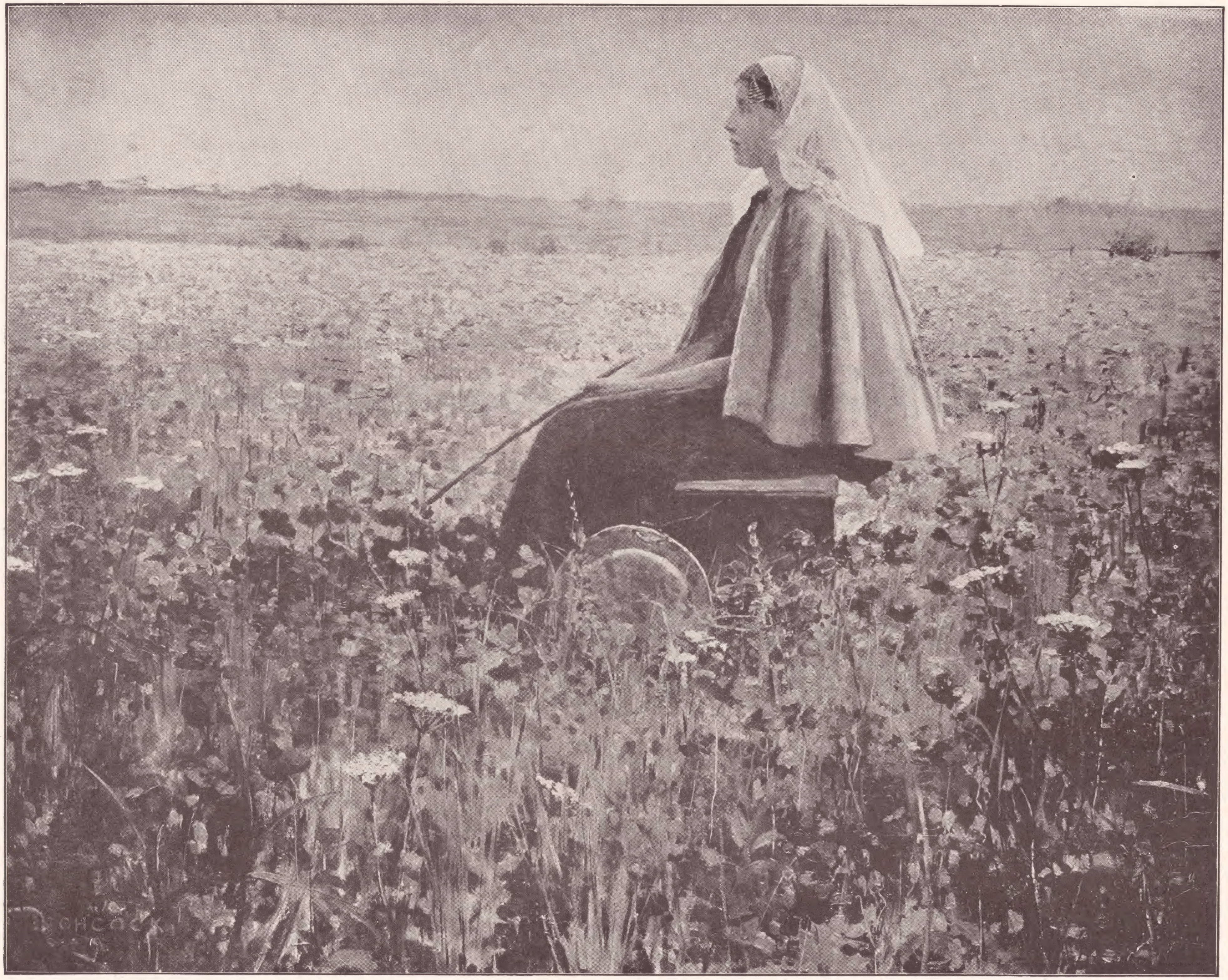
A BOY drags a wicker hamper through shallow water. A girl with an infant upon her back stands by, holding her apron open that the young fisher may put his catch there. They are children of the coast, who have waded into the sea for sport, while their elders are probably out to fish for a livelihood. The ocean is placid, the sky beyond clear; a sail is visible above the high horizon line, and a gull flies near the surface. The whole view is briny, airy, bright, managed with a rapid brush. This picture was one of three sent by B. J. Blommers to the Chicago Exposition. "Washing Day" was another and will be found among the reproductions contained in the present book.



RUSSIA. J. AYVASOVSKY.

LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

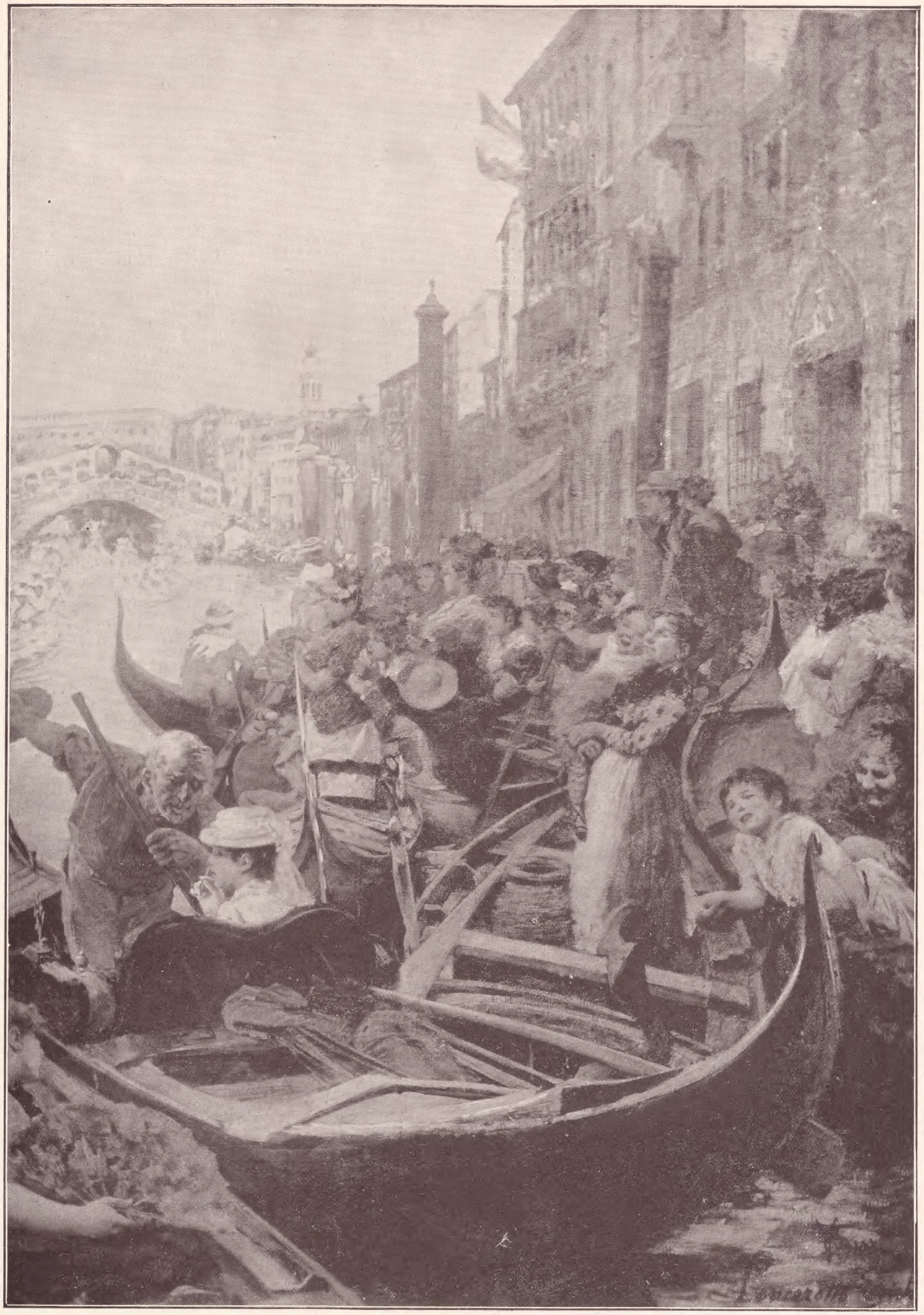
THE quatro-centennial postage stamp, and the well-rounded phrases that are good stock in every first reader, make it an arduous task to form original views, literary or pictorial, of Columbus' progress from Palos to the World's Fair. J. Ayvasovsky presents the landing at San Salvador; a large canvas, greenishly illuminated, correctly keyed, precisely tempered and fitly epoched. As yet the island coast is virgin of the conquest to civilization; as yet American soil is untrod by the step of white men—another minute and it will be linked to the known world. The "Landing" was one in the important series of paintings exhibited by J. Ayvasovsky, an artist whose prominence in his country may be inferred from the titles affixed to his name. According to the catalogue they are: Emerited Professor of marine painting since 1847; member of the council of the Imperial Academy of Arts since 1885, and honorary member of the said academy since 1867. Born 1817.



UNITED STATES. GEORGE HITCHCOCK.

SCARECROW.

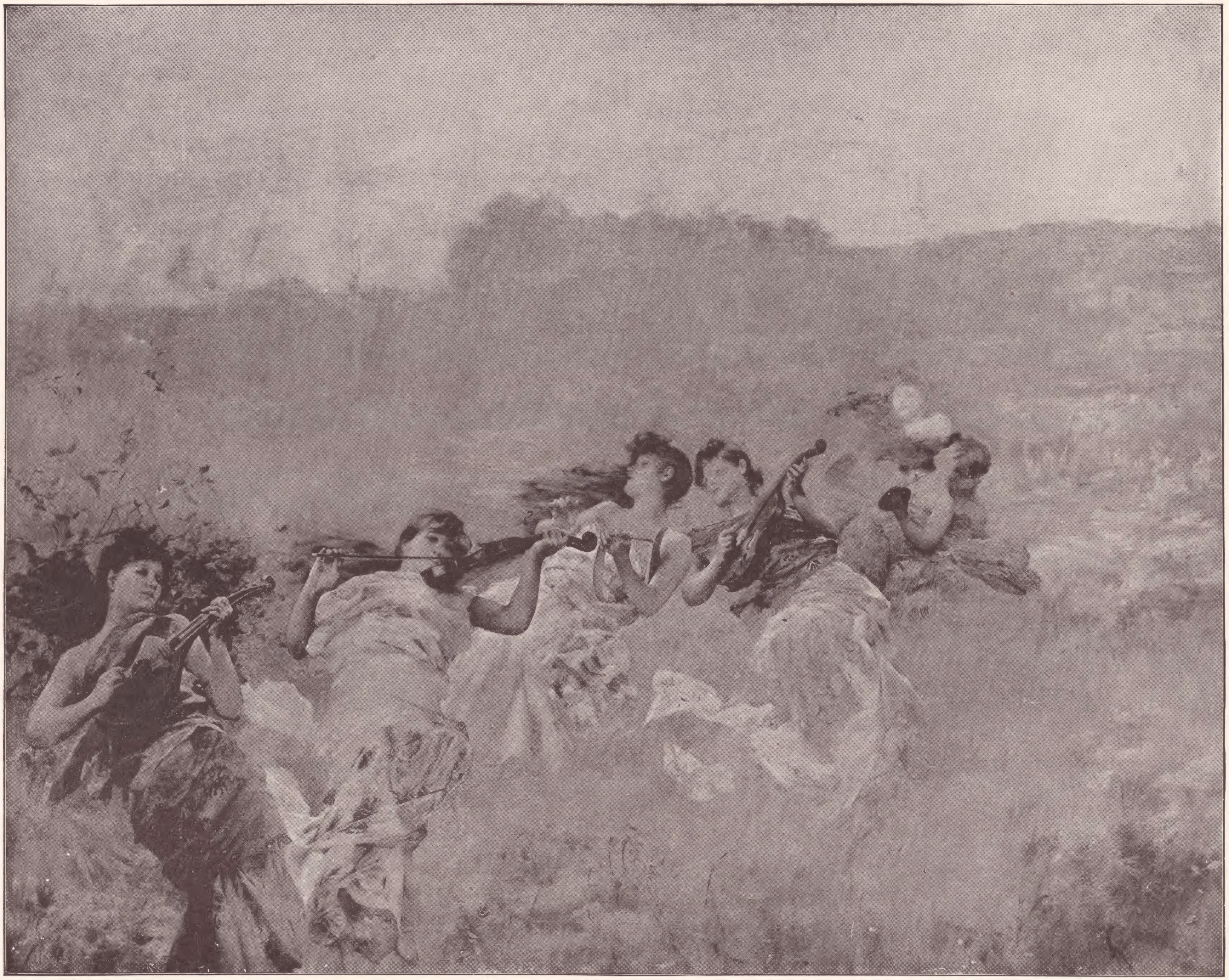
A YOUNG girl sits calmly in the midst of a flowery meadow. The term scarecrow does not carry with it in this case the idea of repulsiveness, for the face of the lonely field sentinel is comely to a degree. As far as the view reaches there is juicy green, richly interspersed with wild blossoms. Red, yellow, purple, white petals boldly hold their own against each other, and yet belong to a well-studied ensemble. European art juries reserve good places for George Hitchcock; he always fulfills the expectancy of striking pictures. One of the two works he sent to the World's Fair had been previously shown in Munich, where it figured prominently in the American section of the International Art Exposition. His other canvas, "Tulip Culture," is also reproduced in this volume.



ITALY. L. LANCEROTTO

REGATTA AT VENICE.

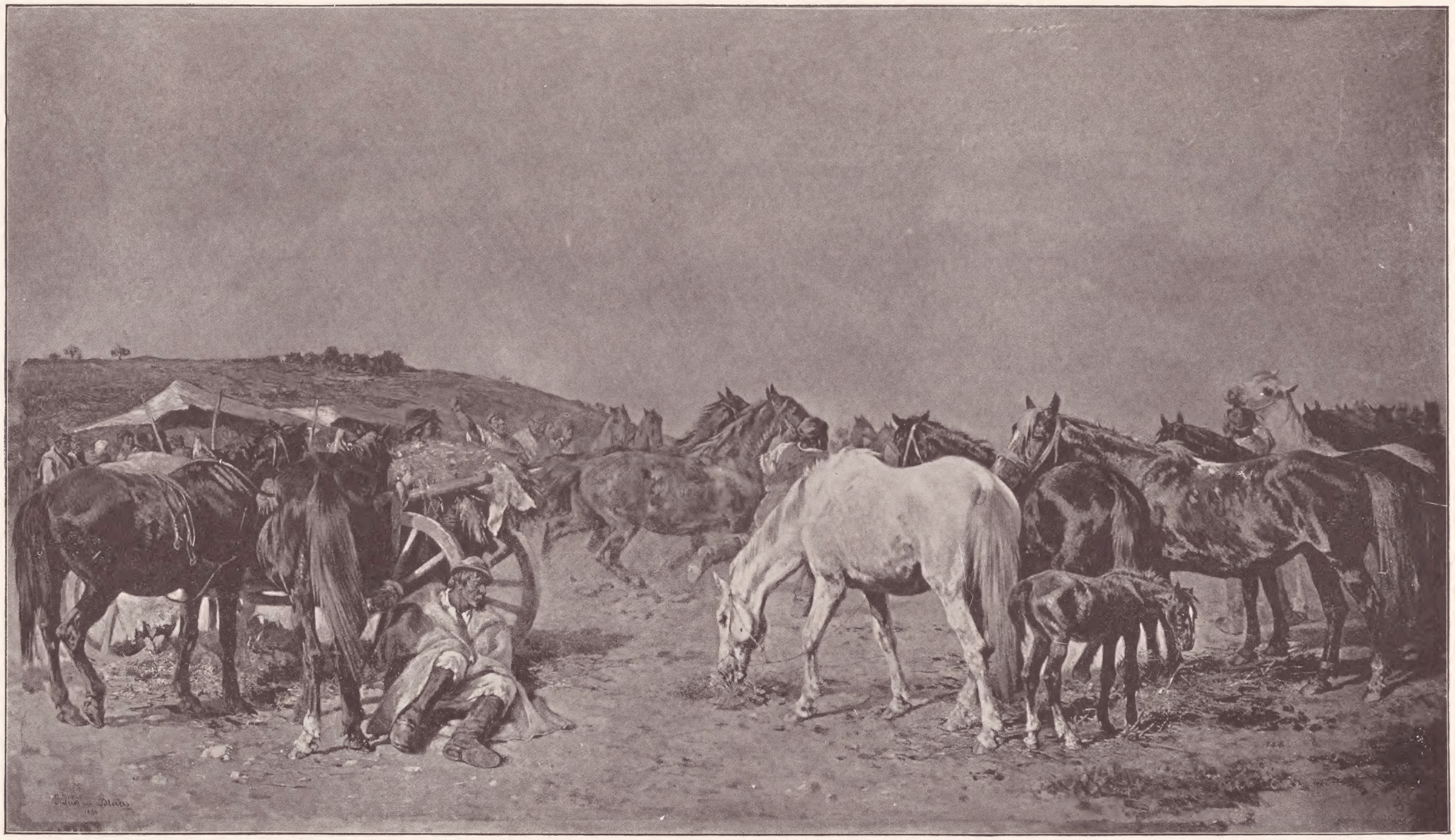
THE yearly boat-race in Venice is the event that stirs up the population of the old city more than any other festivity. Everybody tries to secure a position along the Grand Canal where the finish takes place, and such a number of gondolas come together on that fine stretch that one could walk a long distance stepping from boat to boat. In the picture one sees the thick of the crowd excitedly watching the oarsmen as they pass rapidly in their graceful gondolas. Women and children are vastly in the majority. They are keen partisans, shouting freely for their respective favorites. To be true to nature, the mass of people is represented in the utmost vividness of color and gesticulation. L. Lancerotto was born in the year 1847, at Noale, the town belonging at that time to the Province of Venice. He studied painting at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, in Venice, where he has lived and worked since. Besides the above picture there were two other works by the same artist on exhibition at the World's Fair, a Madonna and a composition under the title of "Vanity Fair." In the "Regatta" Venetian architecture is depicted as an integral part of the subject.



United States. H. Siddons Mowbray.

THE EVENING BREEZE.

BLUISH vibrations veil the meadow. The fragrance of the earth is wafted through the evening zephyrs. Undulating, melodious forms float in the twilight—a hushed chord in the darkening lull. Faintly the wing of the breeze fans the gauzy looseness in which the fairy musicians are draped. Mowbray's composition shows great freedom, his palette is as poetic as his imagination. All of the four works that he sent to the Exposition in Chicago are of similar dreamy conception. They were: Rose Harvest, Arcadia, Scheherazade (Arabian Nights), and The Evening Breeze—a collection illustrating finely the light touch and the flowery coloring of that talented artist.

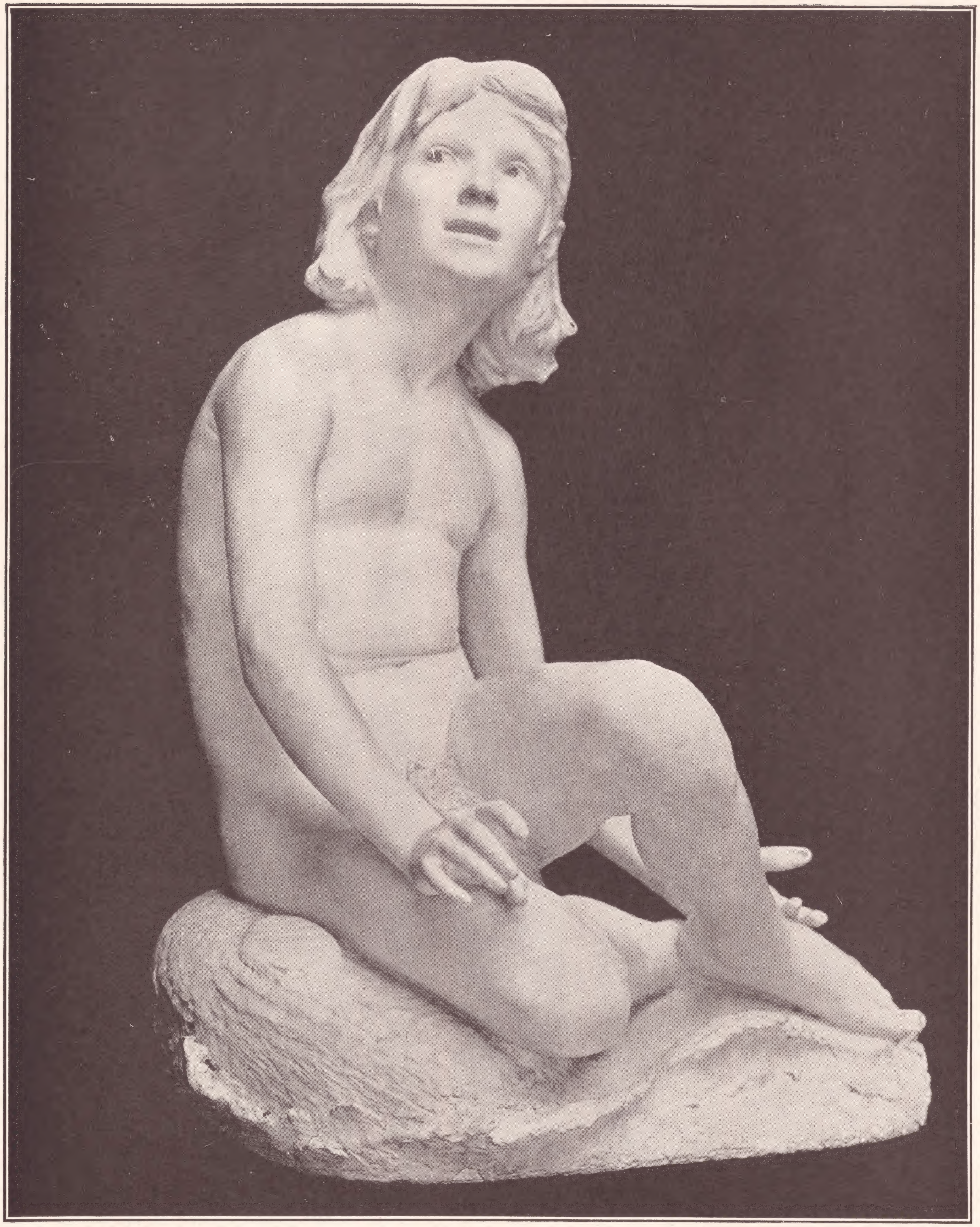


AUSTRIA.

JULIUS VON BLAAS.

HORSE MARKET.

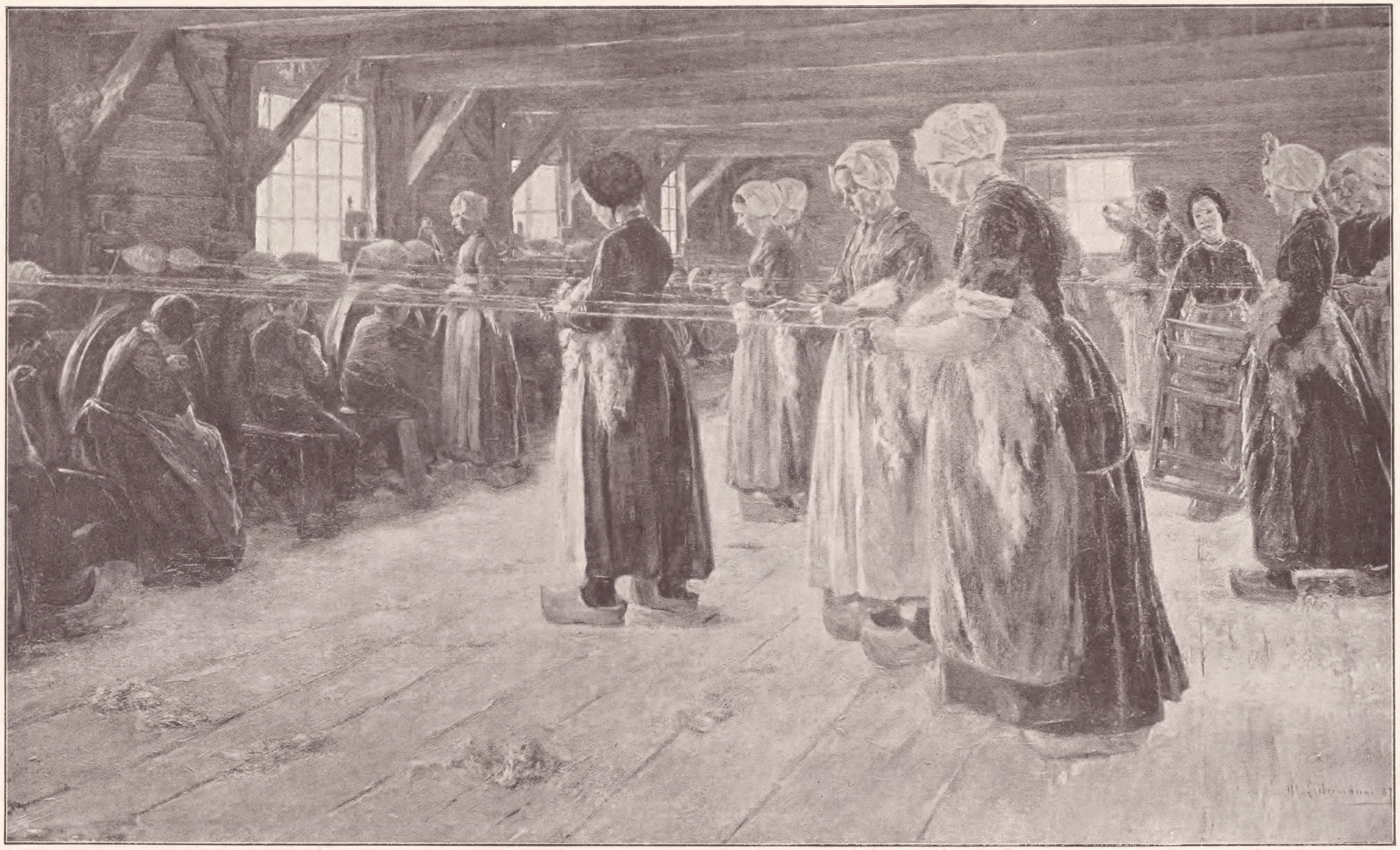
THE Hungarian Puszta is renowned for the fine horses bred there. Animal painters could not find a more fertile subject than horse fairs, and thus the public has become acquainted with peculiarities of equine traffic in almost every country. Incidentally the type of the horseherd is met with, his physiognomy varying also with the climatic and geographical surroundings. Julius von Blaas depicts one of the swarthy Magyar horsekeepers in the primitive costume of his craft. He is the only human figure in the foreground among the steeds that are under his care. The animals are rounded up on the plain in apparent liberty of movement. There is a chance for color contrast between the different hides, and for a study of varied movement Both are successfully carried out. The whole composition bears the character of a conscientious and authentic work, well worth equally serious consideration.



UNITED STATES. E. H. WUERTZ.

THE MURMUR OF THE SEA.

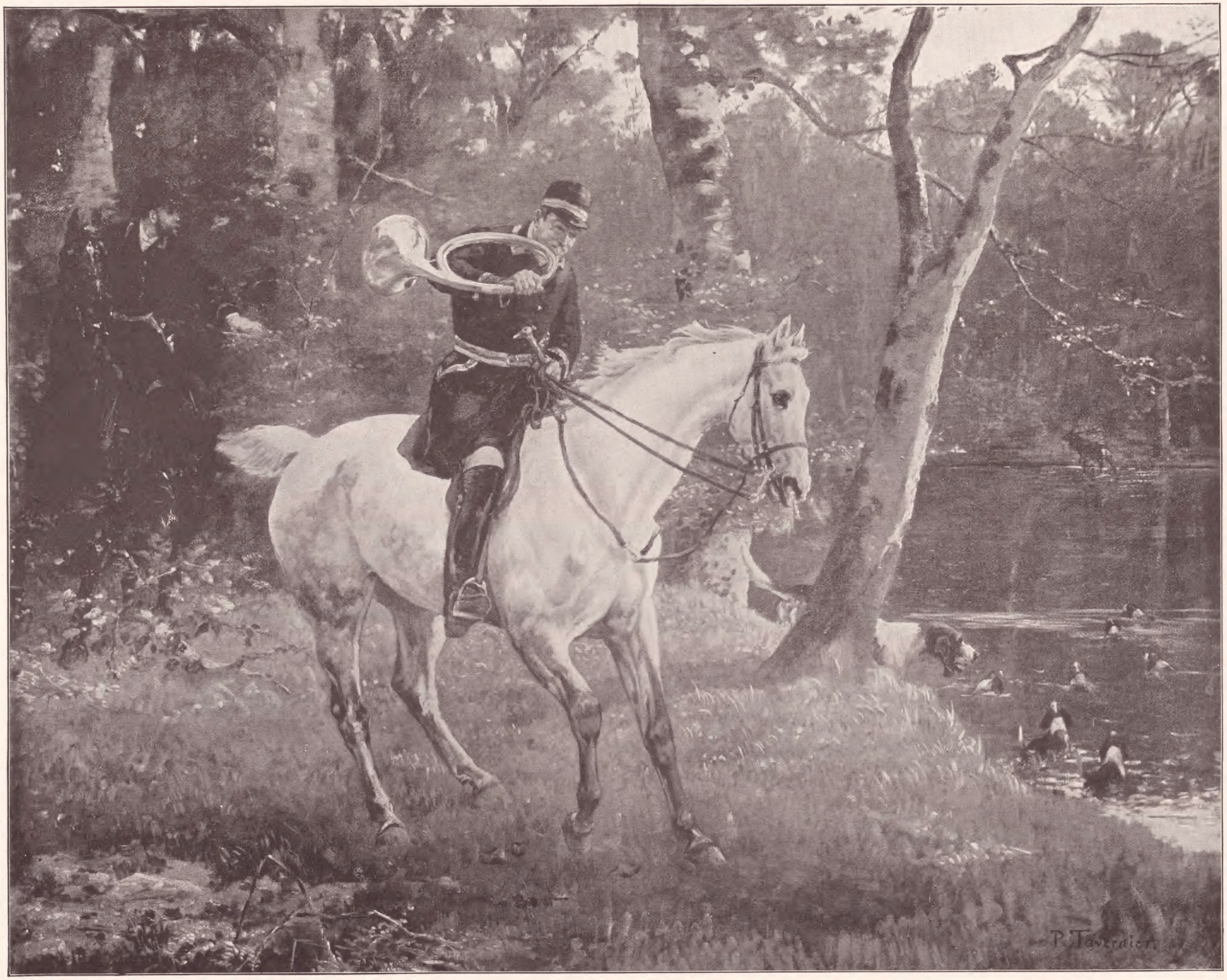
A NUDE boy is seated on the shore listening dreamily to the voice of the ocean. The waves say — — — — — —. Serious study has produced in this sculpture lines of composition which are interesting from every point of view. The artist, Emil Henry Wuertz, was born on the Rhine. He came to New York at the age of twelve, and went to school in that city. When twenty-six years old he became a student at the Academy of Fine Arts in Paris. His masters for a period of eight years were Gérome, Mercié, Chapu, and Auguste Rodin. Upon his return to America he was commissioned to execute the following groups for the Administration Building at the World's Fair: "Strength," "Abundance," "Air Controlled," "Earth," and for the Fine Arts Building, the heads of "Apollo" and "Minerva." The statue here reproduced won a medal at the Chicago Exposition.



GERMANY. MAX LIEBERMANN.

FLAX SPINNERS.

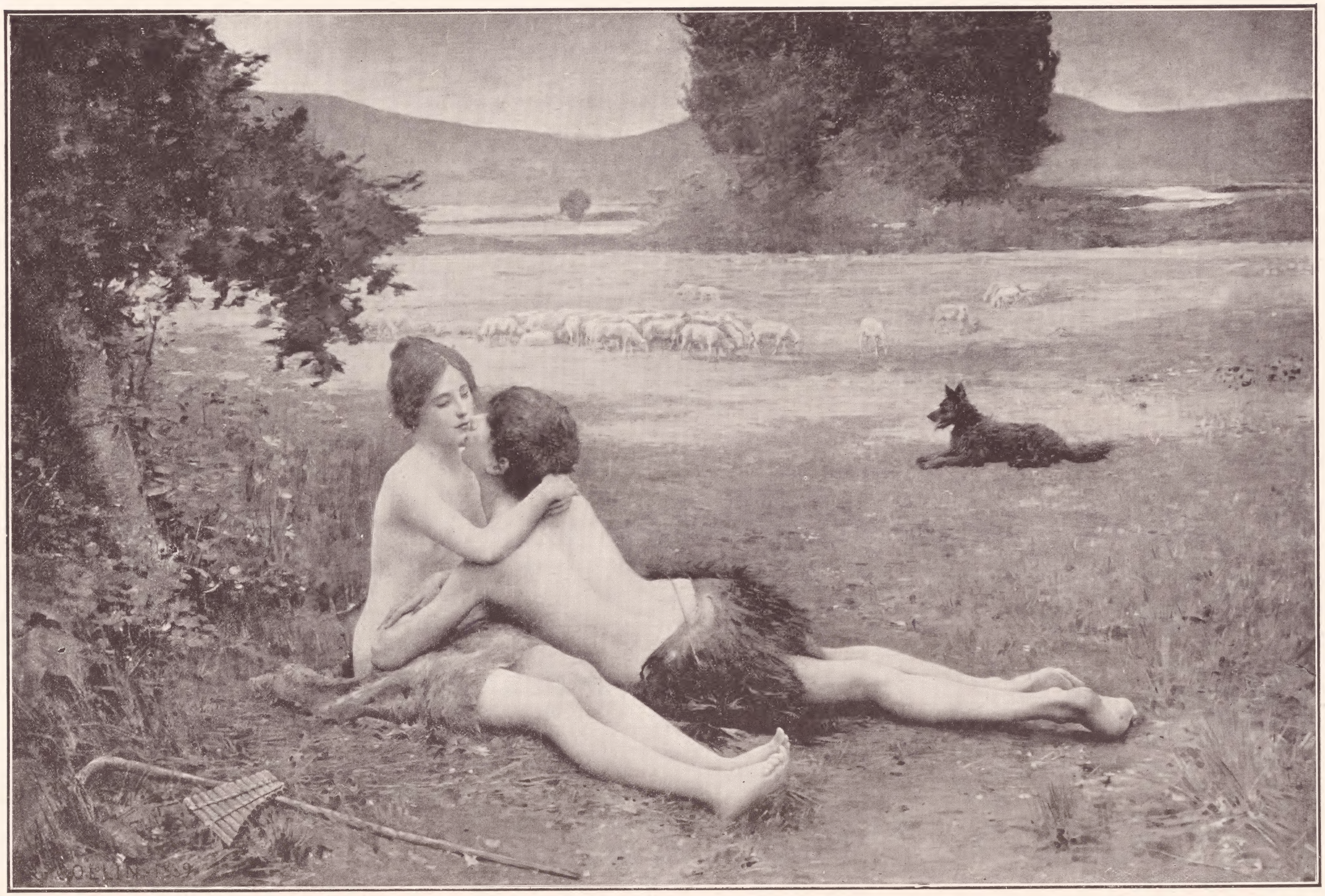
CONTEMPORARY painters of all nations find themselves attracted by Dutch scenes to such an extent that few phases of the simple life there are without expression in art. Women are busy in a large barn where a row of children keep spinning-wheels in motion. The threads lengthen as the spinners step backward. Each figure is completely occupied by the handiwork; the glare from the windows seems to be over a silence marked only by the burr of swelling spools and the steps of wooden shoes upon rough planks. Breadth of style and truthful light effects are notable in this picture. Max Liebermann is to-day one of the most eminent German artists. He was born in 1847, in Berlin. His first studies date from Weimar; subsequent years of his brilliant career saw him in Munich and Paris. The French National Society of Fine Arts elected him to full membership. A medal of honor at the Paris Universal Exposition was awarded him. Works of his were acquired by the Royal Pinakothek in Munich and by the Berlin National Museum, the "Flax Spinners" belonging to the latter.



FRANCE. PAUL TAVERNIER

STAG HUNT IN THE FOREST

AUTUMN has added color to the woods, orange tinges mingle with the green of the leaves, and are seen again upon the surface of a pond. A stag has crossed the deep water; he is closely followed by the hounds, but prepares to give them another good run through the thicket. A huntsman has brought up his fine white horse and gives a horn signal to the fast approaching party. The riders are thus informed by fanfares of each incident in the chase. One of the sportsmen is seen as he comes through the branches. Paul Tavernier was born in Paris in 1852, became a pupil of Alexandre Cabanel, and has distinguished himself as a painter of hunting scenes He is the more attracted to such subjects as he lives in Fontainebleau, surrounded by the marvelous forest, and is himself fond of the sport. Blooded horses and fine dogs are his delight. His canvas shows true movement and able treatment of men and animals. A medal was awarded him for two large compositions exhibited at the Salon of 1888.

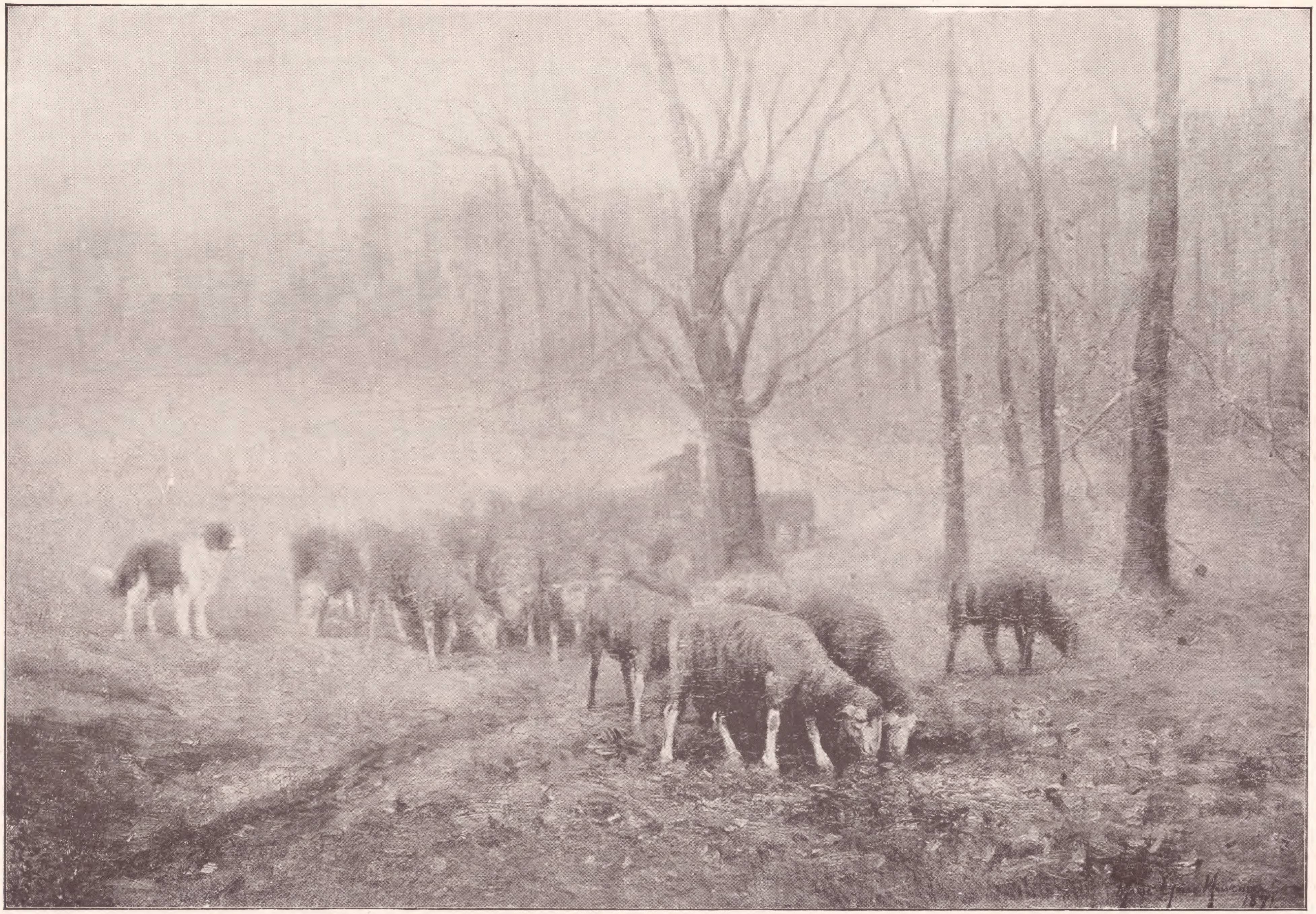


FRANCE.

RAPHAEL COLLIN.

YOUTH.

EVERY epoch evolves another conception of Arcadia. The traces of classic austerity, of florid renaissance, of baroque frivolity, or bulgy romanticism, have been handed down with its artistic images. Modern progress seeks a new expression of human happiness. Raphael Collin calls his pastoral "Youth." It is the caress of a man and a woman in a wide, sun-bathed valley, where a flock of sheep is wandering. The figures are almost nude, of unflattered anatomy and truthful pose. Simplicity combined with strength, as well as harmonious toning of warm color, are elements of this remarkable work. Light and life need not be imagined into it; they are there in powerful abundance. The composition is masterly, and might well be an example for the more pretentious and more artificial symbolists. Collin was a pupil of Cabanel. He sent to Chicago besides "Youth," the portrait of his father, and another large canvas, "On the Sea Coast," At the Paris Universal Exposition of 1889 he was awarded the Grand Prix.



UNITED STATES. MARIE GUISE NEWCOMB.

SHEEP IN THE CLEARING.

A SMALL flock of sheep is pasturing in a clearing. The shepherd dog and, in the distance, the shepherd watch the animals. Bare trees form a dim curtain against the sky; the nearby ones stand with their branches in criss-cross contour. Vegetation is scant upon the ground, and the sheep wander along in search of fresh sprigs. Mrs. Newcomb, or, as she signed before her marriage, Marie Guise, has chosen horses, sheep and dogs as her principal subjects. The young artist studied the animals from life in New York and vicinity, and then went abroad to continue under the guidance of the animal painter Schenck. Earnest methods and natural sympathy have fitted her admirably for the work she does. She has been an exhibitor in the Paris Salon. A favorite project of hers, the erection of a drinking fountain for horses, was realized with the proceeds of her most important painting, "The Work Horse's Need"

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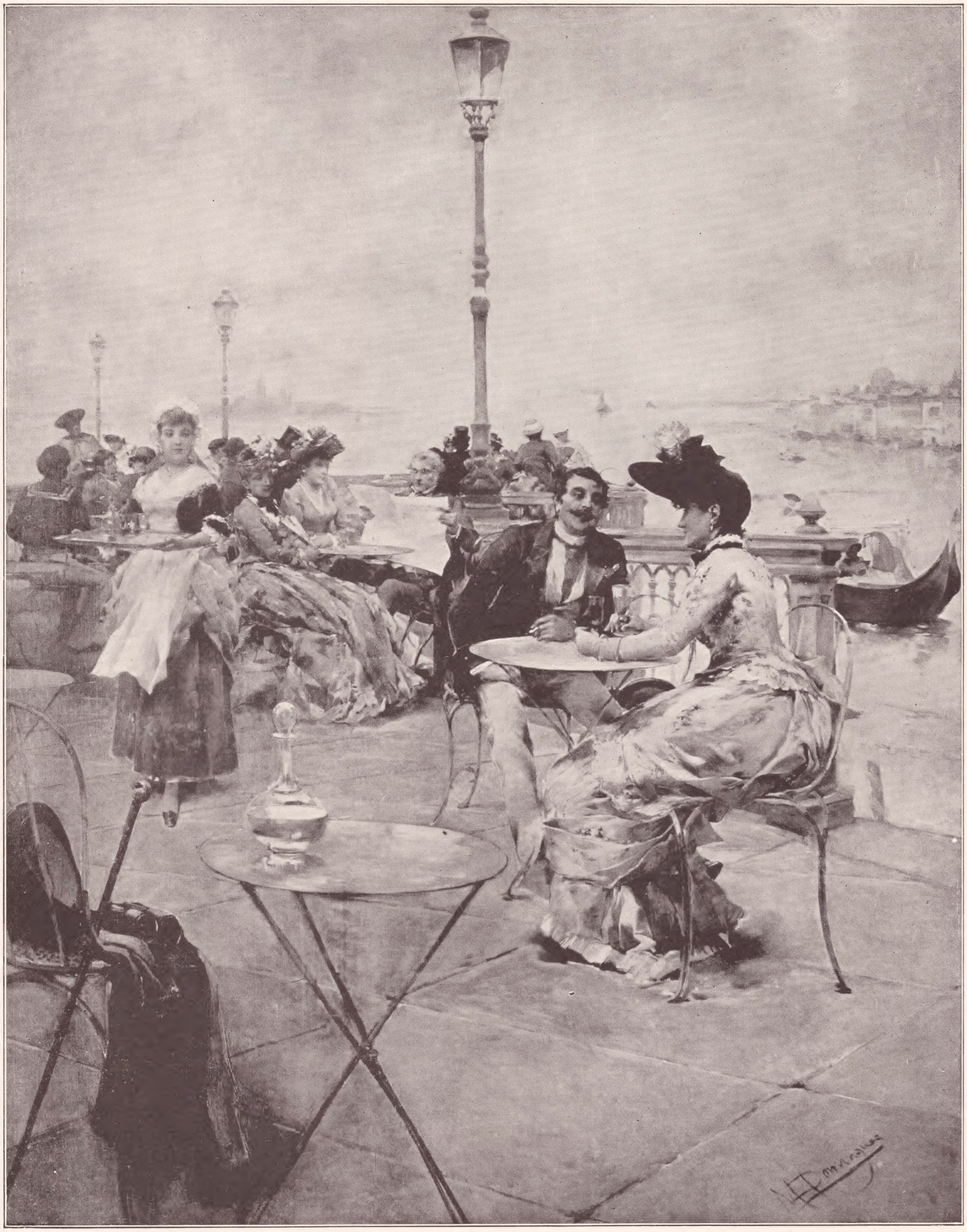
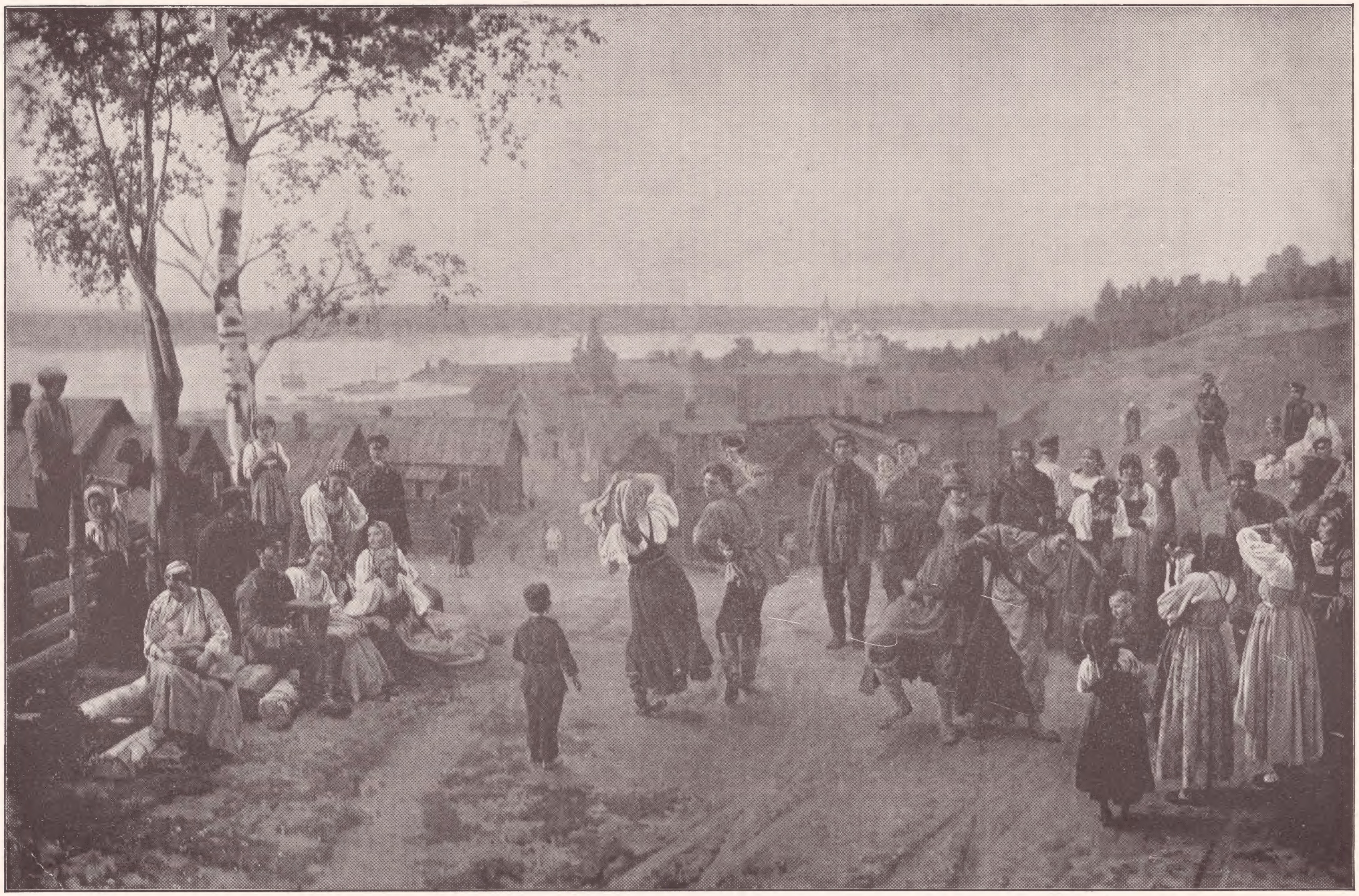


SPAIN. MANUEL DOMINGUEZ.

VENETIAN TERRACE.

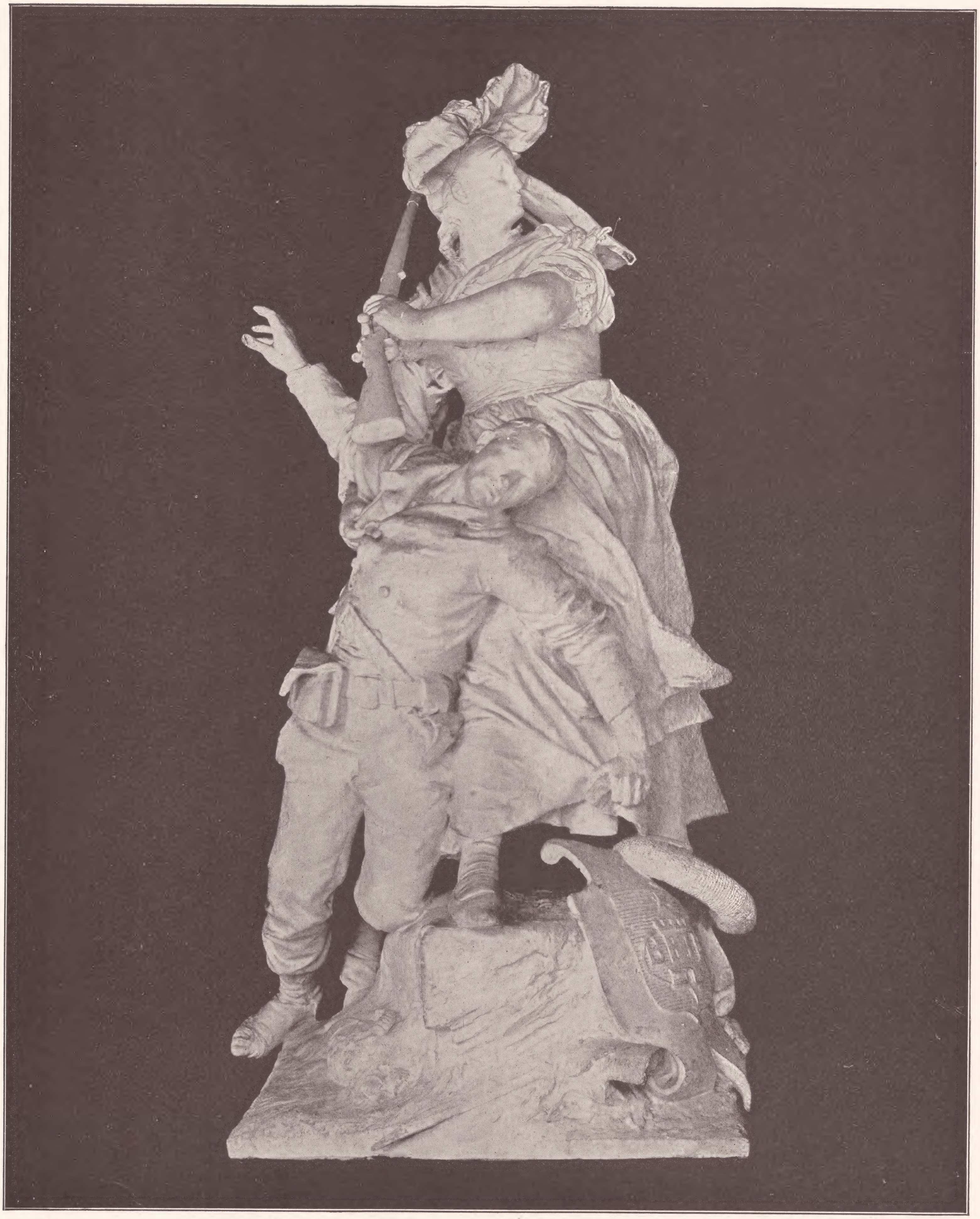
GROUPS of leisurely people are seated at little tables of a café in the open air. The terrace overlooks a Venetian lagoon and is prettily situated near the water. Gondolas pass by upon the smooth, greenish surface. In the distance, on both sides, the dim outlines of buildings are visible. No one seems to be present for any other purpose than to enjoy the afternoon air or the fine view. The painter, Manuel Dominguez, whose other canvas, "A Royal Ball," is also reproduced in this publication, was born in Madrid in 1844, began his studies there at the School of Fine Arts, received a government pension and went to Italy in 1865. Two pictures of his now in the Madrid Museum were painted in Rome. He obtained several medals at expositions in Paris, Vienna, and Munich, was decorated with the Grand Cross of Isabella the Catholic, is Commander of the Order of Charles III, and became a member of the San Fernando Academy. Among his best-known works are the mural paintings in the palace of the Duke of Medinaceli, and in the church of San Francisco at Madrid.



Russia. N. Dmitrieff-Orenbursky.

SUNDAY IN A VILLAGE.

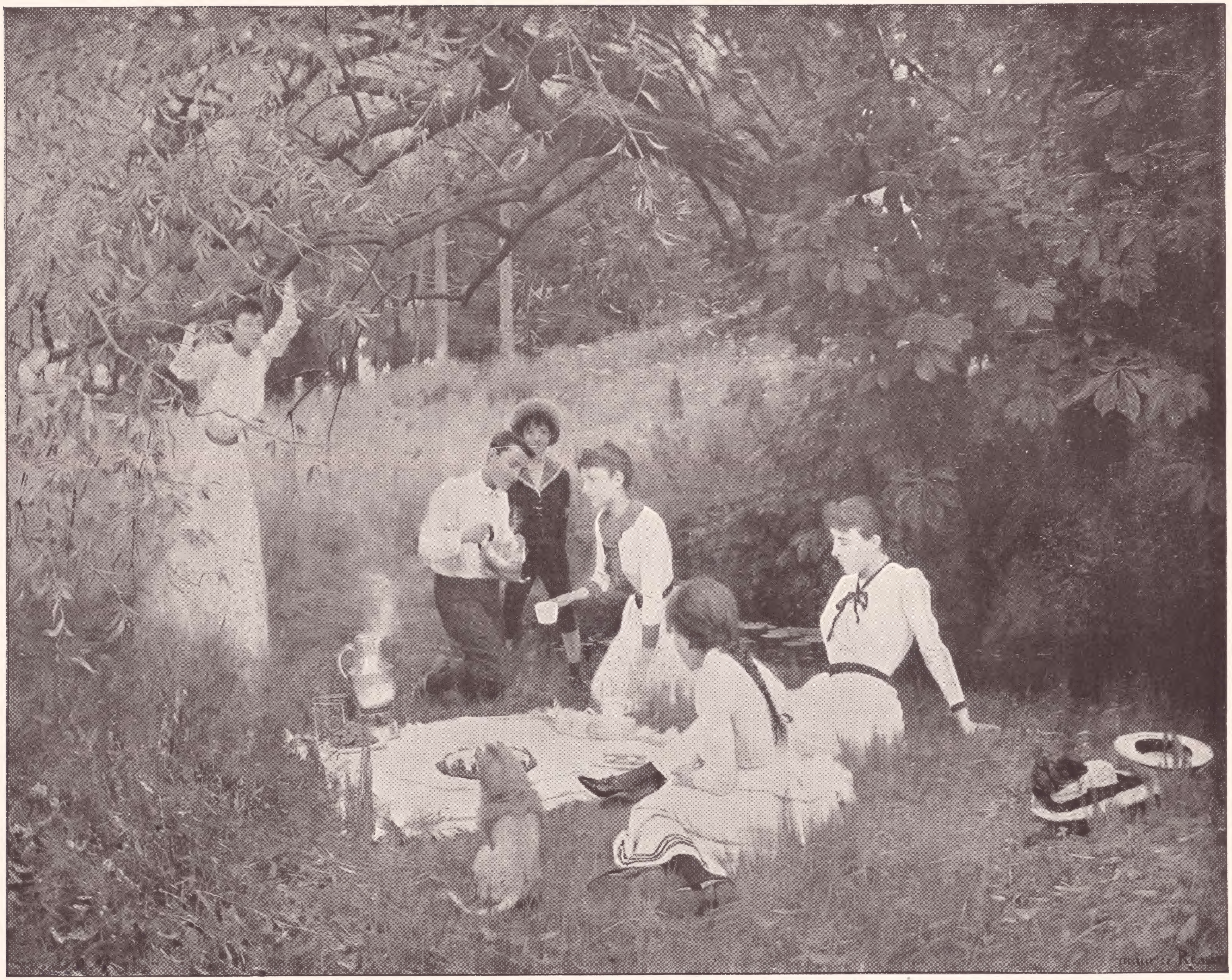
THE population of a small Russian village has gathered upon the green to indulge in holiday pastime. A young man and a girl, dancing, form the central group. Other people watch them or stand idly about. There seems to be no boisterous gaiety, but a rather quiet, almost dull, restfulness in the various groups. The view opens into the village street with its high-gabled wooden cabins. In the distance, upon the bank of a large river, a more pretentious edifice, probably the village church, is visible. The treatment of the entire scene is panoramic, showing, aside from artistic qualities, a close study of local aspects. Nicolay Dmitrievitch Dmitrieff-Orenbursky had two other canvases at the World's Columbian Exposition. They were mentioned in the catalogue under the following titles: "A Drowned Man in a Country Place" and "The Military; Studio of an Artist."



France. Antoine Mercié.

EVEN SO.

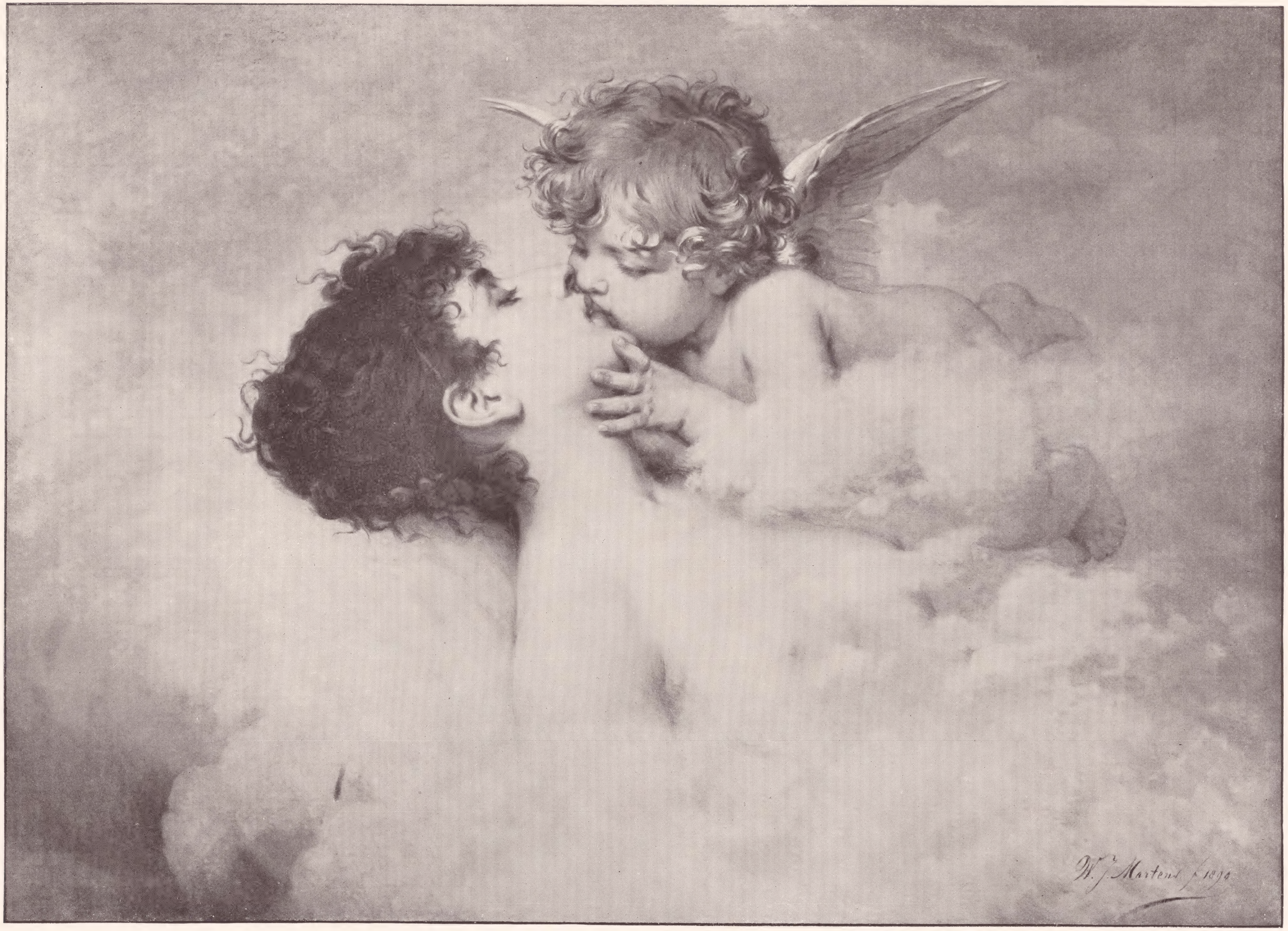
A MONUMENT to patriotism, an invocation to future heroes, and a menace to the conquerors of Alsace and Lorraine, the group which bears the inscription of "Quand Même" is erected on a public thoroughfare in Paris, waiting for the spirit of revenge to become action. A sturdy maiden in the dress of the frontier provinces supports a falling soldier. She grasps his Chassepot rifle and turns with a fateful look toward the enemy beyond. Upon one side of the base of the group a Prussian helmet is in the dust; on the other a shield bearing the arms of the fortress of Belfort is crowned with a wreath of immortelles. The composition is agitated and effective. Marius-Jean-Antoine Mercié was born at Toulouse. He is a pupil of Jouffroy and Fulgniéries. The medal of honor was awarded him in 1874. Two casts from works by him came to Chicago, the "Even So" and "David the Victor," the bronze original of the latter being in the Luxembourg.



FRANCE. M. RÉALIER-DUMAS.

LUNCHEON UNDER THE TREES.

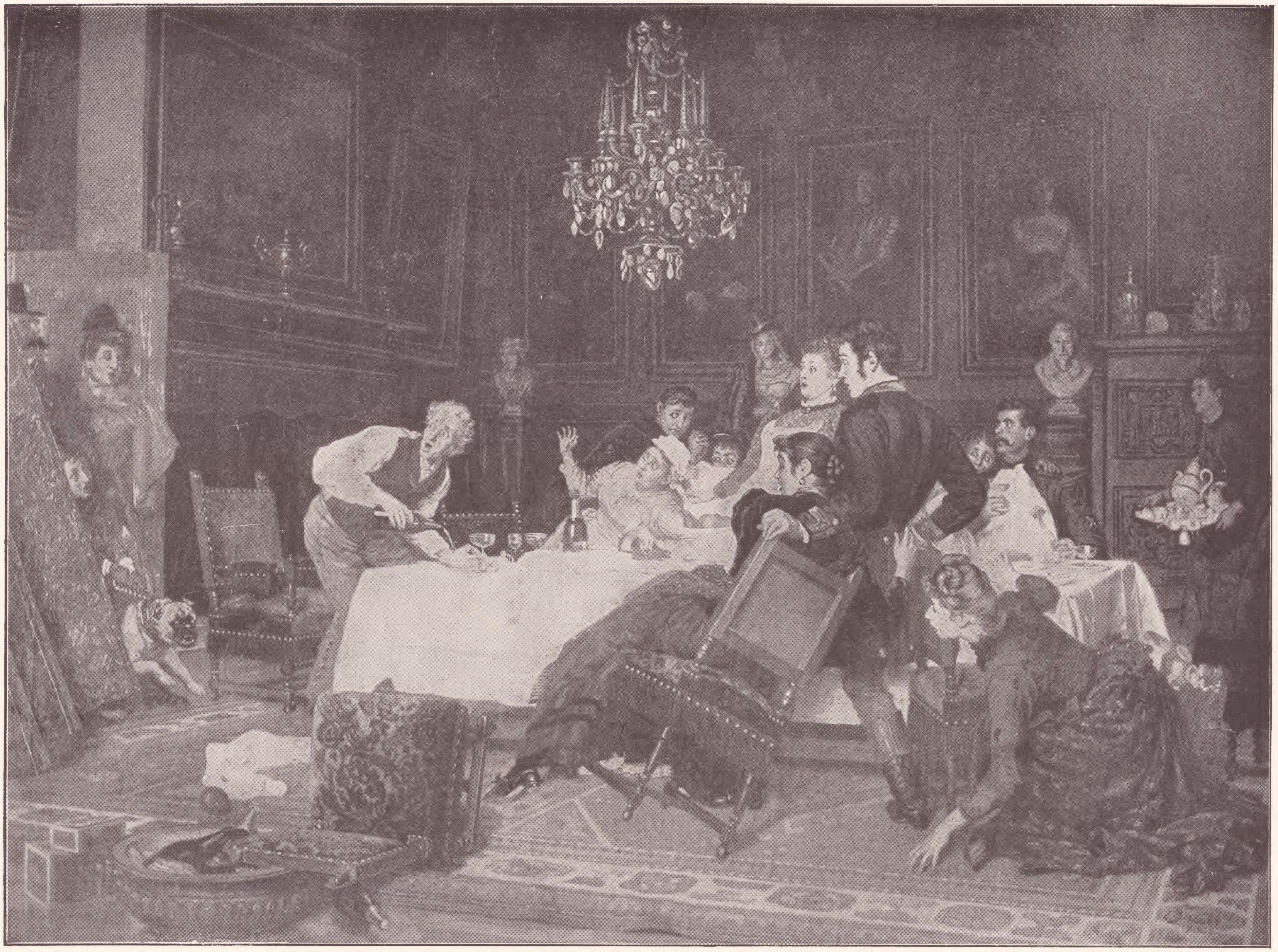
A GROUP of young people has selected the lawn under a large chestnut tree in the park as a place where their midday repast would taste well. They surround the steaming tea-kettle and appear in restful attitudes. The foliage above them is dense, affording good protection from summer heat and burning sunlight. It is good picnic weather which the little company quietly enjoys. A dog in the foreground seems to be awaiting his share of the meal. Maurice Réalier-Dumas was born in Paris, studied painting under Gerome, and obtained an honorable mention at the Salon of 1886. He was an exhibitor at the Paris Universal Exposition in 1889. His painting, "Luncheon Under the Trees," with which he was represented at the World's Fair, shows easy grouping and pleasing treatment of the landscape.



HOLLAND. W. J. MARTENS.

LOVE'S DREAM.

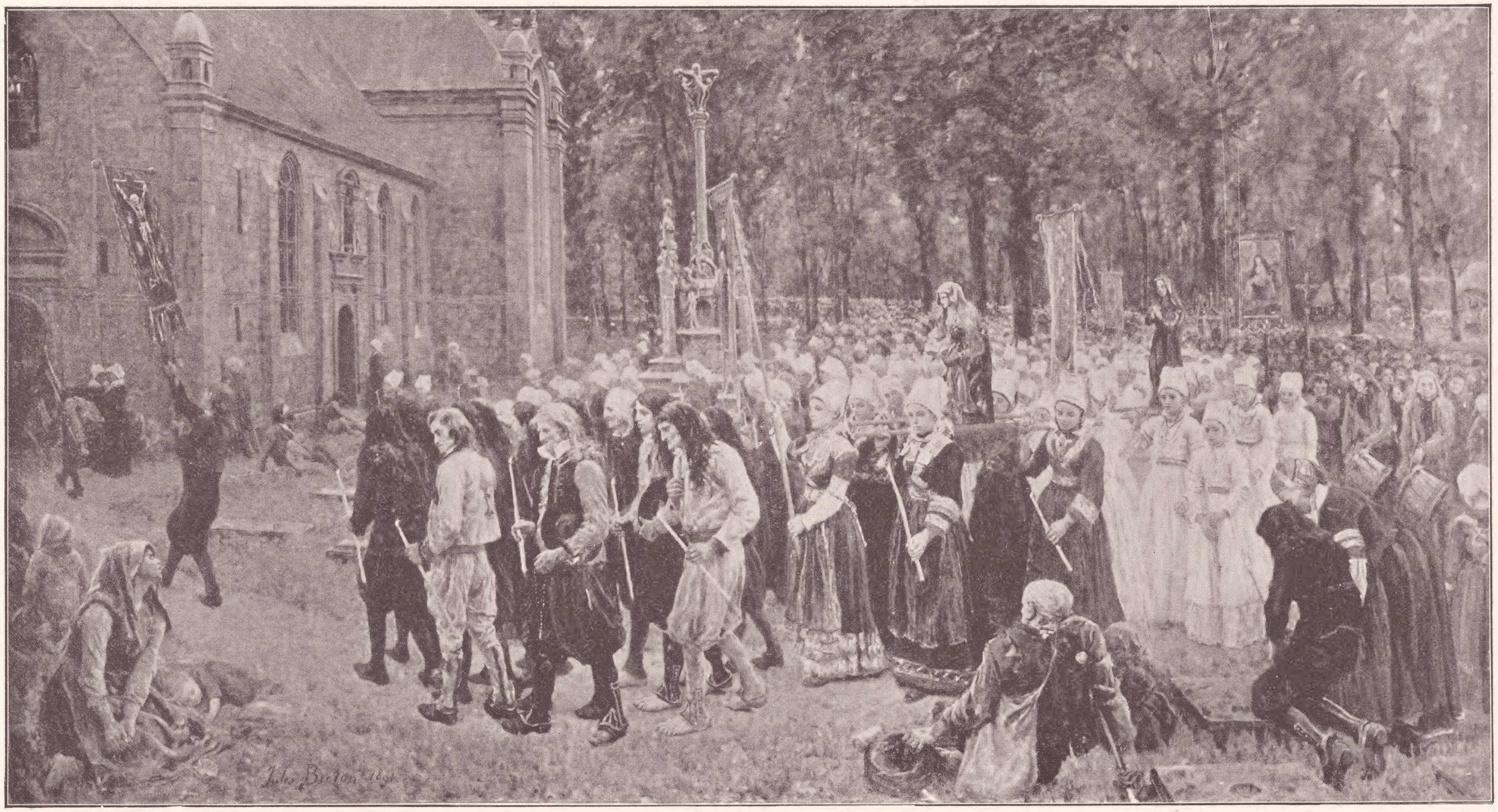
UNTIL some great fortune-teller comes to interpret that dream the young painters of the age may go on being haunted by it, painting it, and losing themselves in the mysteries of art, love, and reminiscence. Amid cloudy vapor is the reclining form of a woman, over whom a chubby little cupid bends in seductive embrace. The head of the sleeping beauty appears in sharp profile as her lips languidly meet the kiss. Pink flesh, rounded forms, ringlets of the hair, bowed lips, and white wings are again material for the evocation. Dutch masters of the seventeenth century have been keen in their perception of the realities of life. Even to-day the school of Holland follows closely, often sternly, the aspects of immediate surroundings. W. J. Martens alone presents an undisguised fancy where his fellows have remained in the concrete. It figures in the catalogue as "the original," an indication that copies and reproductions have found a market. The artist lives in Berlin.



HOLLAND. E. J. BOKS.

SURPRISED.

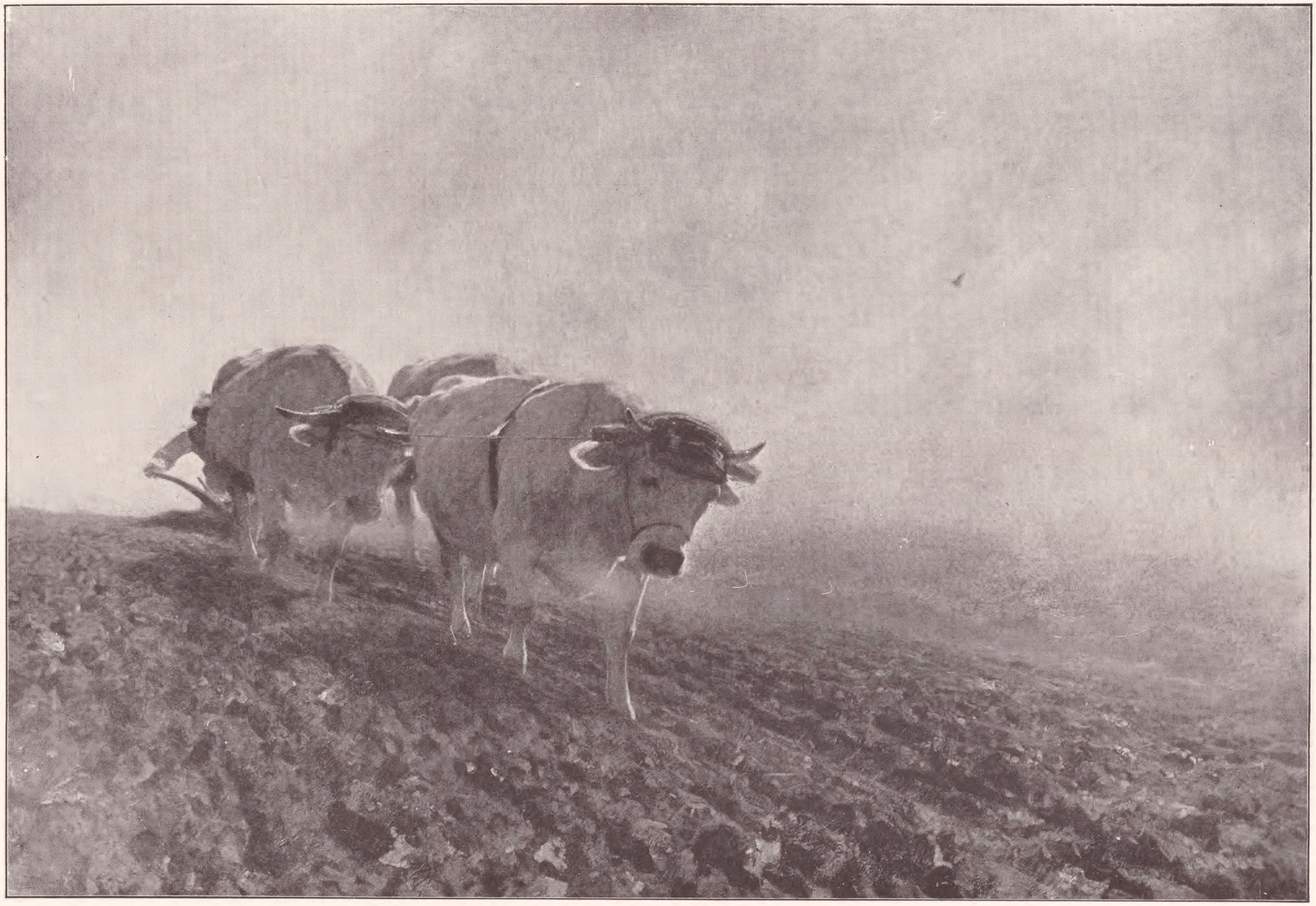
CONSTERNATION has overcome the hilarious banqueters of a moment ago. Flunkeys and maid-servants had feasted upon the viands and wines of their absent masters, the ancestral portraits had looked down upon a noisy lot of domestics, when the unexpected return of the travelers put a sudden stop to the carousal. The surprise is none the less for the newcomers, who, instead of a quiet home, find a revel at its height. Everything is in confusion and everybody has a cry of terror upon the lips; even the fierce bull-dog at the door has his jaws open and is eager to attack the disrupted company. The scene is comical in spite of the pained faces. Some of the guilty servants make futile attempts to hide, or seek protection with their neighbors. E. J. Boks, the painter of this "Surprise," presents a clever character study, strongly humorous, without falling into caricature. The furniture and bric-a-brac of the room are treated with painstaking accuracy.



FRANCE. JULES BRETON.

THE PARDON OF KERGOAT.

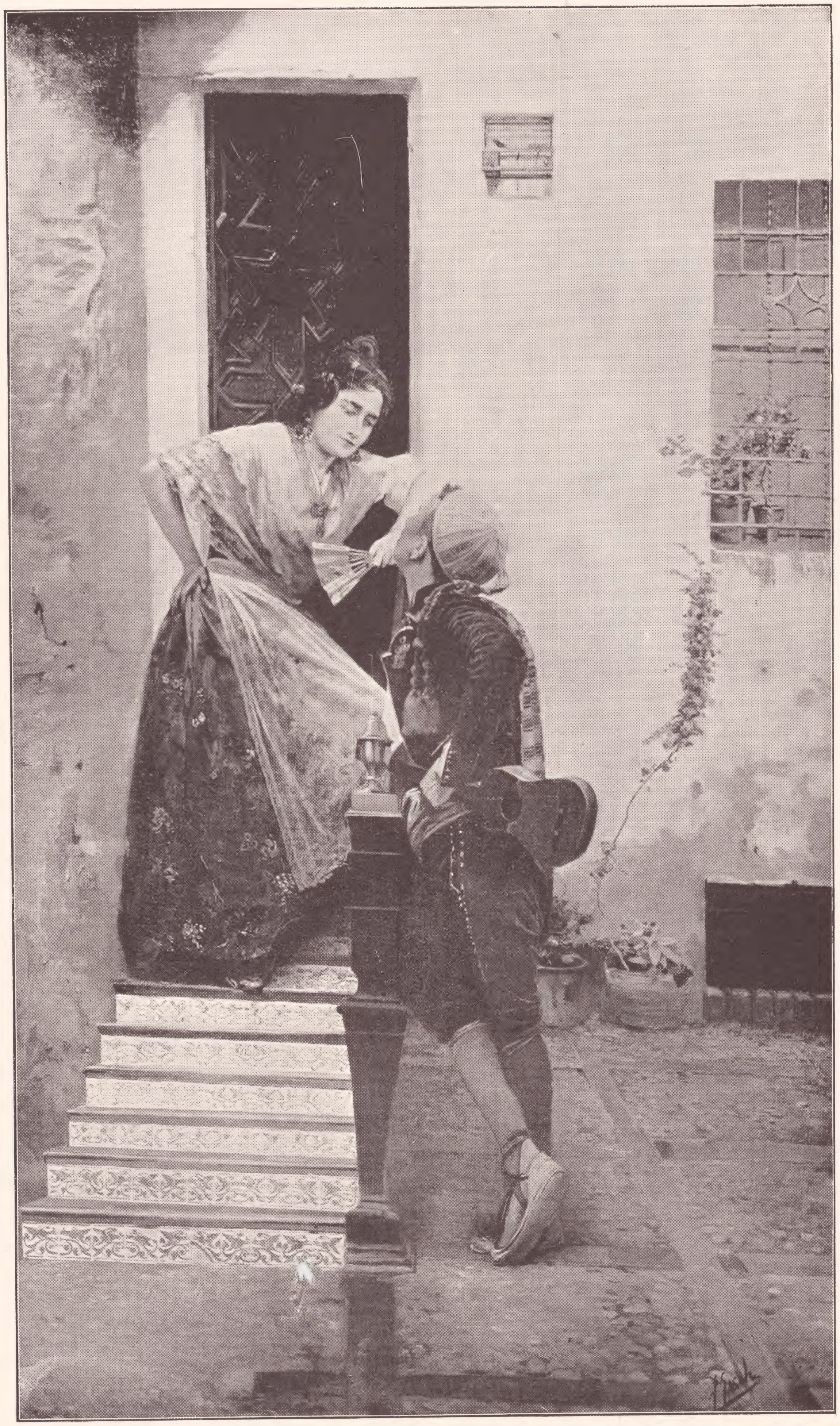
ONE of the finest among the Brittany processions is the pardon or pilgrimage which occurs every year at Kergoat, in the department of Finistére. Large numbers of peasants from the neighboring villages assemble there to help in the pious celebration. Every community has a particular costume, many of them very picturesque. With church banners, holy images, lighted candles, simple music, and chanted litanies, the pageant is most solemn. The picture represents it near the destination as it winds from under the trees toward the church where the final blessing is given to the multitude. Old and young are in the ranks, only the cripples are propped up by the wayside unable to join in. Midsummer daylight is toned down by the old trees. The composition is among the most important that have come from the brush of the famous artist, and concentrates upon one canvas many of the features that have been admired in his former work. There were two more of Jules Breton's paintings at the World's Fair, both of which are reproduced in this collection.



GERMANY. HEINRICH ZÜGEL.

HARD LABOR.

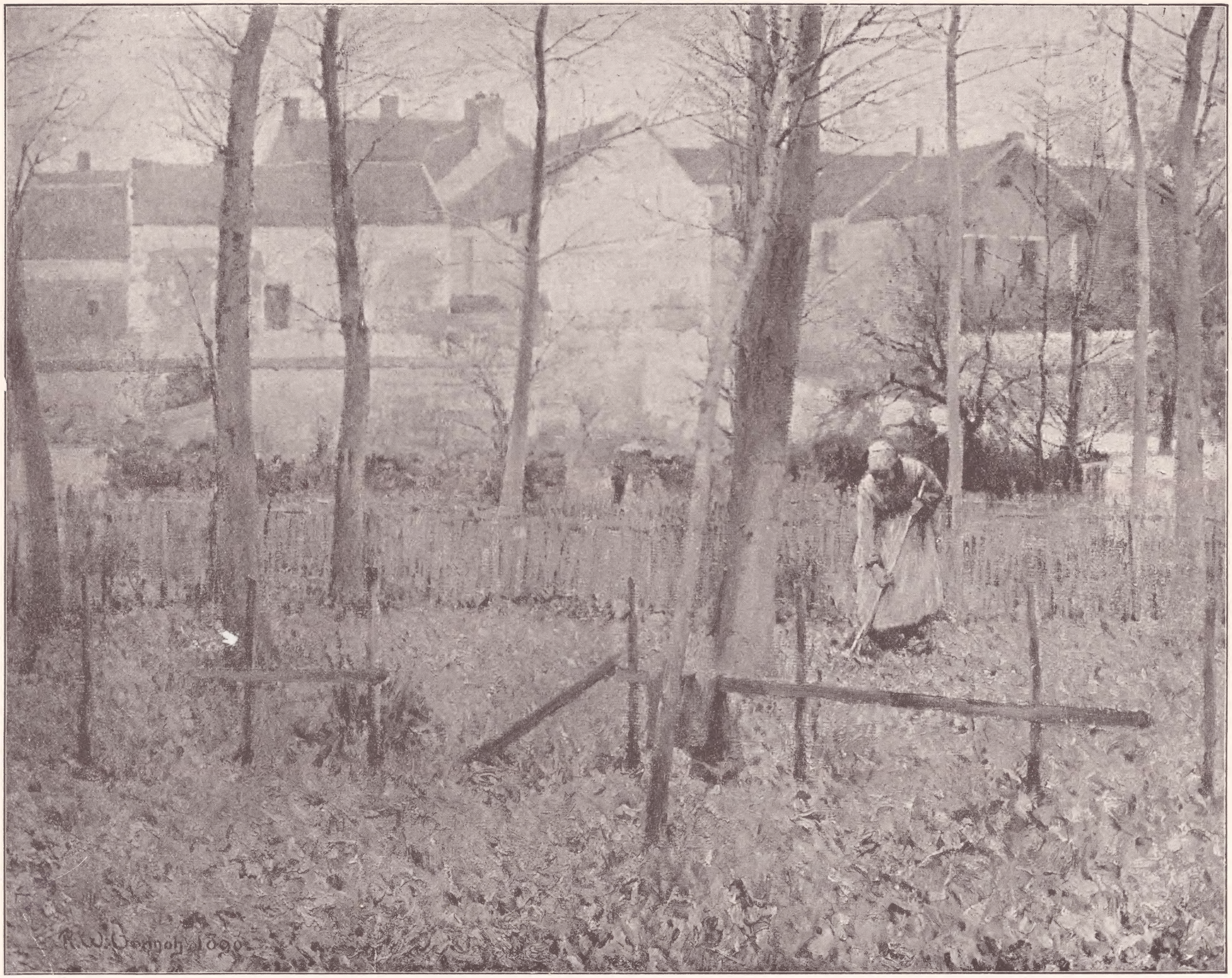
THE haze of early morning is still over the field, across which a laborer guides a plow spanned with three oxen. Each long furrow is cut slowly through the hard ground. While the group of animals seems the principal motive of the painting, the artist gives a competent study of atmospheric effects. The landscape is seen soon after sunrise, when the lights are yet dim and the cool vapors of the earth absorb all brightness. Heinrich Zügel was born in 1850 at Murrhardt. He left the Stuttgart Art School in 1869 to settle in Munich, where he now lives. Travels in France, Holland, and Belgium were of especial influence in the development of his talent. He is a Royal Bavarian Professor, was elected to honorary membership in the Munich Academy of Fine Arts, and obtained, among many other distinctions, the great gold medal at the Munich Exposition of 1888



SPAIN. LUIS GASCH Y BLANCH.

AN IDYL.

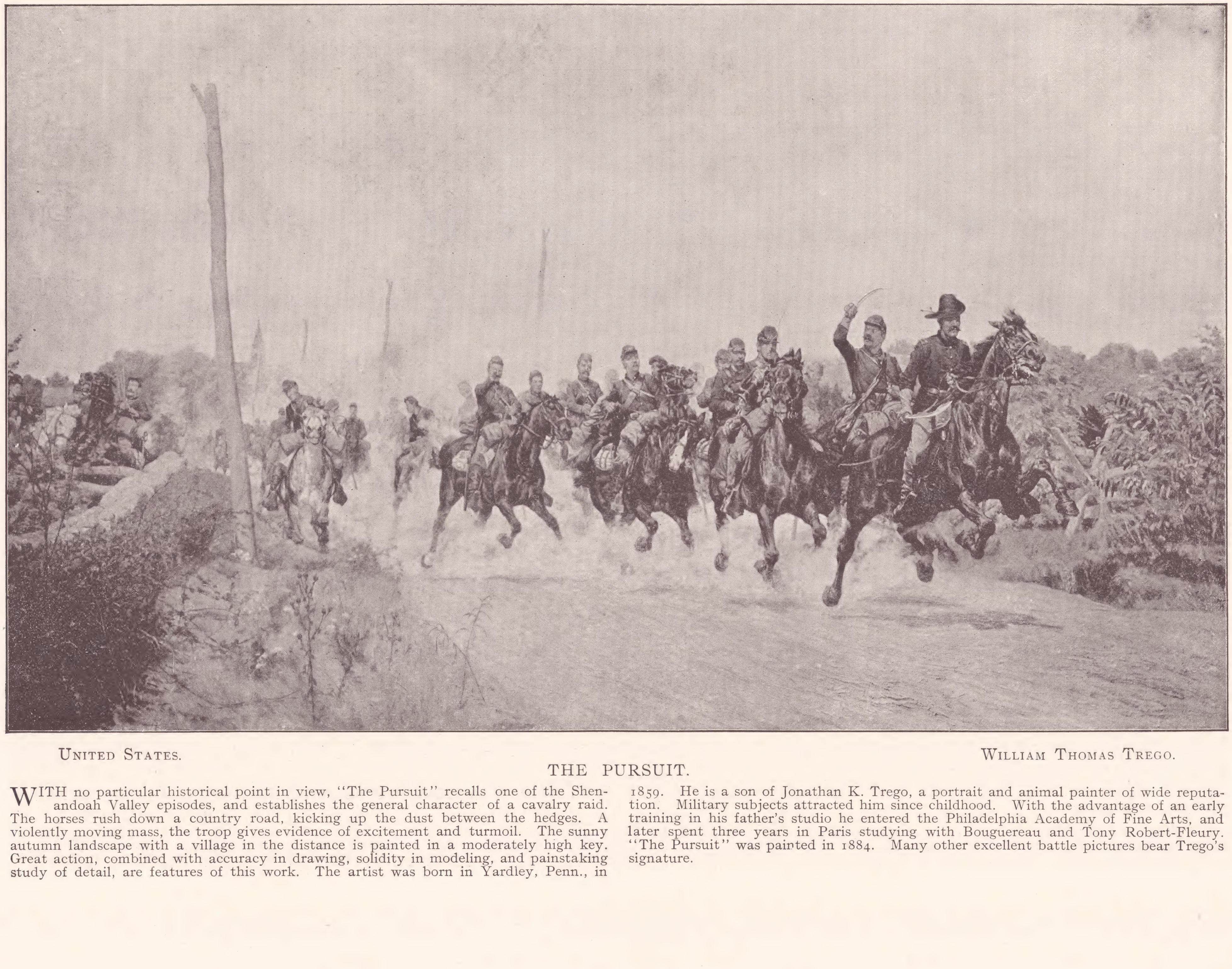
THE young man is in conversation with his Dulcinea, who has come out on the door-steps to receive him. Spaniards they are undoubtedly; that they are lovers can not be affirmed. Yet it may be inferred from their attitudes and expressions that their relations are at least friendly. Both lean upon different sides of the balustrade, the girl bending down toward her caller. She holds a fan; he is armed with a small guitar. The place is in hot daylight, and quite deserted but for the couple and a little bird whose cage hangs upon the house wall. The strong iron bars at the window look somewhat inhospitable, but are deemed quite necessary by these southern populations. As a genre picture the "Idyl" is interesting and agreeable, proving a taste and able technique for the portrayal of local types. Luis Gasch y Blanch is a resident of Valencia.



UNITED STATES. R. W. VONNOH.

NOVEMBER.

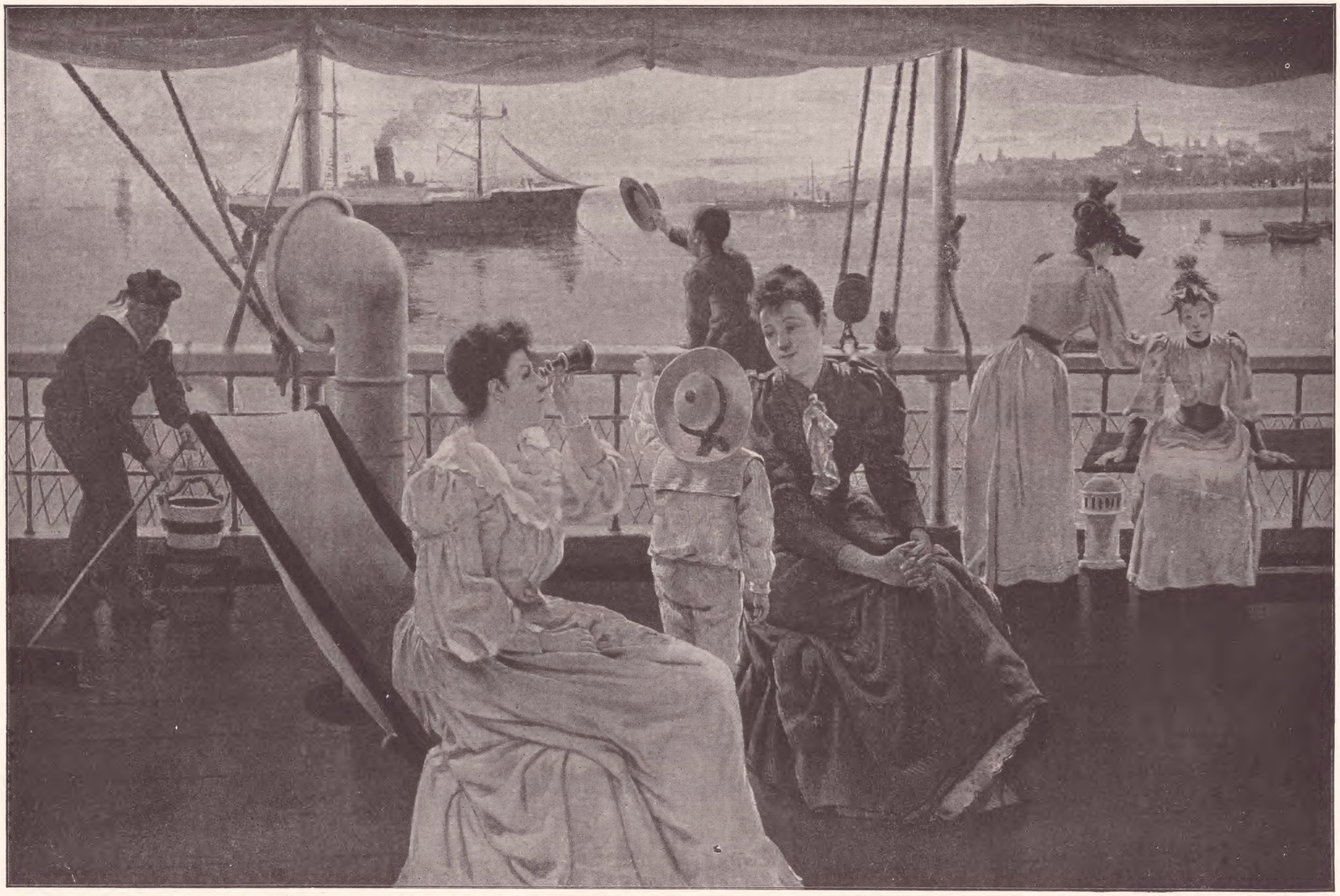
AS the name would imply, it is a dull gray day at the end of the year, when the old peasant, herself in the November of life, is glad to rake a few leaves and to collect a few fagots to ward off the chill that creeps through her humble cot. The note of nature's sadness, the dying echo of a luxuriant past overtake the thought, confront it with a somber destiny. The landscape represents a place in a typical French village, and the painting gives evidence that the artist moves along the lines of impressionism. There is unity and softness in the atmospheric effect, and the whole style is personally modern. R. W. Vonnoh has attained an influential position in American art. His contribution of twelve works to the Chicago Exposition deserved much credit, and was officially recognized by a medal. The picture "Now Behave Pretty," by the same author, is reproduced in this publication, followed by a biographical notice.



UNITED STATES. WILLIAM THOMAS TREGO.

THE PURSUIT.

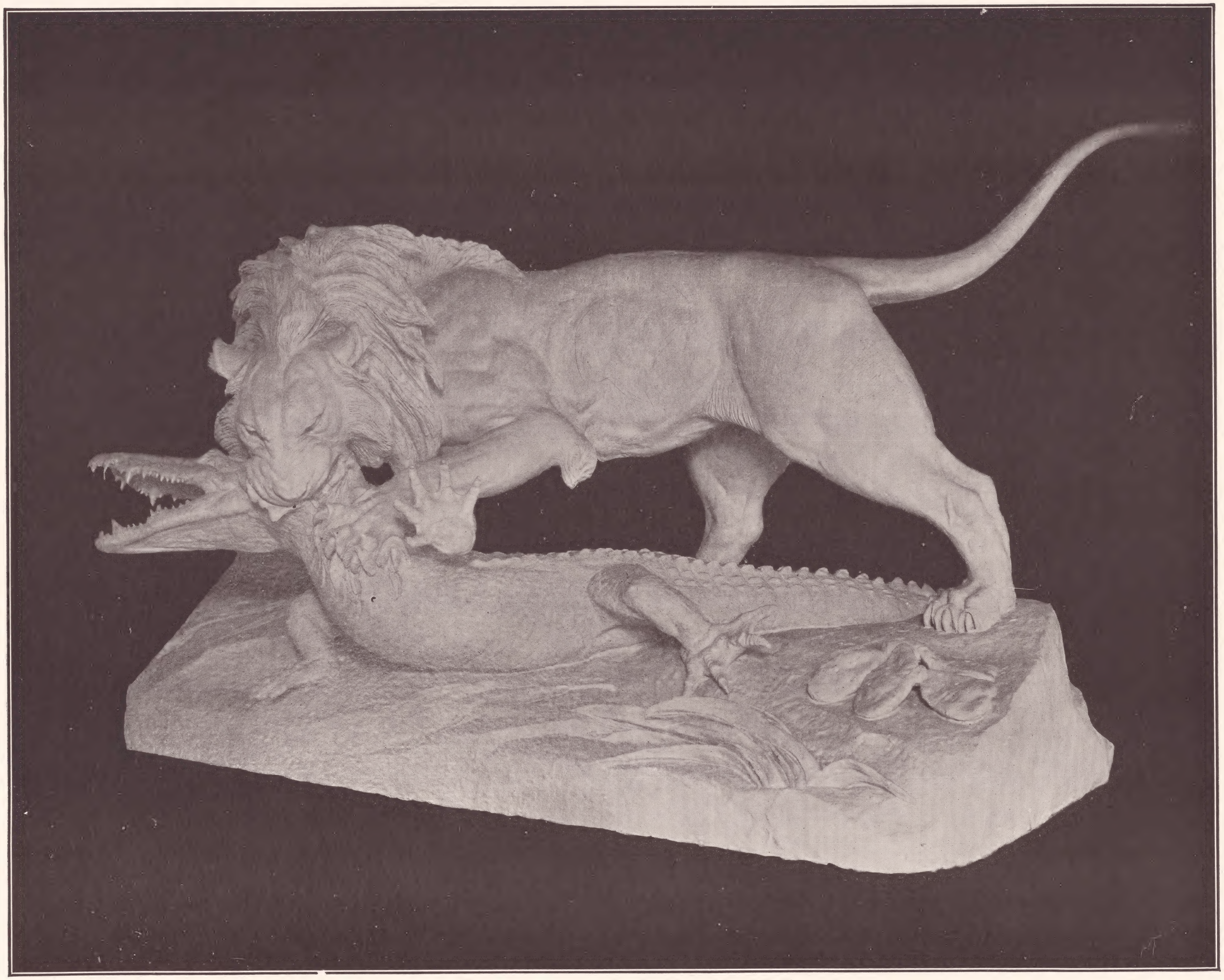
WITH no particular historical point in view, "The Pursuit" recalls one of the Shenandoah Valley episodes, and establishes the general character of a cavalry raid. The horses rush down a country road, kicking up the dust between the hedges. A violently moving mass, the troop gives evidence of excitement and turmoil. The sunny autumn landscape with a village in the distance is painted in a moderately high key. Great action, combined with accuracy in drawing, solidity in modeling, and painstaking study of detail, are features of this work. The artist was born in Yardley, Penn., in 1859. He is a son of Jonathan K. Trego, a portrait and animal painter of wide reputation. Military subjects attracted him since childhood. With the advantage of an early training in his father's studio he entered the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, and later spent three years in Paris studying with Bouguereau and Tony Robert-Fleury. "The Pursuit" was painted in 1884. Many other excellent battle pictures bear Trego's signature.



SPAIN. JOSE BERMUDO MATEOS.

UNDER THE AWNING.

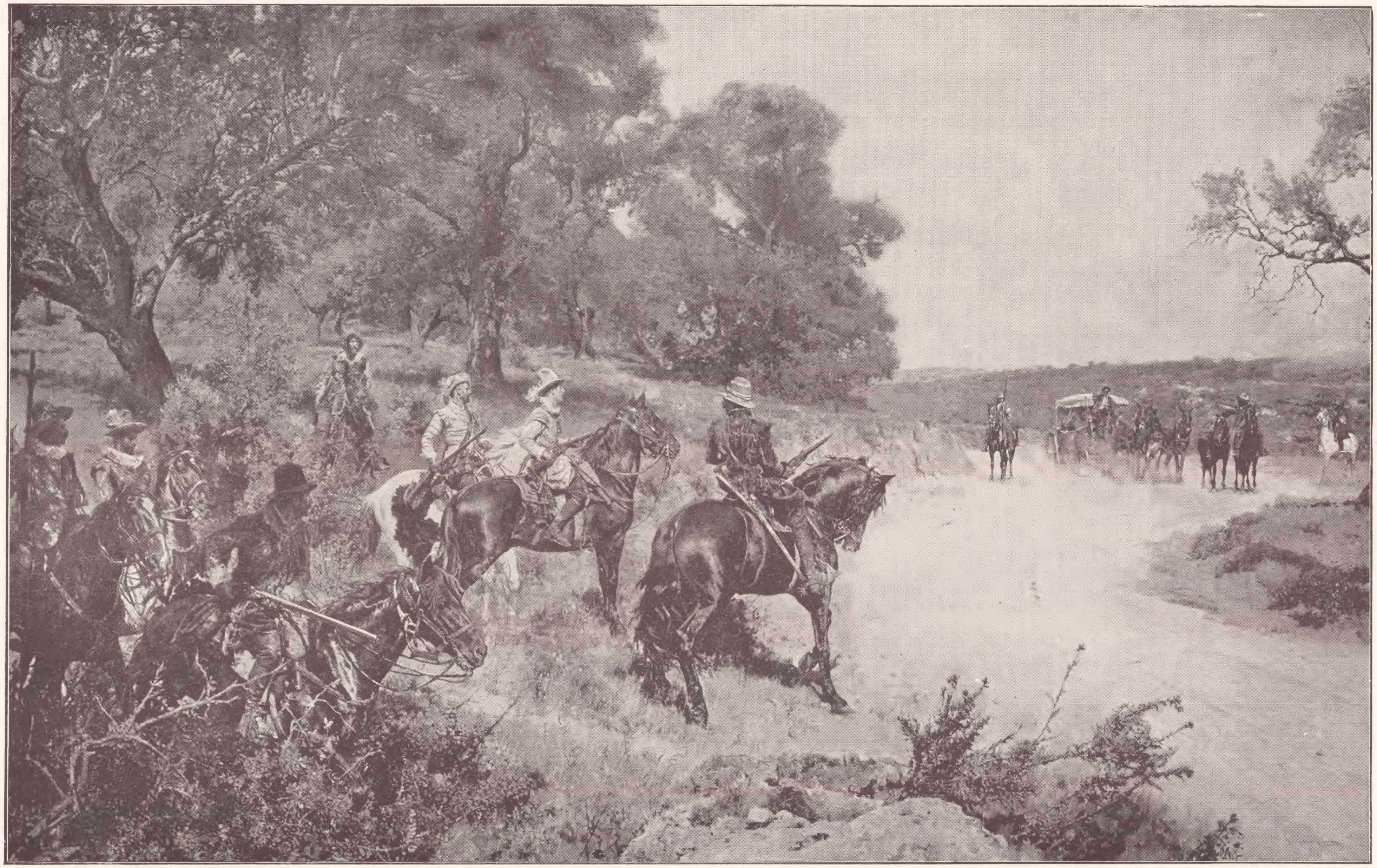
UNDER the awning there is the deck of a steamboat upon which passengers are at leisure. The ship of the dimensions of a yacht is near shore. Over its side the water is visible, and other vessels are afloat in the vicinity. There is but little activity among those on board. A boy bends on the railing, his hat lifted for a salute. The woman seated in the foreground holds a glass to her eyes. A sailor is occupied in cleaning the deck. The contours of the figures cut sharply into the marine atmosphere. Jose Bermuda Mateos, the author of this picture, had also two others at the Exposition in Chicago. Their titles were, "The Café Thief" and "In Guiñol." Readers of these notes will find the latter one reproduced under the title, "Punch and Judy.' All three are based upon direct local observations of the artist.



France. **Auguste Cain.**

LION STRANGLING A CROCODILE.

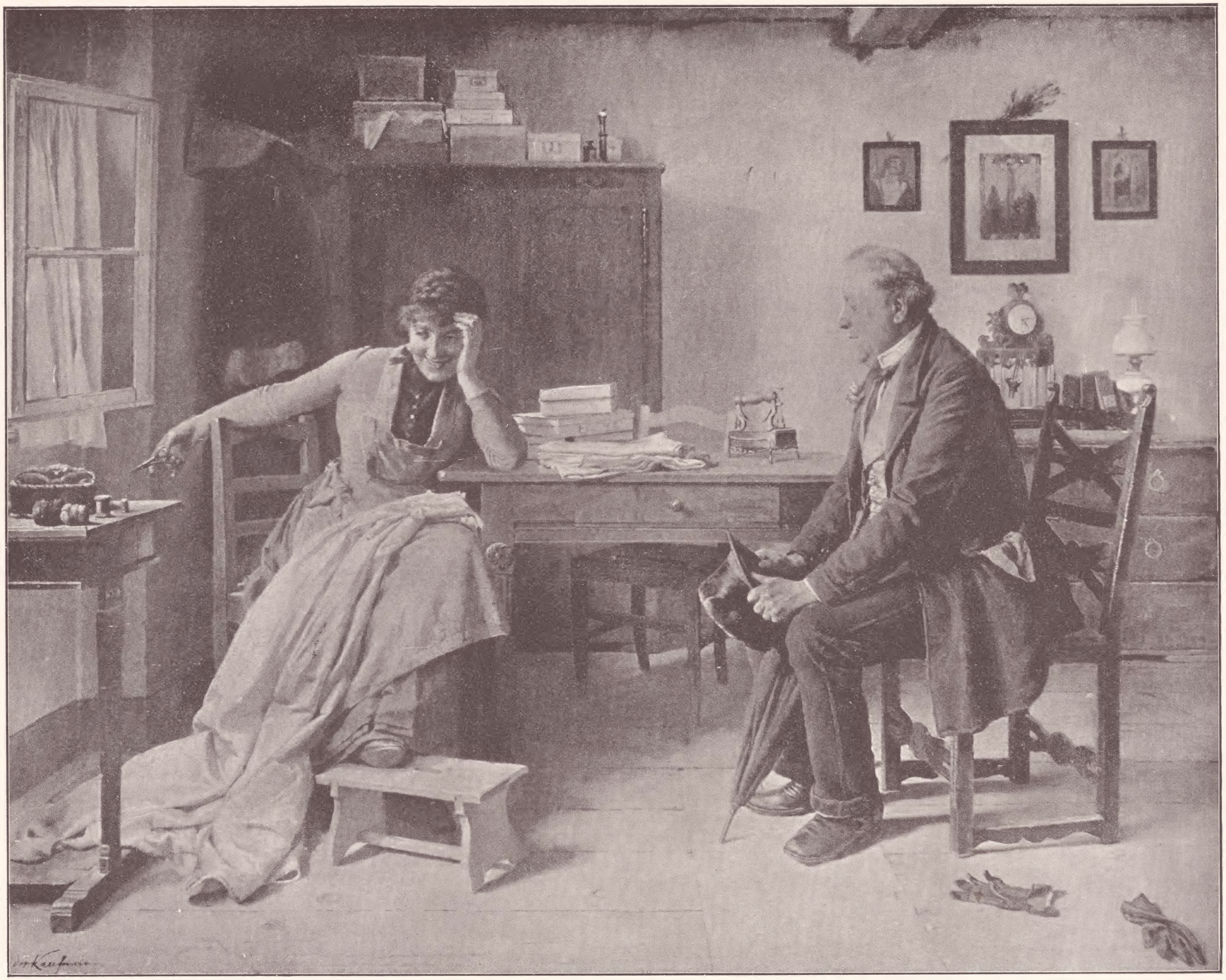
On the banks of the Nile a fight between a lion and a crocodile is being concluded. It is a rare conflict, that ends in the defeat of the amphibious animal The lion clutches his victim at the only place where superior strength can overcome the well-protected crocodile. The sculptor has executed a number of strange zoological combats, three of which figured at the World's Columbian Exposition. Besides the two casts destined for the collection of the Art Institute in Chicago and reproduced in this volume there was a bronze group of "Eagle and Vultures in Dispute Over a Dead Bear." Auguste Cain is a native of Paris. He obtained a third medal at the Salon of 1851, and other medals at the expositions of 1863, 1864, 1867, and 1878. He is also an officer of the Legion of Honor. As a sculptor of frenzied beasts he has few equals. His imagination knows no boundaries, and his modeling is vital.



SPAIN. J. MORENO CARBONERO.

GIL BLAS.

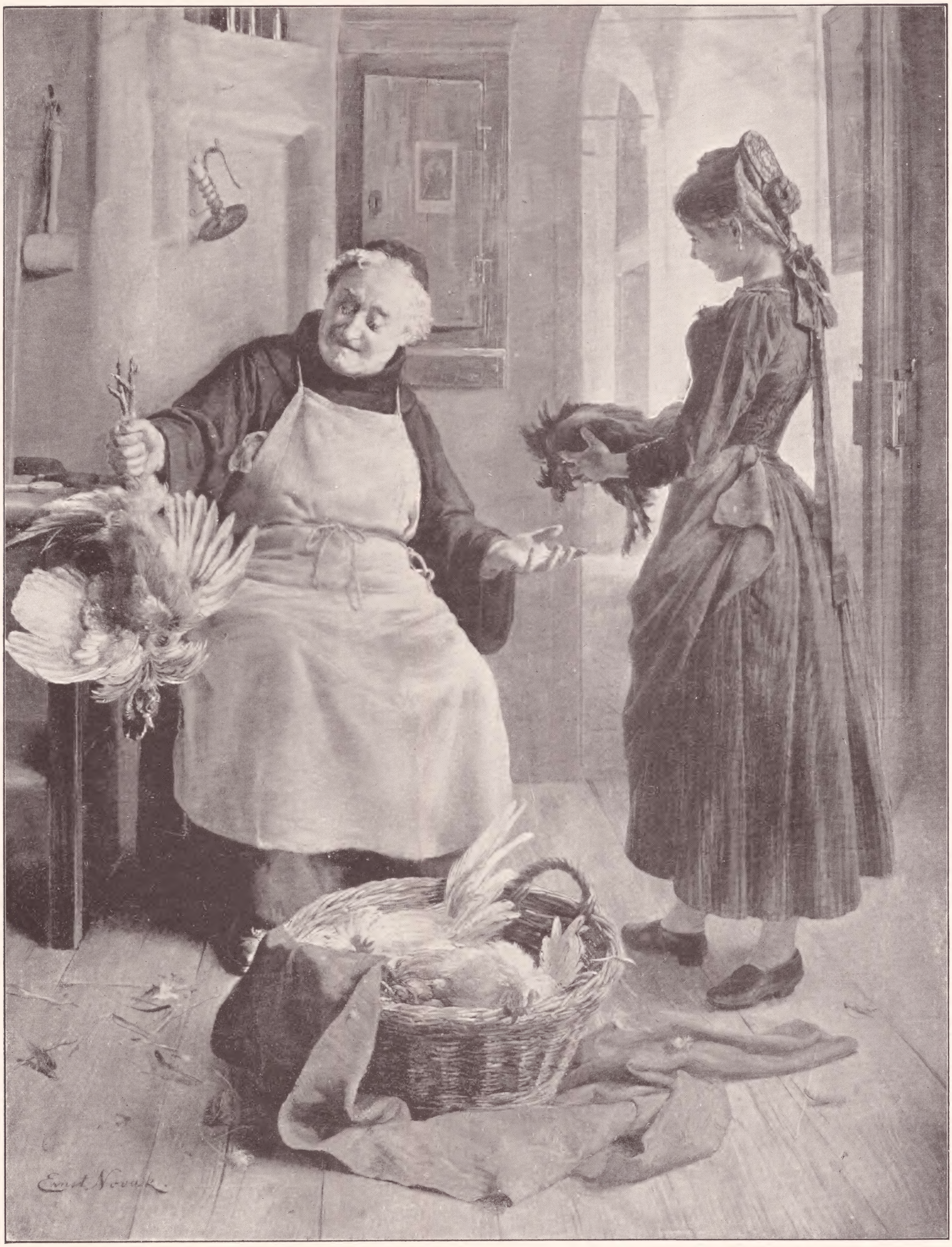
THEY are not vulgar train-robbers who are laying in ambush for the approaching party of travelers, nor even desperate frontier rowdies about to "hold up" a stage, but all fine gentlemen students of Spain, the national exponents of joyous adventure. For more minute description turn to "Gil Blas of Santillane," done into French by one Le Sage, and beginning with the riddle: "Here lies the Soul," etc. The horseman in the center is undoubtedly Gil himself, although his face is somewhat averted and can not be readily analyzed. There are three distinct parts in the picture: The armed squadron in the foreground, the distant coach and, in between, the landscape of trees and winding road, all very properly drawn and illuminated. José Moreno Carbonero is the felicitous author of three paintings seen at the World's Fair: "Gil Blas," "Gee up, Jennie," and "The Sheep" (Don Quixote).



AUSTRIA. ISODOR KAUFMANN.

AGE IS NOT PROOF AGAINST FOLLY.

THE elderly burgher is making a formal call on the seamstress. He has donned, with his Sunday clothes, his choicest manners. What other important motive could account for all that ceremonial if not a proposition of marriage? The much more youthful woman has listened with amused respect to the ponderous speech of her suitor, who now awaits the answer in an attitude of self-conscious satisfaction. A refusal of his offer is certain. Before giving it, the industrious maiden can not resist the temptation of hilarity which she takes care, however, to shield from the old beau. All that is neatly told by the Vienna painter. The story is proverbial and the picture is as indisputable as the truth of such popular wisdom. Similar to most of the little genre paintings seen in the Austrian section of fine arts at the World's Fair, this one is of concise drawing and has a finished smoothness of color.



Austria.

Ernst Nowak.

TRIBUTE TO THE MONASTERY.

It is a strict rule in most of the monasteries that no woman is to pass over the threshold. The sesame which has gained admittance to the pretty maid is displayed before the smiling friar, and seems to meet with the approval of a connoisseur. Judging from the well-fed appearance of the good brother, fast-days must have been the exception in his pious life, and his vow of poverty has been generously lightened by the lay population. Monks, generally, are cautious enough to settle in the neighborhood of communities which not only are animated by a friendly disposition toward them, but whose worldly possessions are adequate to their refined taste. Nowak narrates, in his genre picture, an episode frequent in his country, and offers a fluent interpretation.

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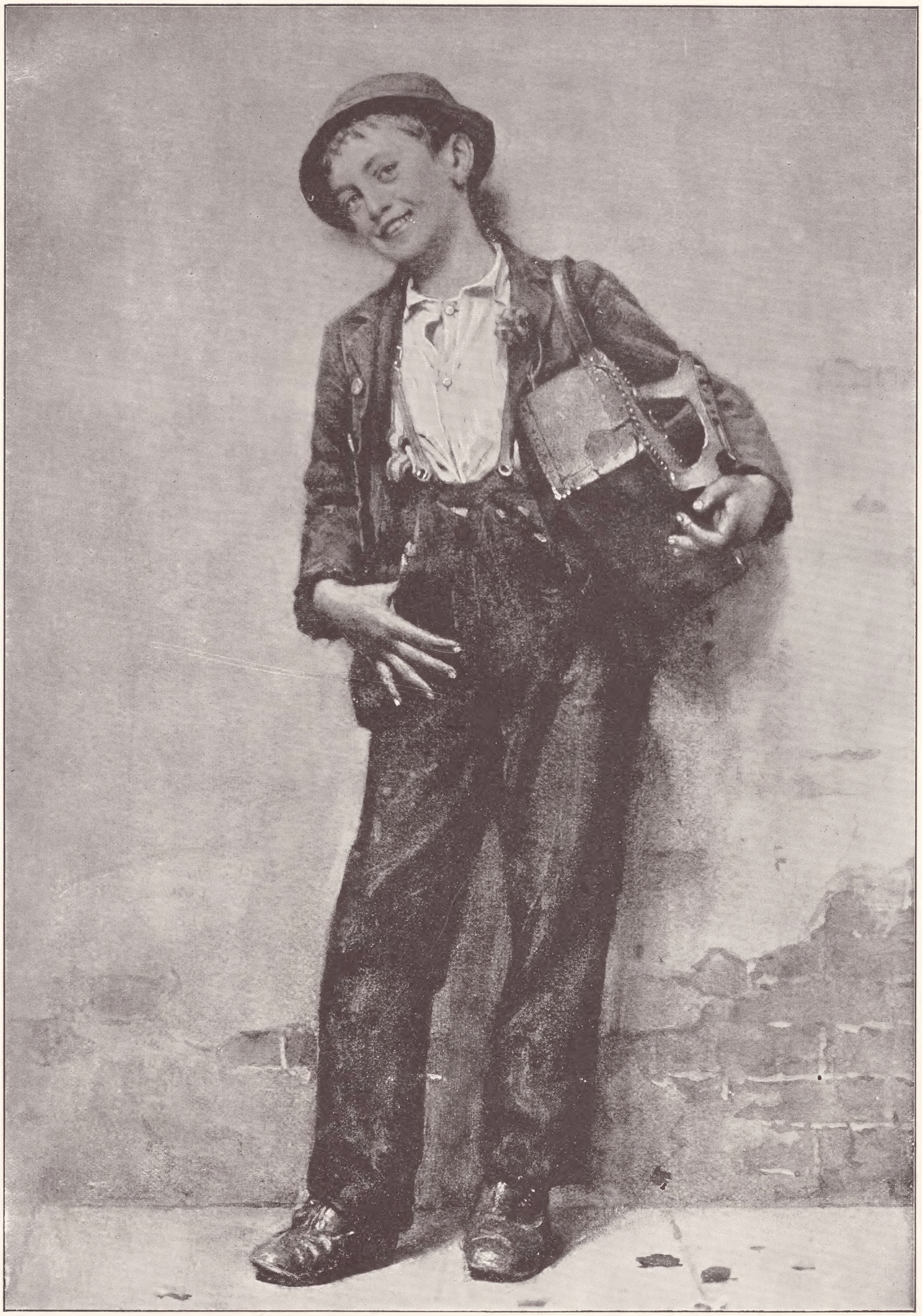
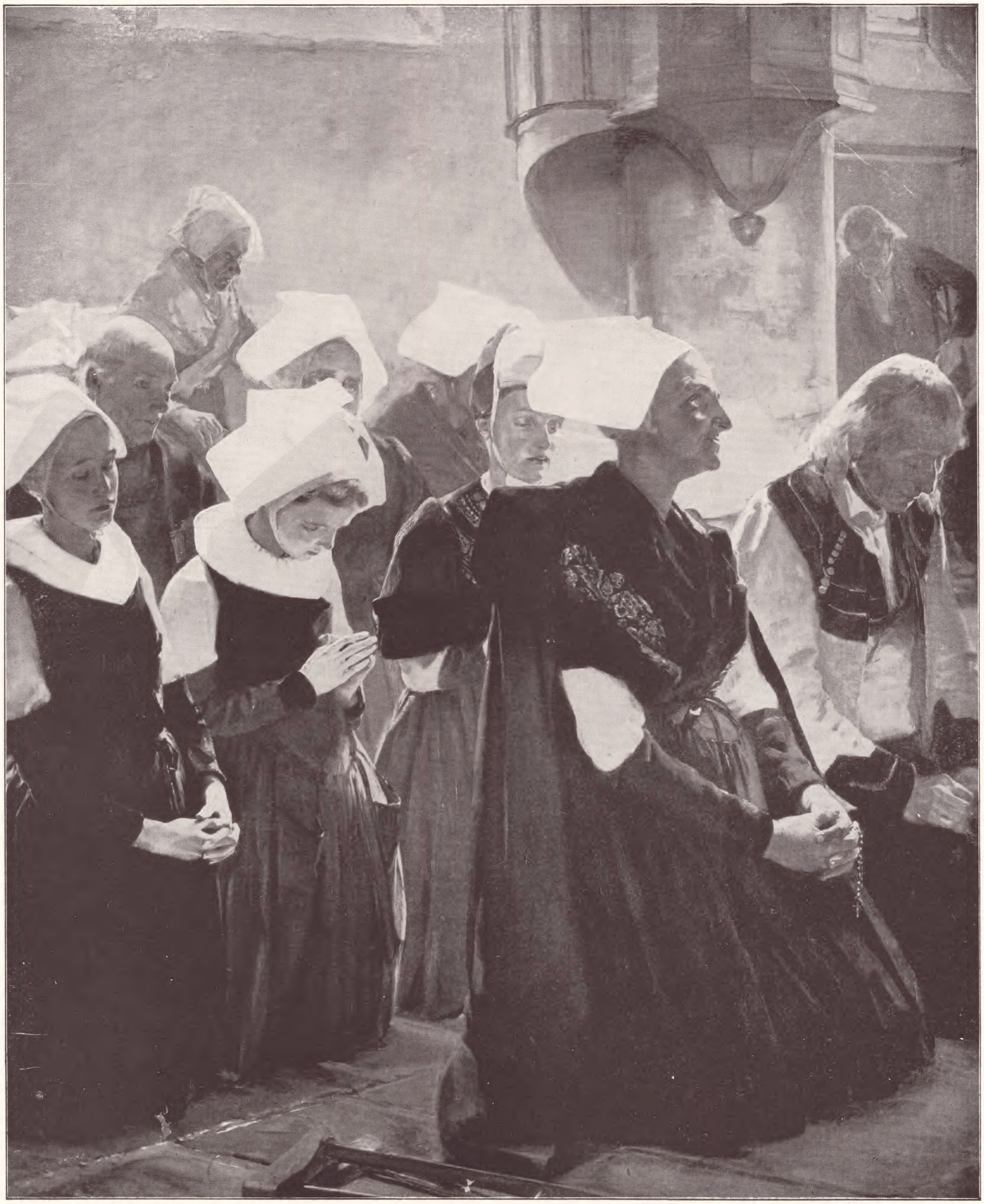


United States. J. G. Brown.

A WALL FLOWER.

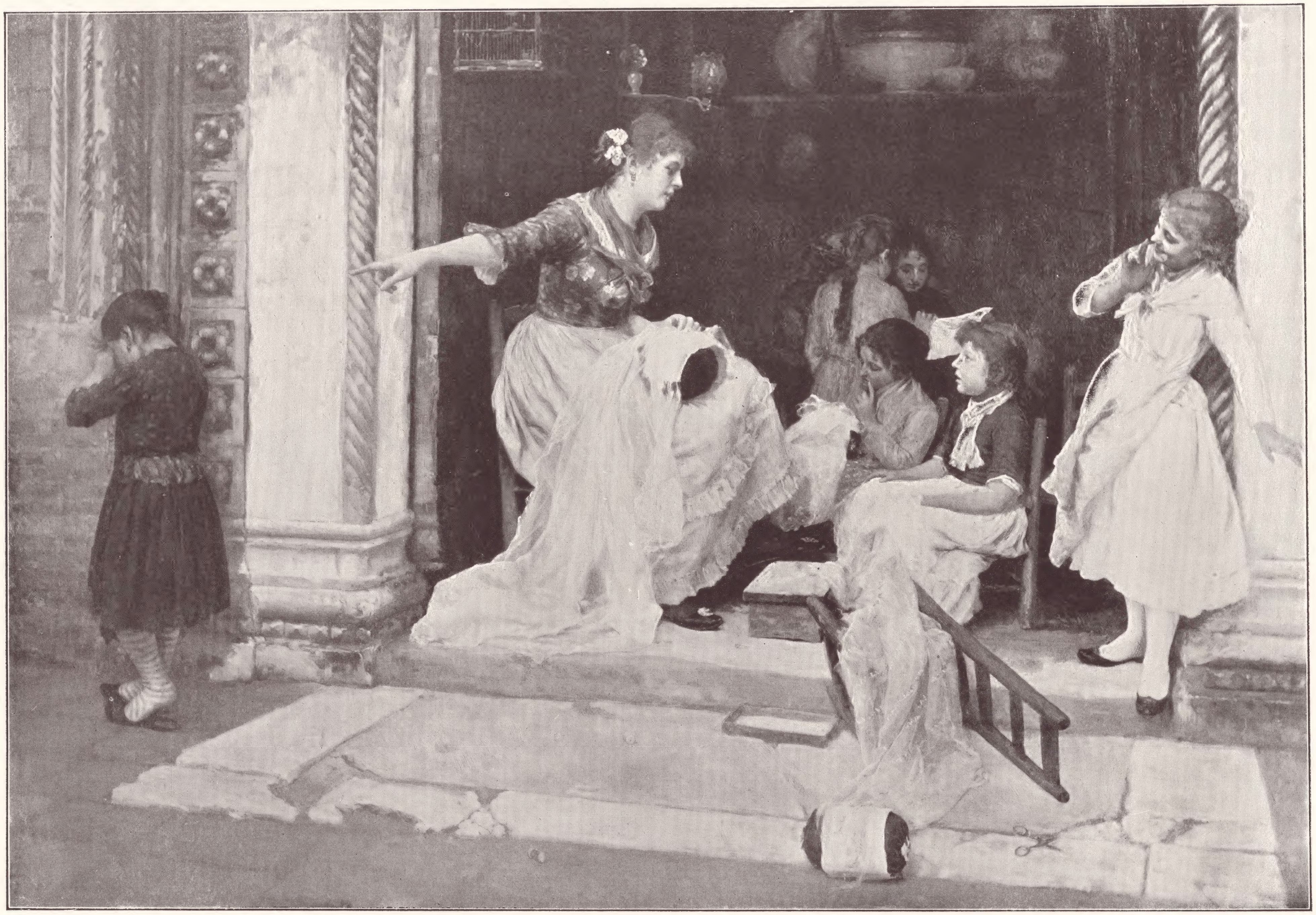
BOOTBLACKS and newsboys are the familiar subjects of this artist. He has watched them in many antics of their street life, and always renders accurately what they do. The "Wall Flower" happens to be doing nothing just at the time; his much-smiling attitude might mean mischief done. The painters' definitions of ambulatory boyhood do not rely as securely upon the use of color as on expert drawing. J. G. Brown is of English birth, 1831 being the year; received a student's medal from the Royal Scottish Academy in 1853, and has spent most of his life in New York, where he was one of the founders of the Water Color Society. He is also an officer in the Artists' Fund Society of that city and a member of the National Academy. Six of his works were hung in the American Section of Fine Arts at the Chicago Exposition.



UNITED STATES. WALTER GAY.

MASS IN BRITTANY.

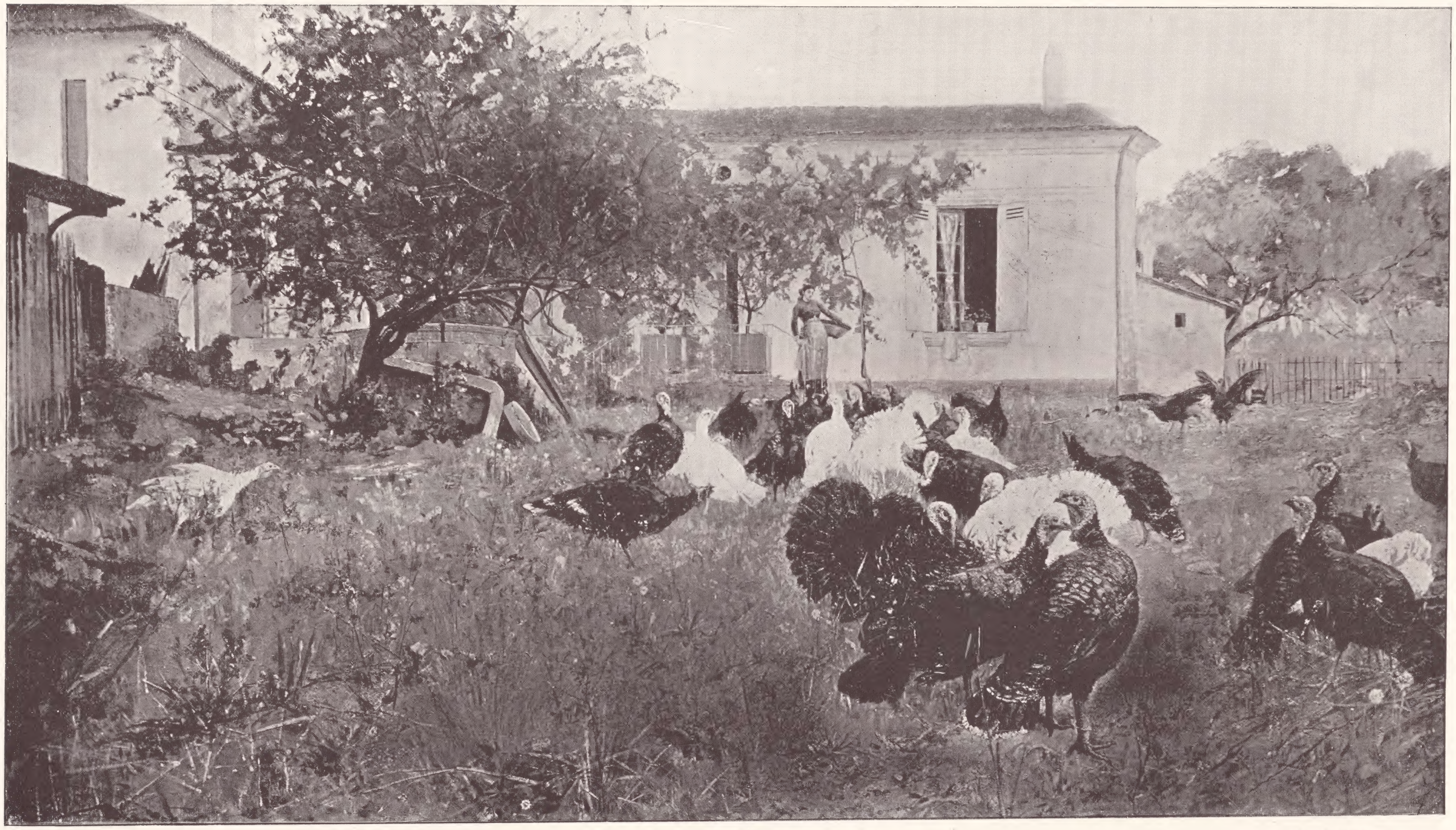
THE sacrifice of the mass is being celebrated in the village church. Kneeling worshipers are under the spell of the Agnus Dei as the solemn chords peal forth from the organ. Their religious emotions, too, are a harmony—the chant of inspiration and of beautitude, of fervor, resignation, piety, awe, and adoration—each face and every figure a pure, sonorous note. Daylight floods the simple nave, bringing out strongly the peasant types in holiday attire. The ancient head-dress of Brittany frames the features of the women. Fine characterization of physical and mental individualities is well perceived. The sentiment of the painting is calmly but firmly sustained. Walter Gay is the descendant of a Massachusetts family, to which belonged also William Allan Gay, one of the earlier American painters of note. His course of studies led him to the atelier of Bonnat, and he is still a resident of Paris. Canvases of his were at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. He sent four works to Chicago, all showing remarkable talent and earnest ambition.



ITALY. STEFANO NOVO.

THE WORST OF ALL.

THE little exile who stands with her face averted, weeping over her sins, is pointed out to a group of children as the worst of all. Everything had been calm and peaceful in the sewing circle under the shady porch when the girl became unruly. She was asked to stand outside, and is now used as a horrible example for the well-behaved children. The remaining ones seem either amused at their pouting companion or listen with much attention to the lesson which their teacher draws from the incident. Pretty juvenile faces evince, each in a distinct manner, their interest. The pleasing ensemble contains gaily colored materials set off against an interior of shadow. Southern warmth and Venetian ease furnish again the theme for an attractive genre, as they do also in the two other pictures by Stefano Novo, which were seen on the same occasion in Chicago, under the titles of "Fruit Shop in Venice" and "Fruit Sellers in Venice." The latter one is reproduced in this publication, and can be easily traced as coming from the same brush.

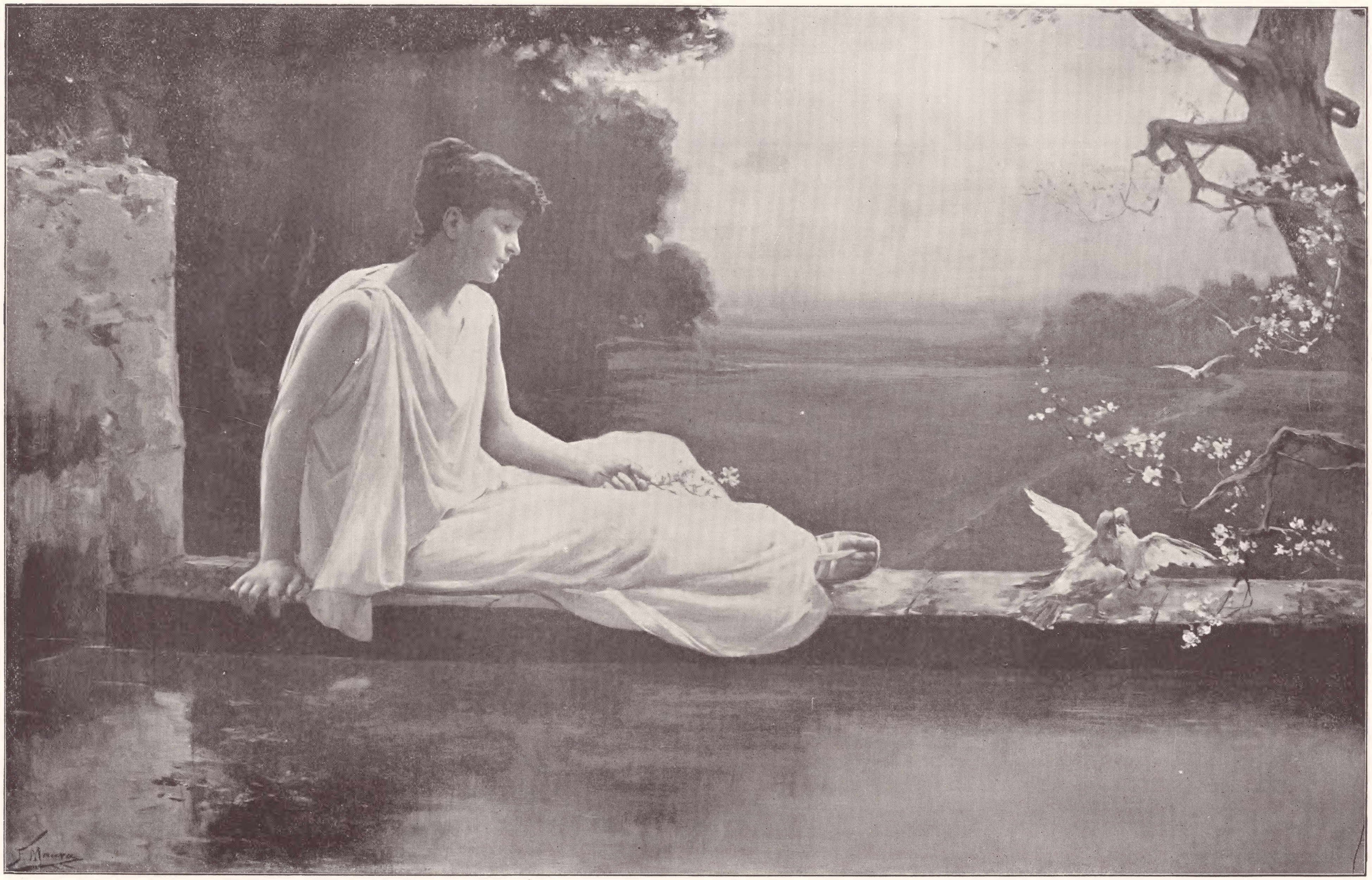


FRANCE. A. DURST.

TURKEYS.

A LITTLE patch of grass behind a country house is inhabited by a lot of turkeys. The variously colored fowls are moving and behaving naturally, unprofessional birds that they are, unconscious of being models for a painter. They even seem to be left without the preoccupation that an occasional decrease in their ranks might cause. But then, scientific observations, based upon death records, are carried on by creatures of lesser qualities. To bask in the sun, to strut about, quarrel over some stray worm, to multiply and become fat, fills an agreeable career. The place is as attractive as summer vegetation and food regularly provided by the people who live there can make it for fowls. There is a woman just coming out of the house, and the turkeys must know what the basket she holds contains, for they make toward her.

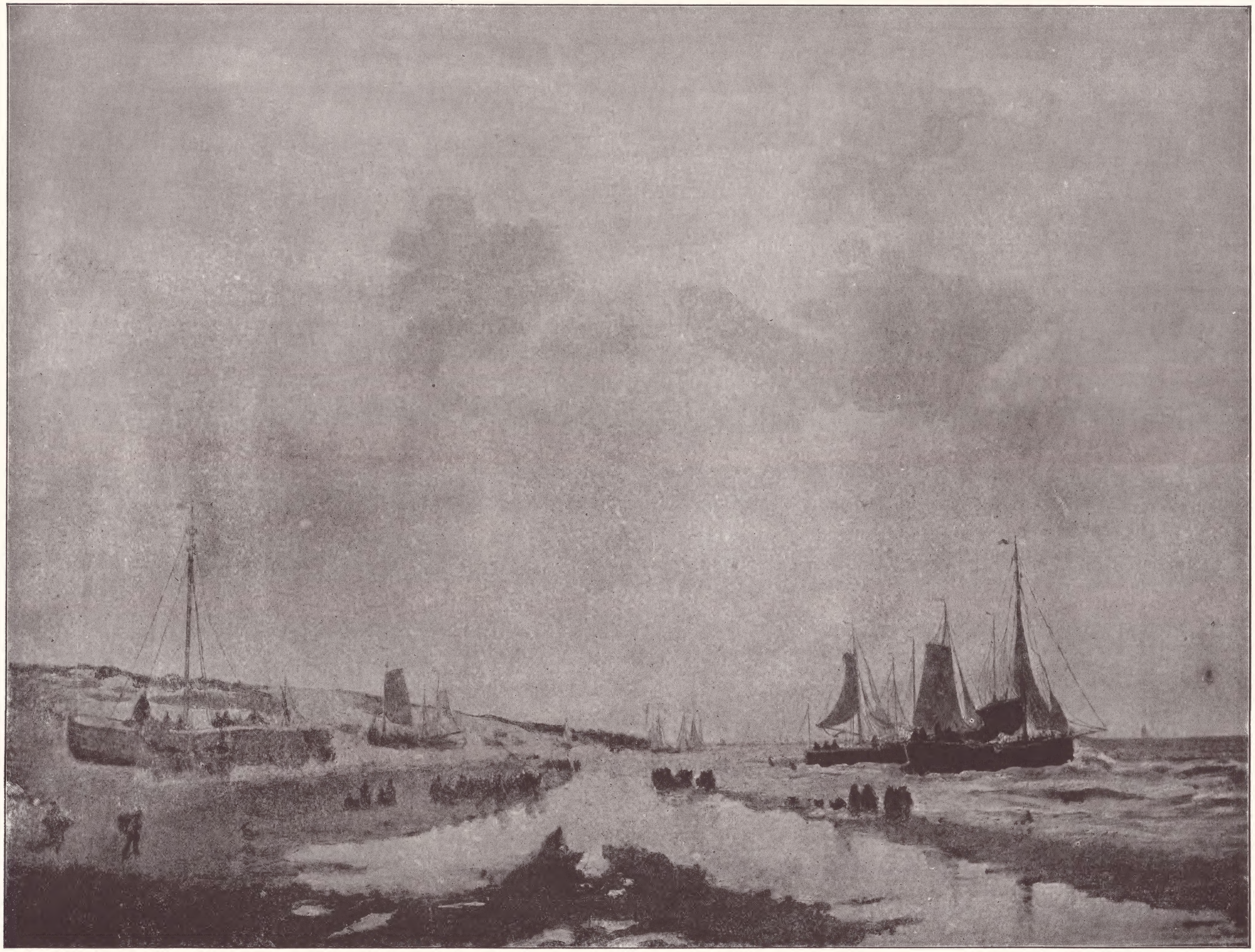
Auguste Durst was born in Paris, became a pupil of Hébert and of Bonnat, and obtained a medal in 1884. He lives in Puteaux (Seine), where he studies and paints his favorite animals—chickens, turkeys, and other domesticated birds.



Spain. Francisco Maura y Montaner.

TWILIGHT.

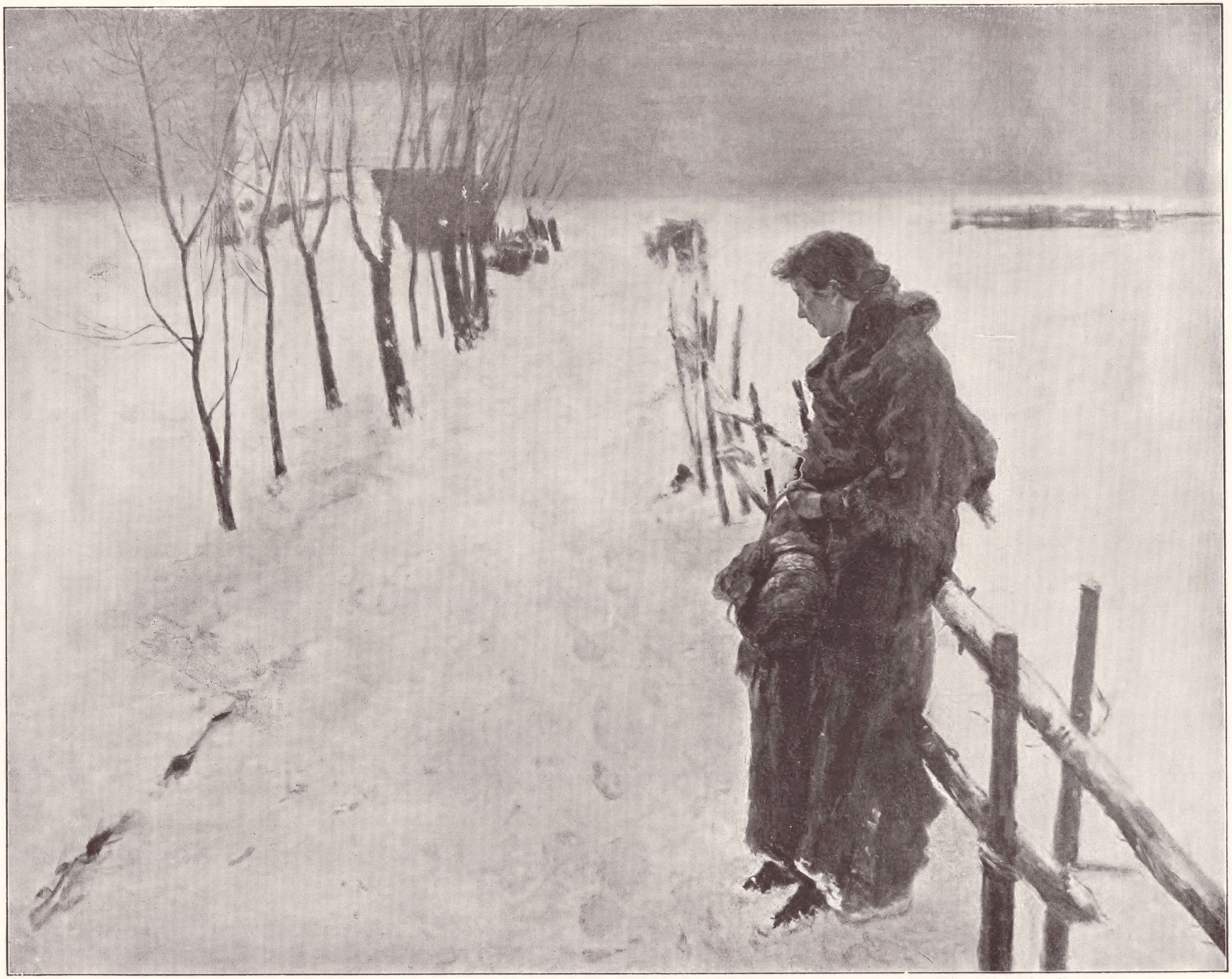
THE repose of evening permeates a summer landscape. In the foreground on the stone border of a smooth sheet of water the figure of a woman is seated in tranquil contemplation of a pair of doves. She is in classic costume, leaning upon one arm, in pose and drapery quite statuesque. The effect is that of shadow gradually gaining on daylight, the brightest note coming from the white folds enveloping the dreamy maiden. Deep green foliage gives the background to the twilight vision, which appears in concise relief. A tree with blossoms is to the right, and a piece of crumbling wall protrudes on the other side of the picture. Banks of cloudy mist rise from the horizon. Francisco Maura y Montaner had two other convases at the World's Fair, a "View of Palma de Mallorca" and "Alcala Street, Madrid, after the Bull Fight."



HOLLAND. H. W. MESDAG.

SHORE AT SCHEVENINGEN.

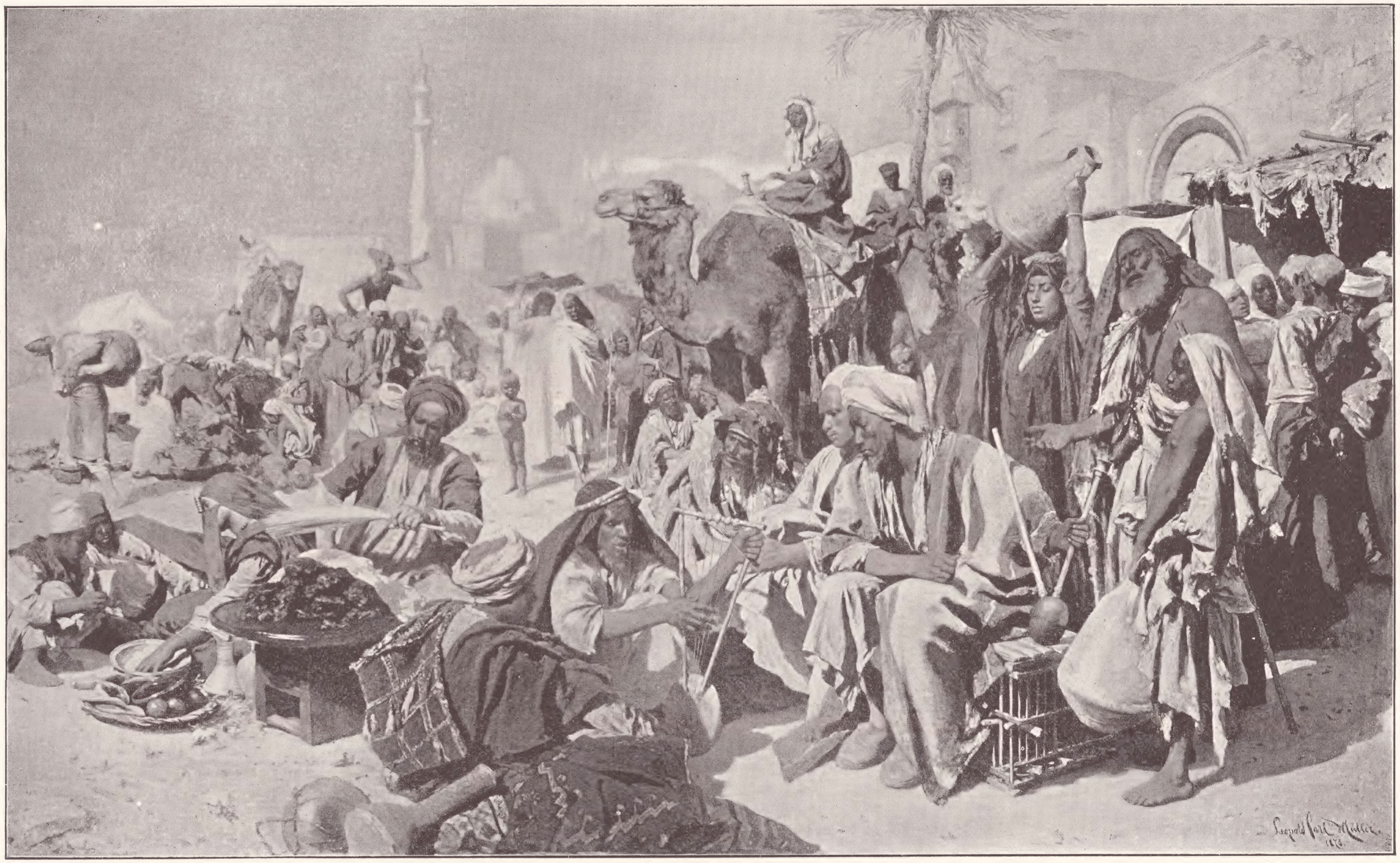
THE boats are lying at anchor on a sand-bank waiting for the high tide to move them farther up the beach. It is the method on the Dutch coast to shelter fishing craft in this way; horses are employed then to bring the boats into deep water again. White, yellow, and red sails attract the eye; groups of women are at the water's edge; a moving, luminous atmosphere is throughout the marine view. Scheveningen is immensely popular with the painters; the character of the shore there, as well as the fishing population, invites their study. Mesdag excels in his treatment of the subject. He was born at Groningen in 1831, began his artistic career rather late, studying in Brussels in 1866 under Roelofs and Tadema. Since his return to Holland in 1869 he has become one of the most eminent painters of coast scenes. His first contribution to the Paris Salon was recognized with the gold medal. As president of the Art Association at The Hague he occupies an influential position, and was also appointed Art Commissioner to the World's Columbian Exposition.



GERMANY. FRITZ VON UHDE.

CHRISTMAS EVENING.

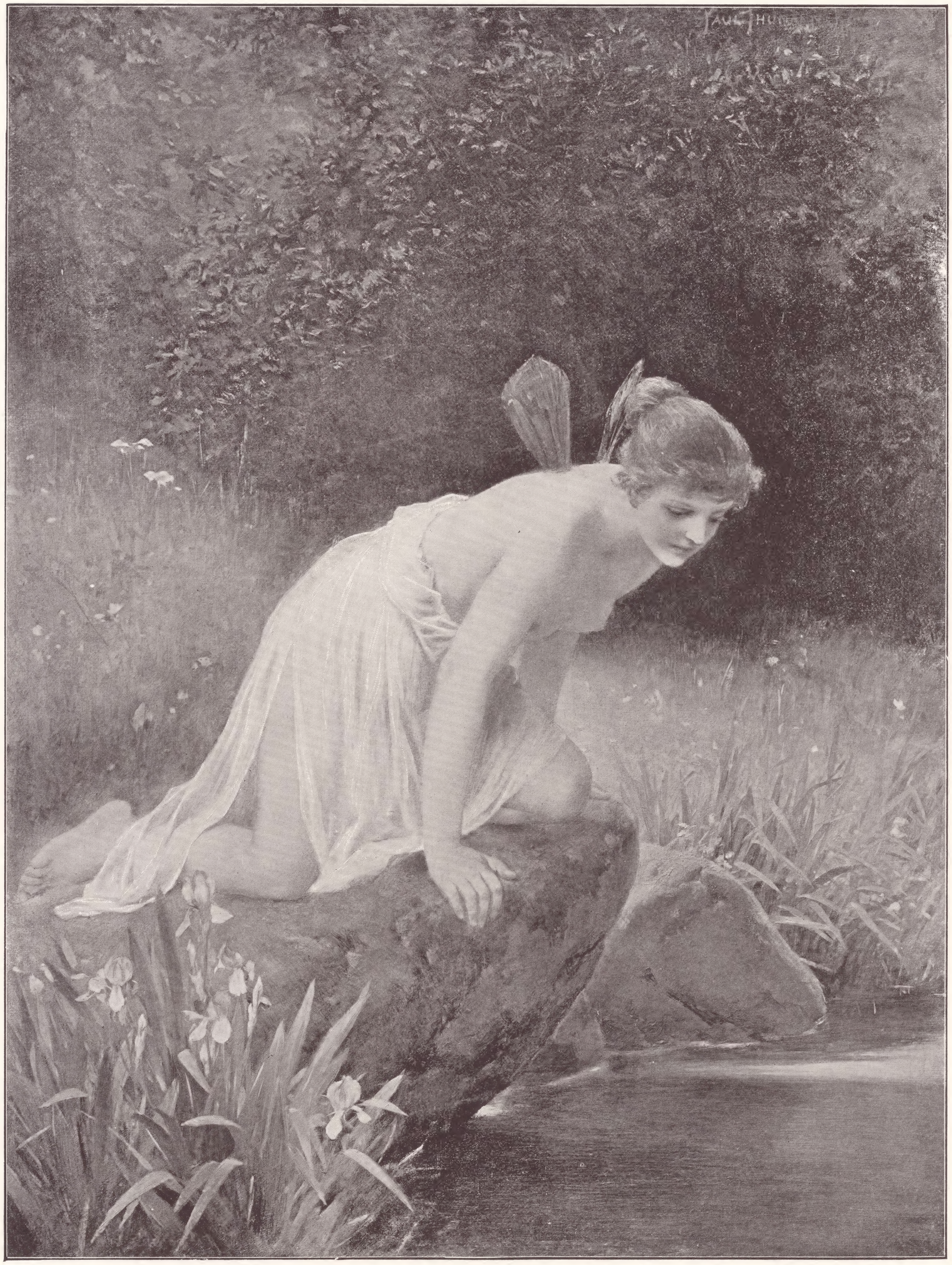
MARY has arrived before Bethlehem and is leaning exhausted against a fence while Joseph is in search of a place of shelter. The biblical subject is represented in a snow landscape; the garment of the woman is modern, her type European—transpositions that are customary with this much discussed painter. Both his "Christmas Evening," painted in 1870, and his "Announcement to the Shepherds," dated 1892, were seen at the World's Fair, the latter also being reproduced in this collection. Of the two the earlier work is the simpler and more impressive. Fritz von Uhde was born in 1848, at Wolkenburg, in Saxony. His artistic career began rather late in life, after he had fought in the Franco-German war. Among his best known canvases are, "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me" (Leipsic Museum); "The Disciple of Emmaus" (Frankfort Museum); "Come, our Lord" (Berlin Gallery); "The Holy Night" (Dresden Gallery); "The Last Supper" (Luxemburg Museum); "Going to Bethlehem" (Munich Pinakothek).



AUSTRIA. LEOPOLD C. MÜLLER.

MARKET PLACE IN CAIRO.

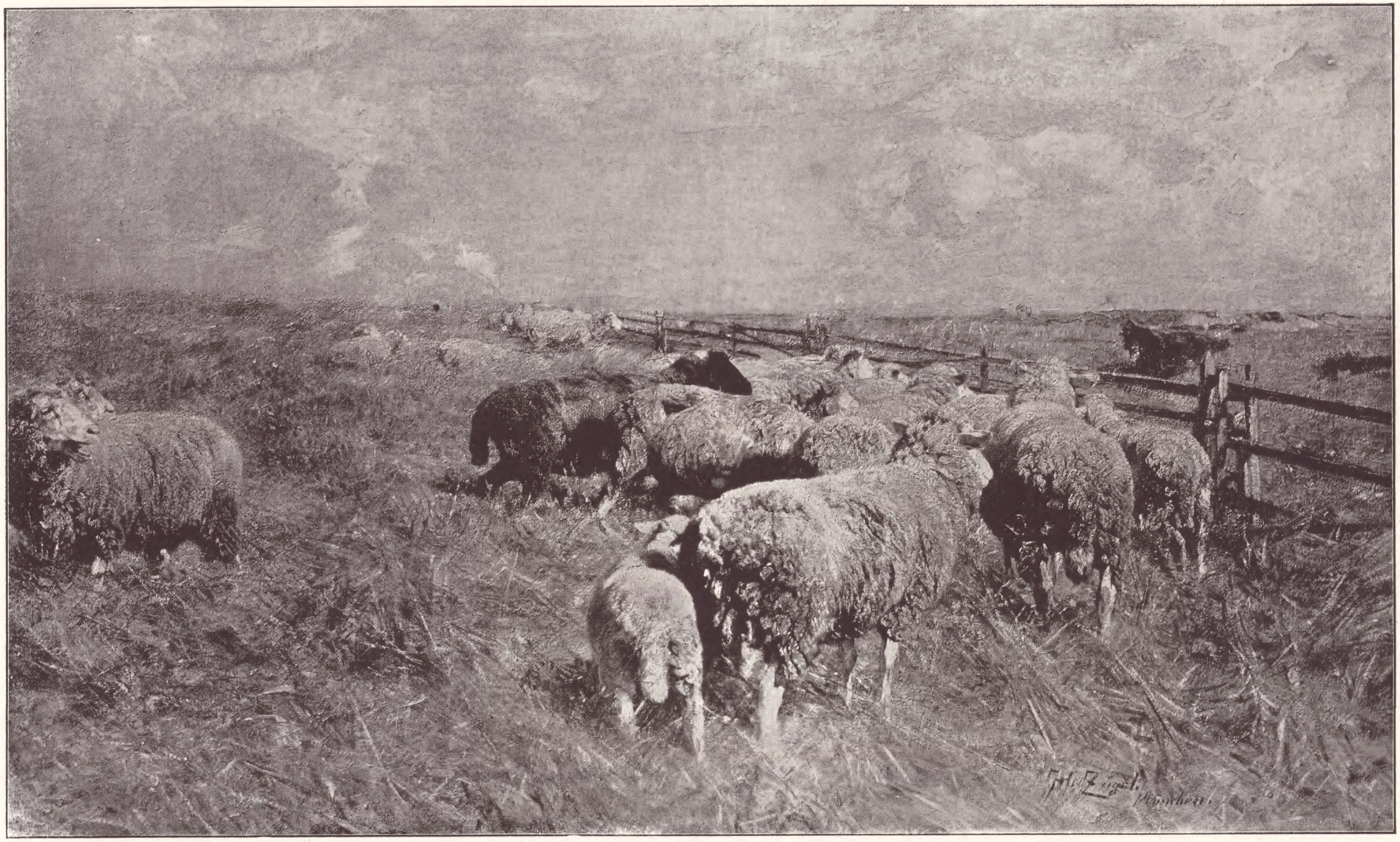
THE display of wares is insignificant as compared to the gathering of oriental types. A few vendors are grouped near the foreground; a musician plays upon an instrument that looks like a lyre; farther on men in the garb of inhabitants of the desert arrive on the backs of camels. The white structure of a mosque is in the distance, reflecting crudely the hot illumination of the scene. Müller offers an example of technical completion, without venturing into great originality either in the choice or in the treatment of the subject. The "Market Place in Cairo" was the only canvas at the World's Fair bearing the signature of Leopold Carl Müller. It was lent for exposition by the Vienna Academy of Fine Arts.



GERMANY. PAUL THUMANN.

PSYCHE.

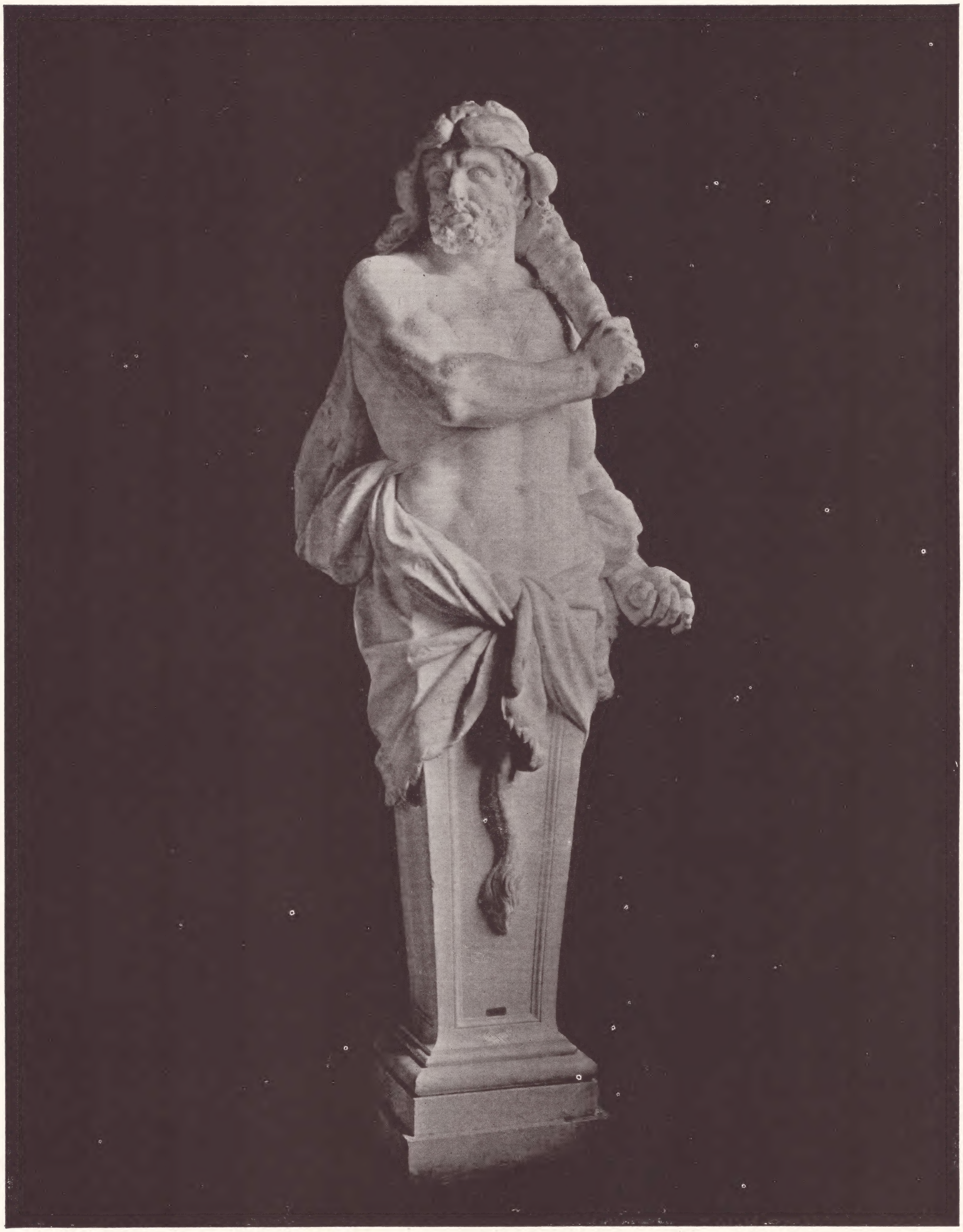
THE Latin author who wrote that "her beauty was so great and illustrious that it could neither be expressed nor sufficiently praised by the poverty of human speech," has left a legacy to the artists of all times. Their efforts to create the fabulous beauty are stirred by such ideal provisions. "Psyche," as conceived by Paul Thumann, is a blonde maiden who, in sylvan solitude, is leaning over a rock to discover her image in the water. The painter was born in a Prussian village in 1834, and has studied in Berlin, Dresden, and Weimar. He is now a resident of the capital, and a member of the Royal Academy of Art. His popularity is founded upon his work as an illustrator. An immense number of drawings have contributed more to his fame than his paintings, although there exist many of the latter, among which may be mentioned "Love's Spring," "The Sirens," "Art Wins Heart," portraits, and female study-heads



GERMANY. HEINR. ZÜGEL.

AWAITING.

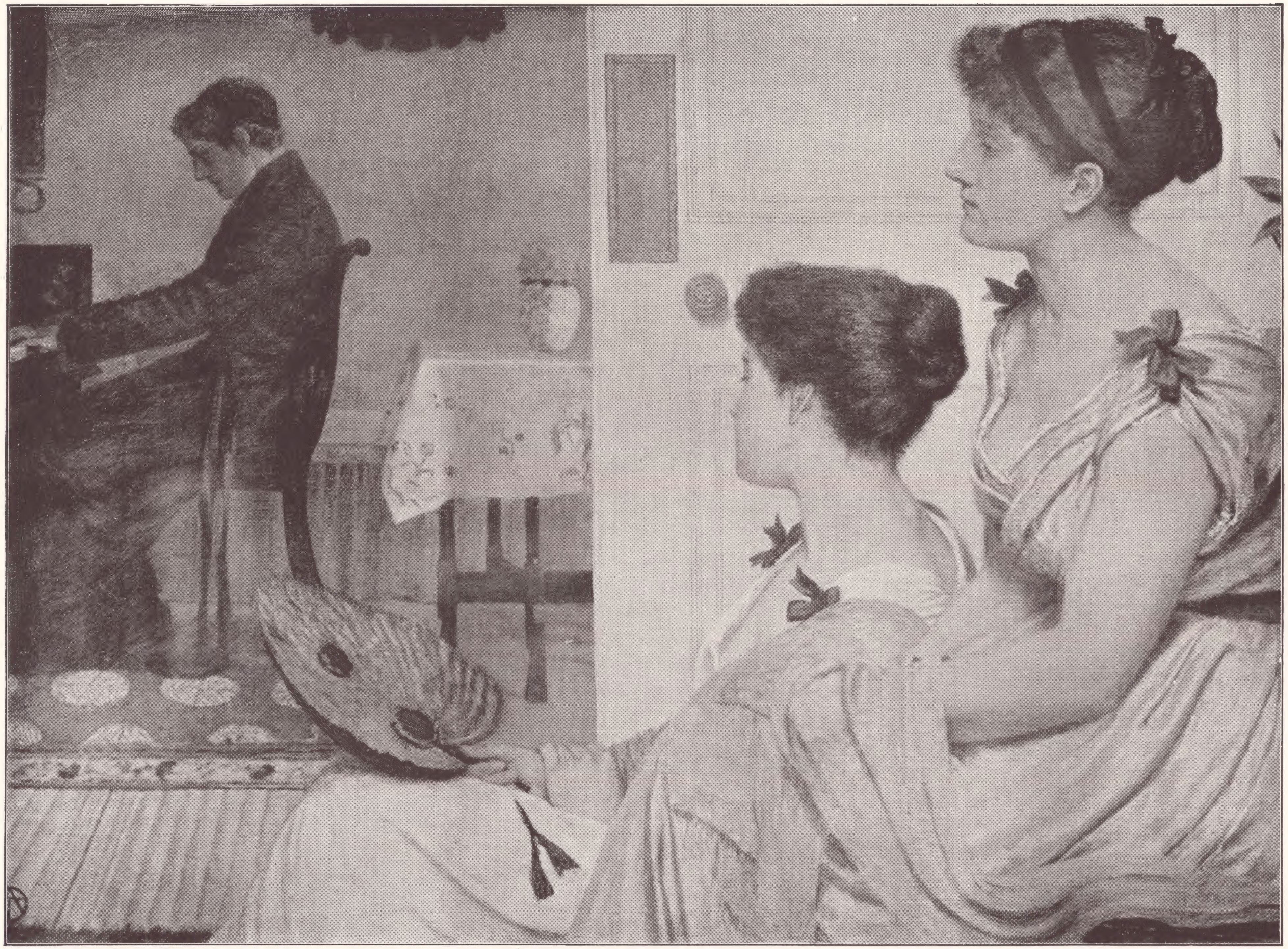
SHEEP and feeling—the bleating ruminant and an emotional faculty dealing with the former—in how many delightful paintings they have been met together since the old days of Verbroeckhoven, the master of pink-and-woolly tenderness! And still the guileless animals are made to leap into the oily element after the original mutton of a pictorial Panurge. From the results it would appear that there has been a greater evolution in artistic conception than in sheepish breed. The flocks of the present roam often in a bitter atmosphere of doubt; their fleecy bodies are no longer symbols of meek purity; a spirit of restlessness has invaded even their pastures. The work of the German artist depicts a meadow divided by a fence, on one side of which a flock is huddled together. Heavy clouds move in the sky. Heinrich Zügel had another canvas at the Chicago Exposition under the title "Hard Labor." A reproduction of it can be found in another part of this volume.



FRANCE. LECOMTE.

HERCULES.

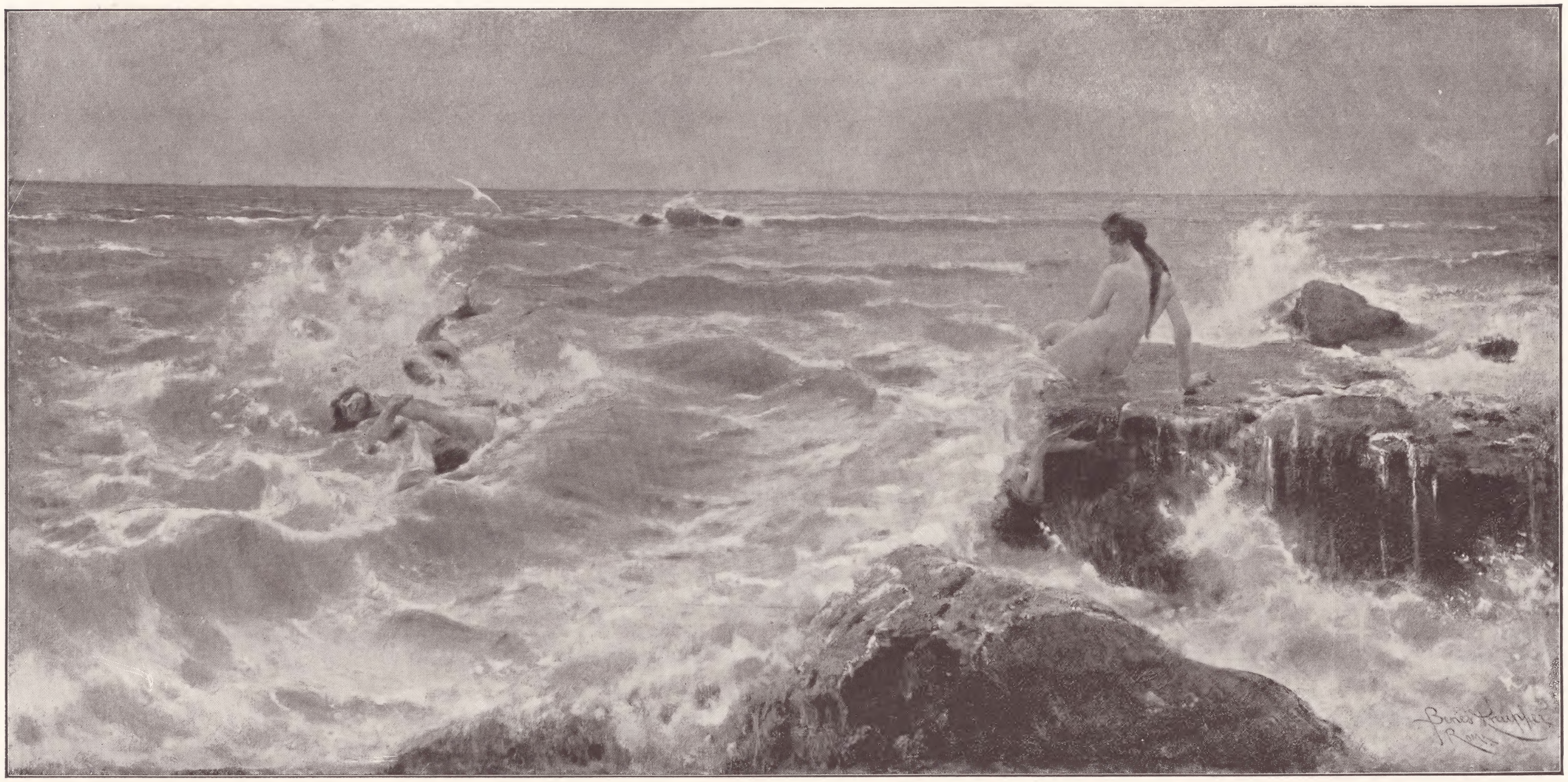
THIS plaster-cast was molded from a statue-terme in the Park of Versailles. Its upper part represents a comfortably herculean Hercules, draped in the lion's skin, holding in one hand his club and in the other the apples which he acquired on the occasion of his excursion to the patch of the Hesperides. As everyone has been told, this half-god was one of the most useful in all mythology; it was only long after he had been forced to self-cremation that his ornamental qualities were duly recognized. Thus merit can be hidden by hard labor. Lecomte lived from 1737 to 1817. His work is as suitable to the Rocaille as a crucifix is to a cathedral.



Great Britain. Thomas Armstrong.

A MUSIC PIECE.

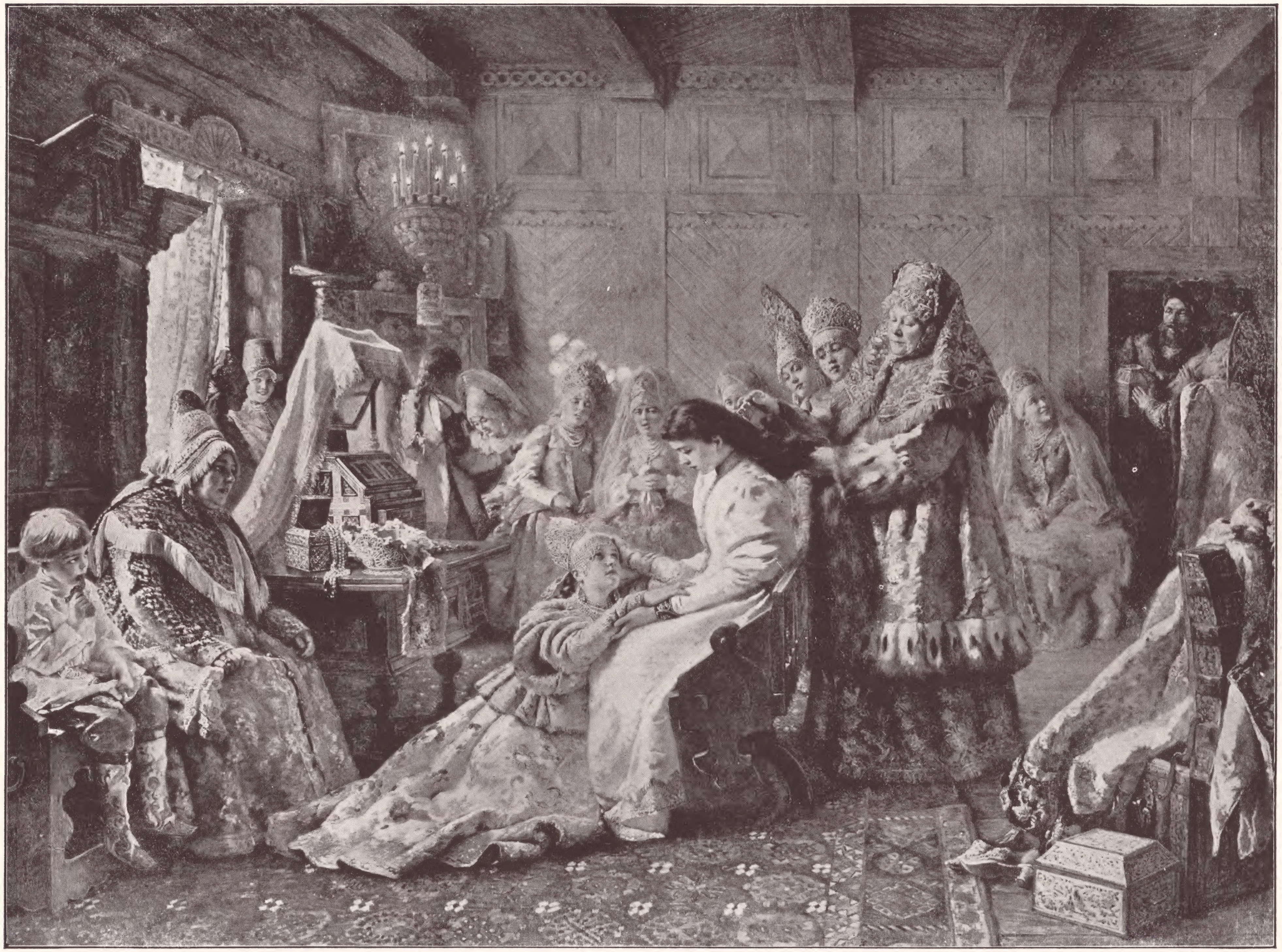
IN the farther corner of a room a clerical gentleman touches the keys of an instrument. He has two listeners, young ladies of the approved Anglo-Greekish trim, who sit in attentive pose before an open door. This "Music Piece" has been seen first at an exhibition of the Royal Academy in London, has represented the artist at the Universal Exposition in Paris, in 1878, and was lent by its present owner for the Chicago Exposition. It denotes unity of idea when a painter during such a long span of time uses the identical work for the illustration of his talent, his aptitude to formulate a certain motive rather than his creative power. Withal the composition is of unquestioned respectability and possesses that peachy coloring of the English school of painting. Thomas Armstrong was born in Manchester. He studied in Paris long ago under Ary Scheffer.



Austria. Benes Knuepffr.

FIGHT OF TRITONS.

TWO finny Tritons have a mighty battle in their own element. They wriggle and wrestle with each other upon the breakers near a cliff, splashing and whipping the water high into the air with their fish-tails. A Nereid sits upon the rock, watching the fight, as if she did not side with either of the sea-gods. Foaming surf rolls in; the agitated waves in the distance have a steely glint. Benes Knuepfer lives in Rome. His "Fight of the Tritons" is the property of the Vienna Academy of Fine Arts. Another one of his mythological marines figured among the collection from Austria under the name, "The Eternal Siren."

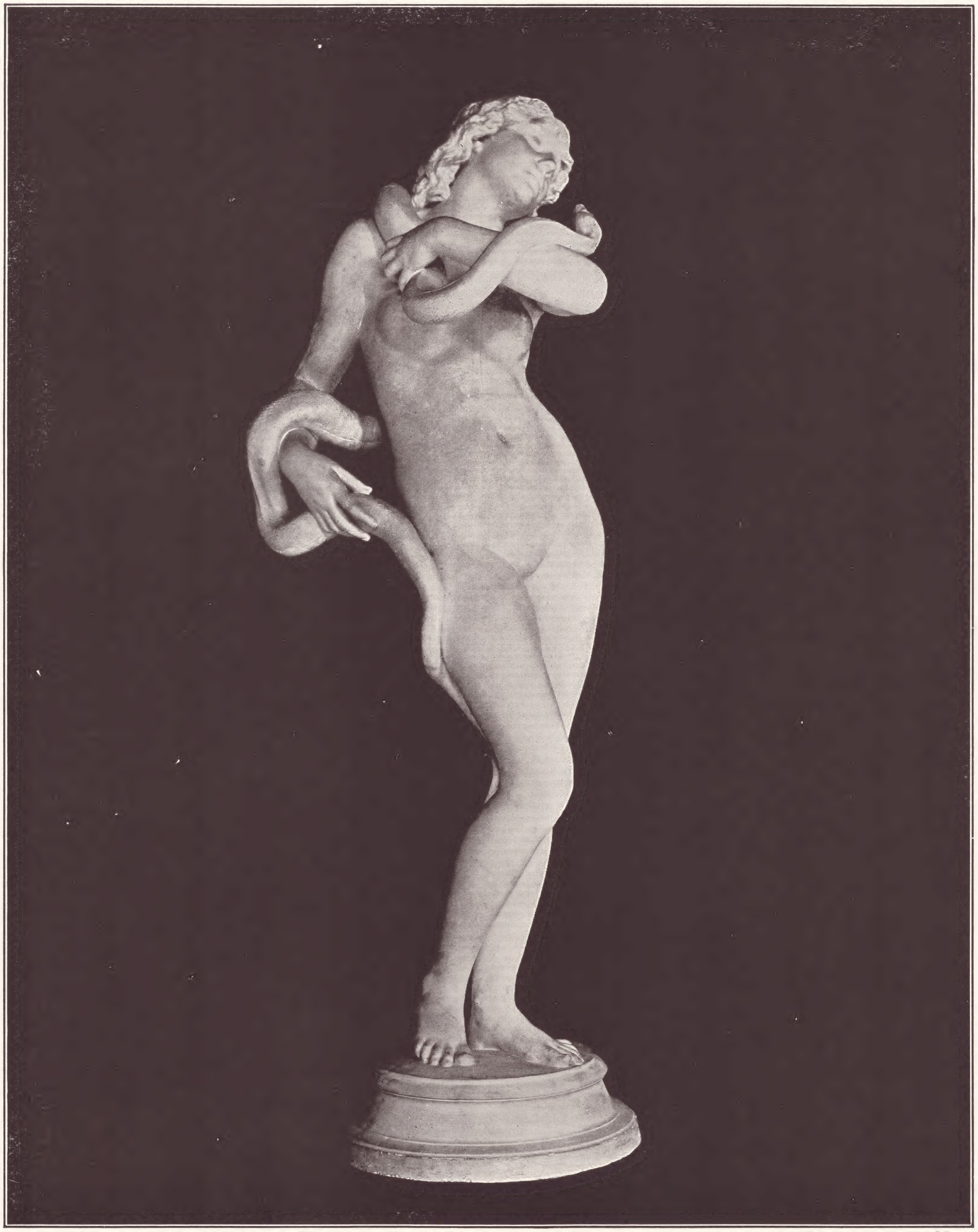


RUSSIA. C. MAKOWSKY.

THE TOILET OF THE BRIDE.

SOLEMNITY and gorgeousness were thought inseparable from the celebration of Russian marriages of former days. The observance of archaic rites was given more importance by the upper classes than the consideration of individual choice, since the Swakha, or professional match-maker, supplied the latter. The young bride is seated in the midst of companions or relatives, a portly matron dresses her hair, and another young girl is at her feet gravely contemplating the friend. Around the room are seen the bridesmaids and other members of the party, all looking at the central group. Embroidered and jeweled robes for the bridal attire are upon a chair to the left. The national costume, with its silks, furs, and quaint gold lace, gives an appearance of stateliness to the scene. Local custom is further indicated by the lighted candles before the icon in the corner. Though the surroundings be ever so lavish, human interest dominates the scene. The faces depict tender and sympathetic emotion.

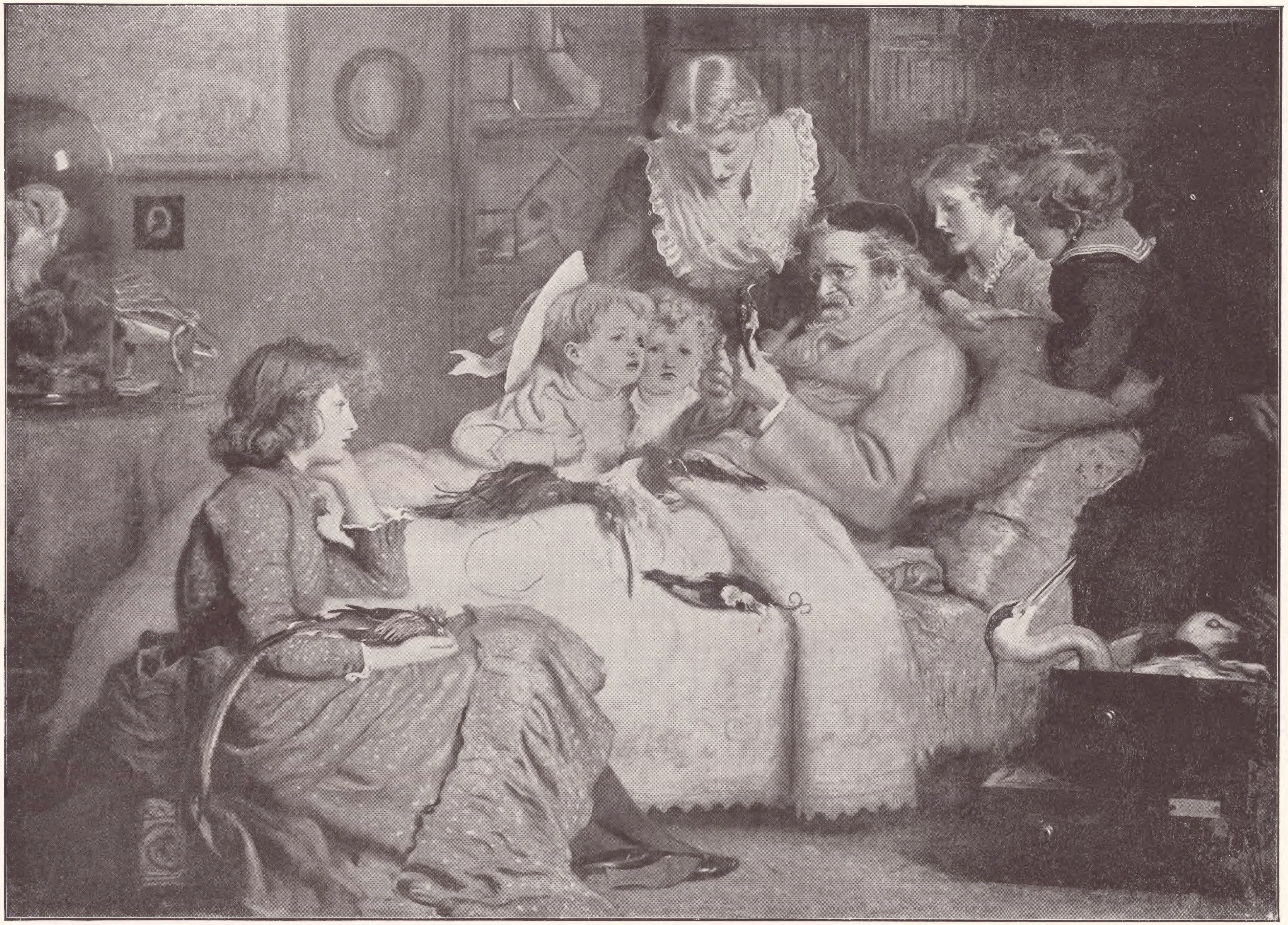
C. Makowsky was born in 1835, and is well known as a painter and a teacher. His style is robust, his composition effective, and the subjects he treats are mostly taken from national life. His favorite models are members of his own family; a happy choice, as one can recognize in this picture.



FRANCE. A. J. M. IDRAC.

SALAMMBO.

THE destruction of Carthage was brought about by the Romans after many exhortations by the great Cato. A reconstructon in art has been variously attempted since a French novelist, Gustave Flaubert, gave it impulse by his investigation of an almost forgotten epoch of the African past. The undulating nude figure, with a large snake creeping over her body, is Salammbo, the daughter of Hamilcar. No cue to her relations with the snake is furnished, nor need be, the sculptor having given a form to his statue quite complete enough without Punic references. Antoine Jean Marie Idrac, born in Toulouse, became a pupil of Cavelier, obtained a Grand Prix de Rome, and of the Cross of the Legion of Honor. His talent was full of promise, but he died in youth. The plaster cast of Salammbo, exhibited at the World's Fair, was molded from the original for the Chicago Art Institute.



GREAT BRITAIN. SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS.

THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

AN elderly man is stretched out on a couch examining a dead bird. He is surrounded by a young woman and children, who pay close attention to his explanations. Taste in composition and firmness in drawing are generally unquestioned qualities of this master, who, for half a century, has occupied a high rank in British estimation. Sir John E. Millais was born at Southampton in 1829. The first in the long series of his medals was awarded him by the Society of Arts when he was only nine years of age. In the year 1846 he became an exhibitor at the Royal Academy. Since then the list of his works that have won public admiration has become long. He is especially famous for his portraits. About 1850 he and several others founded an association called the Brotherhood of the Pre-Raphaelites, the aim of which was a reform of the prevailing style of painting. The movement thus begun has left many traces, and has found followers up to the present time. Millais is a member of the Royal Academy. Seven of his works were at the World's Fair.

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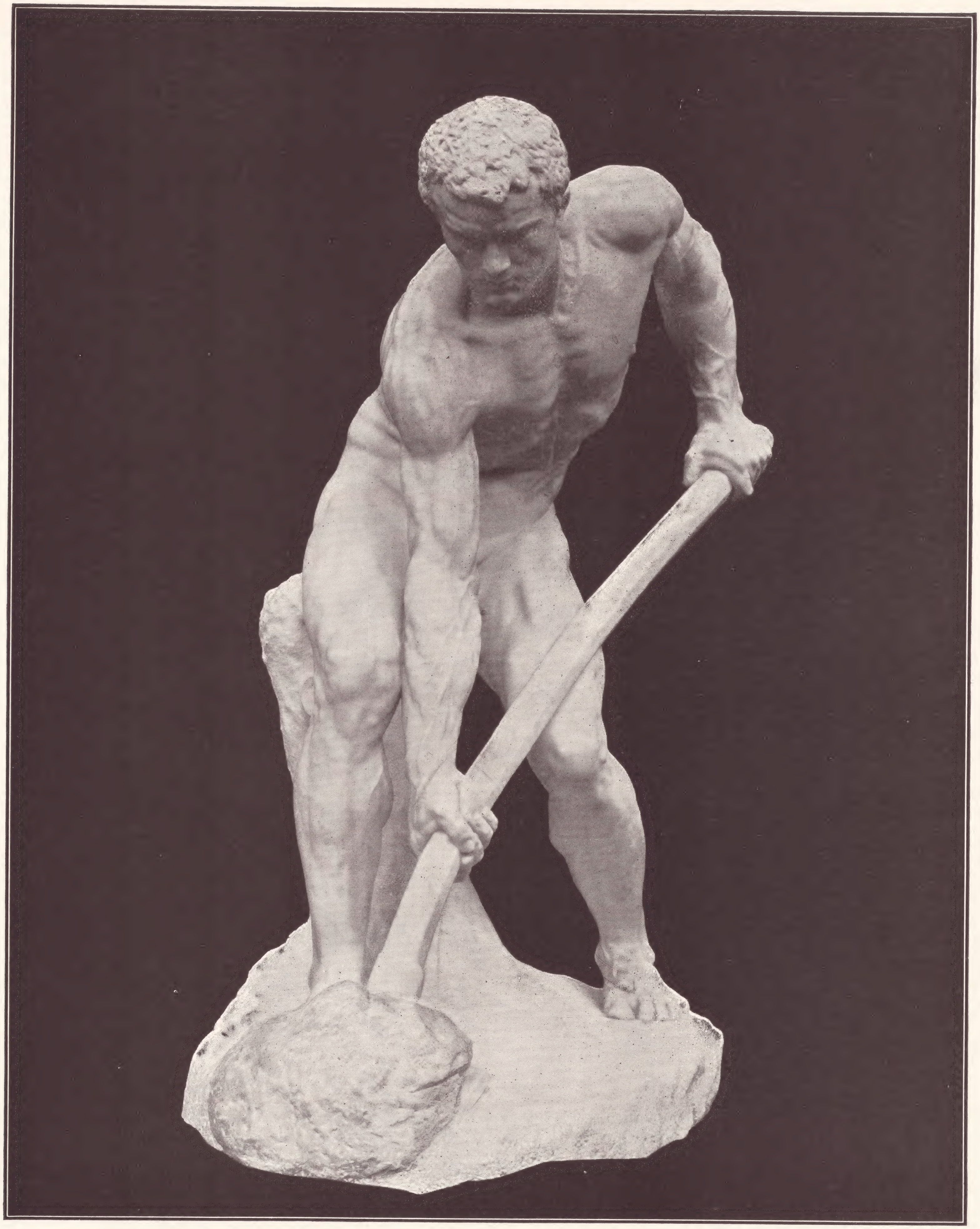
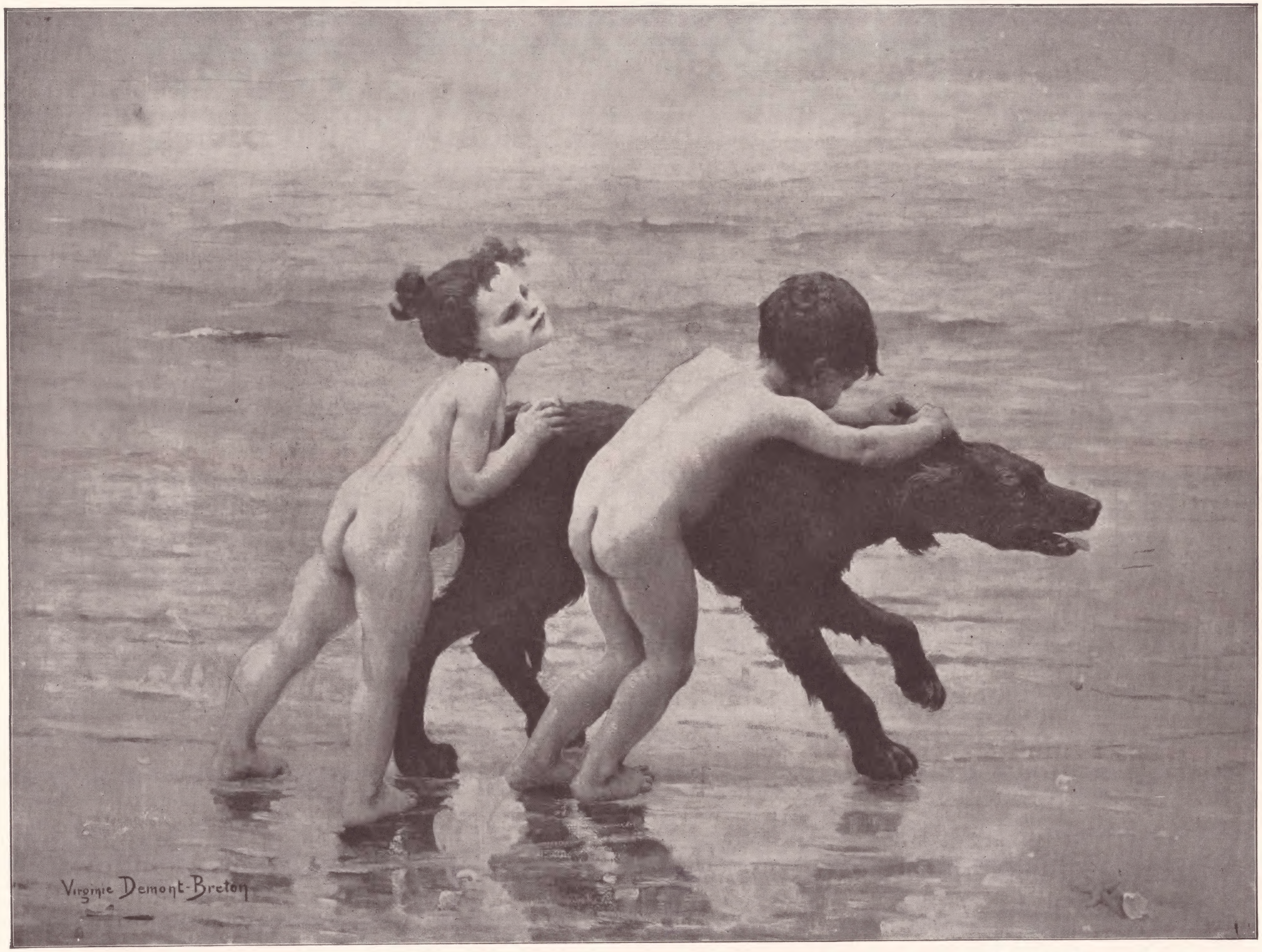


FRANCE. **ALFRED BOUCHER.**

TO EARTH.

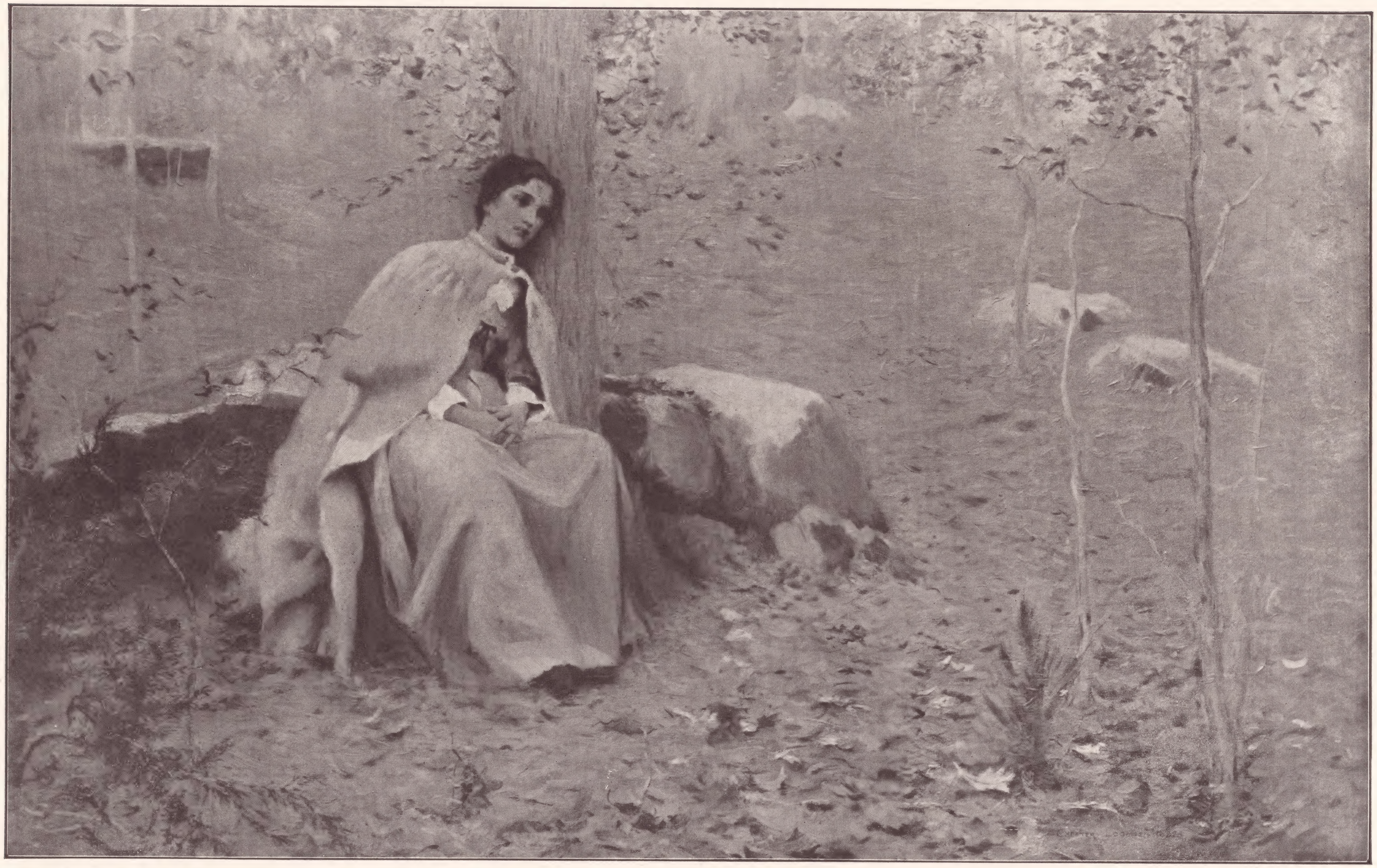
SINCE the beginning of time clay has been modeled into images of the so-called supernatural. It seems like a progress when art conceptions return home to mortal man, to matter in terrestrial motion. The huge figure of a laborer presented by Alfred Boucher is earthy as is the soil which he turns. He works with all the might of his muscular body that he may reap from the ground that with which to sustain life. Force and effort are convincingly formed in pose and surface. The artist was born at Bourg-sur-Orain. He studied with Dumont, de Rasmus and Paul Dubois in Paris, where he lives. During the last twenty years his career has been marked by many official distinctions. The list of medals awarded to him includes the dates of 1874, 1878, 1881, 1886, 1888, and 1891. He has been decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor. At the World's Fair he exhibited but one plaster statue, "To Earth."



FRANCE. VIRGINIE DEMONT-BRETON.

AU PAYS BLEU.

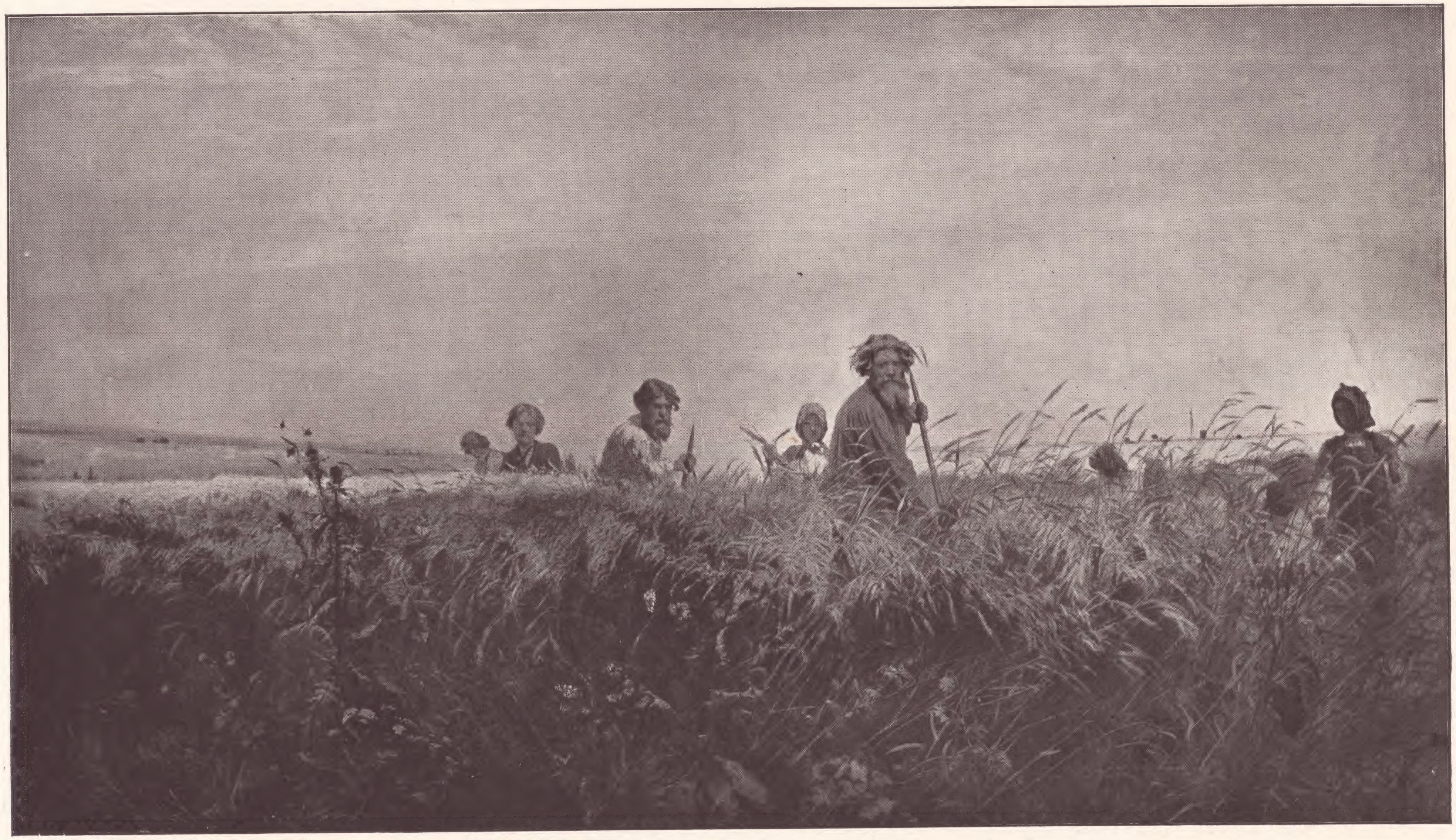
TWO little children are at play upon the sea-beach, both pushing a large dog whom they want to share their bath. Fairyland, or "Pays Bleu," is the name given to the coast of Southern France on account of the depth of color prevailing in those regions. Joyfulness, pure and unconscious, animates the youngsters, who seem as limpid as the surroundings. The artist has charmingly expressed a fine conception. Granddaughter of the Belgian painter Felix de Vriendt, daughter of the famous Jules Breton, married to the landscapist Adrien Demont, Mme. Virginie Demont-Breton took up early in life the family tradition. Her first toy was a drawing-pencil; later on she worked under the direction of her father. She was born at Courriéres in 1859. During the past fourteen years she has been a regular exhibitor at the French Salons, where she has achieved distinction from the beginning. A gold medal was obtained at the Universal Exposition of Amsterdam in 1883, with her painting "The Family." She prefers marine subjects, but has done some excellent historical work, and is represented in the Luxembourg Museum and other important public collections.



United States. Chester Loomis.

HESTER.

THE sad figure seated under a tree is the heroine of Hawthorne's novel, "The Scarlet Letter," endeared to numberless readers of the favorite author. Hester's character is expressed anew in this image. Even without the ominous "A" and without the reference to literary acquaintance, the painting in itself would be quite attractive. Chester Loomis was born in the year 1852 near Syracuse, N. Y. He was a student at Cornell University. After having previously traveled in Europe during several years, he returned there in 1875 to devote himself to the study of art, and became a pupil of Harry Thompson and Léon Bonnat in Paris. He exhibited altogether seven pictures at the Paris Salons. Returning to America, he was elected member of the American Society of Artists in 1888. Later he also joined the Salmagundi Club, the American Fine Arts Society, and the Architectural League of New York.

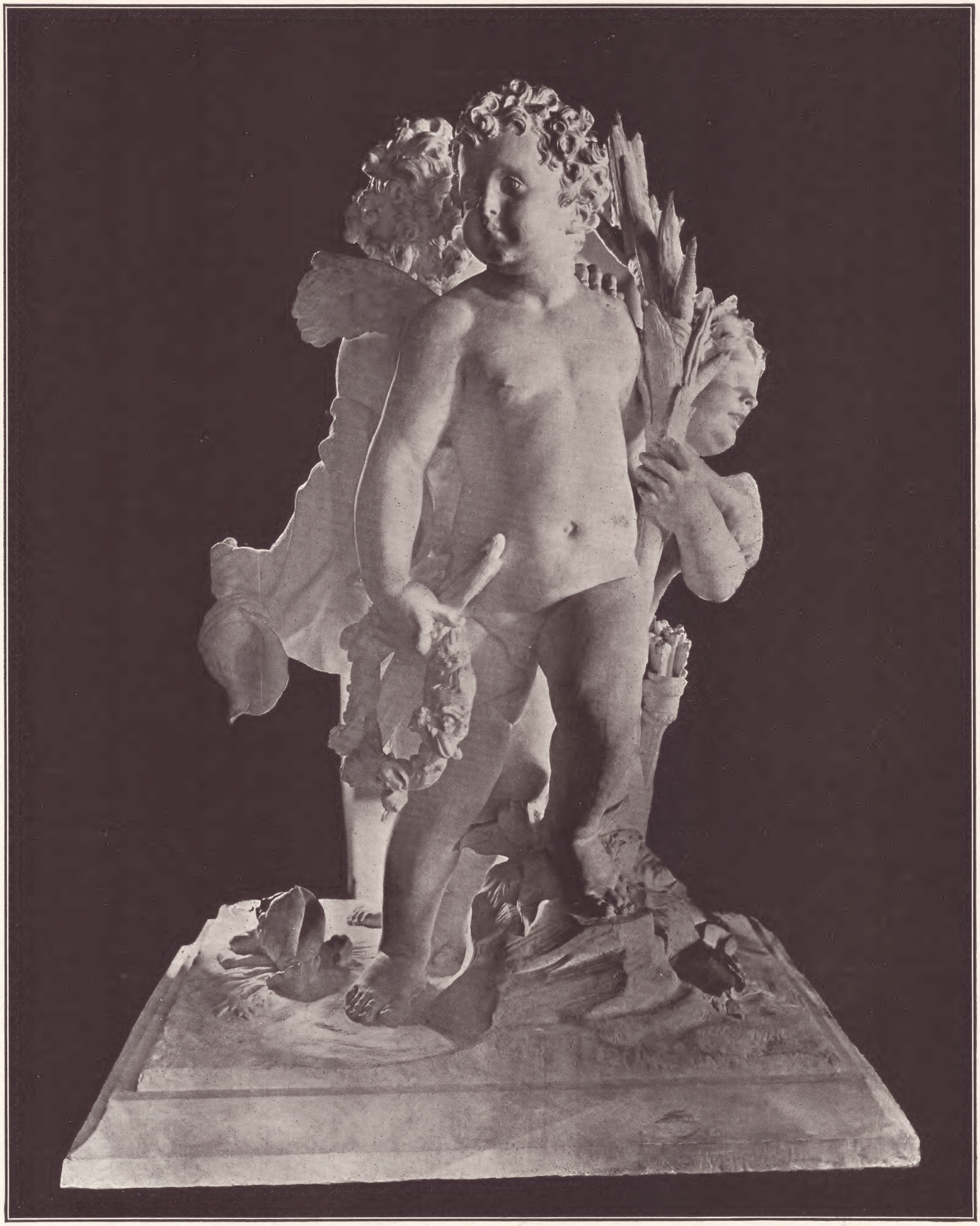


RUSSIA.

GR. MIASSOYEDOV.

THE HARVEST.

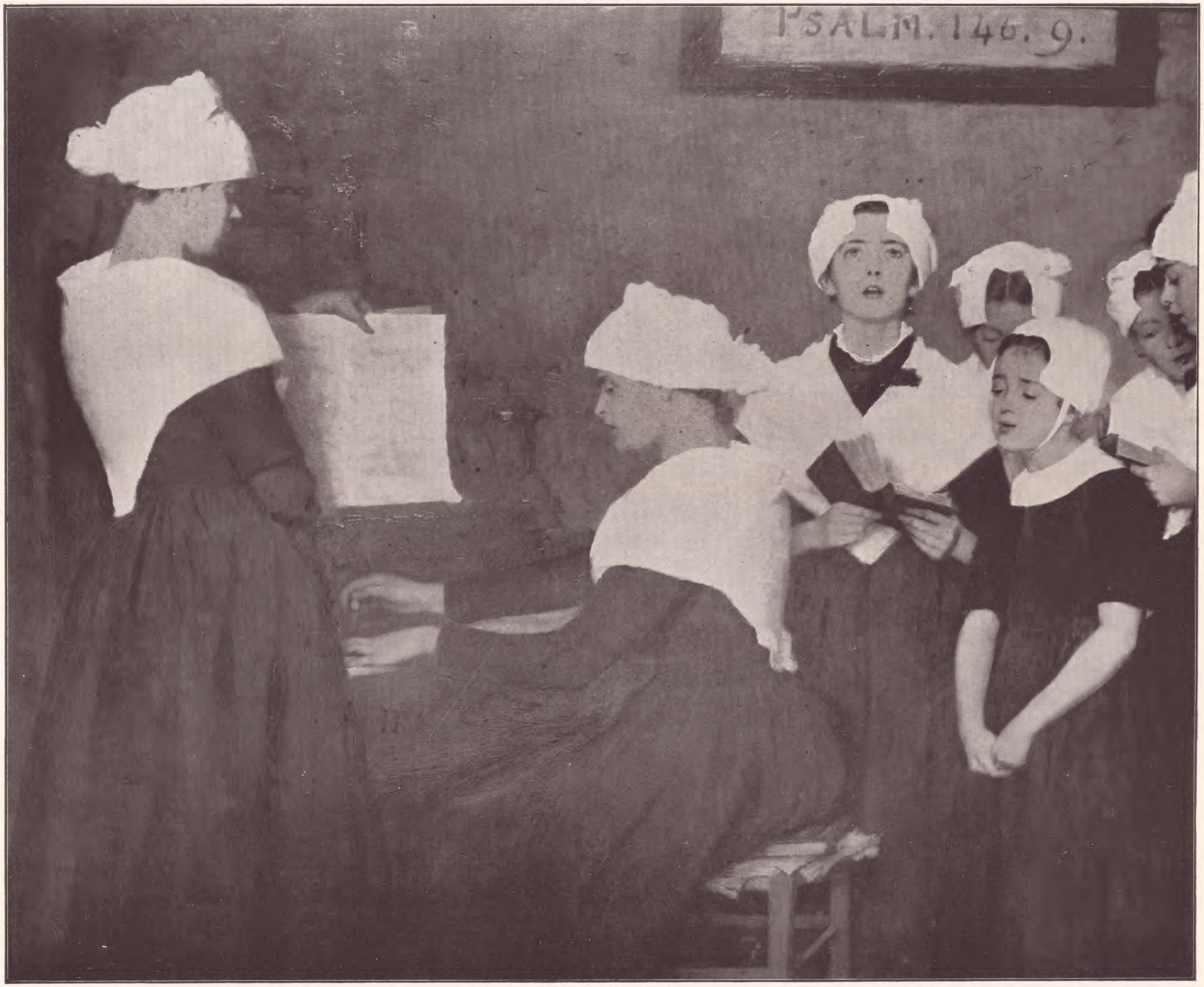
A FILE of peasants, men and women, is occupied in the cutting of ripe grain. Their bodies are half hidden as they work their way slowly through the high crop. The view stretches over endless fields in the hot sun. In the near foreground every leaf and every stalk of the vegetation is minutely rendered. The painter must have worked arduously and patiently to reproduce the small details of numberless plants. Whether the result adds to the realism of the landscape, or whether a careful generalization of feature could as perfectly or better produce a desirable effect, is a question of which "The Harvest" ably presents one side. The work was painted in 1887 and is a replica of one in the possession of the Emperor of Russia. Gr. Miassoyedov was born in 1835. He has the titles of genre painter and academist of painting since 1870.



FRANCE. VAN CLEVE (1645-1732).

GROUP OF CHILDREN.

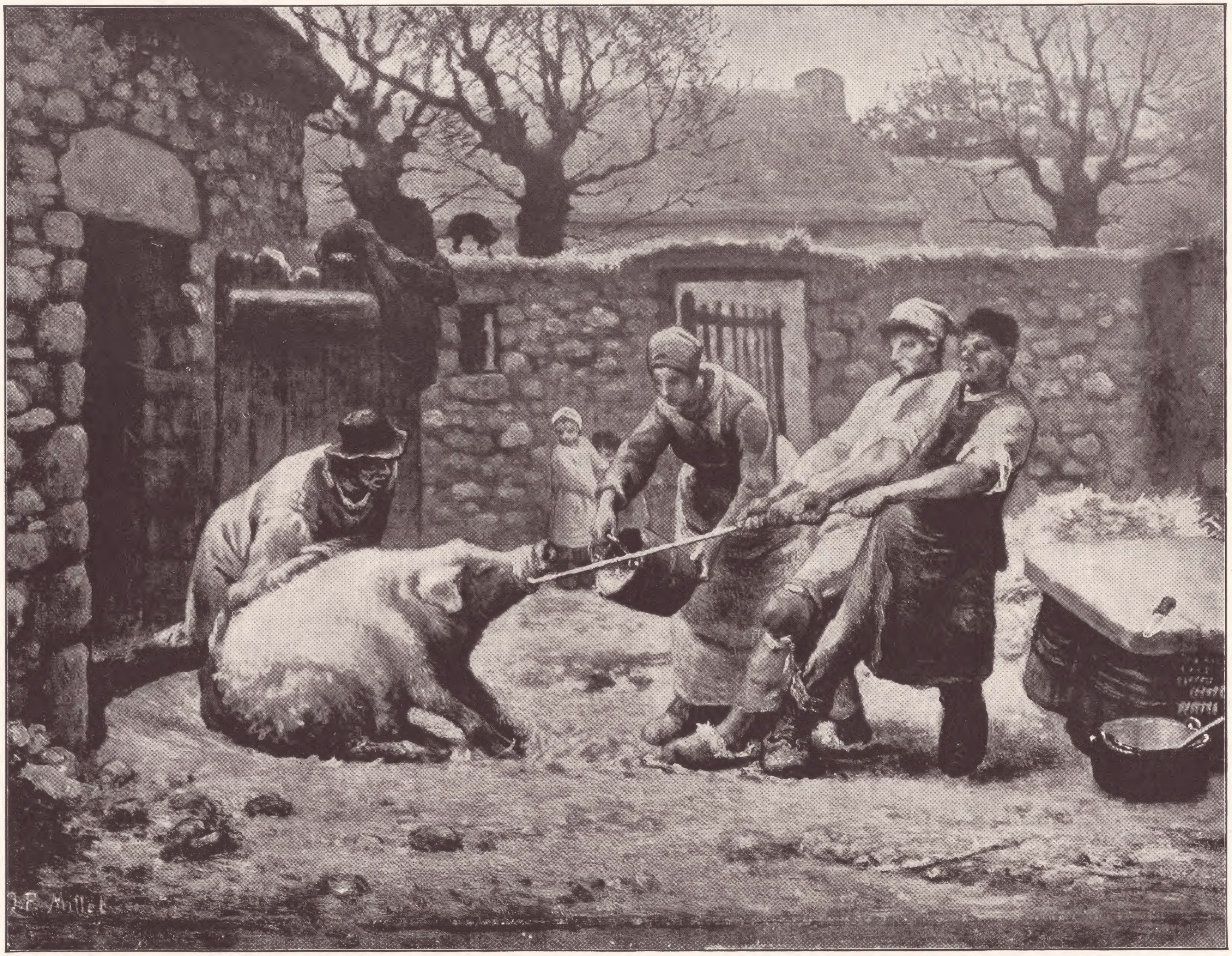
THE trio faces toward different sides. They look over the Parterre l'Eau in the Park of Versailles. One of the children holds a garland, another has a sea-shell, and a third is armed with a quiver. Van Cleve modeled this and similar other groups toward the close of the seventeenth century; they were cast in bronze for the adornment of the royal gardens, where they are at present a part of the landscape. The waters play around them; the statues are as merry as ever, but their smiling now recalls something that is no more.



HOLLAND. THERÈSE SCHWARTZE.

ORPHAN GIRLS AT AMSTERDAM.

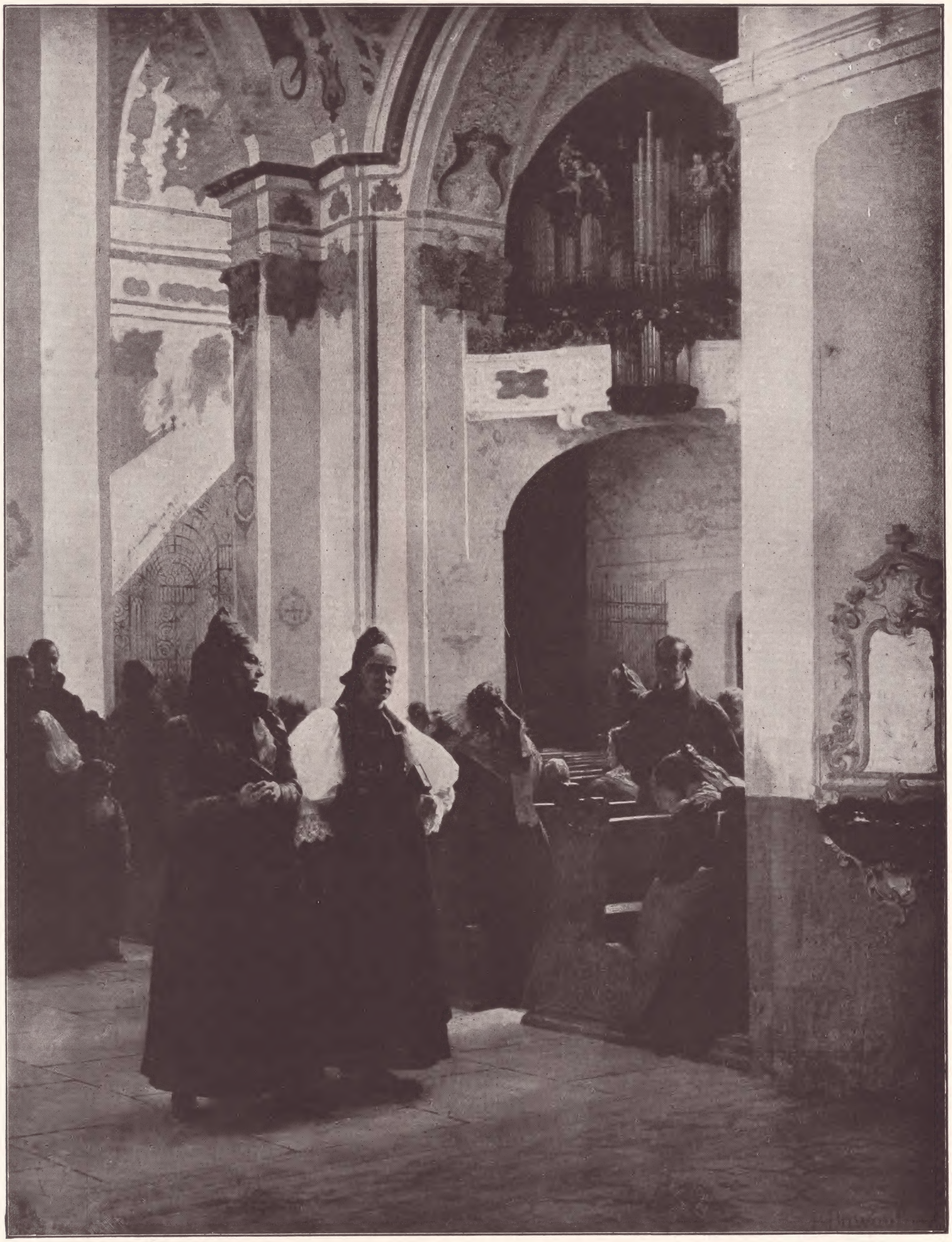
GROUPED round the organ a youthful chorus sings a sacred hymn. One of the girls touches the keys while the others fill the church with the sound of their pure voices. They are all orphans from a house where public benevolence takes the place of parental care. The faces are fresh, rather pretty, and of much delicacy of expression. As usual in such institutions a dress alike for all is worn. Simple as it appears it is not an ungraceful garb of dull red and black with white bonnets. The painting has much charm and was one of the most attractive in the highly interesting collection sent from Holland to the World's Columbian Exposition. Therèse Schwartze treats the subject with much talent and refined taste. The flesh-tints are transparent, the composition is clear, and the whole color scheme mildly impressive. Besides this large canvas, the artist exhibited a portrait of herself and also a portrait of her mother, both interesting and of true merit.



FRANCE. JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

THE PIG KILLERS.

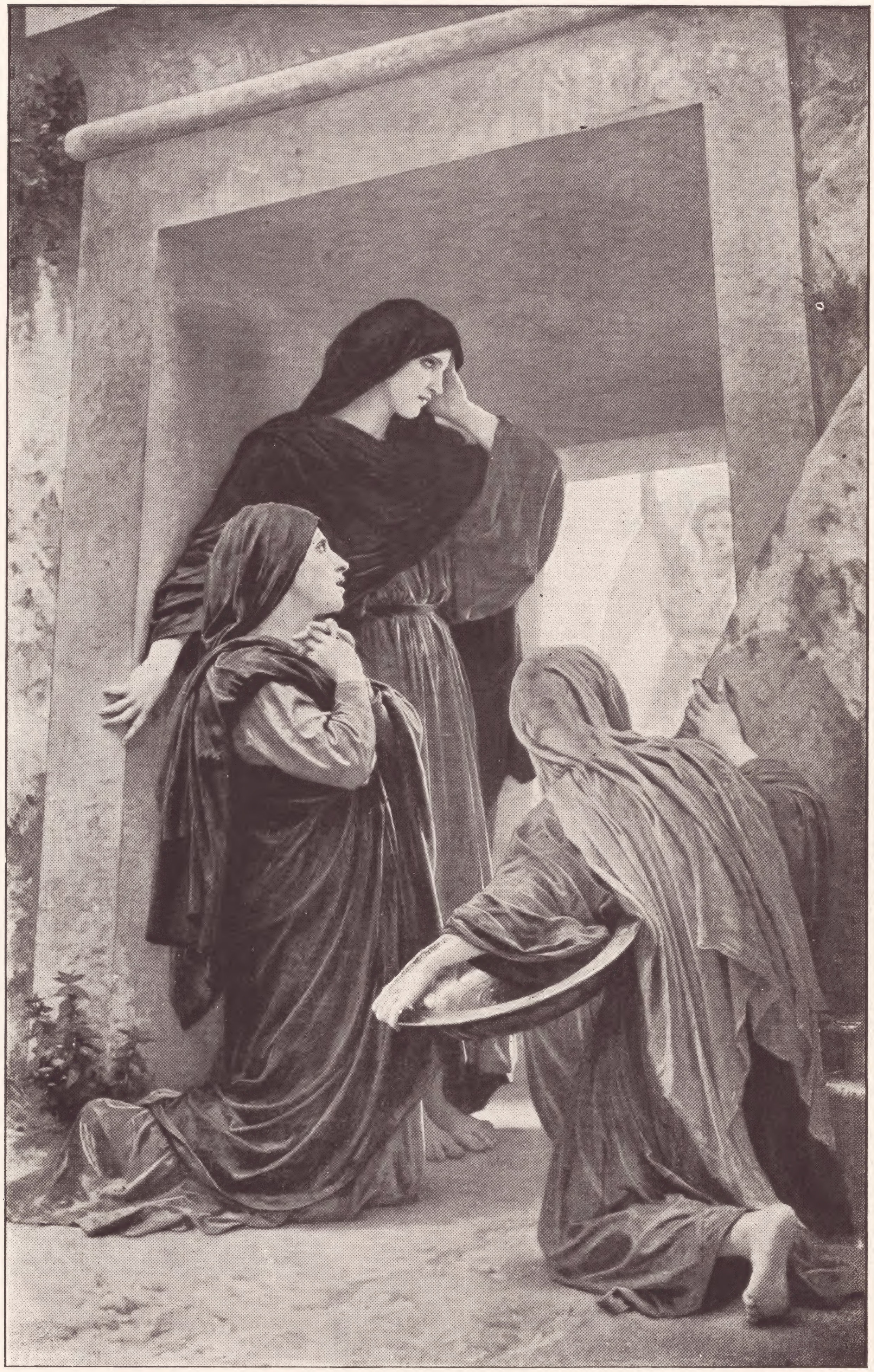
A BARNYARD; to one side a stable with an open door, to the other an improvised slaughter bank, between a group of peasants pulling a big hog with a rope. The picture tells its ordinary story so well that words are superfluous. An artist signed it whose greatness found recognition in a wider sense only after he had died. Jean Francois Millet was born at Greville in 1814. His first master was Langlois; he left him and the city of Clerbourg to continue his studies in Paris under the advice of Delaroche. Corot, Diaz, Rousseau, Dupré, and others of Barbizon fame became his friends. Up to the year 1870 he exhibited at the Salons, but afterward, until the time of his death, 1875, his name did not appear any more among the claimants of public favor. He spent a laborious life among the peasants, whom he painted in their everyday surroundings. The devotion to his art kept him far from artifice; his feeling for rustic simplicity was genuine and deep. The "Pig Killers" is an example of Millet's best work.



FRANCE. A. P. DAWANT.

CLOSE OF THE MASS.

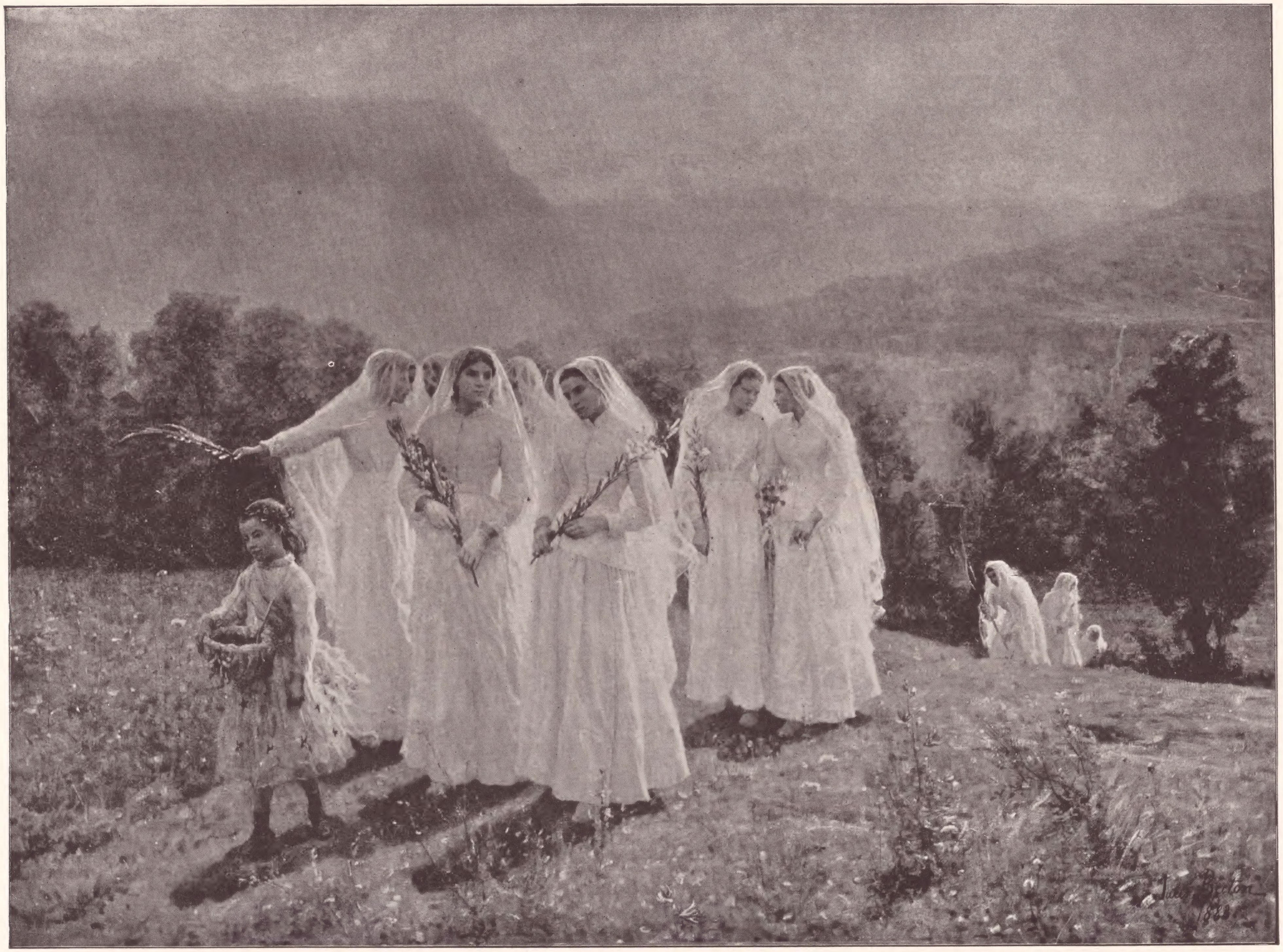
ITE, missa est. The officiant has pronounced the liturgic formula, upon which the congregation prepares to leave the church. A bright light falls from above into the interior, delineating distinctly an architecture of the French Renaissance style. There are two figures in the near distance, women with closed prayer-books in their hands, walking toward the portal. They are in some local costume, and have the look of people who are conscious of having well acquitted themselves of their Sunday duties. Other worshipers are still sitting or kneeling in the pews of a lateral chapel, over which the organ-pipes are visible. To the extreme right, attached to the wall, is the vessel containing blessed water. The composition suggests something of the character of the edifice, rendering at the same time typically a phase of the principal service held there. Albert-Pierre Dawant was born in Paris. He names J. P. Laurens as his master. Medals were awarded to him in 1880, 1885, and 1889. He is a Knight of the Legion of Honor.



FRANCE. Wm. A. Bouguereau.

WOMEN AT THE TOMB.

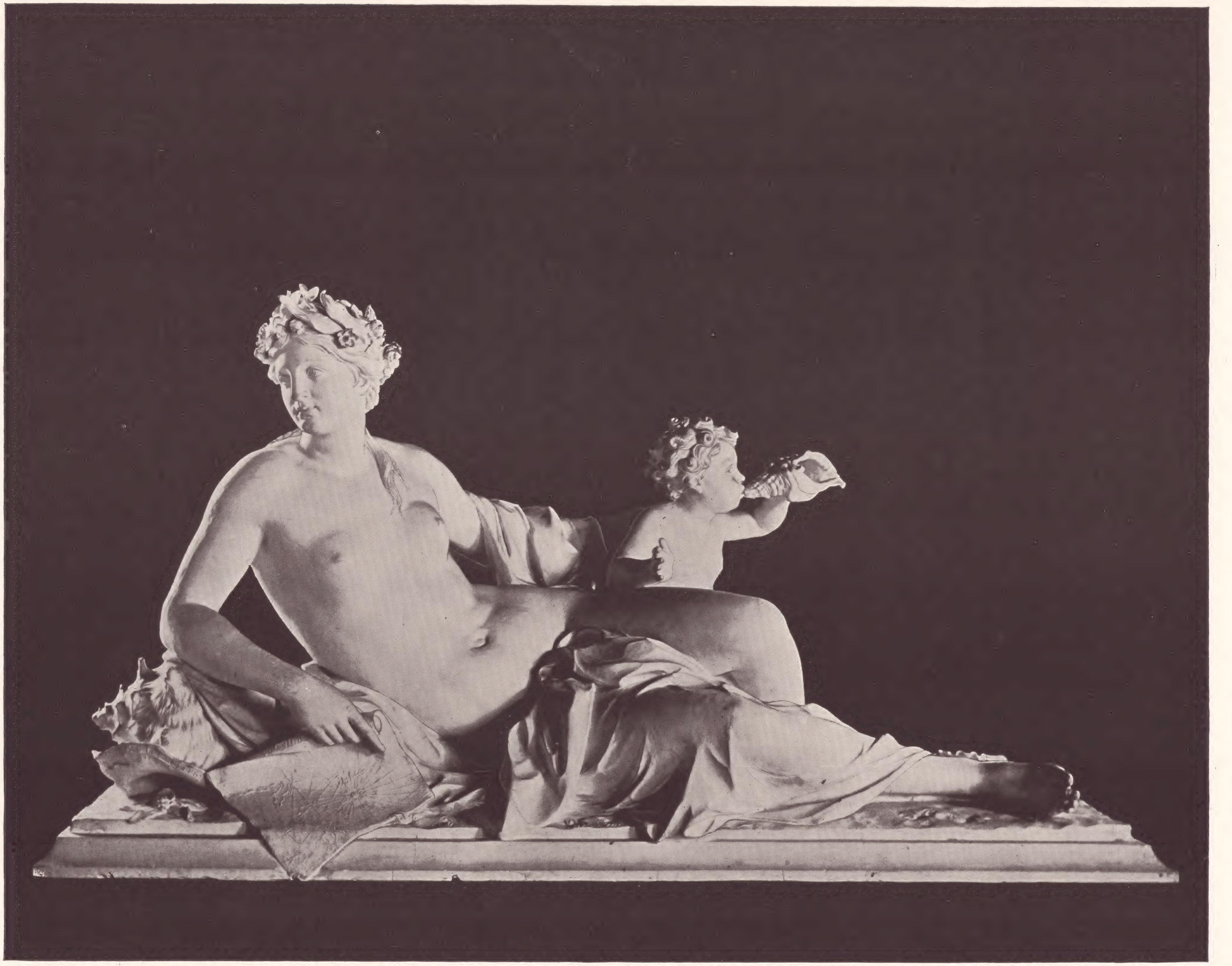
NOTICE of this picture has been taken with the several others reproduced in this publication. William Adolphe Bouguereau was born at La Rochelle in 1825. He began his career as a man of business, but an aptness for drawing led him to the pursuit of that study and then decided him to become a painter. The Grand Prix de Rome was given him in 1850, which permitted him a sojourn of three years in Italy. His fame has increased ever since; his works are numerous and his following immense. The Institute elected him to membership. He is one of the few painters who have attained the rank of Commander of the Legion of Honor. Much of his time is given to the Artists' Charitable Society, of which he is president. Among his pupils there are many Americans. Works of his are in great favor in the United States, and figure prominently in many galleries.



FRANCE. JULES BRETON.

GIRLS GOING TO THE PROCESSION.

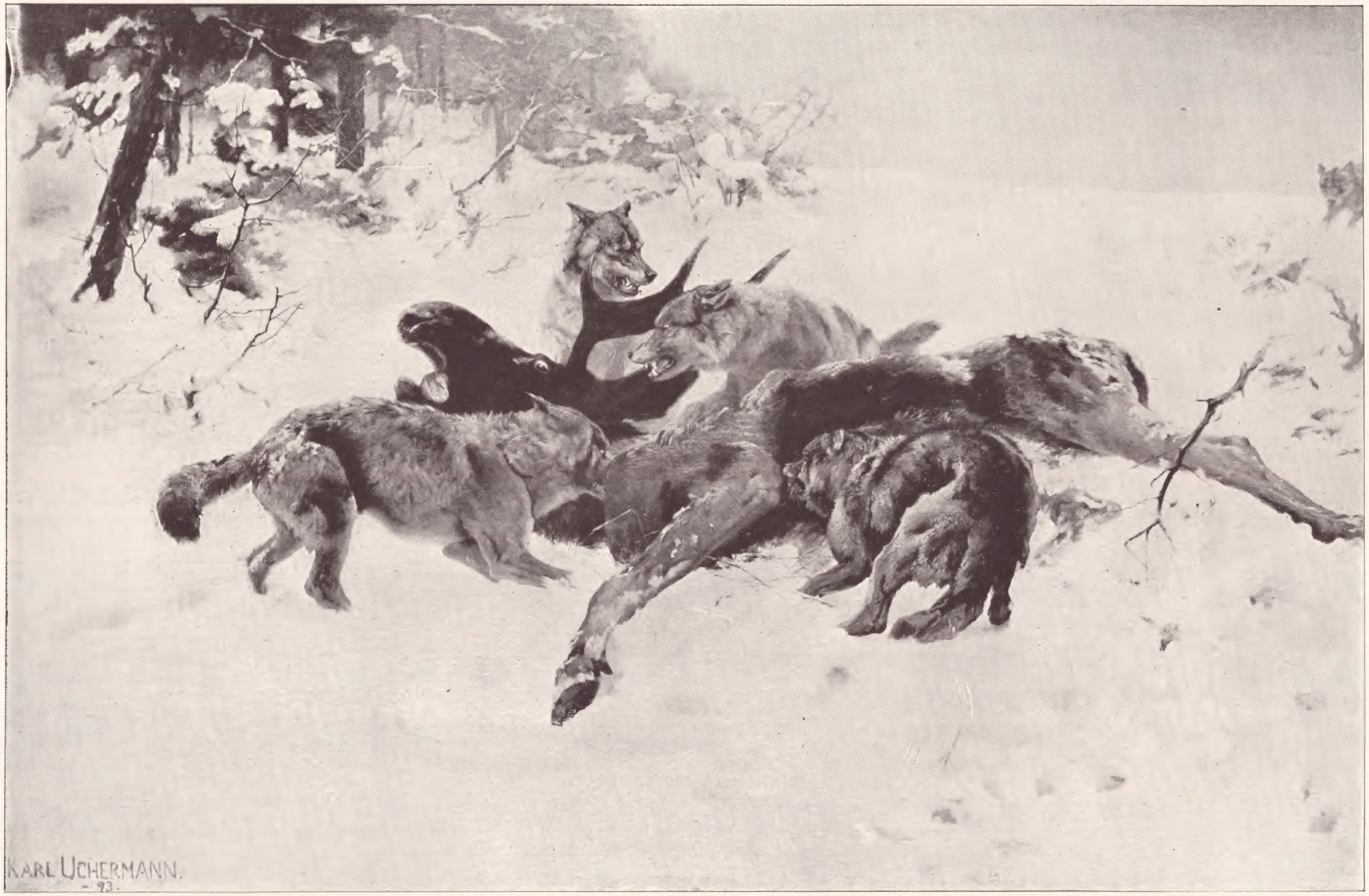
IN the Auvergne country, as in all the less accessible districts of the republic, customs of former times are faithfully observed, none more so than the celebration of holy church-days with stately processions. There is to be one this fine summer morning, and a group of girls wanders across the mountains to join in the pilgrimage. They are dressed in pure white and some of them carry emblematic lilies. The figures so often depicted by this artist in their reverentially rustic appearance now seem infused with a spirituality still more pronounced. As always in the works of the master, his landscape rivals in charm his people. The sun coloring a fine mist gives a very delicate effect. Human form and the radiance of nature seldom find an interpreter whose talent for both is so thoroughly poetical. Jules Breton has the sentiment of the ultimate; whether it be the gathering of the harvest, the waning day, or the toiler singing the completion of her task, he is quite intent upon the grace of climax.



FRANCE. PHIL. MAGNIER.

NYMPH AND CUPID.

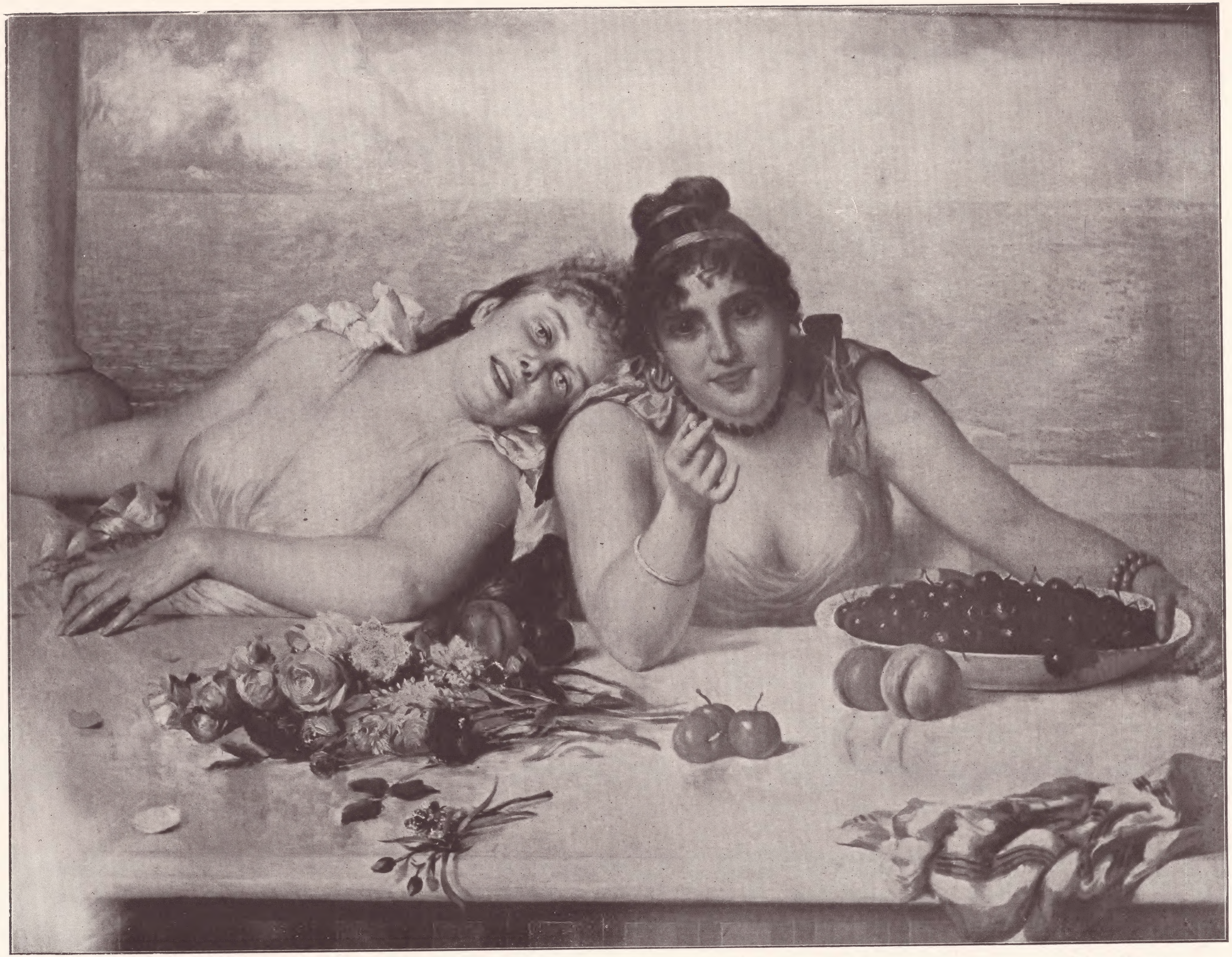
THIS cast was modeled after a bronze group in the Park of Versailles. The nymph is reclining and leans with her right arm upon a sea-shell. An opened scroll which she holds shows upon one side the drawing of a plan, upon the other appears the inscription, "Phil. Magnier, F." The figure is almost nude; a wreath is on her head; with her left hand she touches the shoulder of a cupid who stands beside her blowing into a shell trumpet. Magnier has peopled the Versailles Park with many of his creations. He lived from 1647 until 1735.



NORWAY. KARL UCHERMANN.

A DRAMA OF THE WOODS.

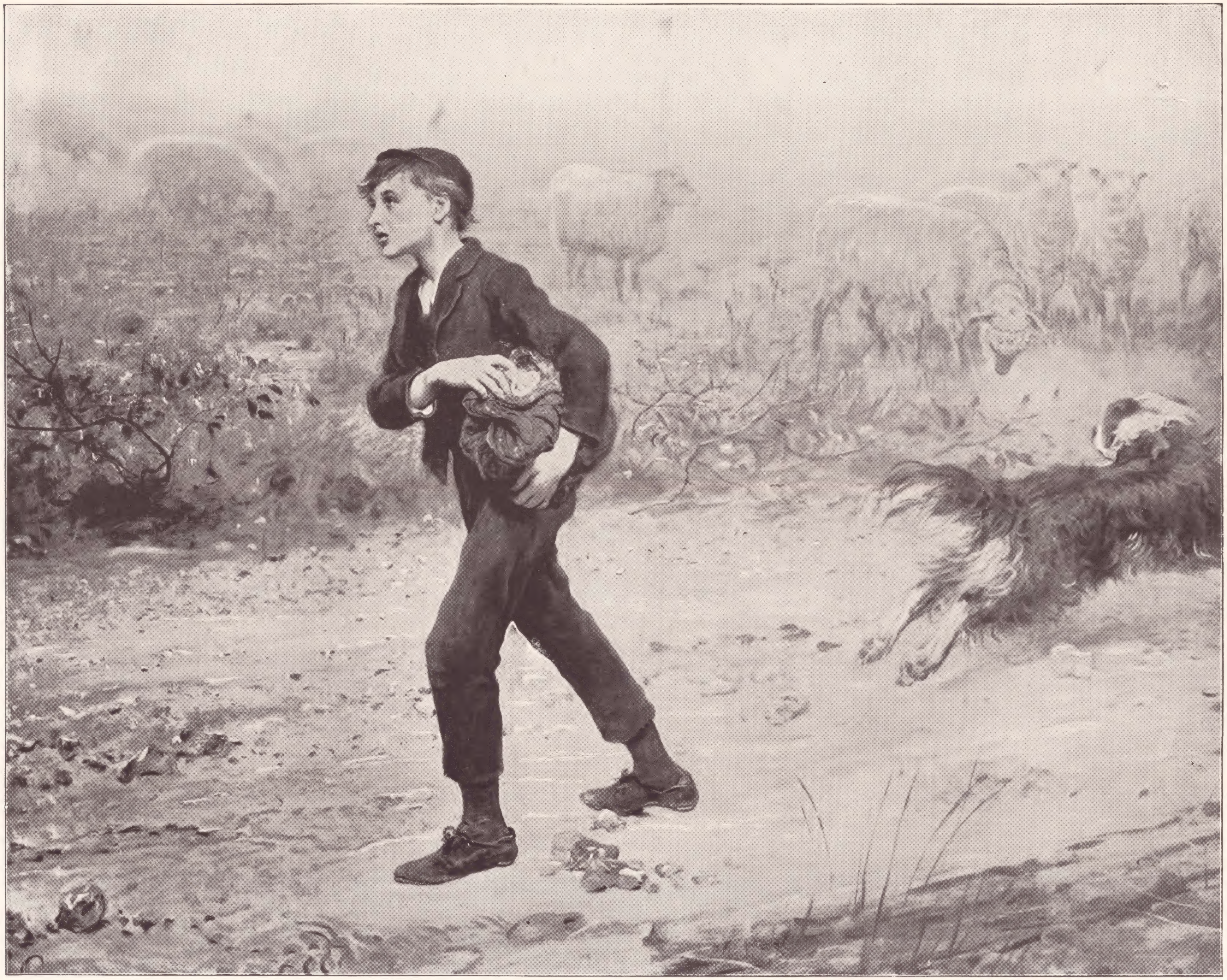
A GLANCE over the Norwegian exhibit of fine arts convinced the visitor at once that there is a young school of painters who are neither orientalists nor archæologists, but who work hard to master the subjects with which their northern country abounds, as every other does, and who strive to impress their creations with a character the authenticity of which can not depend upon precepts in vogue elsewhere. Icy atmospheres refract light into effects unlike those of other climates; nature there takes on hues that would not be the same under different physical conditions. Since all life is influenced by the surroundings, art must be. Uchermann's picture shows a snow-covered ground, where a moose succumbs to a pack of hungry wolves. The larger animal is helpless, exhausted probably by a long flight through the deep snow. Fiercely attacked on all sides, its agony will be short, for the wolves are about to devour their victim. Nothing but a struggling group of animals breaks into the monotony of the bleak stillness. There is strength and agility in the movement of the carnivoræ; the different beasts show varied muscular action and diverse furs. The landscape is a cold desolation keenly treated. The "Drama of the Woods" was the only work contributed by the artist.



BELGIUM. LÉON HERBO.

SOUVENIR OF ITALY.

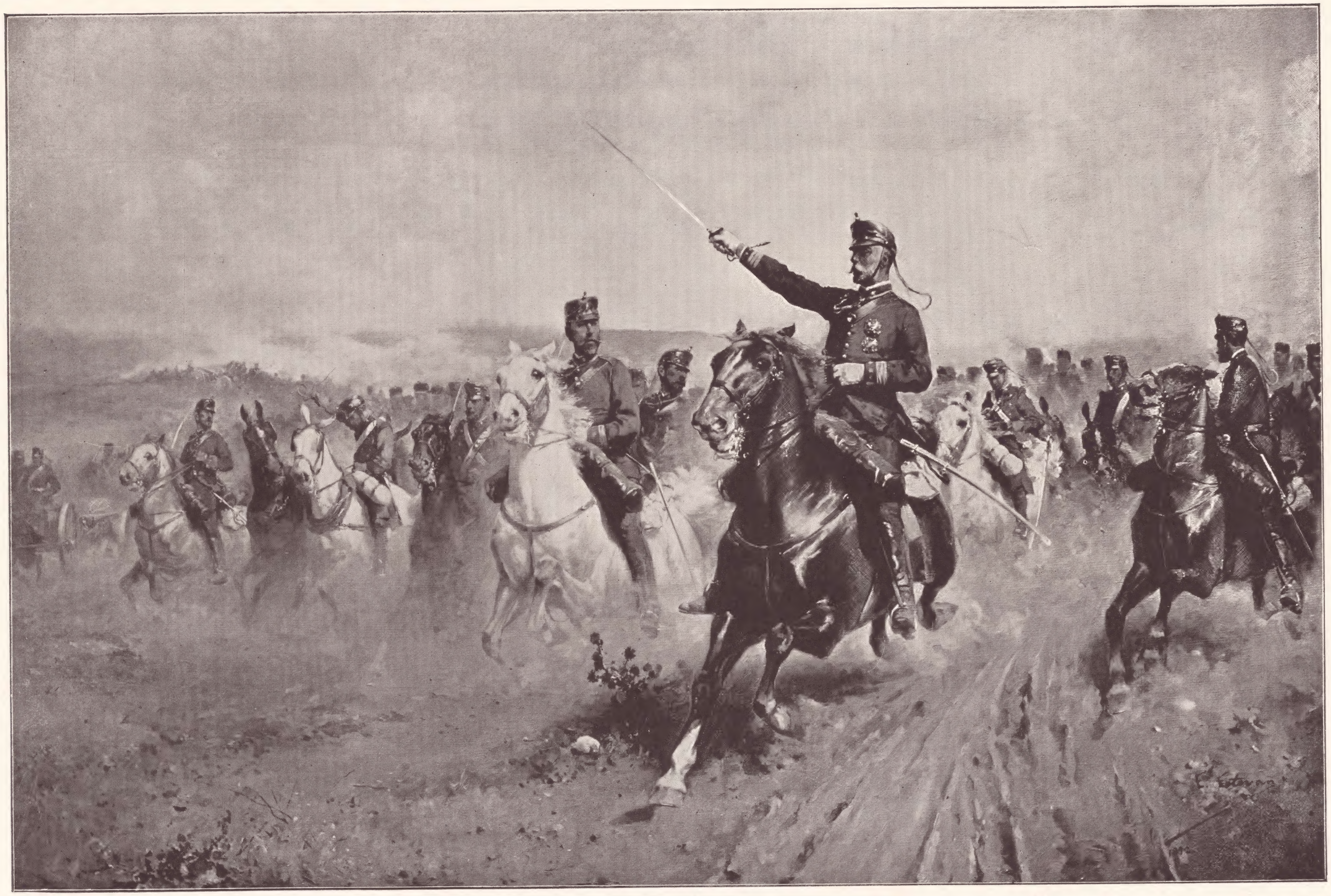
THE traveler on his return from the sunny country will always associate with its memory the chief impression received there, and that especial observation is at the same time characteristic of the mind which treasures it. Neither the peculiarities of southern life nor the grandeur of an ancient civilization are foremost in Léon Herbo's recollections; his suggestion lingers upon the charm of two youthful beauties whose features he portrays. They lean lazily over a marble balustrade, upon which flowers and ripe fruit are spread. One of them holds between her fingers a cherry-pit ready to be shot at some unseen target. In the background an azure sea stretches to the horizon, leaving in view a narrow ribbon of sky Only the upper parts of the figures are seen. They are plump, sculptural types, with vague smiles upon their lips. Yellow hair and brown locks are contrasted, as are the respective flesh-tints of the blonde and the brunette. Scant drapery suits the warm climate. The color effect obtained is of clear and wide gradation, accentuated by the deep purple-red of the cherries. Numerous awards of medals form the record of Herbo's participation in expositions held at Algiers, Ghent, Caracas, Tunis, Cologne, and Paris.



GREAT BRITAIN. JAMES SANT.

OLIVER TWIST. HE WALKS TO LONDON.

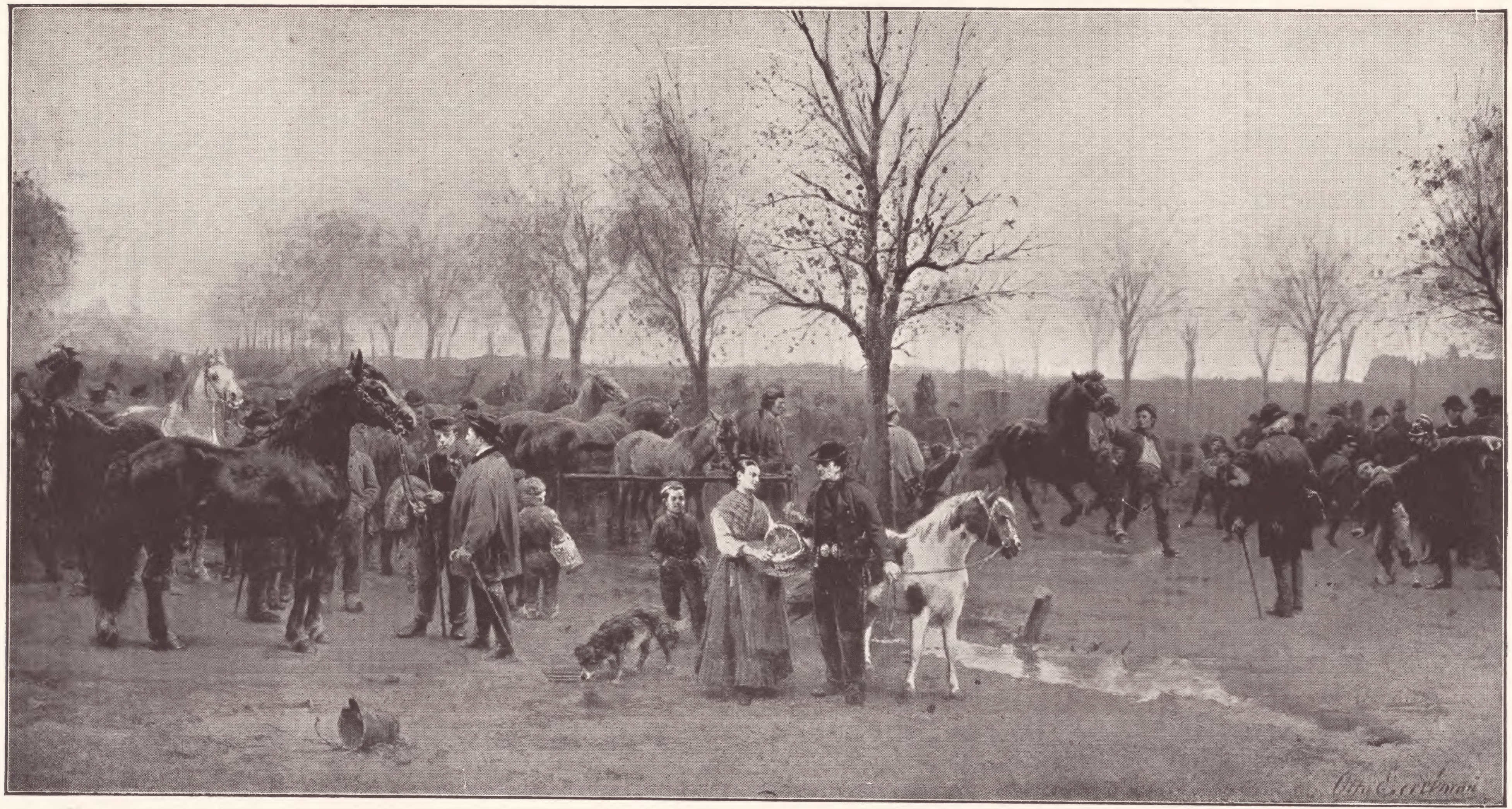
DICKENS could hardly have found a more sympathetic interpreter for his much-suffering Oliver. The road to London connects for the boy a dreary past with a cruel future. He walks along with a bundle under his arm, his eyes scanning the distance ahead. A flock of sheep grazes by the roadside, and a shepherd's dog runs about. Oliver Twist has bright, sensitive features, not the face of a vicious outcast that the world tried to make of him. James Sant is a portrait-painter of fame, especially felicitous in his studies of children. He was born in London, 1820, was a pupil of Varley, and is a member of the Royal Academy. The royal family appreciated his talent by giving him many commissions. Among his titles is that of Principal Painter in Ordinary to Her Majesty. A career as long as Sant's cannot be but prolific. He first entered the Royal Academy in 1840, was elected an Associate in 1862, and became an Academist in 1871, his diploma work being "The Schoolmaster's Daughter." His contributions to the annual expositions in London have been regular. The Paris Salons usually contain some canvas of his, and both the American Universal Expositions had works signed by him.



Spain. E. Esteban y Vivero.

FLYING ARTILLERY.

Efficiency in modern warfare depends so much upon rapid change to and from the place of action, that mounted artillery has become a great factor. Gunners as well as drivers are on horseback, to dismount only when the batteries are in position, and to disappear again after the cannons have been fired. Esteban's picture shows such a troop speeding over the field in the direction of the spectator. In the lead the commanding officer, a martial figure, holds his sabre in his outstretched right as if to indicate some order. The idea of a furious gallop is strongly conveyed. Horses and men seem to be fiercely given up to the plunge and dash of motion Flying dust almost envelops the ones behind. In the perspective, thick, white smoke is over the ground, probably caused by the fire of some other body of troops. The scene is ablaze with spirited action. Instantaneous drawing of the animals is apparently based upon the truthful observation of the artist. Enrique Esteban y Vivero lives in Madrid, and is one of the most distinguished military painters in Spain.



HOLLAND.

O. EERELMAN.

HORSE FAIR AT ROTTERDAM.

THE scene is a horse market in a suburb of Rotterdam. Various types of the animal are presented to the buyers, but the large truck horse of the Netherlands breed predominates. The place is full of animation. Farmers and dealers discuss the merits of the quadrupeds, either examining them as they stand or watching them in motion. Bystanders take an interest in the trial trots. A policeman is seen ordering a boy away from the road. The morning air of a misty April day softens the outline of the buildings in the distance, yet the view embraces most of the space upon which the fair is held. Some of the horses near the foreground are closely observed, and the figures are good notes on local population. Landscape and spring trees are ably treated. Like most of his countrymen, the artist takes his subject from the life which surrounds him at home; most of his works containing studies of animals, especially horses. He lives in The Hague, and had three of his works at the Chicago Exposition.

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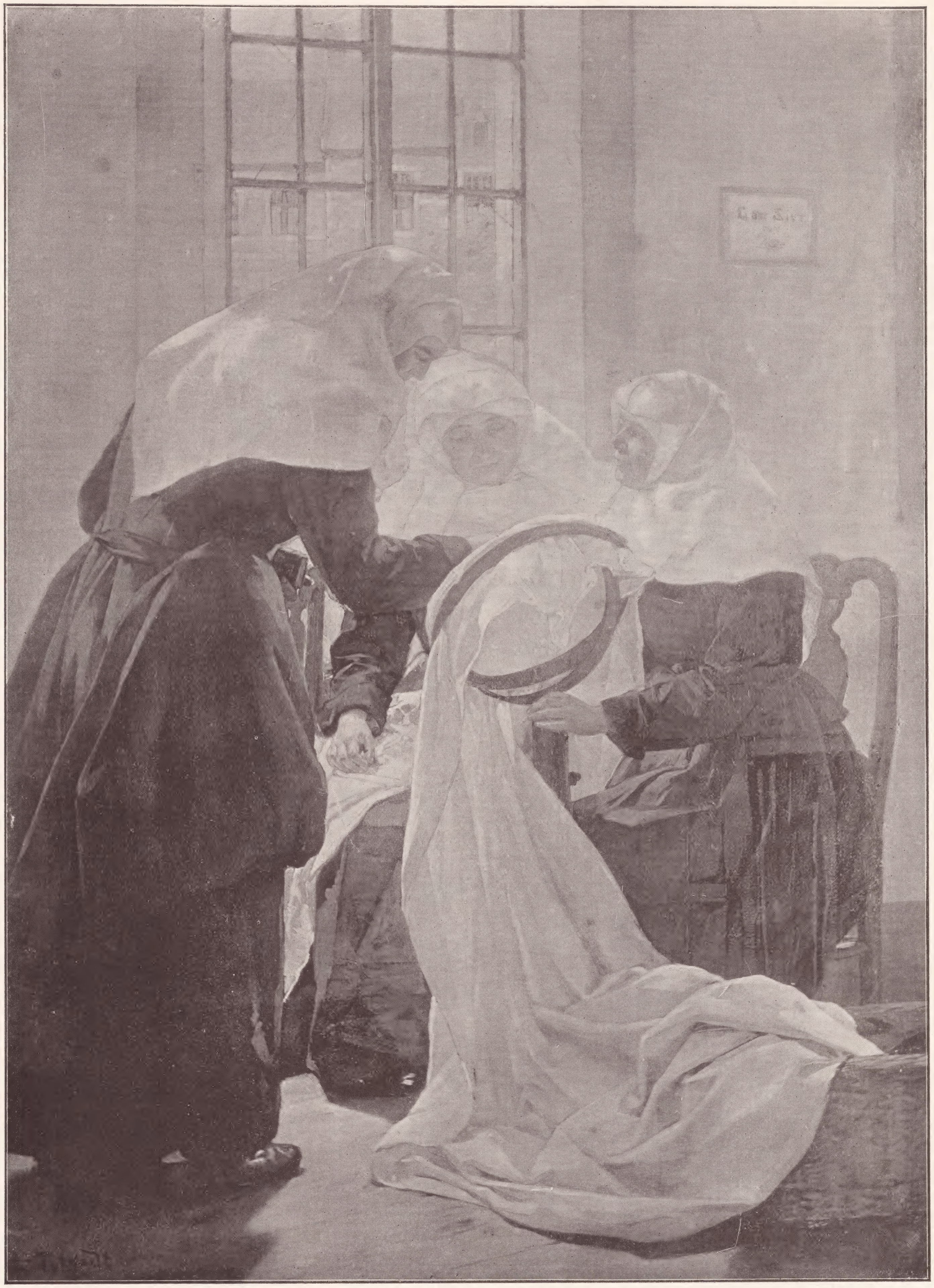
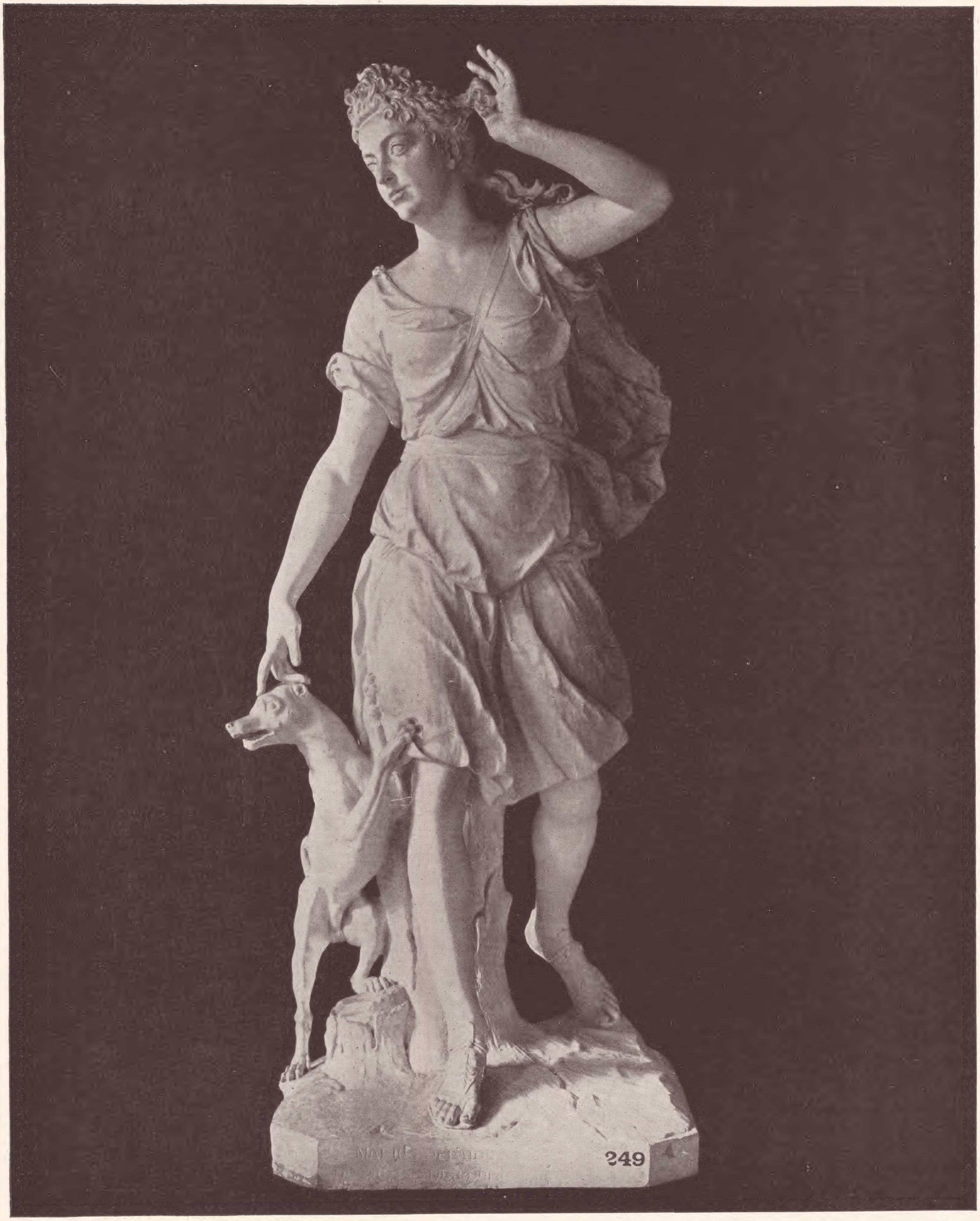


BELGIUM. LOUIS TYTGADT.

THE EMBROIDERY LESSON.

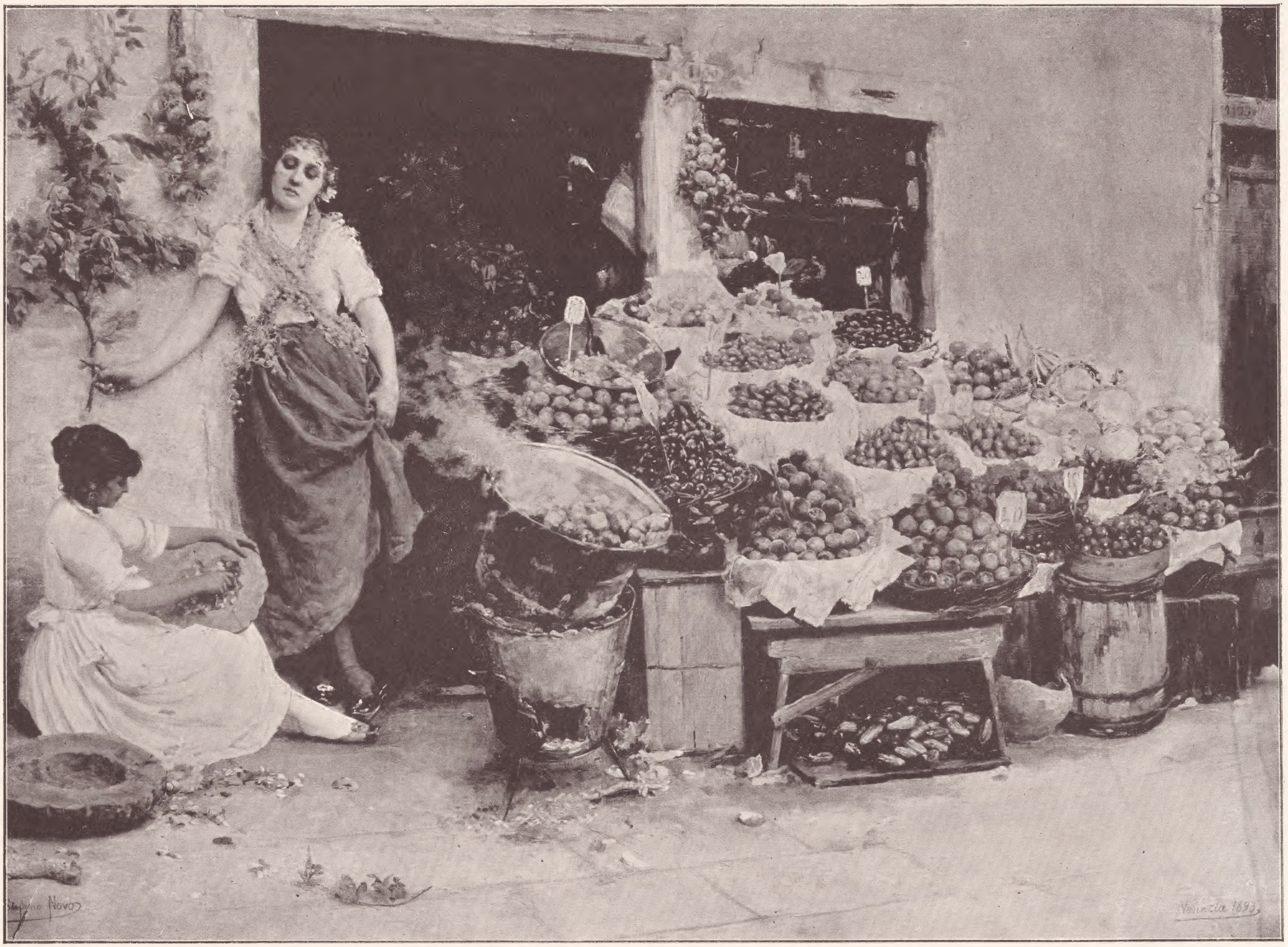
CENTURIES have passed over Ghent without much changing monuments or institutions of the old Flemish town. One of the landmarks there is the Beguinage, a quarter made up of nunneries and houses of retreat for religious maidens. Within the neat brick walls a community of women leads a saintly existence. The type is robust, of a pale pink and yellow complexion, and the ancient linen headgear is peculiar to their convent garb. In the picture a group of three is occupied with an embroidery. One of the Beguines offers advice to the others, whose experience with the needle is probably less complete. A high window sheds cool, clear light into the interior. Upon the plain wall is a little tablet with the inscription "God Sees Me." Louis Tytgadt, himself a native of Ghent, makes a faithful study of the scene. His vision is alert to blue and purple effects and his feeling for line is well developed. He has been the recipient of a gold medal in Belgium, where he exhibits annually at the Salon. The Ghent Academy of Fine Arts is under his direction.



FRANCE. A. COYSEVOX.

MARIE-ADÉLAIDE OF SAVOY, DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY.

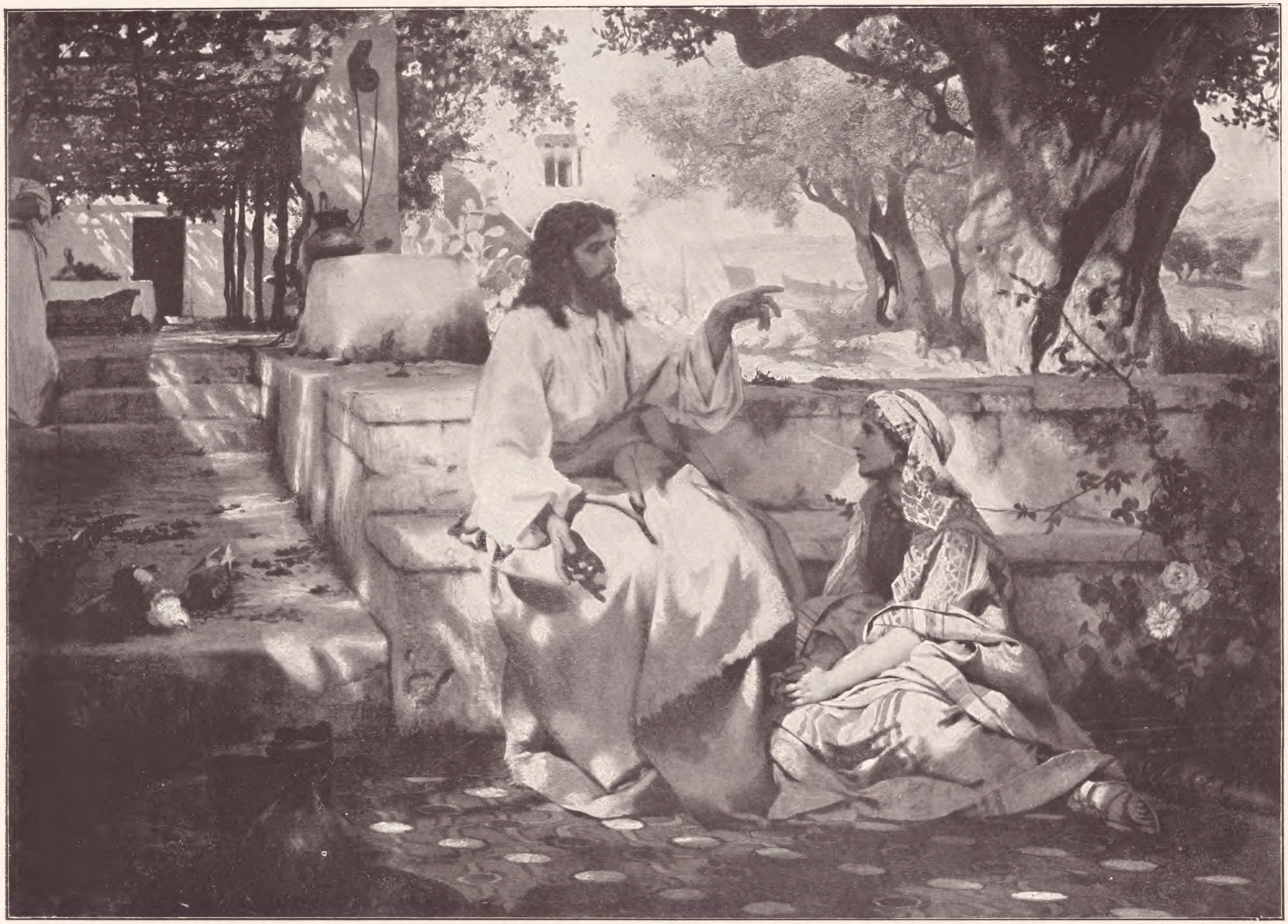
THE statue of Marie-Adélaide represents the Duchess of Burgundy as Diana, rapidly walking, accompanied by a hound which she touches with her right hand. She is draped in a short tunica, the crescent is in her hair, and her left hand is raised to her head. Over her shoulders hangs the quiver, marked with the arms of the house of Savoy: a Cross and Fleurs de Lis. Upon the base of the marble statue is the inscription of the artist: "A. Coysevox, 1710, ad vivum." The lady lived from 1685 until 1720; the statue was made therefore when she was twenty-five years old. It is now in the museum of the Louvre.



ITALY. STEFANO NOVO.

FRUIT SELLERS IN VENICE.

BASKETS filled with all sorts of fruit and laid out in the blazing sun of a Venetian street are as riotous a color-subject as one might wish for. Stefano Novo courageously approaches it, but turns his attention more toward the fruit-venders. They are two pretty girls, the one lazily posing in the doorway, the other seated outside the little shop arranging flowers on a hat. Both figures are picturesquely taken, perhaps somewhat idealized from the ordinary type one is apt to meet in the streets of Venice, but a certain local personality is not lacking in their appearance. The little corner where blossoms and leaves are scattered over the ground seems animated with fragrance and sweetness. The Polenta kettle steams, and everything is displayed temptingly. Prettiness is a purpose and a boundary for quite a number of the Italian painters of to-day. This scene presents itself with a smile, and claims a good-humored reception.



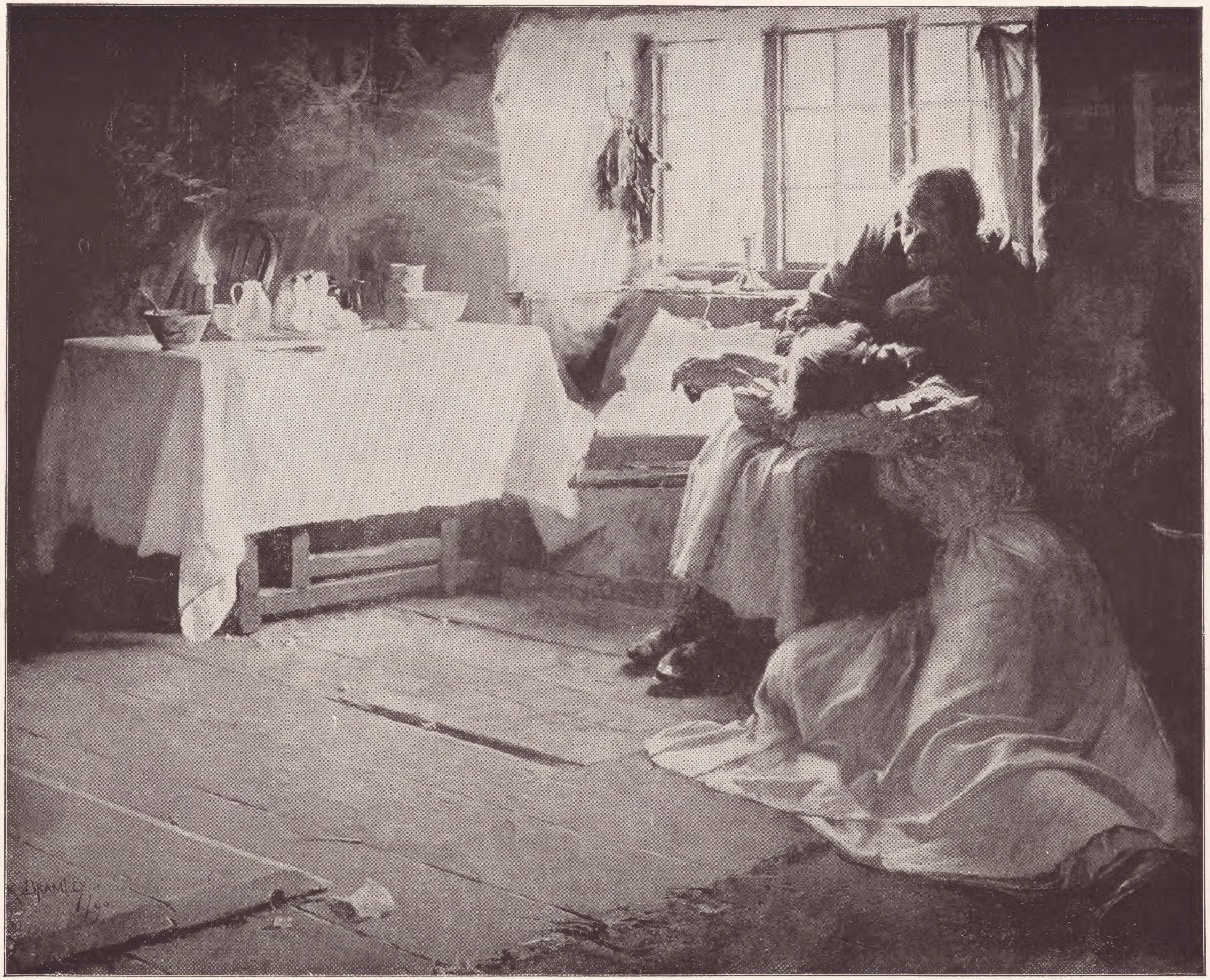
Russia. H. H. Semiradsky.

CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF LAZARUS.

IN the full splendor of oriental color, and with tasteful indication of the opulence in the house of Lazarus, the attitude of the Saviour loses nothing of its noble simplicity. He is seated in the center, his face shaded by foliage above. At his feet Mary receives the sacred words in grateful emotion. Imposing human figures, rich nature, and close adherence to the biblical event are well brought into view. Where the western European schools would be absorbed in the study of shades and tonalities, we find with the Russians, as a rule, the desire for superbness—a palette holding a great variety of colors strikingly used.

Semiradsky was born in 1843, at Charkow, had a scientific training, and is a professor of painting at the Academy of Arts at St. Petersburg. The "Christ in the House of Lazarus" is the property of that society, while his other picture seen at the World's Fair, "Phryne," was lent by the imperial household. The artist has added to his fame by the exposition of the two works mentioned, which were among the most important sent from Russia.

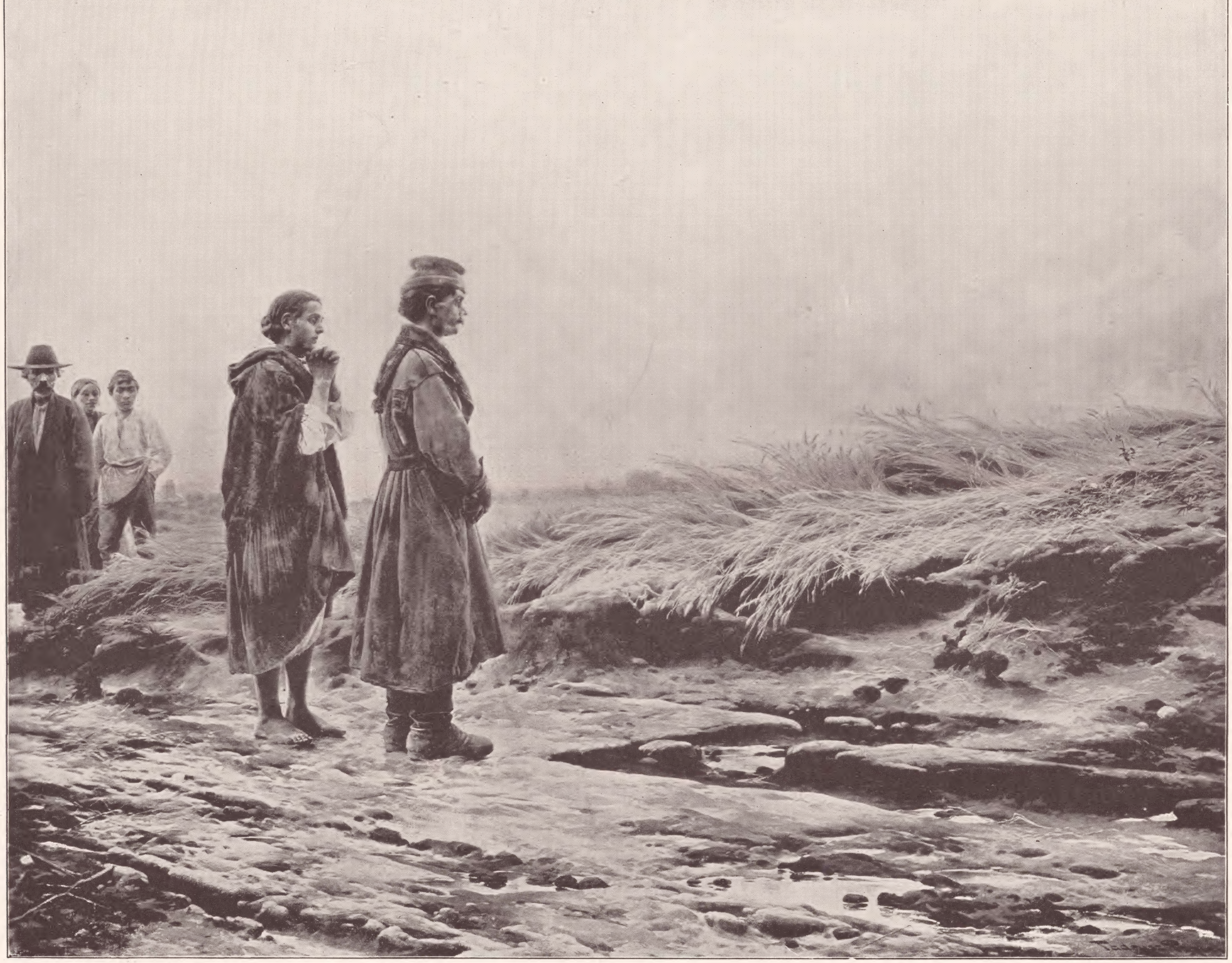
His frequent sojourns in Italy, Germany, and France brought him into close relation with the efforts prevailing in those countries, yet his talent is unquestionably representative of the Russian kind.


F. BRAMLEY 1/90.

GREAT BRITAIN. FRANK BRAMLEY.

A HOPELESS DAWN.

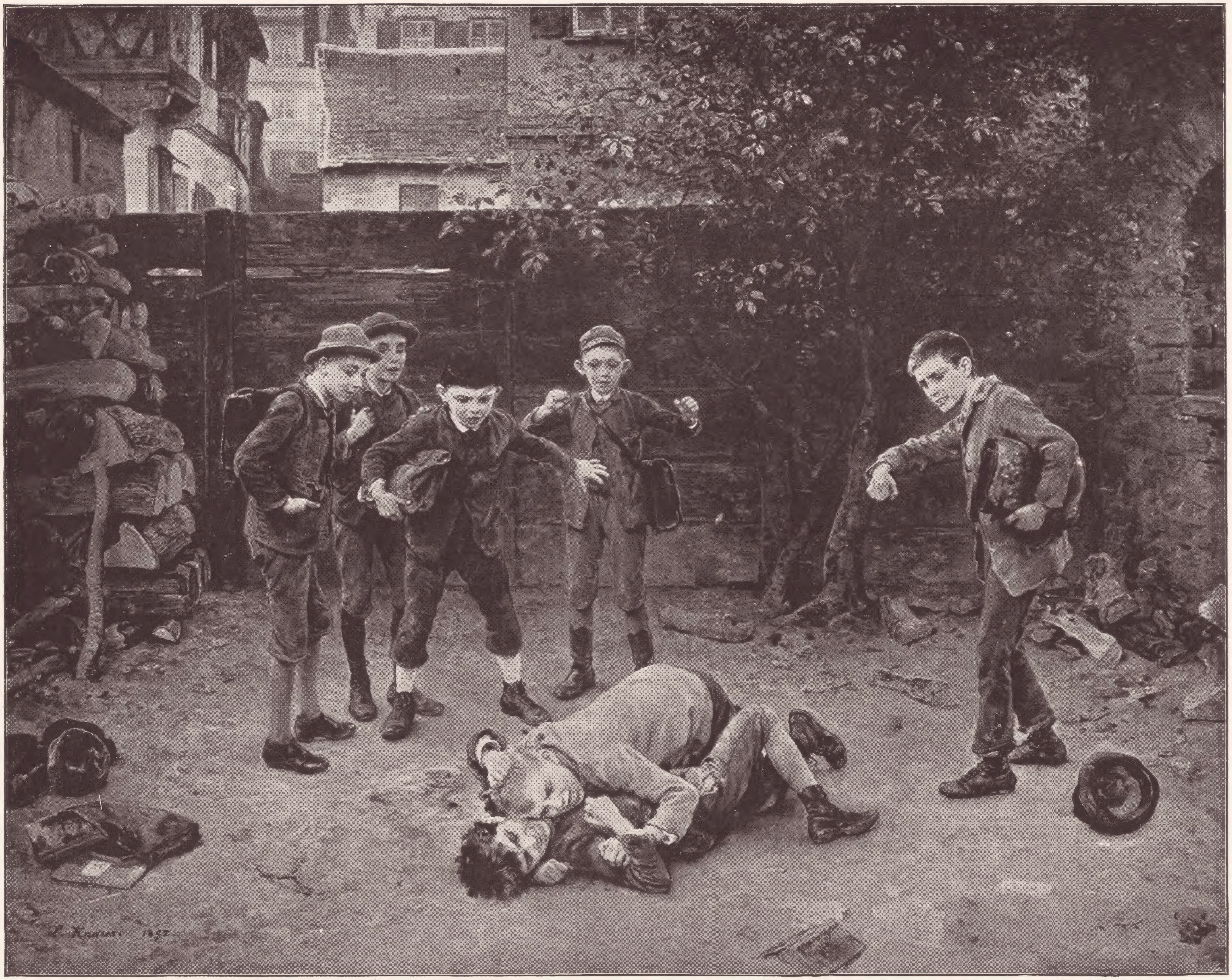
MOTHER and wife of the fisher have spent an anguished night waiting for the return of the boat. A howling storm kept alive their fear of the worst as the hours passed. When finally the day broke and their strained eyes could not discover anything but a raging sea outside, they gave way to utter despair. The two women are near the window in their little house on the coast. Seated with her back turned to the light, the older woman bends toward the girlish figure on the floor, whose head is buried in the lap of the mournful matron. The interior shows that the night has been spent in waiting for the absent one. A candle in the window has burnt down; another one upon the table is still lighted. The meal is prepared, but left untouched. On the window seat is a large, opened bible. Hope was in vain, a day of sorrow has begun. The painter treats the scene with breadth and feeling. A trenchant light effect is skillfully observed. This canvas had been exhibited at the Royal Academy in London before it was sent to Chicago, and on both occasions found many admirers of its genuine qualities.



POLAND. S. T. POPIEL.

AFTER THE STORM.

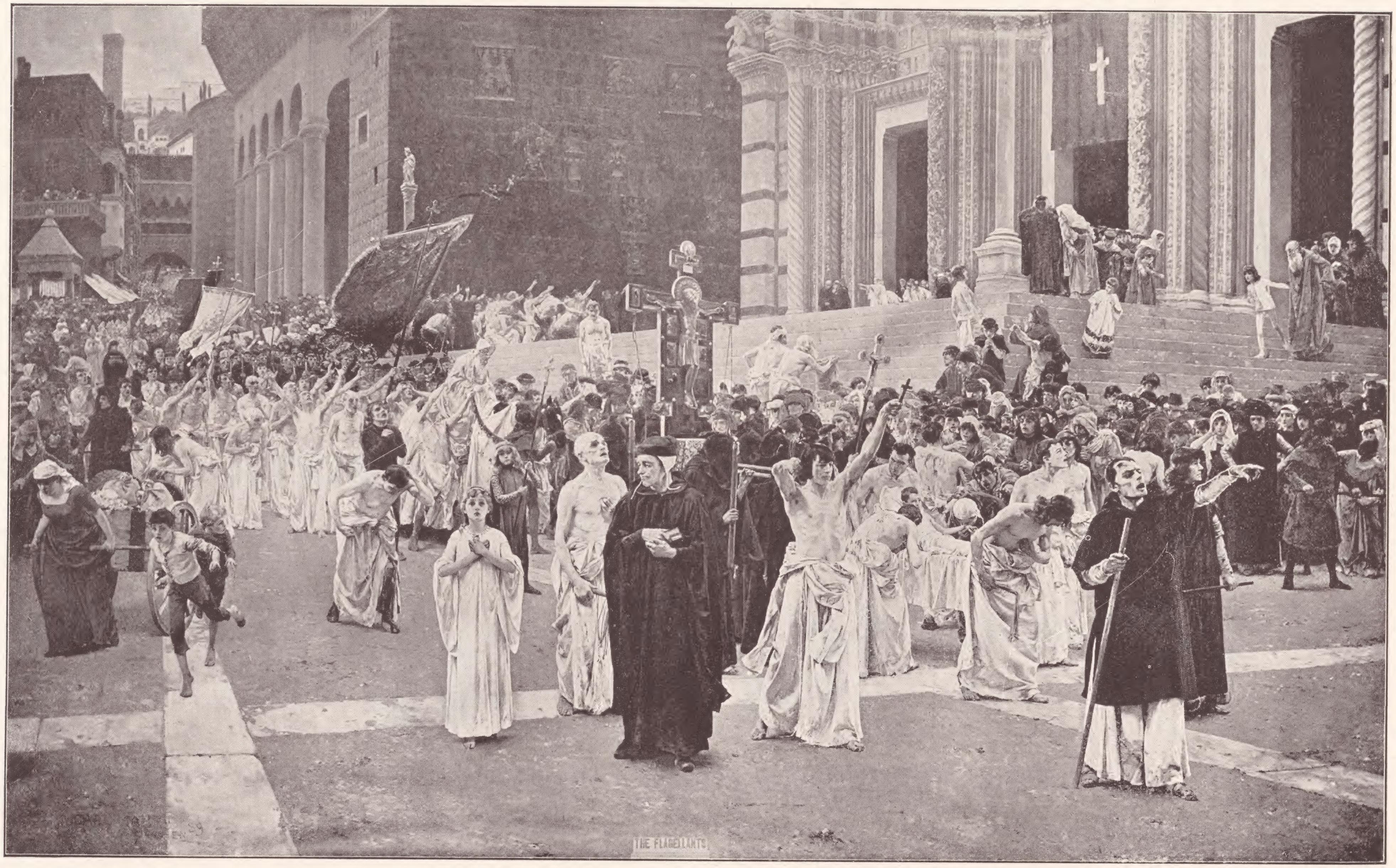
THERE were a great many among the visitors of the Art Palace at the World's Fair to whom a vision of the mishaps of farm life appealed more strongly than could have any artistic preciosity. The work of this Polish painter furnished a striking example of this fact, for it was always surrounded by soil-worn admirers. The landscape represents the edge of a field over which a storm has passed. Before it stand a man and a woman, peasants, who stare in speechless dismay at their destroyed crop. Another group approaches upon the road from the left. A grayish sky covers the endless plain, which seems to exhale some of its moisture into an already saturated atmosphere. The figures are well taken in their humble posture. Although the aerial perspective is not fully convincing, nor the technique very ingenious, the effect is fairly reached. Popiel, who lives at Cracow, had another picture on exhibition under the title, "A View of Zakopane."


L. Knaus. 1892.

GERMANY. LUDWIG KNAUS.

THE FIGHT BEHIND THE FENCE.

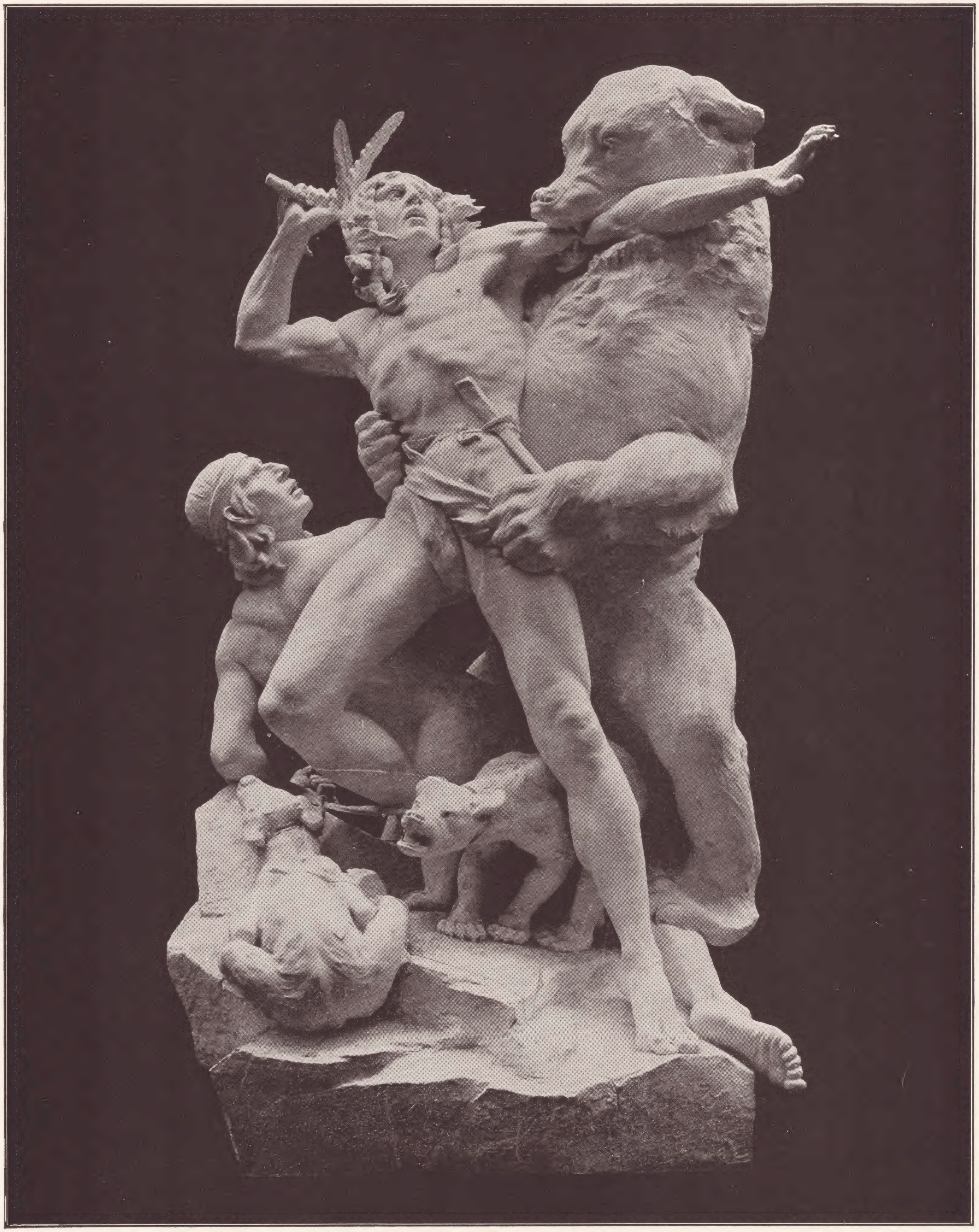
HIDDEN from pedants or parents, a group of school-boys is in a corner to settle a quarrel in rough-and-tumble fashion. The two fighters are upon the ground, bitterly thumping and pulling at each other. Other boys, standing aside, watch excitedly the contest that as yet seems undecided. There is hardly more violence in the fight itself than in the expression of the onlookers, whose faces reflect passionate interest in some; pain, curiosity, satisfaction, or fear in others. The feeling is intense and the characterization distinct. A small tree on one side, a pile of logs on the other, the fence, and, seen beyond it, some gabled roofs form the background. Prof. Ludwig Knaus was considered a master of the Dusseldorf school of genre painting before he took up his residence in Berlin and his place in the academy of that city. His portraits of the German scientists Helmholtz and Mommsen were much noticed at the World's Fair. Born in Wiesbaden in 1829, member of several continental academies, he has received numerous medals during his long career.



United States. Carl Marr.

THE FLAGELLANTS.

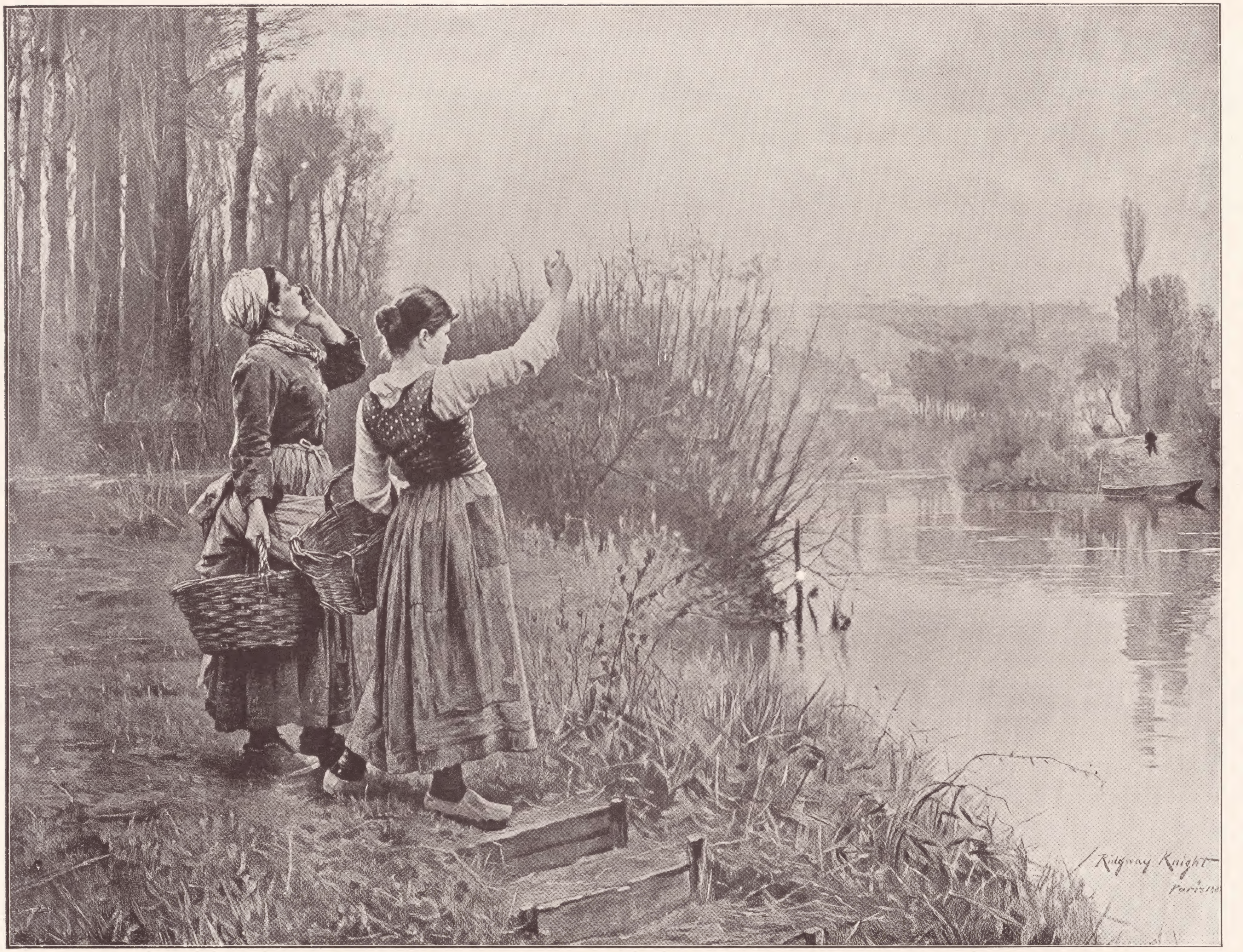
CERTAIN records describe a sect of fanatics which existed in Southern Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. They held that bodily self-punishment was of equal merit and necessity as baptism. In the large composition of Carl Marr a frenzied multitude passes before the portals of an Italian church. Men and women take part in the procession, scourge in hand, lashing their bare bodies until they are covered with vermilion wounds. The artist furnished in this work an ambitious measure of his talent, one that distinguished him greatly when he first exhibited it in Munich He received a gold medal there. Carl Marr was born in Milwaukee in 1858. After preliminary studies in his native city, he found admission at the Weimar Academy and later entered the Academy in Munich, where he worked under Seitz, Lindenschmidt, and Gabriel Max. He is now himself a professor at that institution. During his earlier struggles a return to America did not bring the expected results. Occupation as an illustrator of magazines was finally secured by him and enabled him to return to the place where he now holds a highly honored rank. He is an indefatigable worker, always anxious to meet public approval. Many medals were given him at the various exhibitions. There was another canvas of his in Chicago. Under the title "A Summer Afternoon" it brought to view a cheerful scene in "out-of-door" style, quite in contrast with the somber "Flagellants."



United States. Douglas Tilden.

INDIAN BEAR HUNT.

THE large bronze group represents the most exciting episode of a struggle between two American Indians and a grizzly bear. One of the men is in the terrible embrace of the animal; his left arm is between the teeth of the bear, whose claws are buried in the sides of the hunter. The other Indian has fallen upon the rocks; his arms are free and he is about to plunge a long knife into the body of the beast. There are also two cubs in the group, captured by the hunters—which howl and tear at their leashes. Classical sculpture has left in the Laocoon group one of its most glorious examples. There, too, physical pain and muscular effort are rendered in their greatest intensity, but with the added interest of tragic grandeur. Tilden's work carries no symbolical meaning; it is the direct conception of an actual hunting scene upon American soil. One is apt to shudder upon first seeing the bloody fight—an effect of utmost tension in artistic inventiveness.



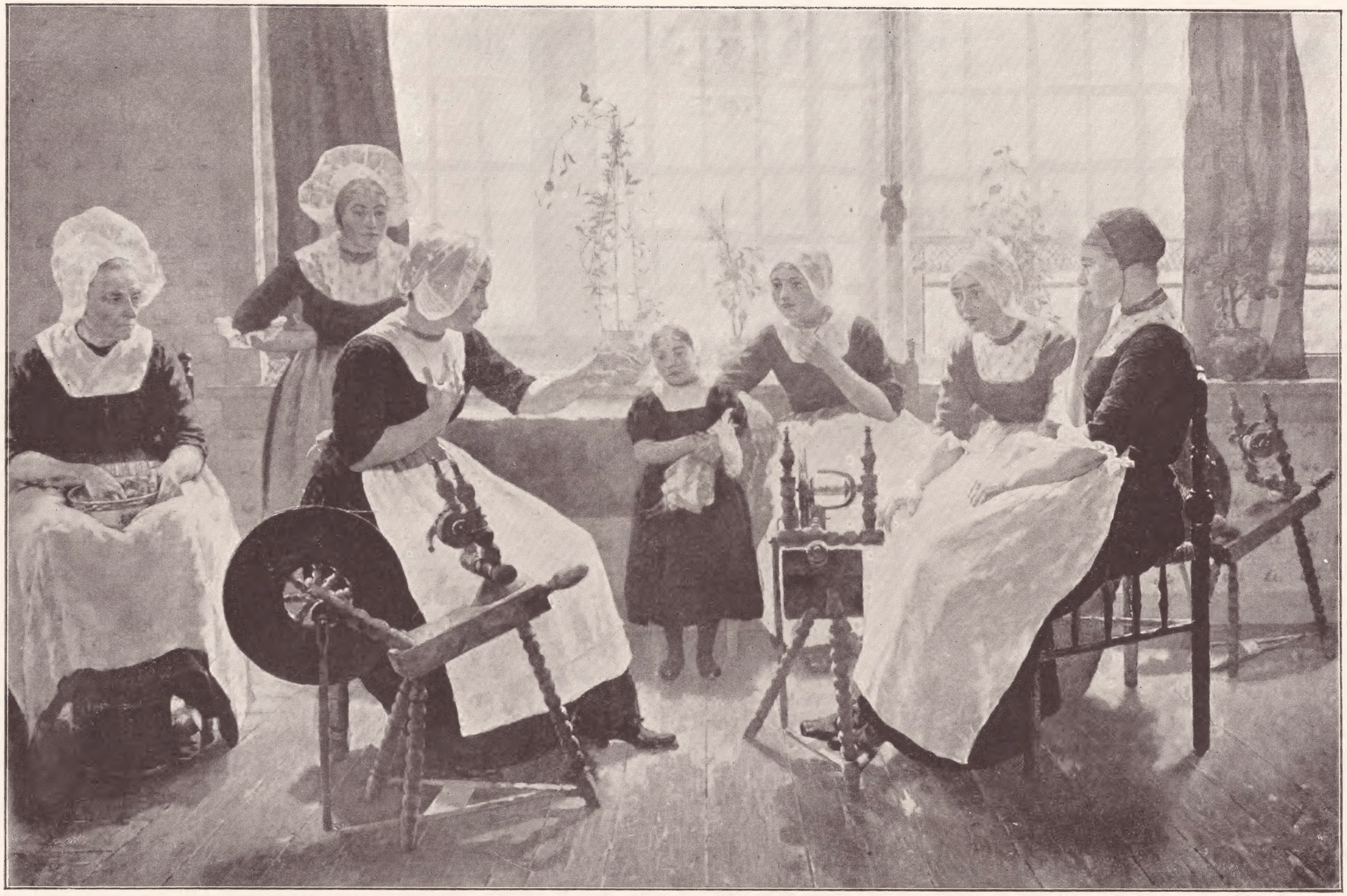
UNITED STATES. D. RIDGWAY KNIGHT.

HAILING THE FERRY.

AMERICA has long since recognized in this artist an ability that, although developed under French guidance, reflects credit upon the school of his own country. The externalities, if not the Paris date, would establish the subject as one of foreign and contemporary occurrence. Two peasant-girls stand by the bank of a river hailing the ferry that we see moored on the other shore. A cool, vapory, autumn atmosphere is over the landscape. The figures in the foreground are realistic, rather strong in line and movement. Wooded hills are in the distance. The lights are bright, a certain impression of dampness is noticeable, and the whole treatment suggests "plein air."

D. Ridgway Knight was born in the United States, and entered the Paris Academy of Fine Arts in 1872, where he became a pupil of the great Meissonier. He is among the best-known landscapists of American origin. Just as the many-colored American autumn woods have become a favorite theme for distinctively American artists, the soft, misty effects of French river valleys ever invite the painter there.

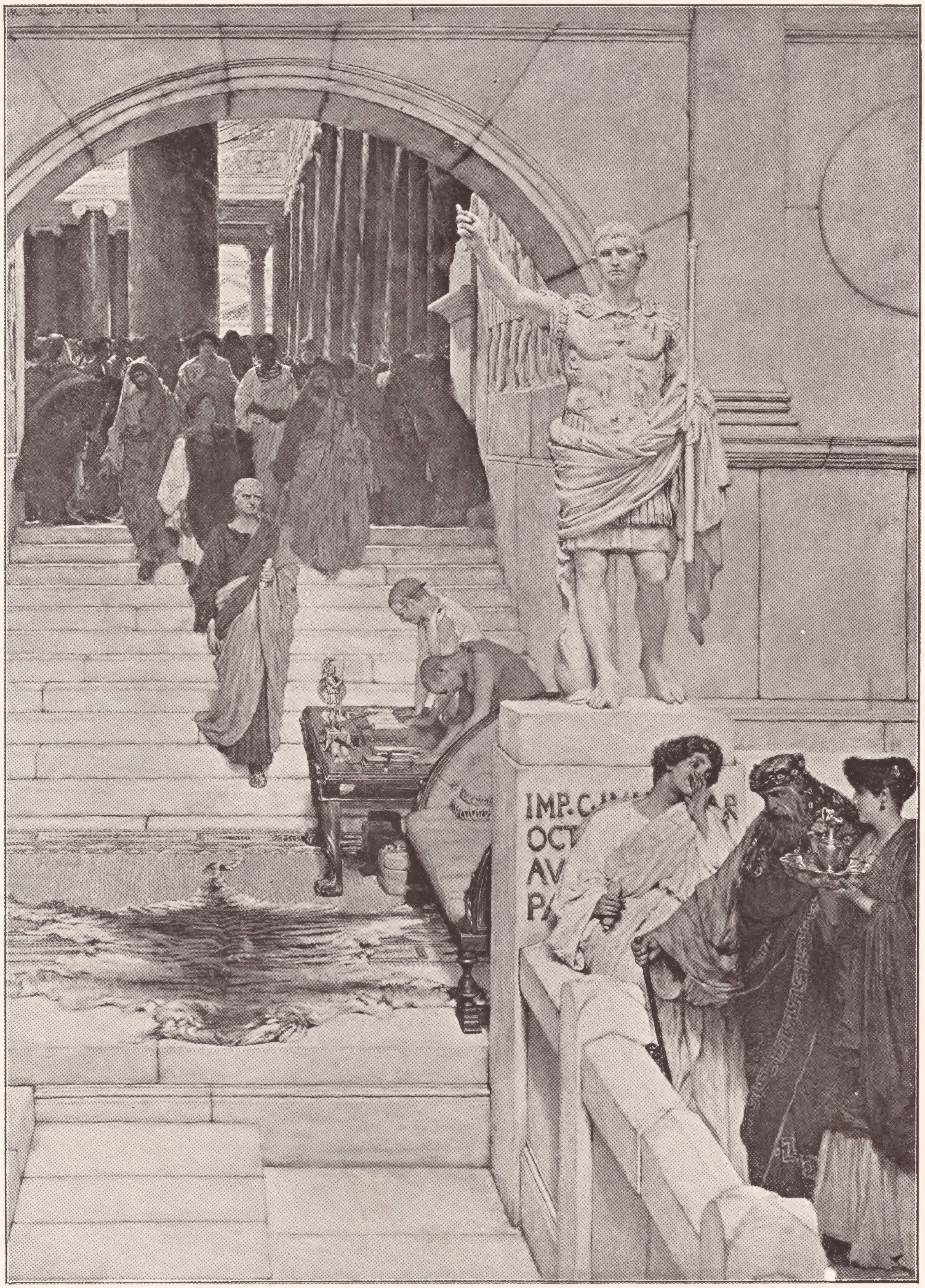
"Hailing the Ferry" is the property of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, which lent it for the Exposition in Chicago. No other work of the artist was shown, so that the merit of this one may afford a full measure of the author's conception and treatment.



UNITED STATES. WALTER McEWEN.

TELLING GHOST STORIES.

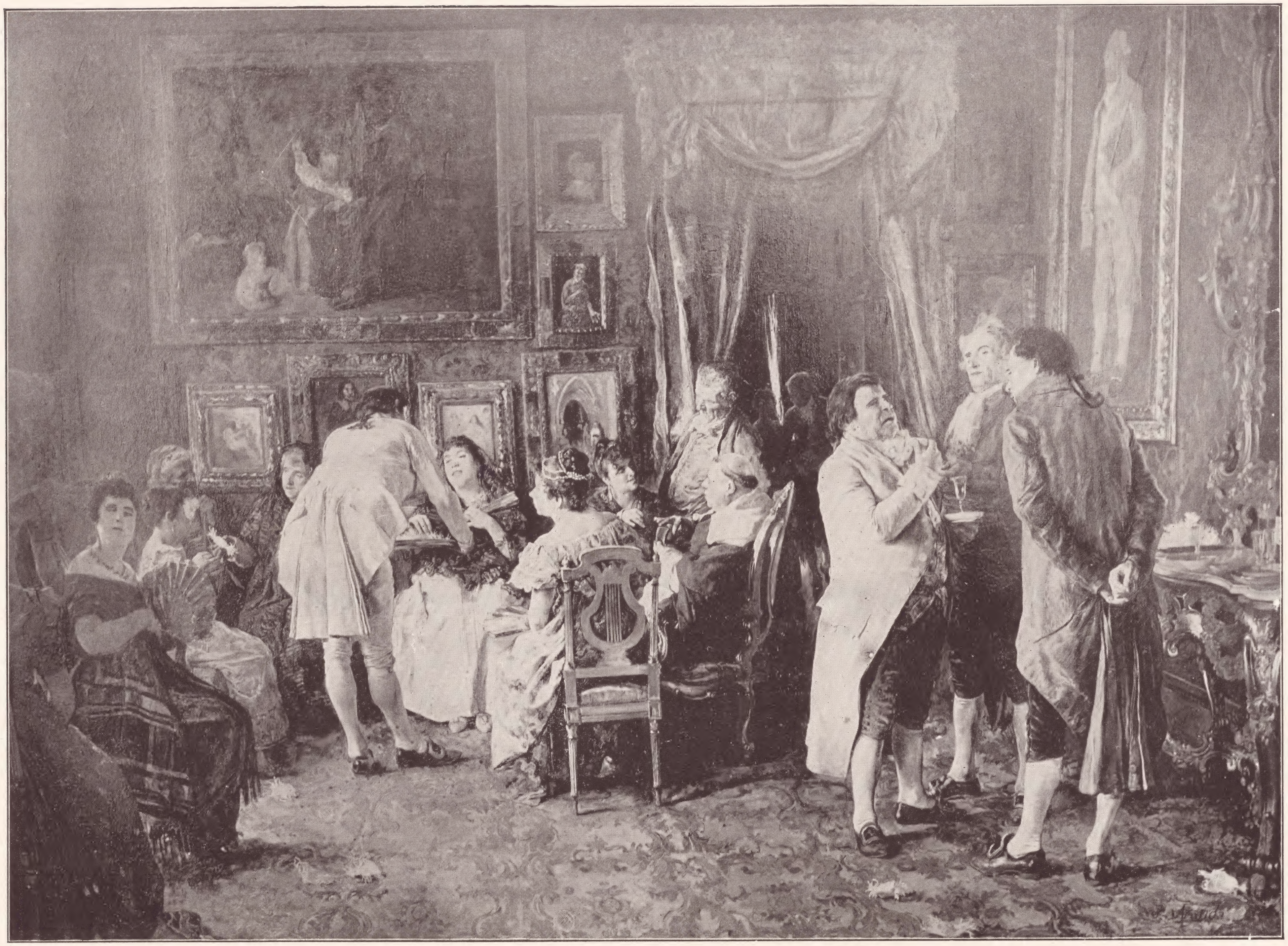
THE kind of spooks with which the story-teller haunts the imagination of her listeners must be as different from the nervous, spiritualist inhabitants of the fourth dimension, as this plump Dutch Meiske is herself from the type of a professional medium. Maybe she invokes again the lore of Senta and the phantom sailor. Her girl companions are shivering at the weird tale, and even the two older women evince fixed attention. Everybody has stopped work, spinning-wheels stand idle, and the bowl in the lap of the matron is left with its contents unprepared. Telling gesture marks the climax of the story. The interior is in profuse daylight from the gauze-curtained windows in the rear. Forms and colors are vivid in this pleasing composition. Walter McEwen is one of the American colony of painters in Paris. His talent has found wide recognition, and has been illustrated again by the four canvases he sent to the Exposition. As a member of the jury of acceptance he has contributed to the work of the Department of Fine Arts.



GREAT BRITAIN. L. ALMA-TADEMA.

AN AUDIENCE AT AGRIPPA'S.

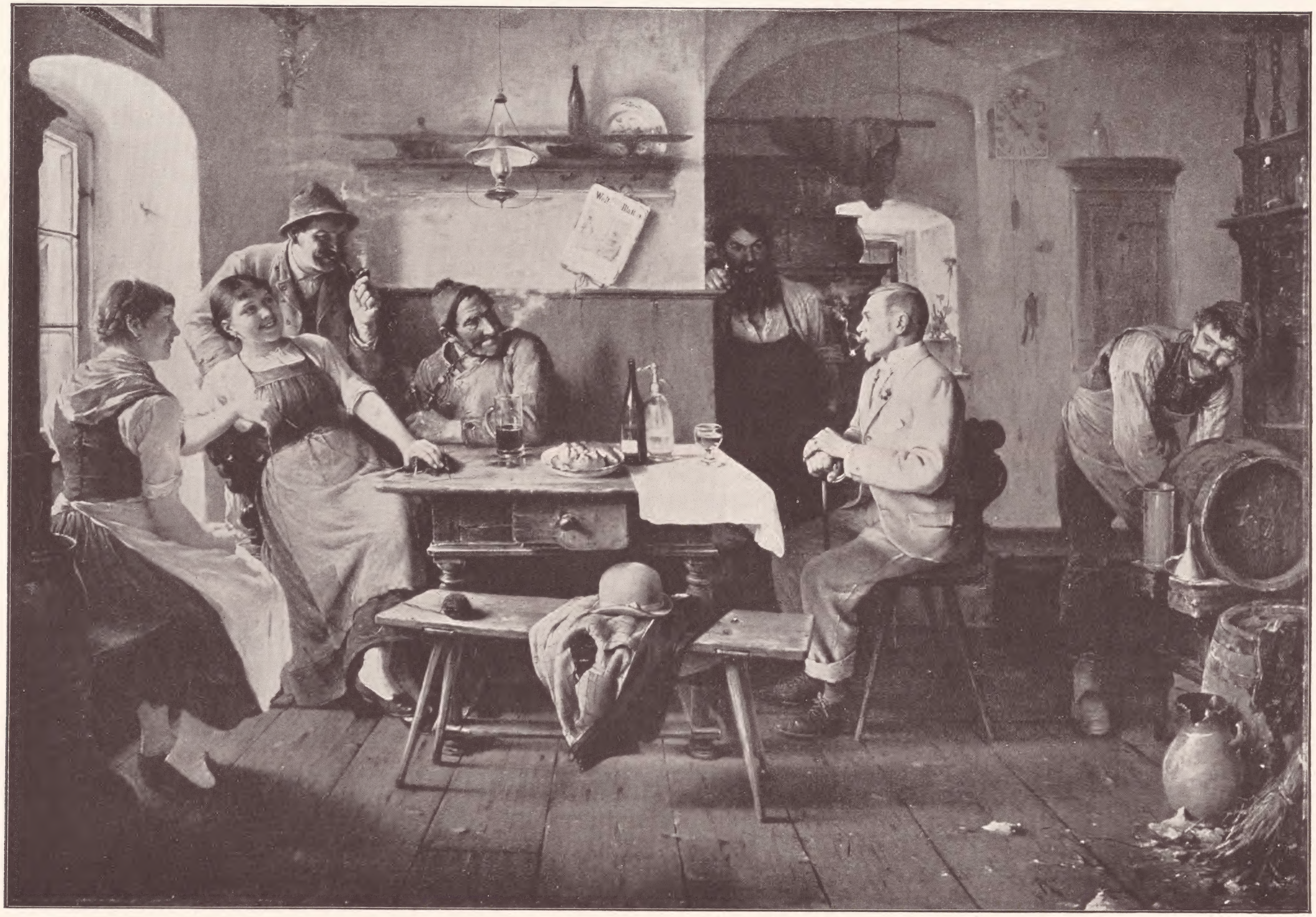
ROMAN civilization reached its highest development under Augustus. The political supremacy firmly established, science and art were in full flourish. To the wise painter, whose predilection is always for the great antique, that epoch yields a congenial subject. He represents Agrippa, the victorious general and favorite of the Cæsar, preparing to give an audience. Draped in the toga, he descends the steps of a marble palace, a figure of dignified bearing, whose features express intellectuality and firmness. Citizens bow in respect before his passage; a small group in the foreground seems in waiting to submit a petition. The statue of Augustus is to the right of the entrance-arch. Alma-Tadema has become so famous for his virtuosic treatment of marble and materials that there can be no surprise at finding another perfect example of his art. His variations upon iridescent stone are minute; careful arrangement of decoration, archæological accuracy of detail ever accompany them. Of Dutch birth, he was a student at the Academy of Antwerp, but has become identified with the Royal Academy in London, in which city he lives in a most sumptuous house planned by himself.



SPAIN. JOSE JIMENEZ ARANDA.

THE SAINT'S SWEETS.

THE Spanish calendar is replete with days calling for the commemoration of many saints and numerous martyrs, but there is one special day consecrated to the honor of all the saints of paradise, an occasion when everybody dons his or her best clothes and, after due devotional exercises, indulges freely in the pleasures of the table A company of such observers of an old custom is gathered in a drawing-room discussing there material enjoyments. The saint's sweets are handed around in the shape of candy or of cordials, therefore the name. Quite a variety of people have assembled, young and old, portly and slender, all in oldish costumes, behaving with jovial dignity. A monk is sitting among the ladies, and gravely takes snuff. The scene is nicely rendered, rich in good-humored particulars, and with well-balanced general composition. Jose Jimenez Aranda lives in Madrid. Five works of his were exhibited in Chicago.

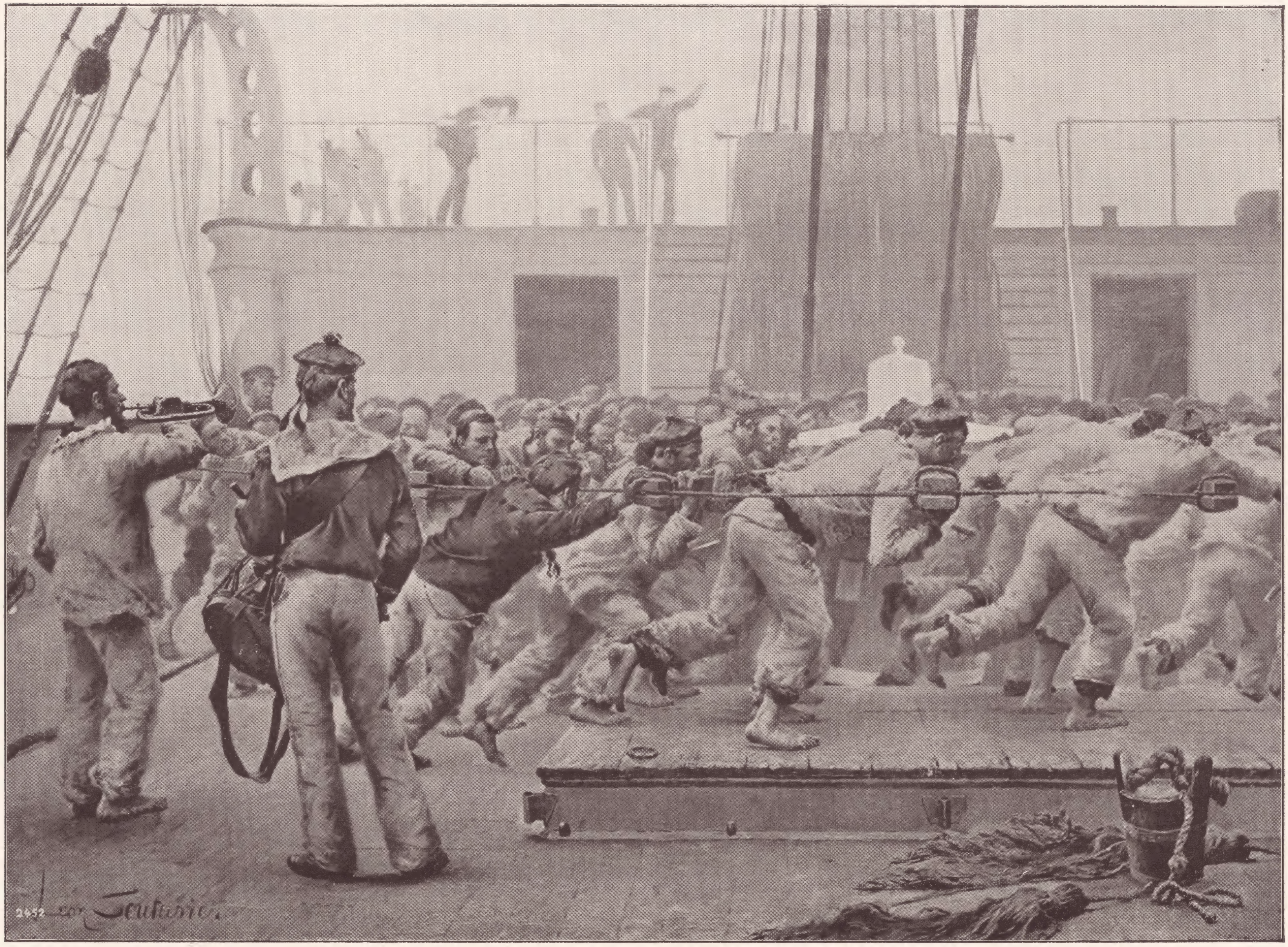


AUSTRIA.

A FOP IN THE COUNTRY.

JOSEF KINZEL.

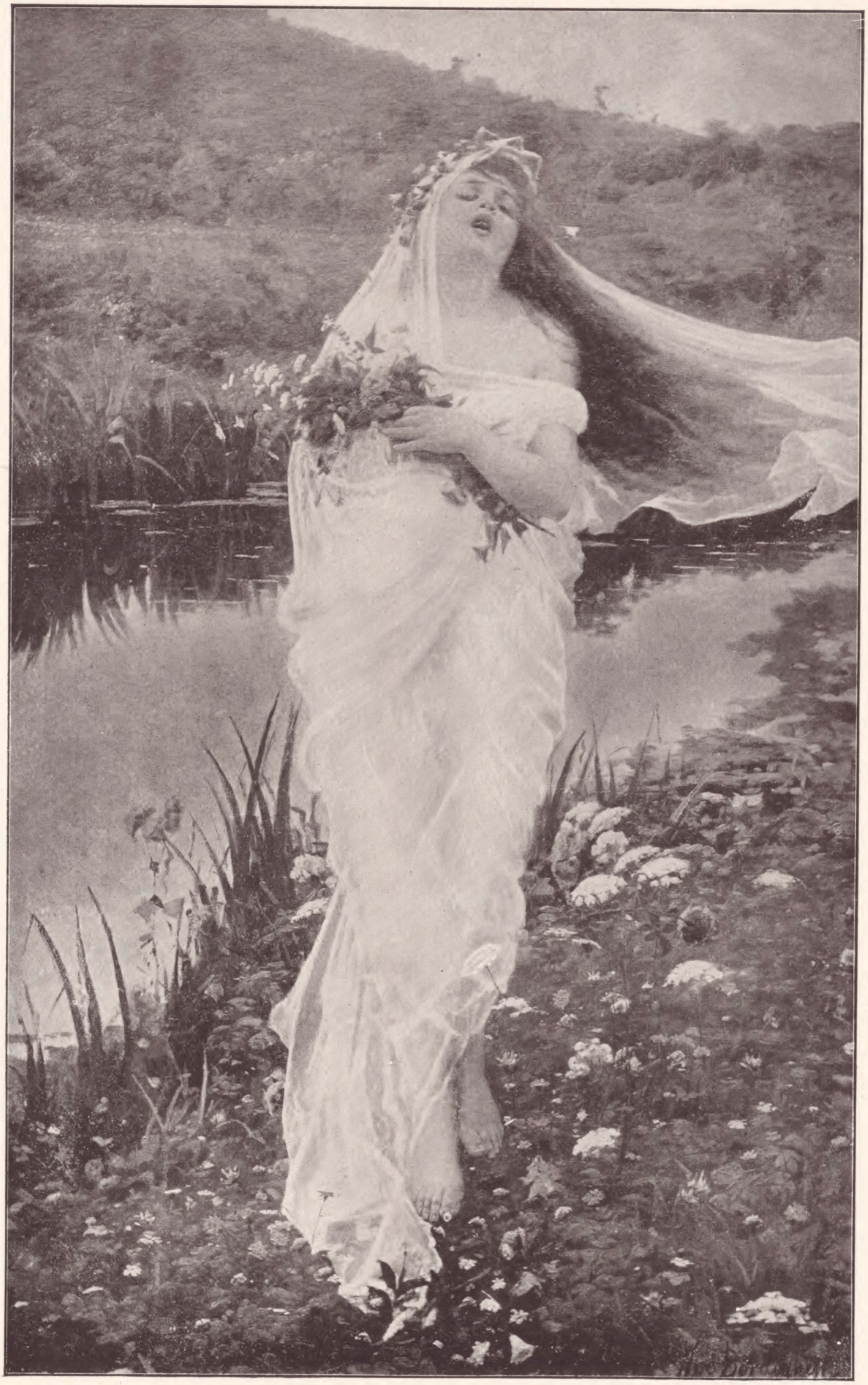
THE interior represents a typical inn of the Austrian mountain countries. A tourist sits at the table and is the object of general hilarity on account of his foppish appearance. The sturdy natives, male and female, surround the strange guest, who is made to feel that the latest fashion in dress makes him something of a curiosity. He seems to enjoy the incident, although the frank humor of the mountaineers does not refrain from naif comment. The subject, while it may not be entirely original—Defregger's "Parlor Tirolean" depicting a somewhat analogous theme—is treated with great cleverness and is certain to strike the fancy of many lovers of the genre. Kinzel had but one canvas in Chicago, and this one was lent by the Emperor of Austria, a proof that the artist possesses the recognition of his sovereign.



FRANCE. LÉON COUTURIER.

AT THE CAPSTAN—"HEAVE ROUND."

A FRENCH man-of-war is about to weigh anchor. The capstan is manned with a multitude of brawny tars who obey the signal, "Heave Round." Each spoke is grasped by as many arms as can find place, and the crowd revolves in quickstep around the center. Their muscular effort is strenuous, everybody bending the chest on the bars and pushing on. Farther back some officers are on the bridge giving orders, which are sounded by a bugler and a drummer in the foreground. There is strong animation in the highly colored scene. The artist, Léon Couturier, is a native of Macon, went to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts of Lyons, but has preferred work in the open air to the frequentation of studios. His paintings show intimate acquaintance with the French army and navy. Having been himself in the active service, he has often treated episodes in which he took part. Several series of drawings by him have been published by the illustrated press.



ITALY. NOE BORDIGNON.

MATELDA.

PLACE: The Inferno. TIME: Dante's visit to that region. PERSON: Matelda, a lady of marvelous beauty, whom the poet met there. ACCESSORIES: A rippling stream, very green grass, golden hair, and many flowers. ARTIST: Noe Bordignon, born at Castel-Franco, Veneto, in 1844. Studied at the Venetian Academy of Fine Arts. After having graduated from the academy he obtained from the government the Prix de Rome, an annual pension of 3,000 Lire for three years, and spent seven more years in the Italian capital. After his return to Venice he painted, among various other works, an affresco of 150 square metres in the church of S. Zenone in Treviso, the Last Judgment forming the subject of that very large composition. Noe Bordignon has received many medals and is associate member of various academies.

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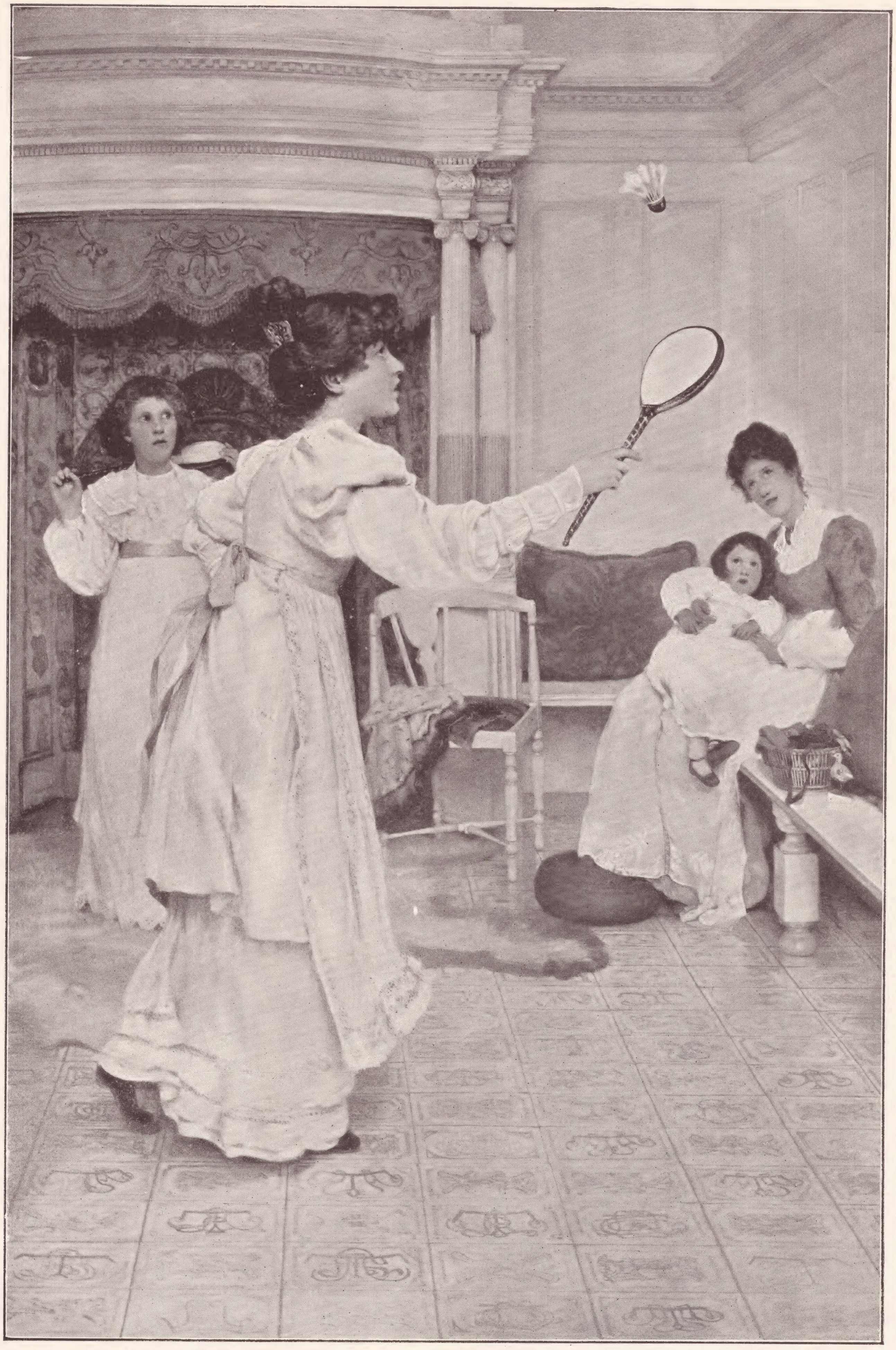
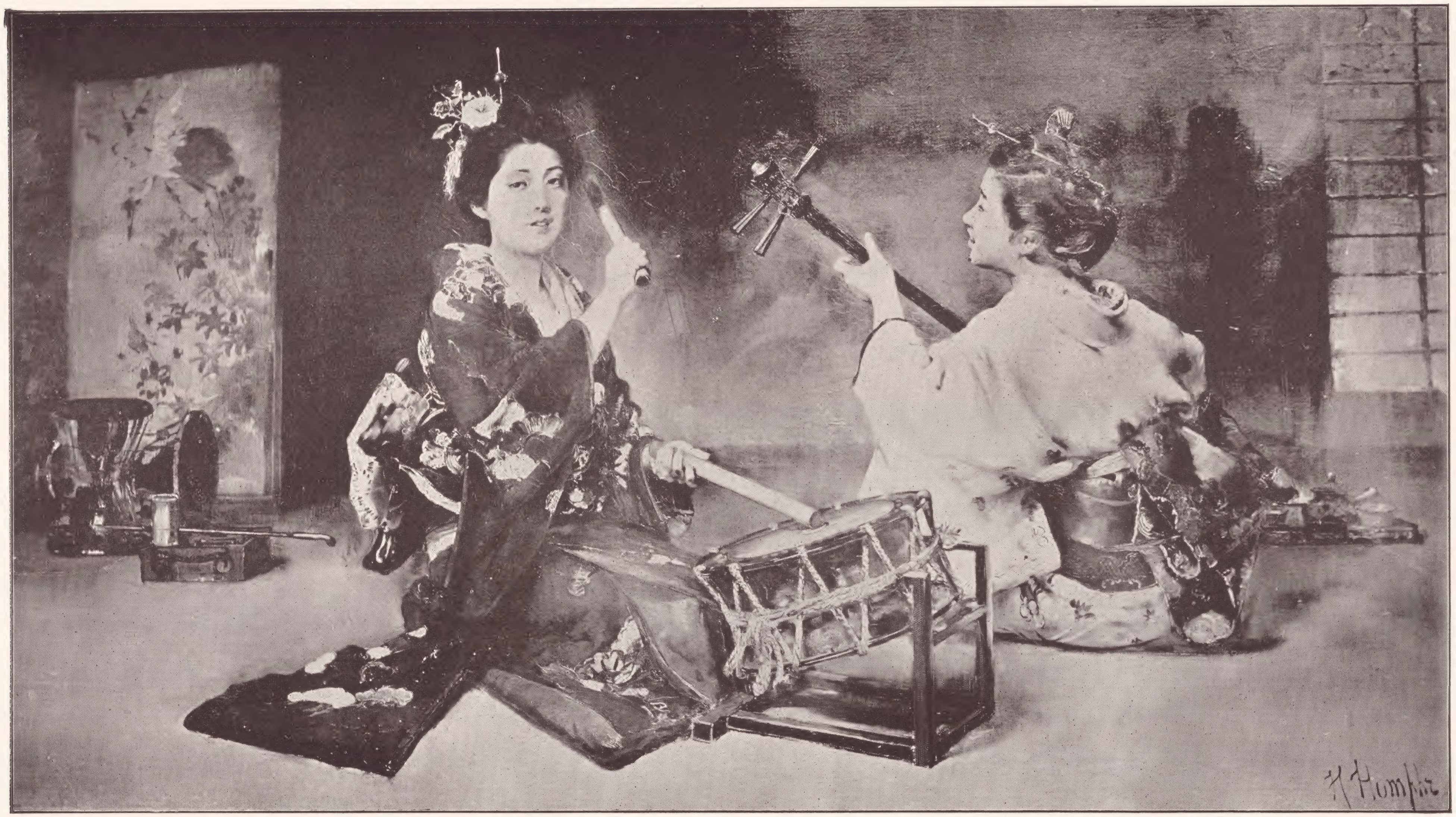


Great Britain. Mrs. Alma-Tadema.

BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.

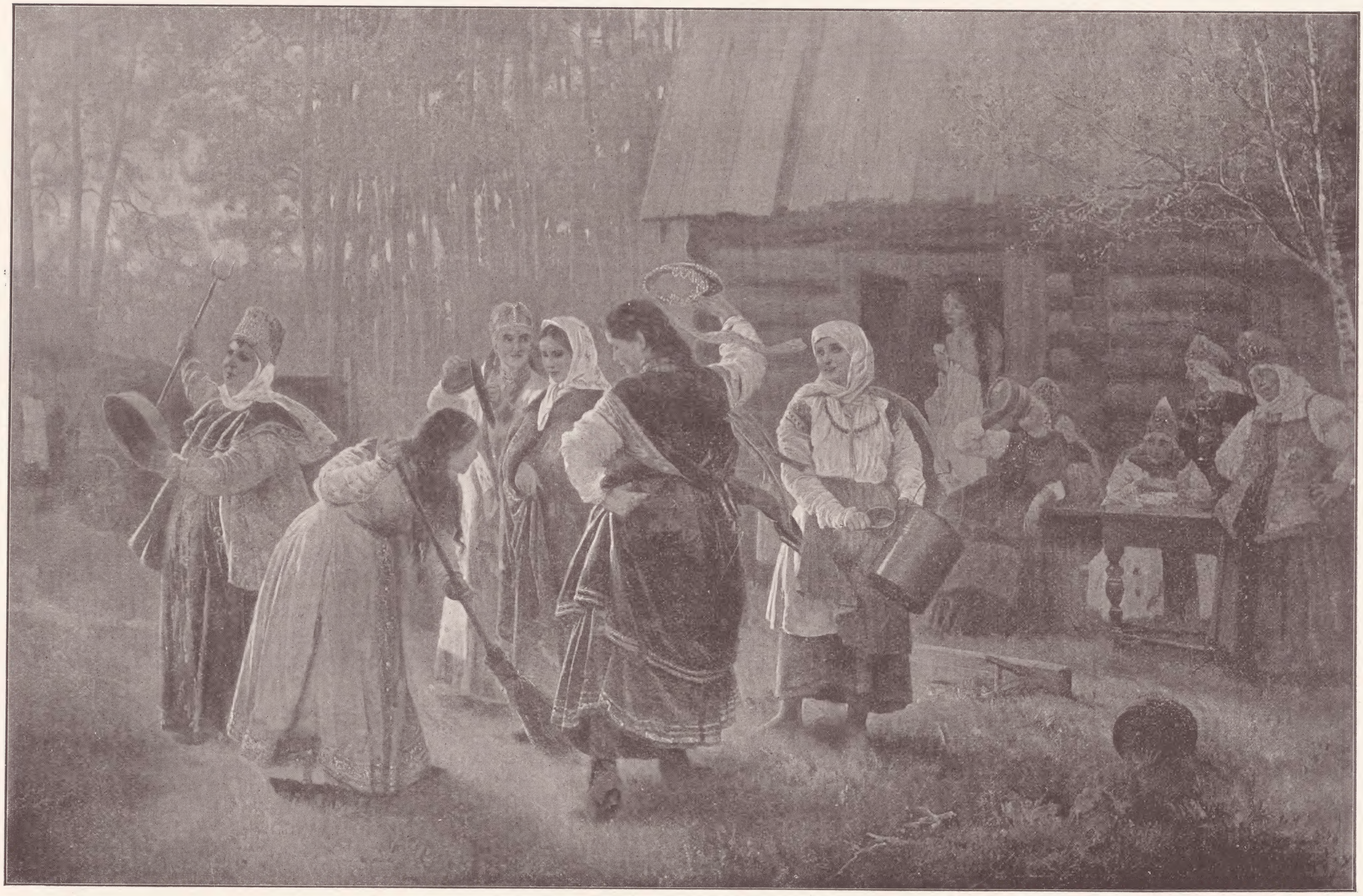
THE shuttlecock is in midair, attracting the eyes of the player and her mates. A nursery interior is represented in sumptuous appointments. Tiled floor, straight-lined wall panels and stitched fancy-work upon silks and stuffs; everything is in neat arrangement. The figures pose nicely within. It may be presumed that after having played battledore and shuttlecock long enough they will be able to face the world in the sterner game of lawn tennis. In drawing of materials Mrs. Laura Alma-Tadema employs, if not the style, at least the painstaking minutiæ of her illustrious husband, in whose studio she works. The lady is English, without having become classical through association. Her work has found notice in the Expositions of the Royal Academy in London and in the Paris salons Three of her compositions were at the Art Palace in Chicago, all of them lent by their owners. The catalogue contains the enumeration of canvases by the Royal Academician, by Mrs. Alma-Tadema, and by Miss Anna of the same name



UNITED STATES. H. HUMPHREY MOORE.

JAPANESE MUSICIANS.

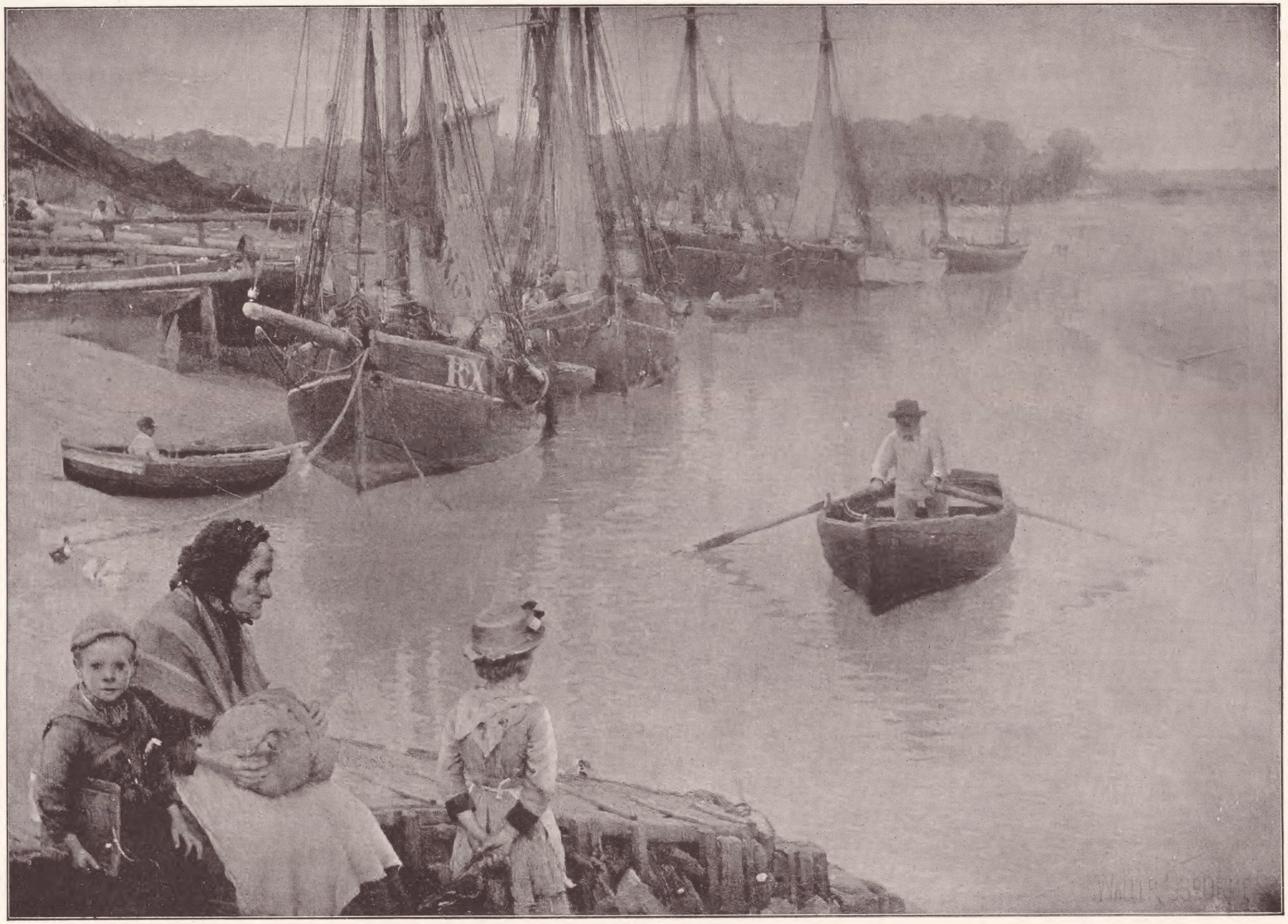
FOREIGN influence has had little to do with the development of Japanese music, although of late, European scientists have attempted the application of the Western methods to the existing material. The duet is played by two little girls, one beating a drum and the other handling a long-necked instrument with three strings. They sit upon the floor in Japanese fashion, and wear loose, handsomely embroidered garments. Upon one side of the room is a tray with teapot and cups; upon the other, near the screen, a small tobacco pipe upon a lacquer box The coloring of the picture is vivid, and the characterization of the figures and faces such that one may feel acquainted upon first introduction. H. Humphrey Moore is one of the Americans who prefer the atmosphere of Paris for their artistic labors.



RUSSIA. A. KORSUKHIN.

THE BRIDE'S EVENING PARTY.

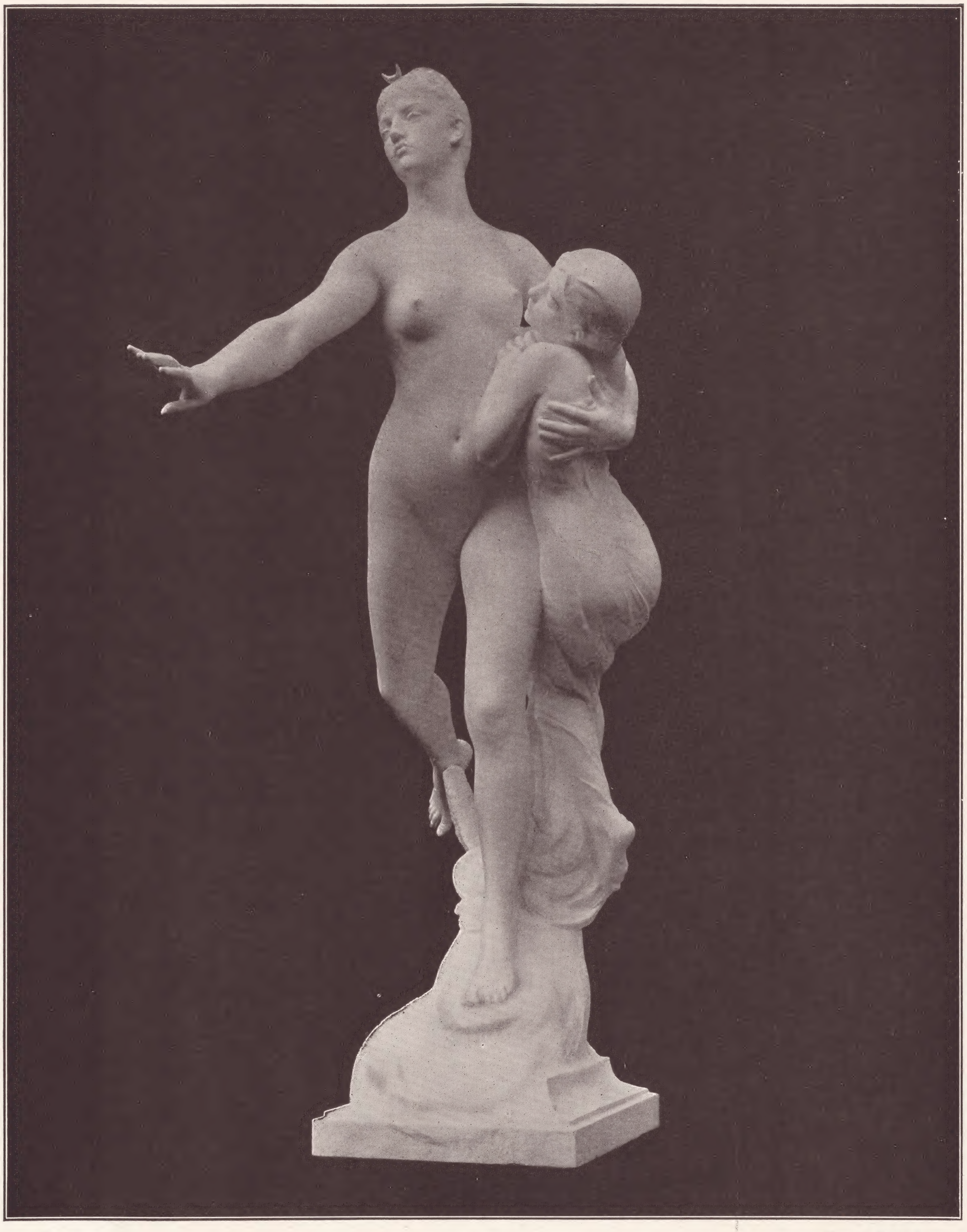
TO bid farewell to a life of comparative freedom, and to rejoice once more before becoming the wife, or as could be justly said the slave of a man, was the fundamental idea of most of the old ceremonies connected with marriages in Russia. The party is returning from the bath, where a feast has been served. The girls are singing and dancing; one of them sweeps the road with a broom to clear it from bad spells. The woman beating with a stick upon a brass kettle is the matchmaker; she means to frighten the ghosts. But to complete the precautions against such powers as the evil-eye, or malicious wishes, the bridesmaids must join in the din. The subject represents such a scene from the seventeenth century. A. Korsukhin was born in 1835. His official titles are genre painter and academist of painting. "The Bride's Evening Party" belongs to the Imperial Academy.



GREAT BRITAIN. WALTER OSBORNE.

THE FERRY.

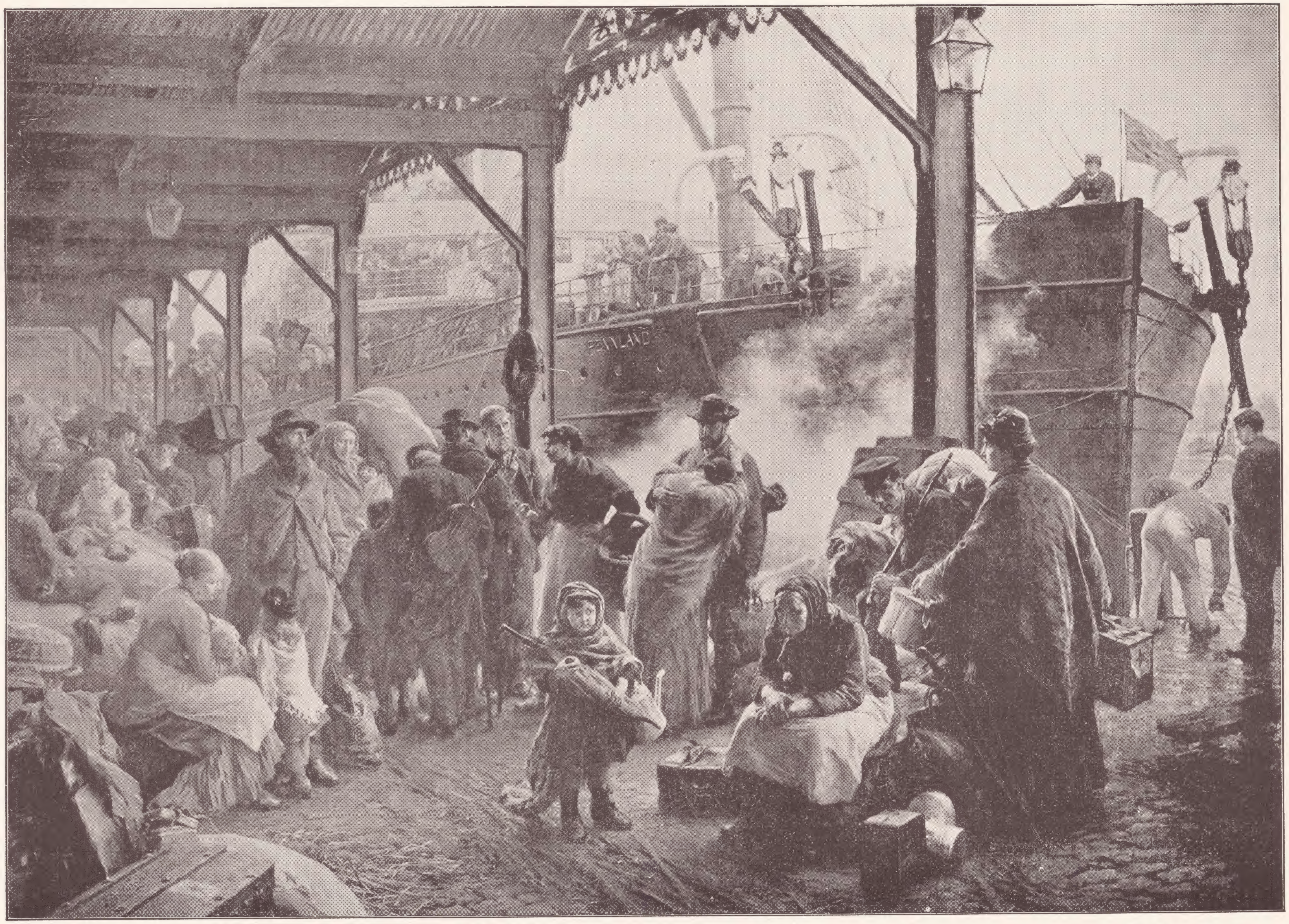
A LITTLE fleet of boats at anchor in a small inlet. In the foreground an old woman and two children are waiting to be ferried across. The ferryman approaches, standing in his boat. The shadows of evening are lengthening across the quiet water. Houses of a small village are to be distinguished among the trees in the distance, a place such as one can find frequently along the Irish coast, where the population follows the fishing industry. The little group in the foreground is candidly depicted. The impression given by these humble villagers is that the horizon of their life is not any wider than that of the scene of which they are a part. Walter Osborne is a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy of Dublin. "The Ferry" was his only contribution to the British Section of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition.



FRANCE. FELIX SOULÈS.

DIANA AND IPHIGENIA.

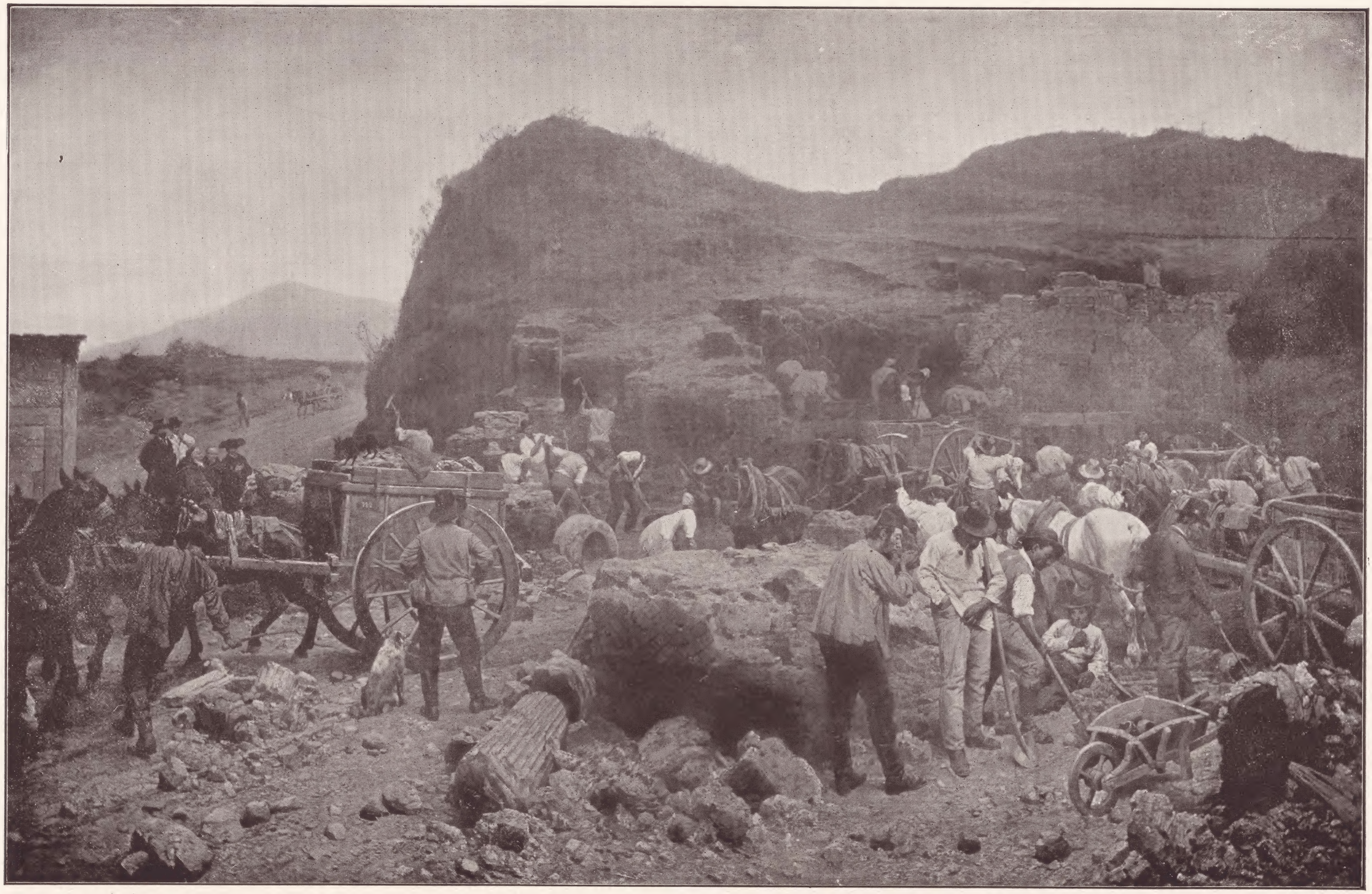
IN order to appease the gods and to secure an auspicious departure of the Greek fleet, the innocent daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra was to be sacrificed upon the altar of Diana at Aulis. But Diana herself rescued the maiden from the priests, and carried her far away to the temple of Tauris. The group is conceived as rising up into space, divinely light and womanly beautiful. Felix Soulès was born in Euze, Department of Gers. He studied under Jouffray and Falguière. The model of the group, "Diana and Iphigenia," belongs to the French Government. The reproduction in plaster was made by special authorization for the World's Columbian Exposition, where it was the only work contributed by the artist.



BELGIUM. E. FARASYN.

EMBARKATION OF EMIGRANTS.

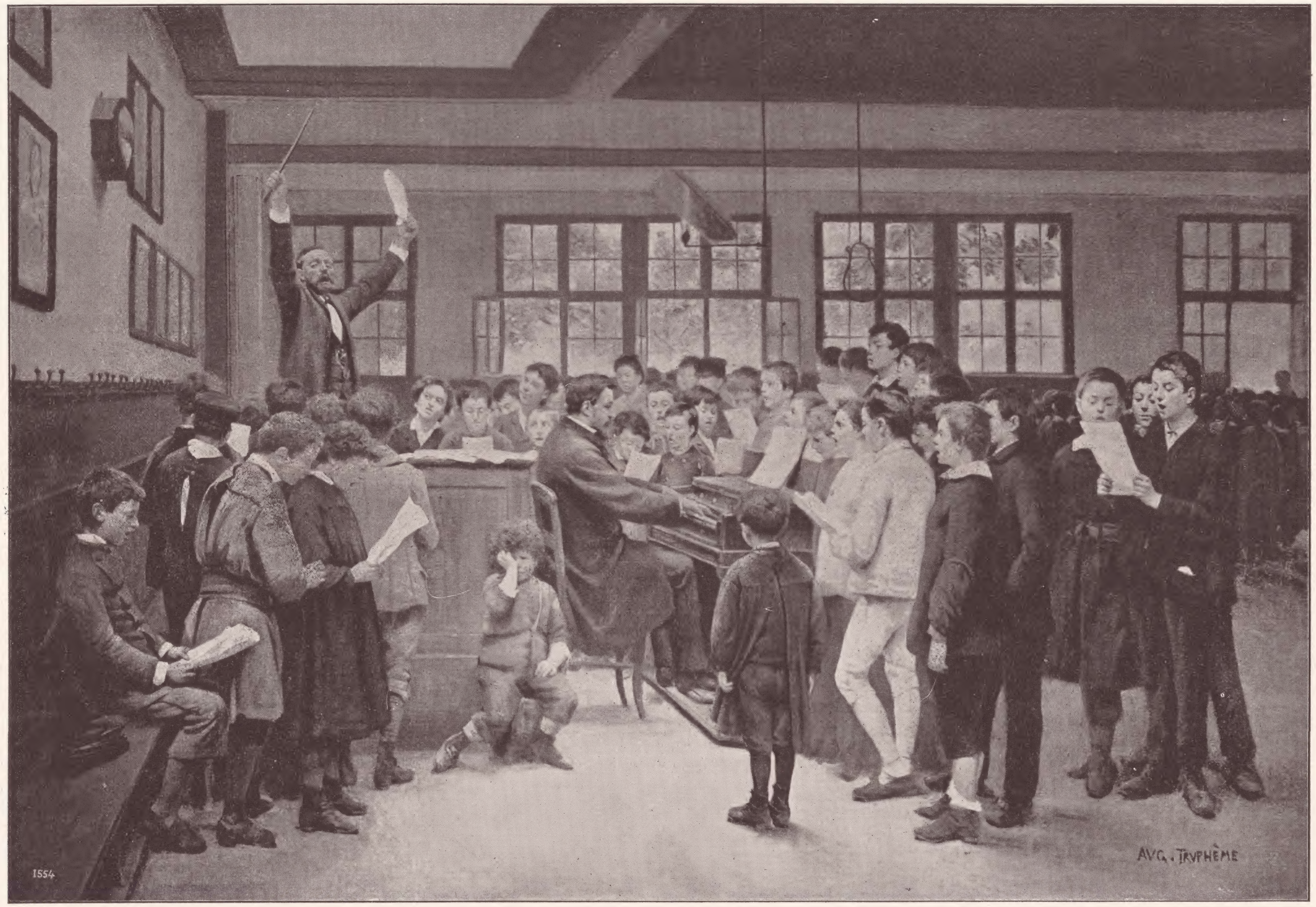
THE steamship "Pennland" is moored to the wharf in Antwerp. She is to carry a crowd of emigrants to America, the country where they hope to throw themselves with all their poor might into the struggle for fortune. Men, women, and children form small cheerless groups, waiting for their turn to step up the gang-plank. Past hardships have left traces upon most of the figures. The sum of their determination seems to have been expended when they cut loose from their accustomed environments. Life shows such scenes as the painter has composed in his painting with a respectable sturdiness of color and a telling activity of forms. Edgard Farasyn was born in Antwerp in 1858. He studied there at the Academy of Fine Arts, and belongs now to the corps of professors of that academy. He obtained medals at the Universal Exposition of Paris, Adelaide, Sydney, Melbourne, and Barcelona.



Russia. P. Kovalevsky.

EXCAVATIONS IN ROME.

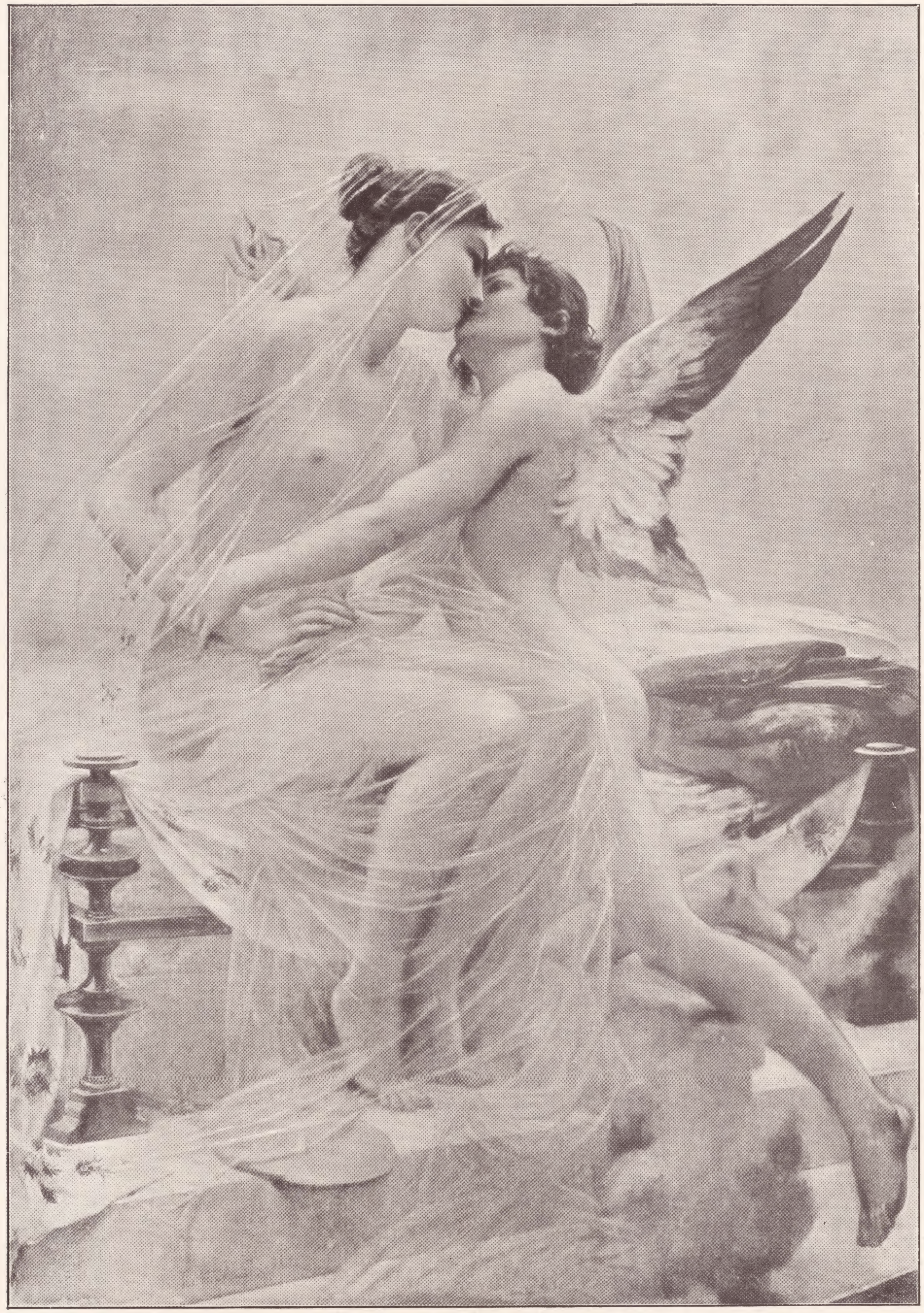
IT is a grateful task for artists to note the constant change of aspect which takes place in the Eternal City More and more the architecture of Rome is invaded by the modern utilitarian spirit. The instances where antique structures are freed from their covering of earth are few while new rows of dwelling-houses encroach continually upon historic territory. Thus the ancient Via Appia was submitted to the picks of demolishing laborers, and many were the finds made upon that occasion. The excavations forming the subject of the above picture were made in the year 1877; the theme therefore is doubly historical. Shafts and fragments of columns are scattered over the foreground. A gang of workmen is occupied in digging on a mound which has grown over old masonry. An arched front is laid free and it looks as though the ruin might be a spacious one. The men who load the débris upon carts do nothing but manual labor; afterward the archæologist will comment upon the result. P. Kovalevsky was born in 1843. He has been a professor of "battle painting" since 1881.



France. Auguste Truphème.

THE SINGING LESSON.

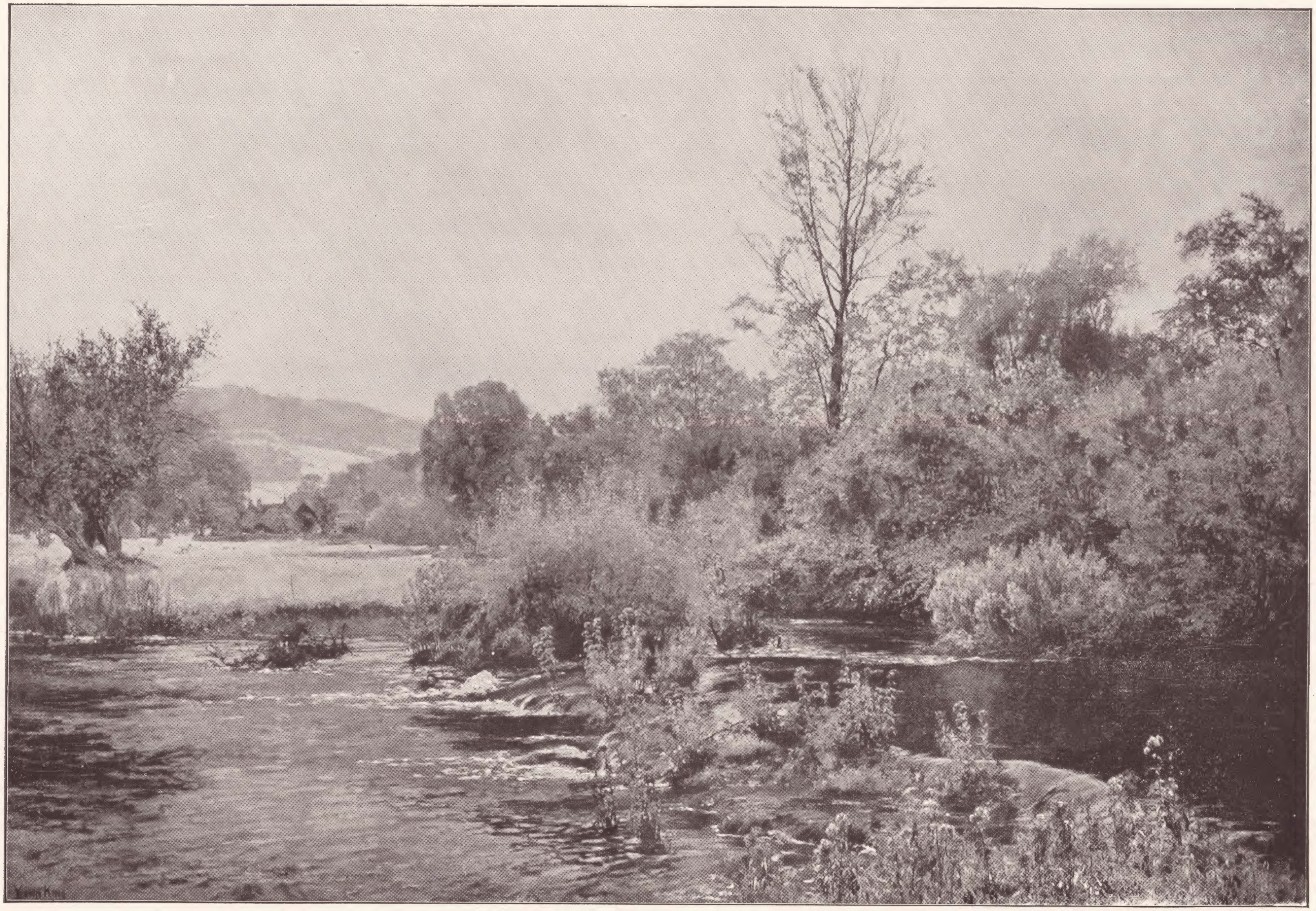
THE complete title of this important canvas is, "A Singing Lesson in a Communal School of the City of Paris" A class of boys sings a chorus in a spacious school-room. The teacher stands behind a desk, in the corner, beating the measure; another man accompanies the chant upon a harmonium. The expressions are thoroughly studied, and the whole scene is truthfully homogeneous. Auguste Truphème, the author of this commendable work, was born at Aix. He was a pupil of Flandrin, Cornu, Hemer, and Bouguereau. His medals date from the Salons of 1884, 1888, and of the Paris Universal Exposition of 1889. "The Singing Lesson" was the only painting he sent to Chicago, and no other was required to establish, also upon this side of the Atlantic, the reputation of his ability.



FRANCE. LIONEL ROYER.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

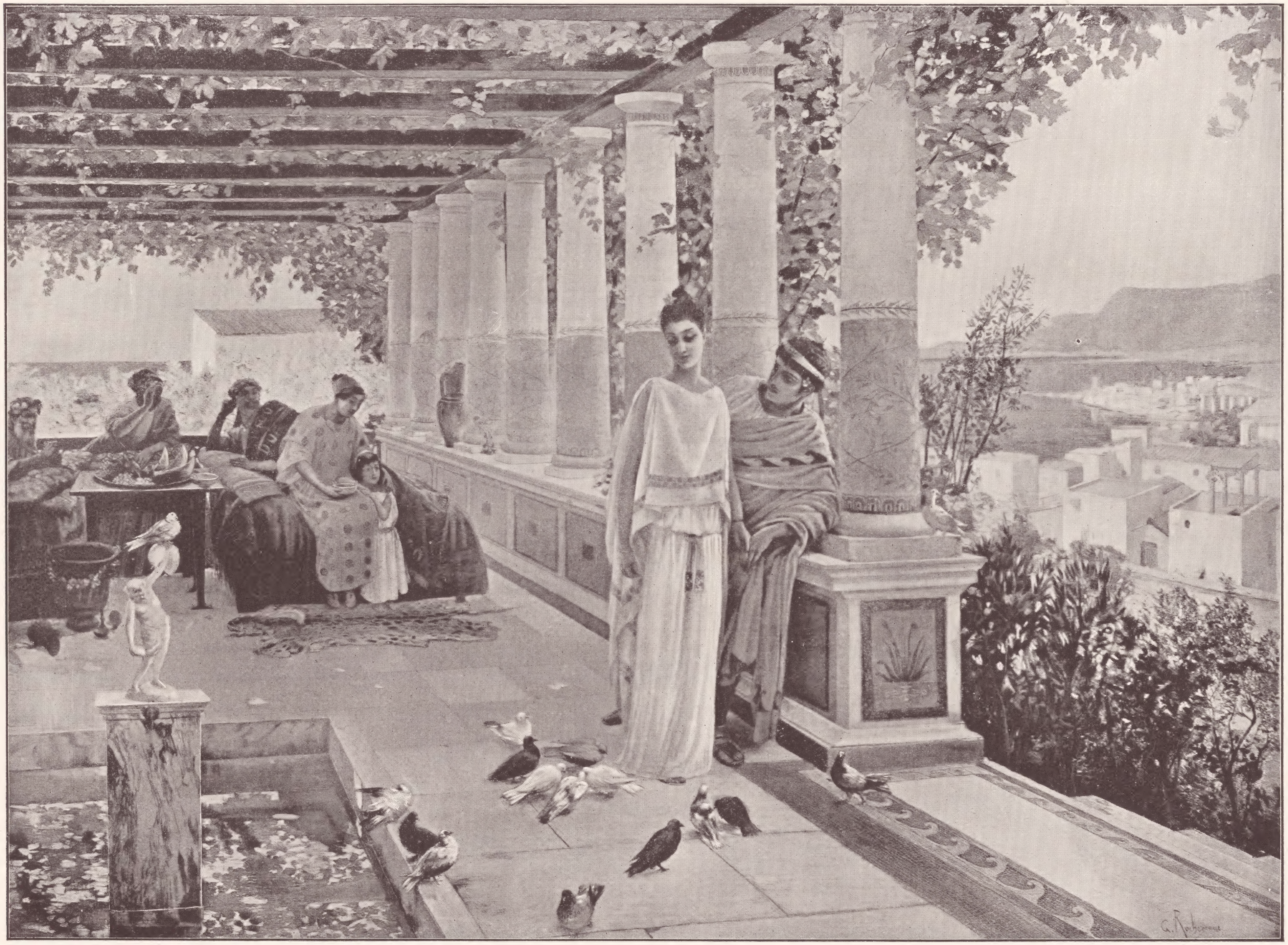
THE earthly rival of Venus is said to have received the embraces of her lover during the night only, and was enjoined by him to refrain from curiosity as to his looks. But she could not resist the temptation to light her lamp while Cupid was asleep, an act which was punished by his flight as soon as it was discovered. It is therefore difficult to surmise which moment in the relations of the couple the painter meant to represent. Psyche is seated upon a bronze couch, slightly bent toward the half-kneeling Cupid, who lifts her veil and kisses her. The composition reminds distantly of a group by Gérard, in the Louvre Gallery, although the features in this painting are more youthful. "Cupid and Psyche" was the only canvas which Lionel Royer contributed to the Chicago Exposition.



GREAT BRITAIN. YEEND KING.

AUTUMN WOOING

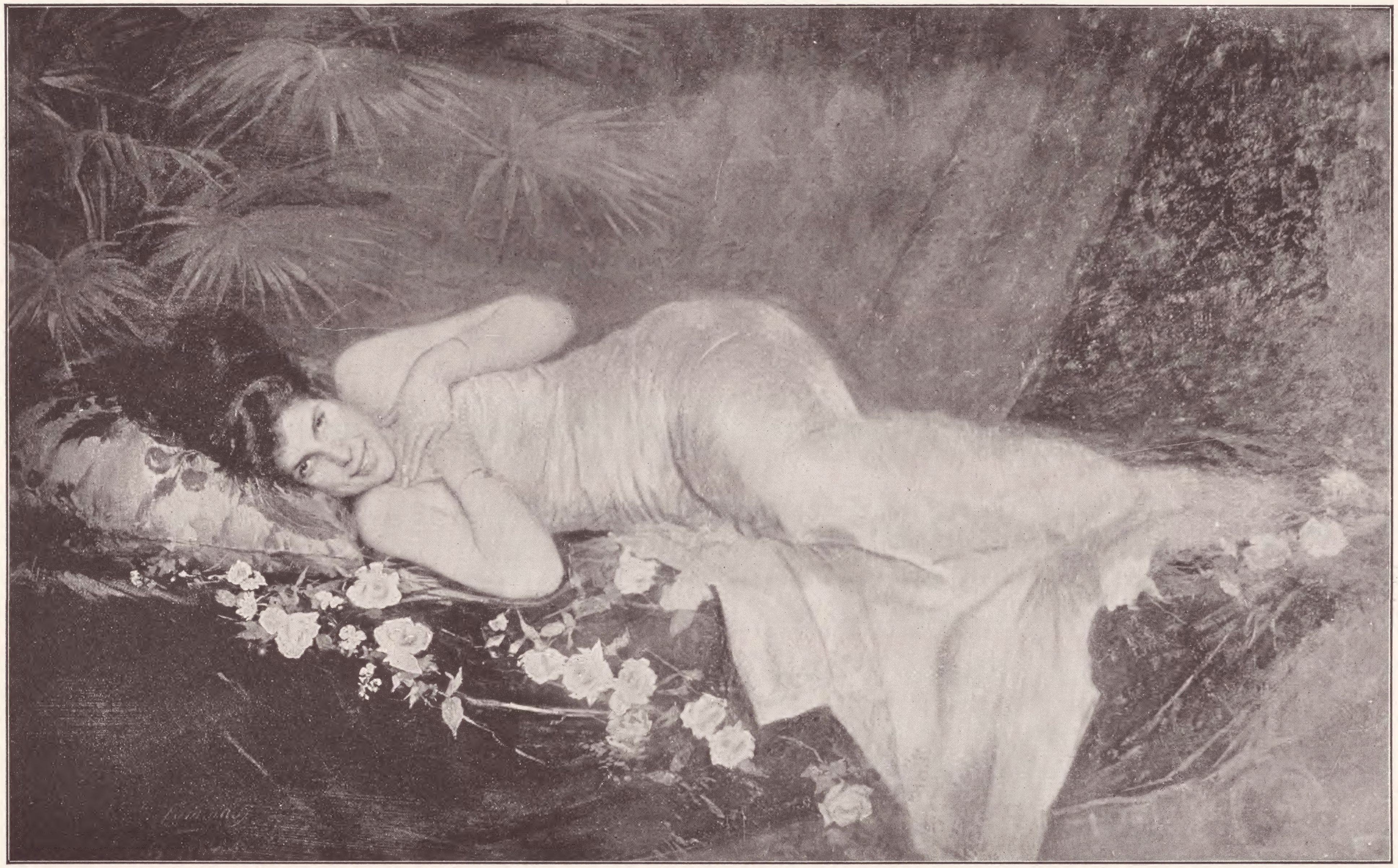
VEGETATION, water, sky, the ordinary ingredients of a landscape painting, whether it be great, indifferent, or unfortunate, again claim particularized mention in this. No site being indicated, the title "Autumn Wooing" must suffice to circumscribe poetically the artist's conception. Two other works by Yeend King are reproduced in this book with the usual comments under the titles of "A Lass That Loved a Sailor" and "A Gray Day in July." The present picture offers no notable deviation in manner from the two others. It is treated, as they are, with a proper division into foreground, middle-distance and perspective, lights and shadows, the effect of the whole possibly being a little more on the order of the fussy.



FRANCE. GEORGES ROCHEGROSSE.

BETROTHED.

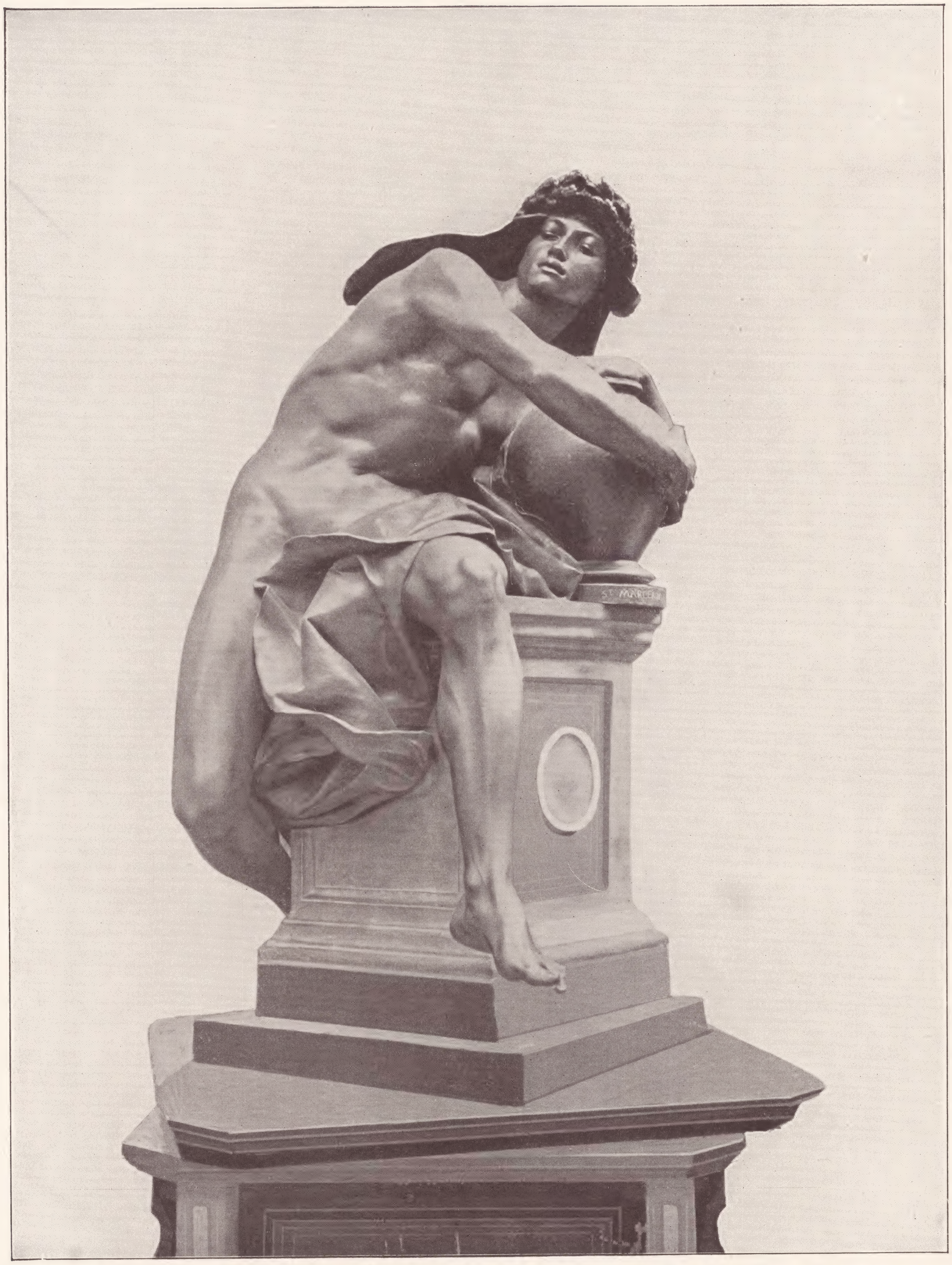
THE scene represents family-life in ancient Rome. A vine-grown colonnade overlooks a mountainous coast, where patricians go for their villegiature. The betrothed couple stands near the foreground, the maiden touching lightly the hand of her future husband and modestly casting down her eyes. Further off a table is surrounded by a group of people who observe the lovers. Pigeons are scattered upon the tiled floor. Brilliancy of coloring and the revival of a fastidious antique again illustrate the art of Georges Rochegrosse. He is a Parisian painter of note, who has composed many Assyrian subjects. The "Fall of Babylon" by him, an enormous canvas, was the sensation of the Salon of 1892. There was another work of his exhibited in Chicago under the title "Spoils," also of the most sparkling coloration.



Italy. P. De Tommasi.

GOLDEN DREAMS.

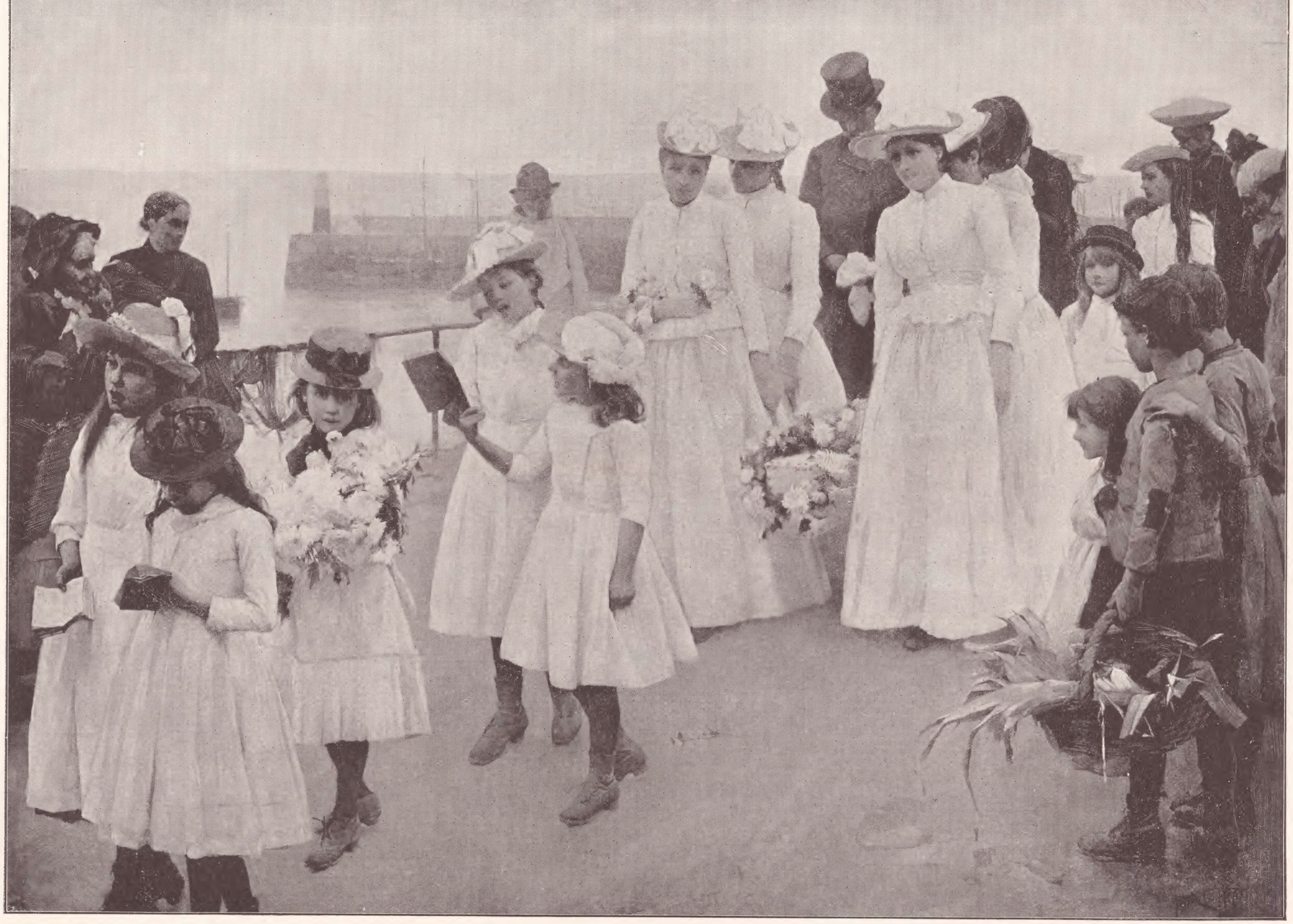
It would seem wild to conjecture about these dreams of gold. The wide-awake person who is stretched out in the picture certainly gives no sign of being the dreamer. Possibly she is the vision of someone else. But if that were so, why then "Golden Dreams"? There is the woman, wrapped in a sheet and crossing her hands over her breast; then there are draperies, plants, flowers . . . . just such an arrangement as a painter would easily find in his own studio, one that he would paint regardless of what it should mean. The face of the model is strikingly irregular, quite refreshingly so with its large mouth, heavy thin lips, and many teeth. P. De Tommasi is a resident of Rome. This was the only painting exhibited by him at the World's Columbian Exposition.



FRANCE. RENÉ DE SAINT-MARCEAUX.

SPIRIT GUARDING THE SECRET OF THE TOMB.

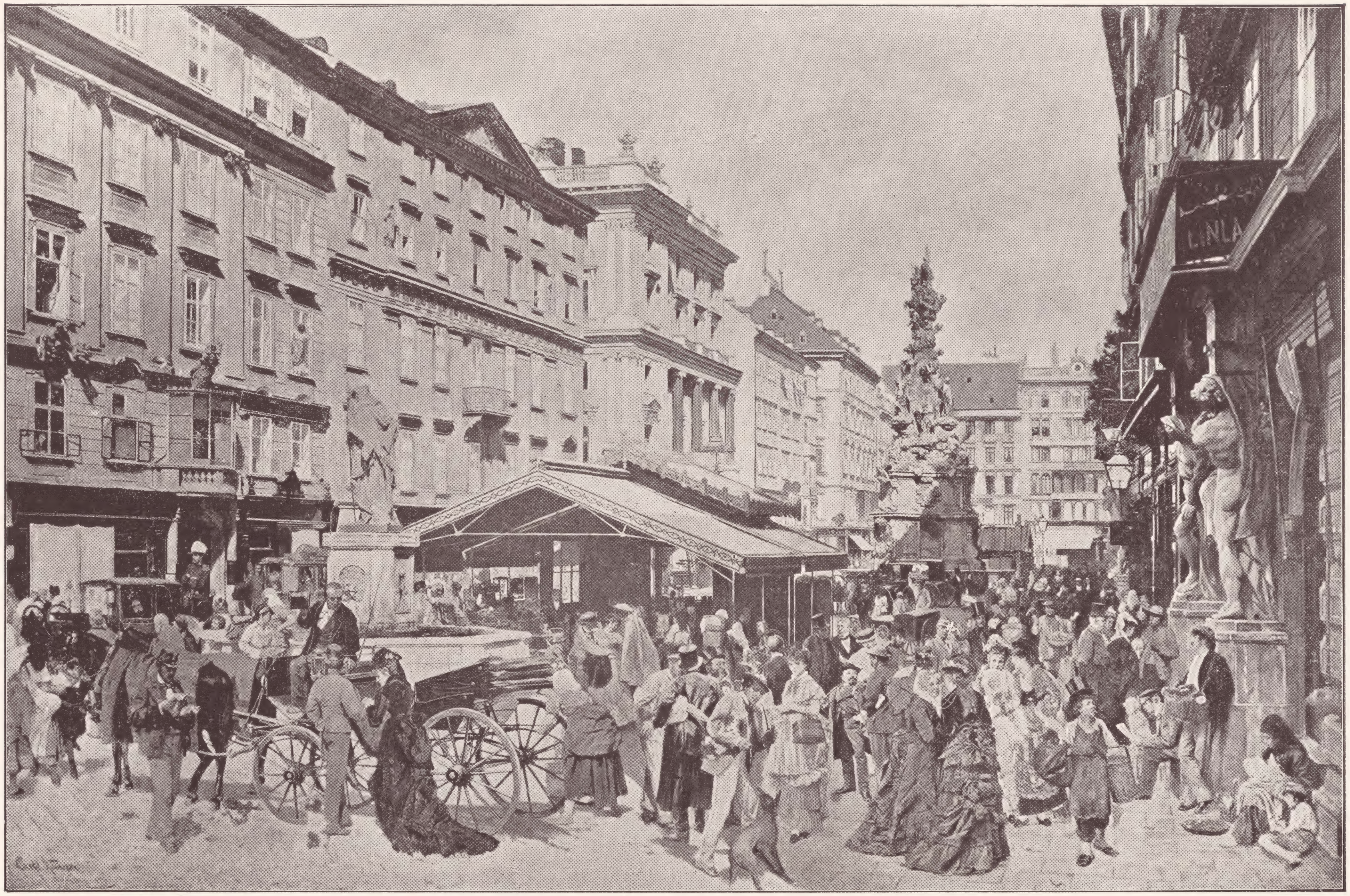
WITH arms clasped around an urn a powerful male figure is bent over a tombal stone, guarding the mystery of death in defiance to all. Impenetrable resolution, pathetic knowledge, are riveted in that face; vigorous movement and magnificent anatomy enliven the body of the statue. The general outline is sculptural; the parts are modeled with decided originality. René de Saint-Marceaux is among the most eminent of that younger French school of artists whose productions are always freshly and finely conceived. He won medals at the Salons of 1872, 1879, and 1889. Born in Reims. Officer of the Legion of Honor.



GREAT BRITAIN. FRANK BRAMLEY.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

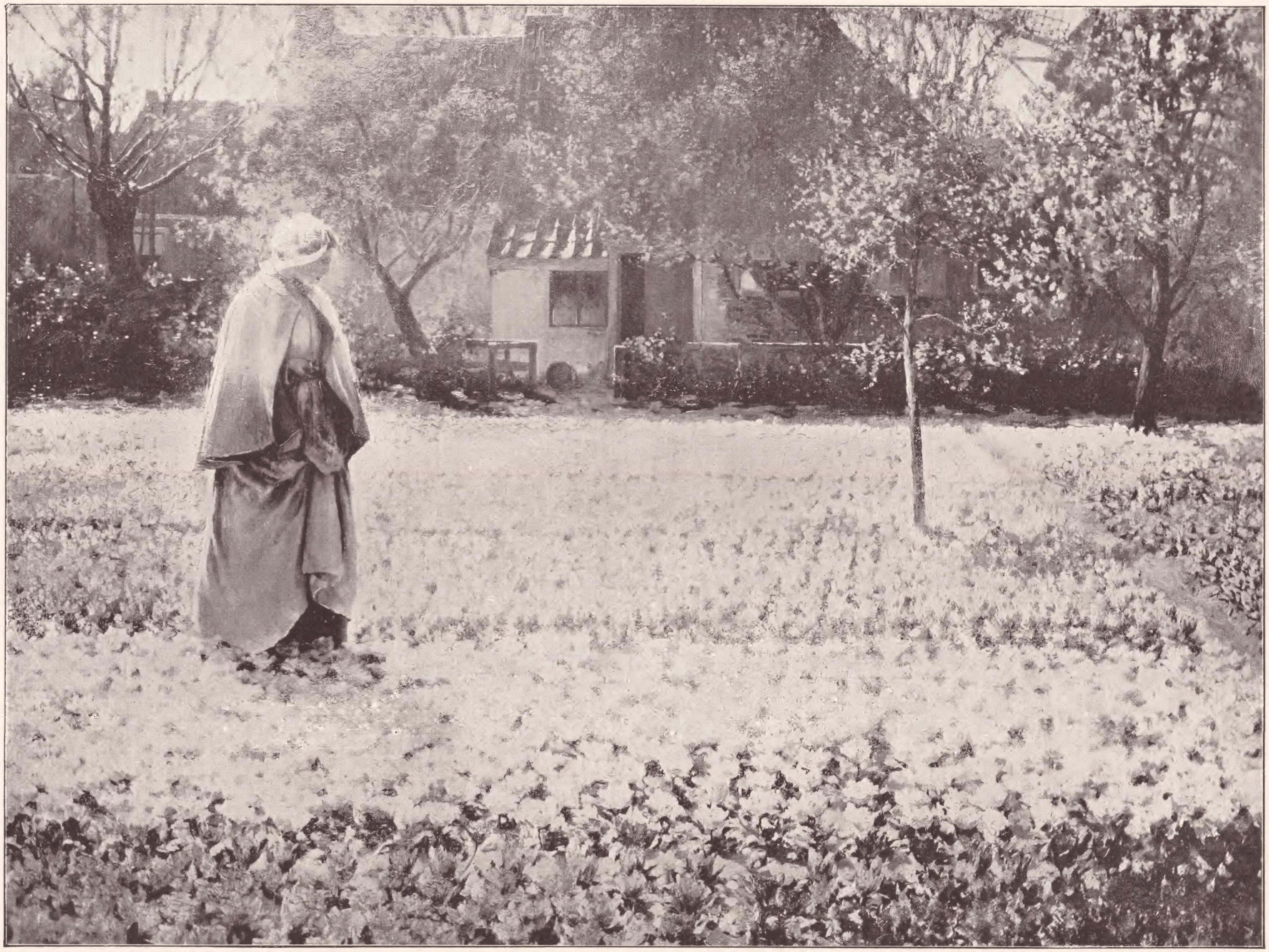
A CHILD'S funeral moves the artist to the hopeful quotation of the Scriptures. The little white coffin is borne along the shore by four young girls robed in white; children with flowers and psalm-books in their hands walk slowly ahead of the mourners and their juvenile voices rise in simple song. Tender compassion sways everyone who passes on the road and mingles even with the consoling words with which the artist conveys his impression to the spectator of the work. Frank Bramley had two canvases at the World's Fair, both of a greatly emotional character. In another part of this publication reference has been made to his "Hopeless Dawn." The present composition fully sustains the merit of the other.



AUSTRIA. K. KARGER.

THE GRABEN IN VIENNA.

VIENNA has constructed modern boulevards excelling in beauty those of other capitals, but the old Graben, located as it is between narrow streets, still attracts the strolling population, and is continually enlivened by representative types of the inhabitants. The painstaking artist portrays them all, from the street arab to the Emperor of Austria. But neither street arabs nor potentates offer distinctively local aspects, therefore the prominence given to the cab-driver, whose individuality could not thrive outside of Vienna. There are also students, peddlers, ladies, letter-carriers, and a whole throng of idle or busy people, each personifying a class. The picture, with its many figures, is on a very small scale, minutely touched, yet remaining within a general color tone. It was the only canvas sent to the World's Fair by Karger, and bore the mention: Lent by his Majesty, the Emperor.



UNITED STATES.

GEORGE HITCHCOCK.

TULIP CULTURE.

A COLORIST who would choose such a subject is brave indeed; one who can treat it satisfactorily must have uncommon talent. The artist who painted this picture deserves much praise for his achievement. There is a large garden patch all covered with tulips in full bloom, a deafening array of intensest hues. A young girl walks through the flower beds. She wears the cape and head-dress of Holland peasant women. In the rear, partly hidden by trees also covered with blossoms, are modest houses. Much labor is devoted to the culture of tulips in the Netherlands, and an industry more gratifying to the eye could hardly be imagined. The plants grow in the open air, are cared for with great attention, and are seen in innumerable varieties. George Hitchcock unhesitatingly establishes that brilliant vegetation upon canvas, and produces an effect worthy of the lavishness of nature.

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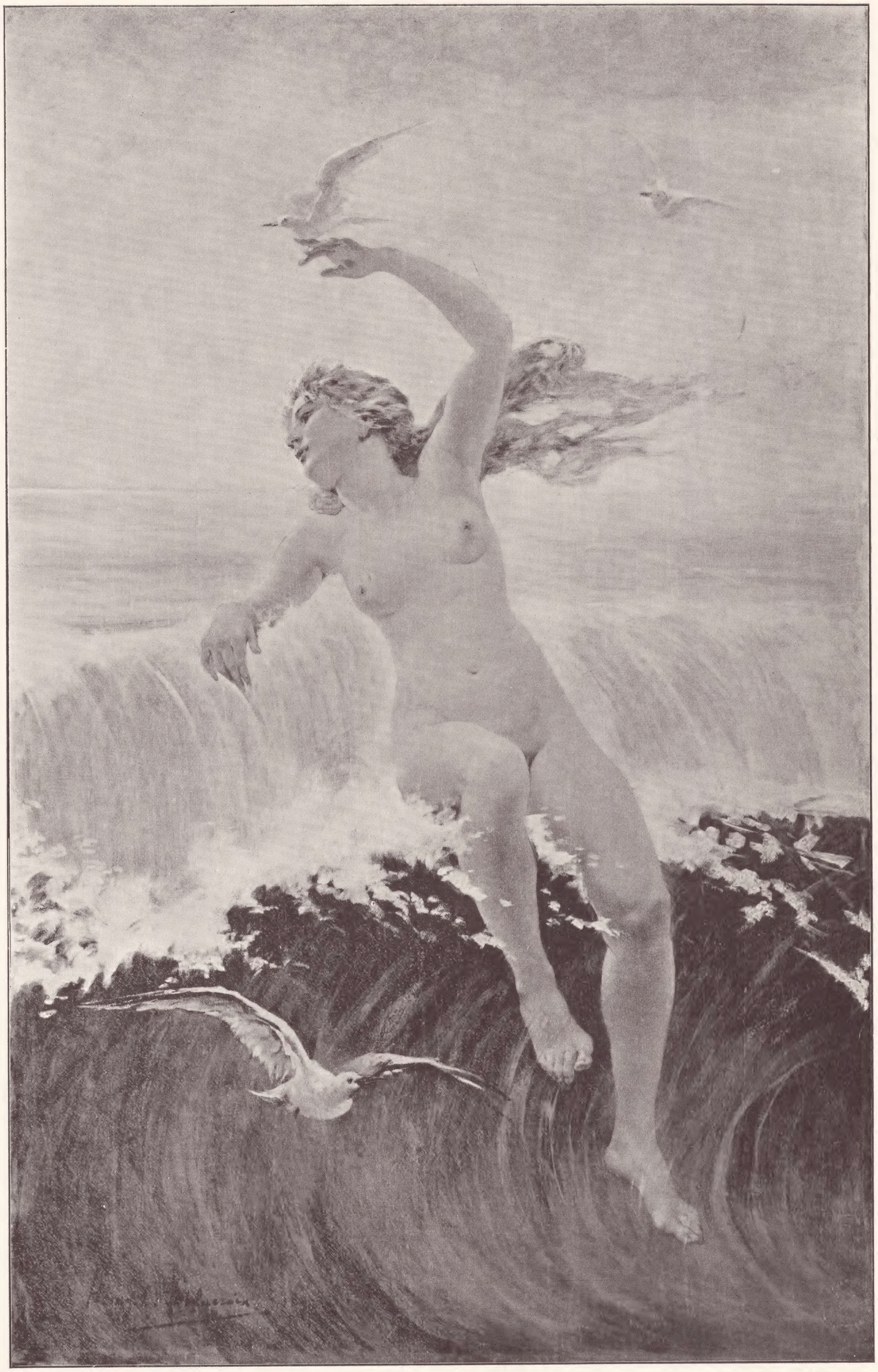
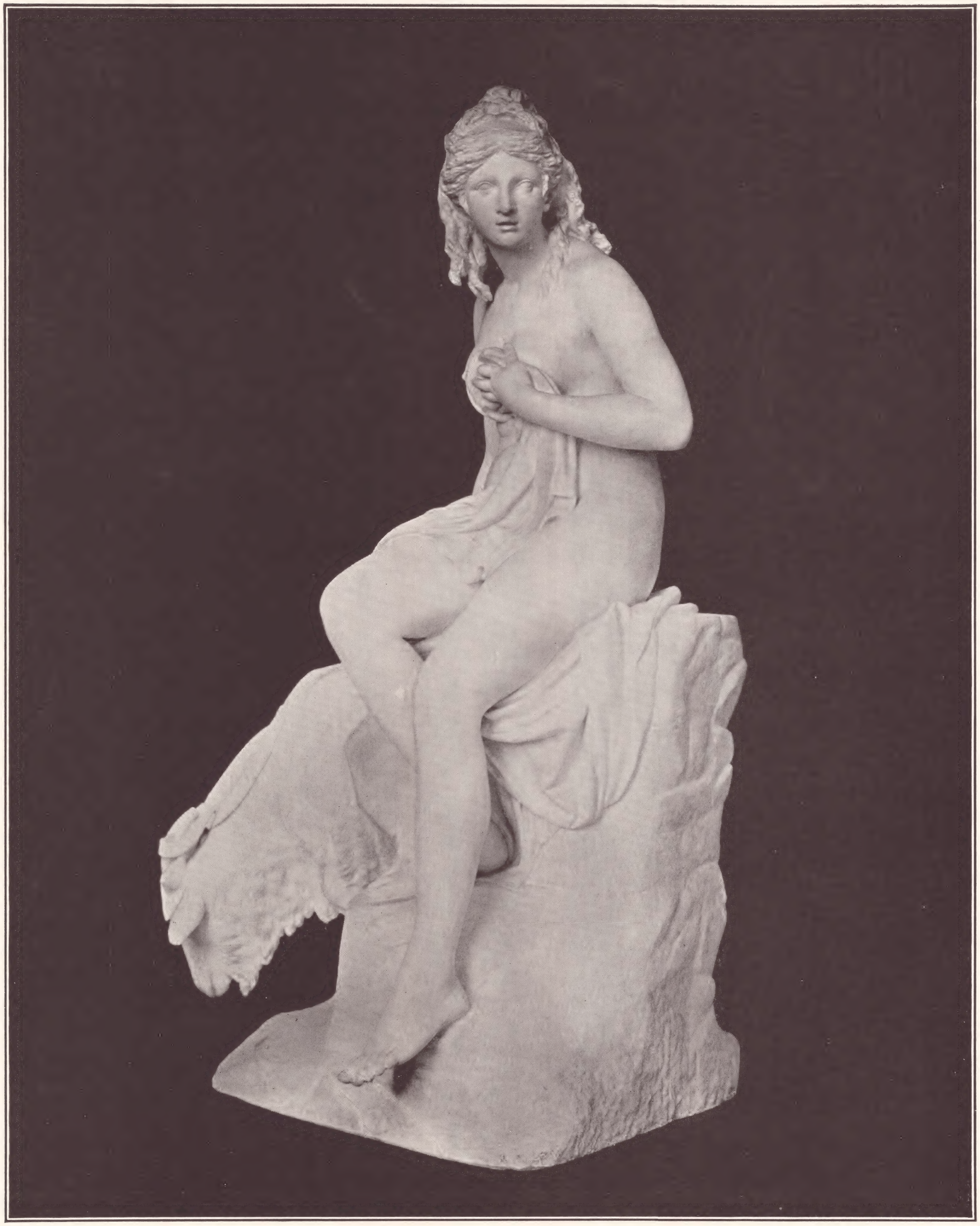


FRANCE. H. E. DELACROIX.

SEA-GULLS AND WAVE.

THERE is the wet expanse of the ocean; a long wave breaking in the foreground; a few birds, and gull-like, riding the foam; the figure of a woman; her hair flutters in the wind; her body barely touches the swirling water, and she is clothed in sunlight. That she is not web-footed, but has toes plainly showing the use of pointed shoes, is a consequence less of elemental necessity than of the painter's correct observation of his model. The aquatic lady is handsomely dimpled, and conducts herself quite aphroditic. The palette knife, now so generally employed for turning oil color into water effect, is dexterously handled by the artist. Henry Eugène Delacroix was born in Solesmes (Nord), was a pupil of Cabanel, and obtained medals in 1876 and 1889 at the Salons, and also at the last Universal Exposition in Paris.

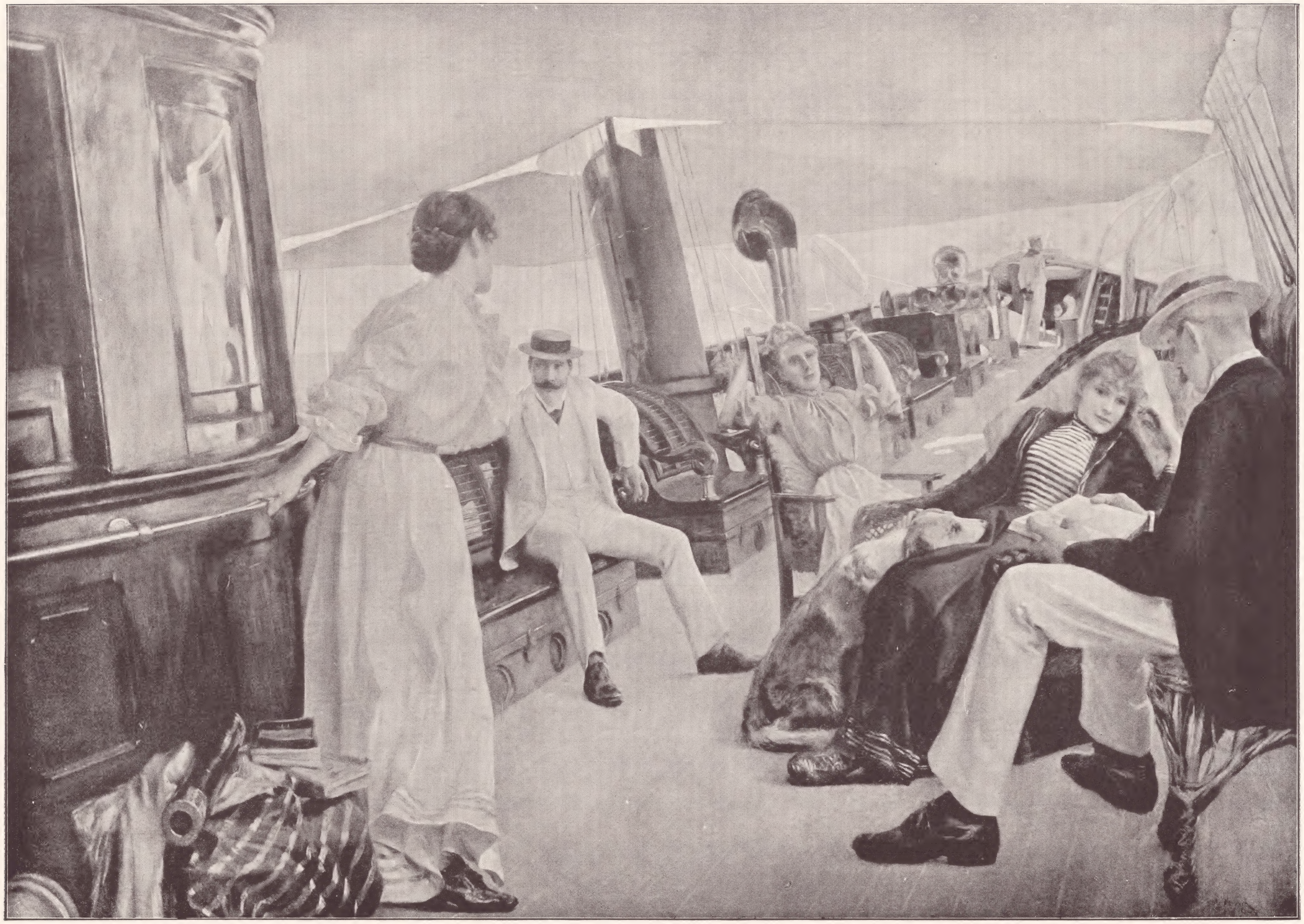


FRANCE.

NYMPH WITH GOAT.

PIERRE JULIEN (1731–1804).

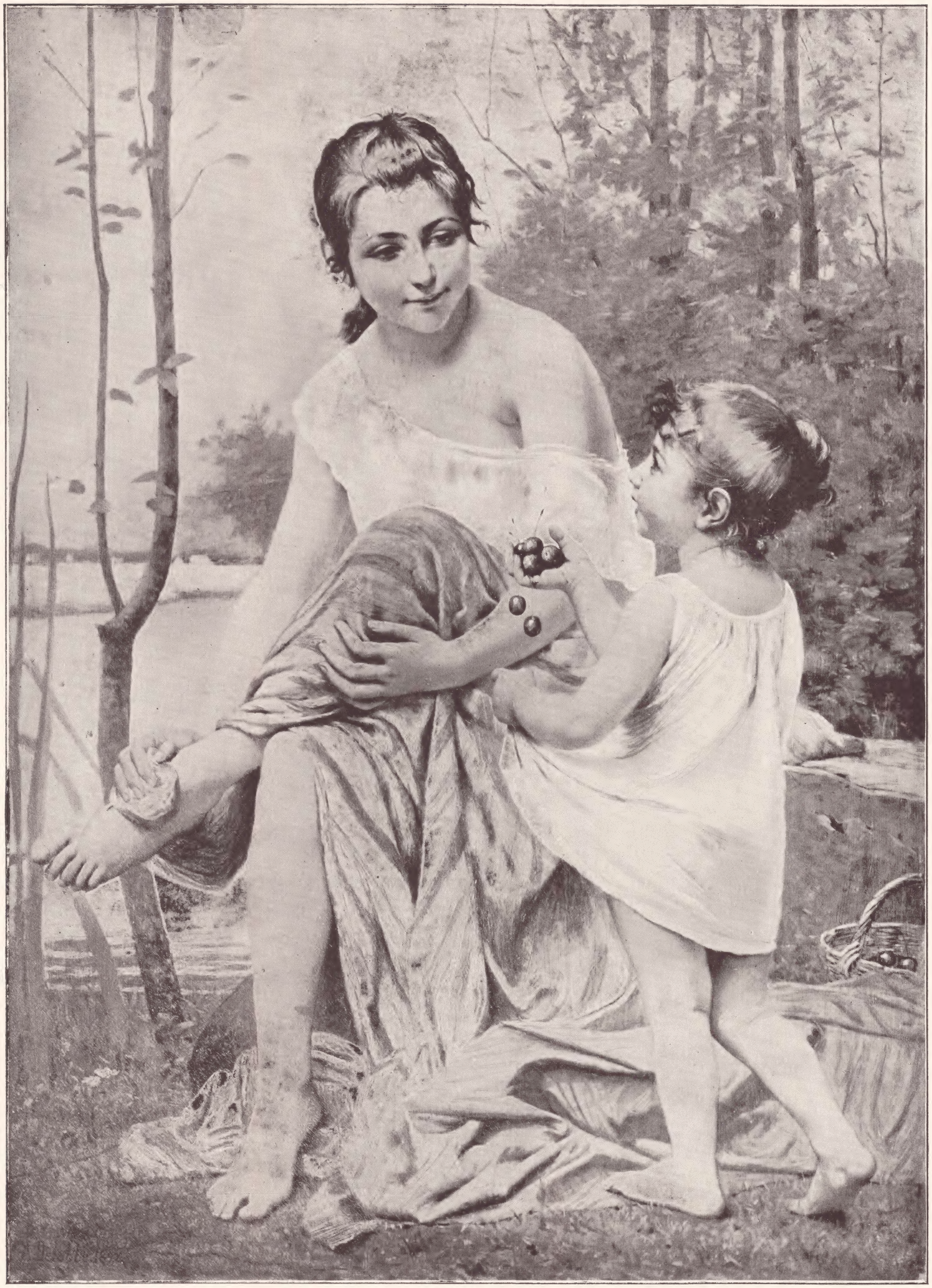
SHE is nude, seated upon a rock; her right hand holds a ribbon which is attached to the horns of a goat, and with her left she lifts to her bosom a drapery, the folds of which fall over her thigh. The marble original of this group is in the Louvre Museum. A cast of it was made for the Chicago Exposition and is now in the collection of the Chicago Art Institute. The sculptor exhibited the work at the French Salon of 1791; from there it went to the Castle of Rambouillet until an official decision placed it in the public gallery. Another title of the same sculpture is "Amalthea," probably referring to the mythological goat-nurse of Jupiter, the grateful god having created the horn of plenty from one of the horns of Amalthea. But whichever is the original title is of no import. The group itself is a perfect example of French art in the eighteenth century.



UNITED STATES. JULES L. STEWART.

YACHTING.

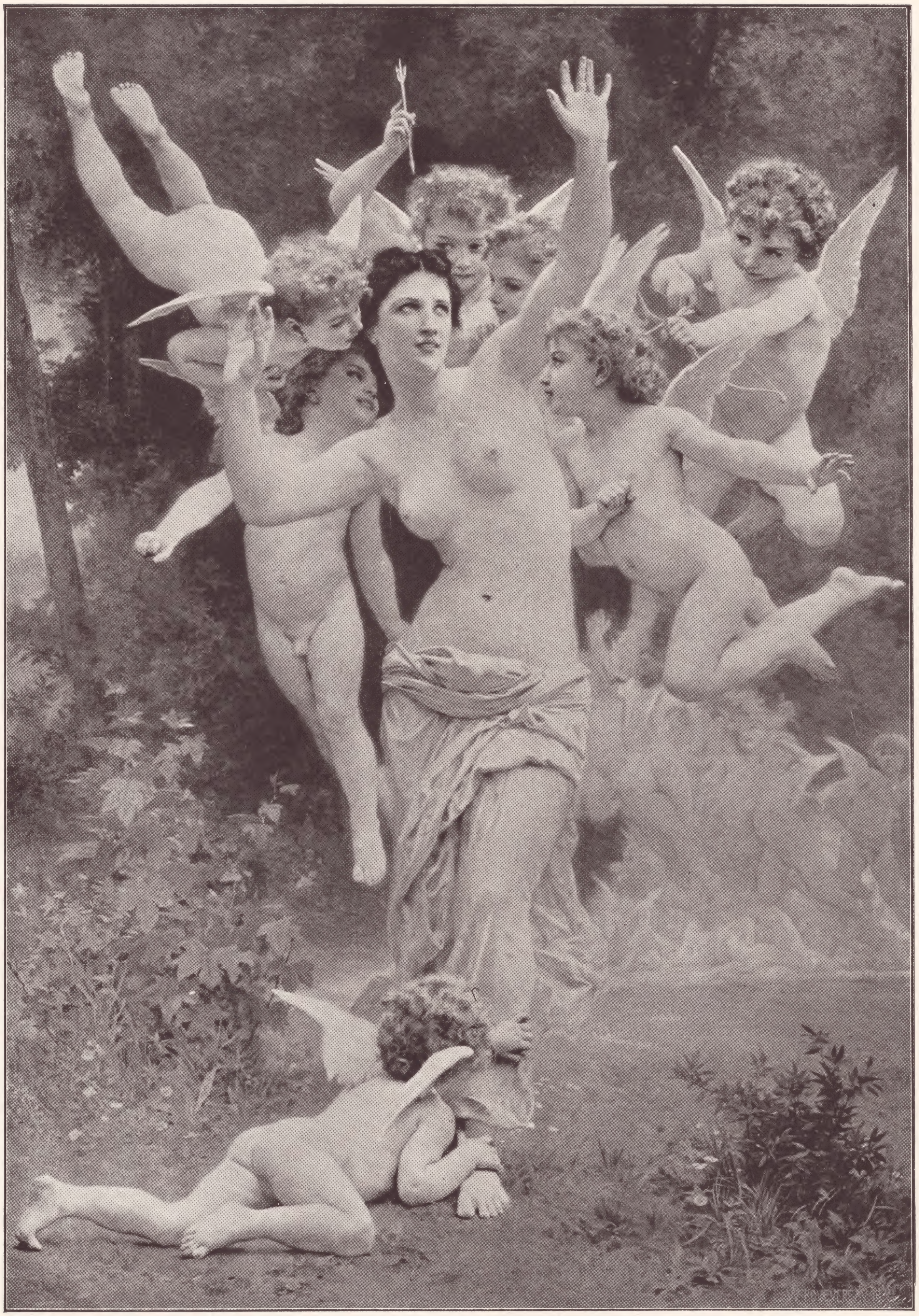
THE curved lines of a boat, with the wide sky and sea beyond, form a convenient background for the figures that the painter has presented previously either in the parlor or in the ball-room. There is a small party of them lounging on the deck of a steam yacht, in the enjoyment of fresh breezes, as the neat craft proceeds swiftly through the waves. The view is taken forward of the pilot house and includes the bow where a sailor is standing as lookout. All on board seem to be confident that the elements, as well as the captain and the stewards, are perfectly reliable. The full title, as given in the catalogue, is "On the Yacht Namouna, Venice, 1890," an indication that the chief interest of the picture is supplied by the portraits of the yachting party. In another part of this publication notice has been taken of "The Hunt Ball," also by Jules L. Stewart.



FRANCE. F. A. DELOBBE.

CHERRIES AFTER THE BATH.

BOUGUEREAU has many followers who paint, as he does, half-dressed people, placidly or smilingly airing themselves, always cleanly and generally comfortable. Two figures compose the picture "Cherries after the Bath"—a young girl drying herself, and a child offering some cherries to the older companion. There is nothing vehement about the pose, the flesh-tones, or the light; they recall the mild subjects, sweetly treated, as they have come in numbers from the same school. Francois-Alfred Delobbe was born in Paris, was a pupil of Bouguereau, and received medals in 1874 and 1875. His yearly contributions are remembered by habitués of the Paris Salon. "Cherries after the Bath" dates from 1892, and shows that the painter does not leave the road once chosen. The seated figure bends forward and seems more interested in the child's talk than in the immediate action. To the left a quiet body of water is seen, bushes and slender trees line the shore, a basket with fruit is upon the grass to the right. A summer sky is over the landscape.



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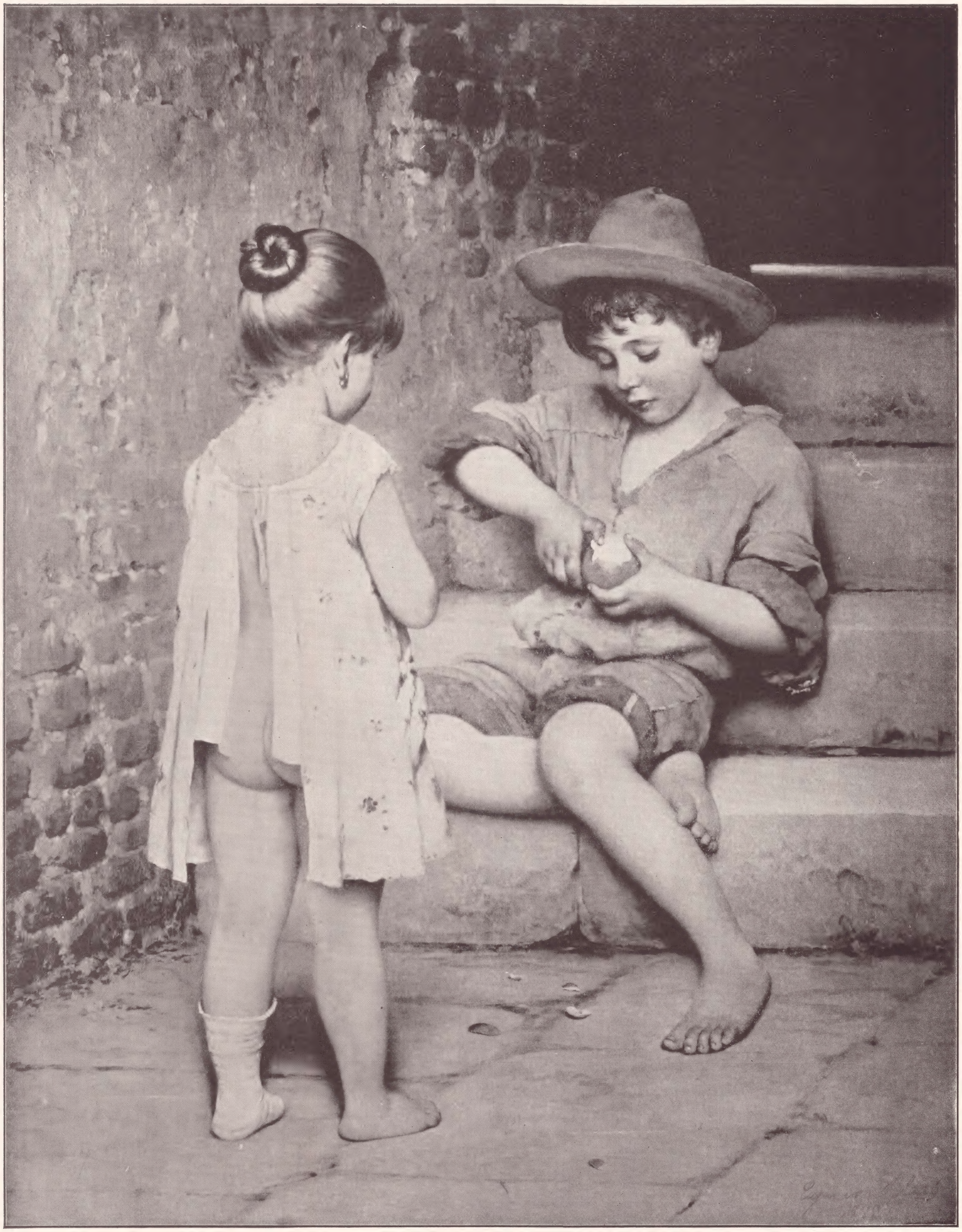
FRANCE. WILLIAM A. BOUGUEREAU.

THE WASP'S NEST.

THREE works of this famous painter were exhibited in the French Section of Fine Arts at the World's Fair. Among them the one reproduced above attracted attention most, and may be considered a perfectly typical Bouguereau picture.

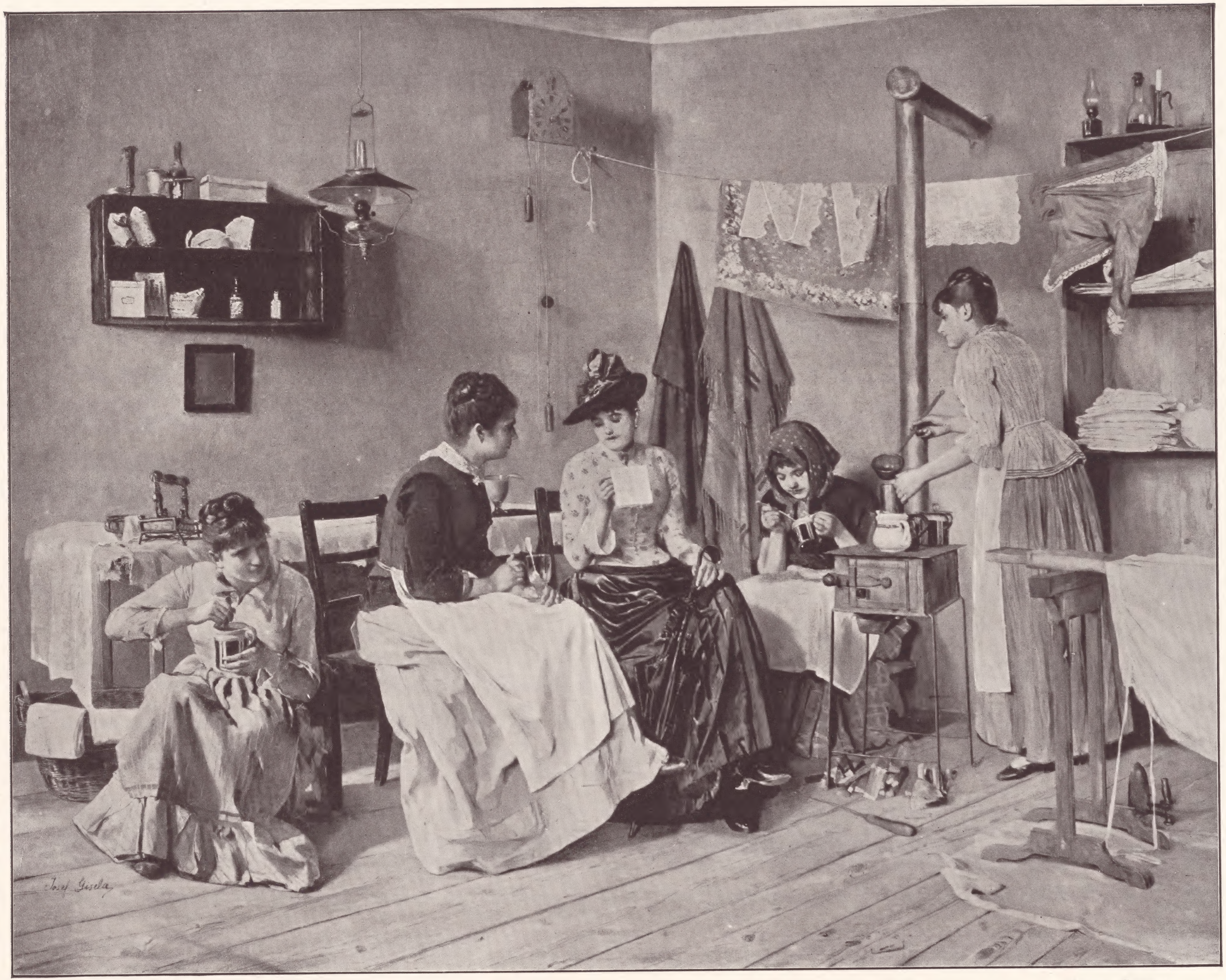
A young woman is represented assailed by a battalion of winged cupids, who threaten her with their darts and seek to hold her a prisoner The principal figure, standing, is partly draped, and recalls somewhat the pose of the Venus of Milo. As in other compositions coming under the appellation of ideal genre, gaiety and movement are considered here of first importance. Fanciful anatomy, tender coloration, a background covered with trees and flowers are characteristic. To enumerate reasons which have made this artist one of the best known of the epoch would be to attempt a definition of the laws of popular taste. Few galleries on either side of the Atlantic are without examples from his industrious brush. ''The Wasp's Nest'' was painted in 1890 for a Chicago collector, in whose possession it is at present. A biographical sketch of William A. Bouguereau will be found in another part of this book.



Austria. Eugen von Blaas.

THE GOOD BROTHER.

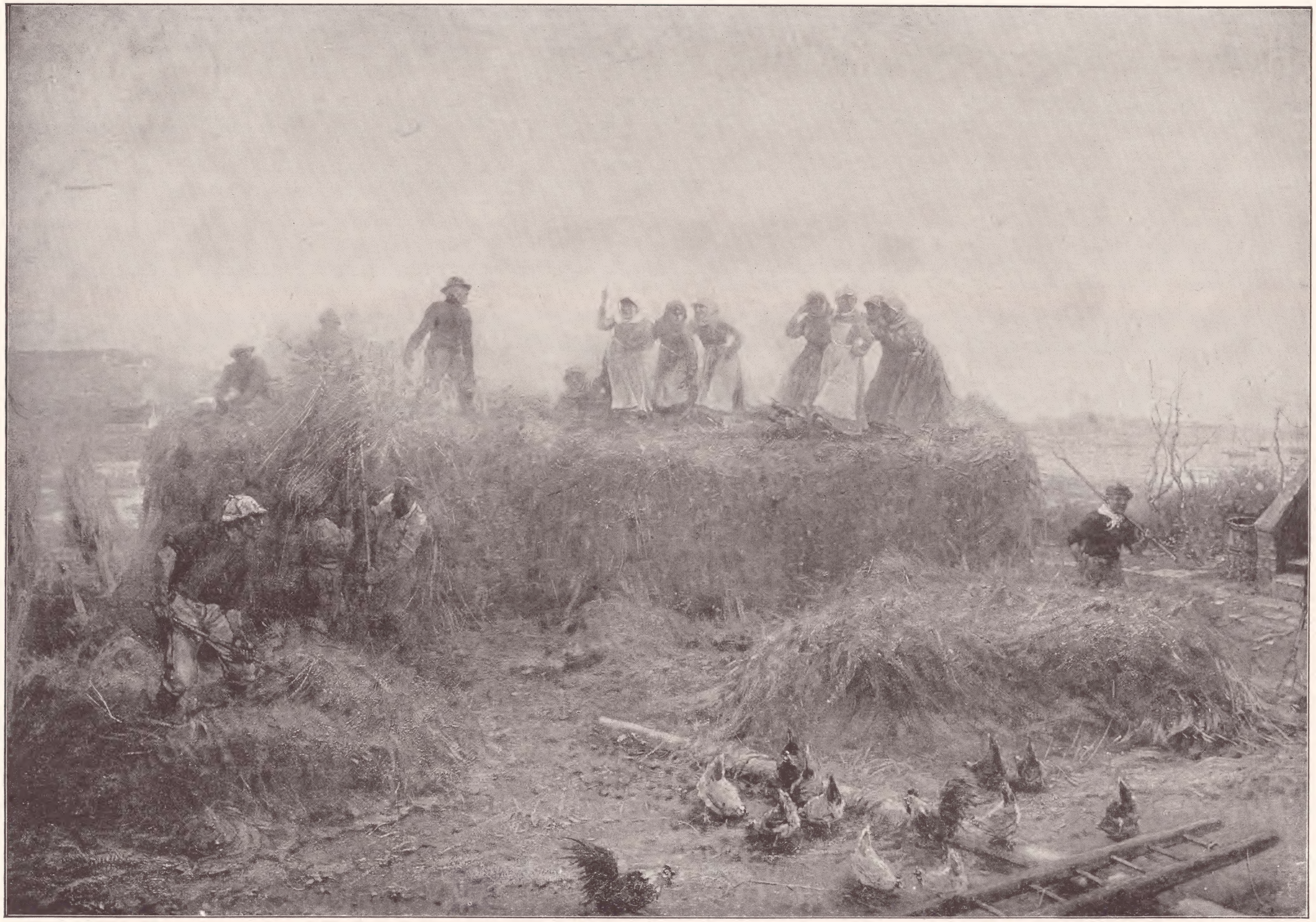
A DEFINITION of the picture shown on this page might use the same adjective throughout, whether it mentions the brother, the sister, the orange, the painting, the artist, or the reproduction. Of course, even then the meaning of the “good” need not be absolute, but would depend upon individual notions of virtue, in fact, could include the whole compass of psychologic, gastronomic, and picturesque merit. Brother and sister enjoy the ragged freshness, the tender juvenility, for which there exists a yearning public. Eugen von Blaas was born in Albano in 1843. His father, Karl von Blaas, a Tyrolean by birth, was professor of painting first at the Vienna and later at the Venice Academy. The son was taught by the father. He is now a member of the Academy of Venice. “An Evening in Murano,” painted by von Blaas in 1870, was purchased for the Belvedére Gallery in Vienna.



AUSTRIA. JOSEF GISELA.

VISIT TO THE LAUNDRY.

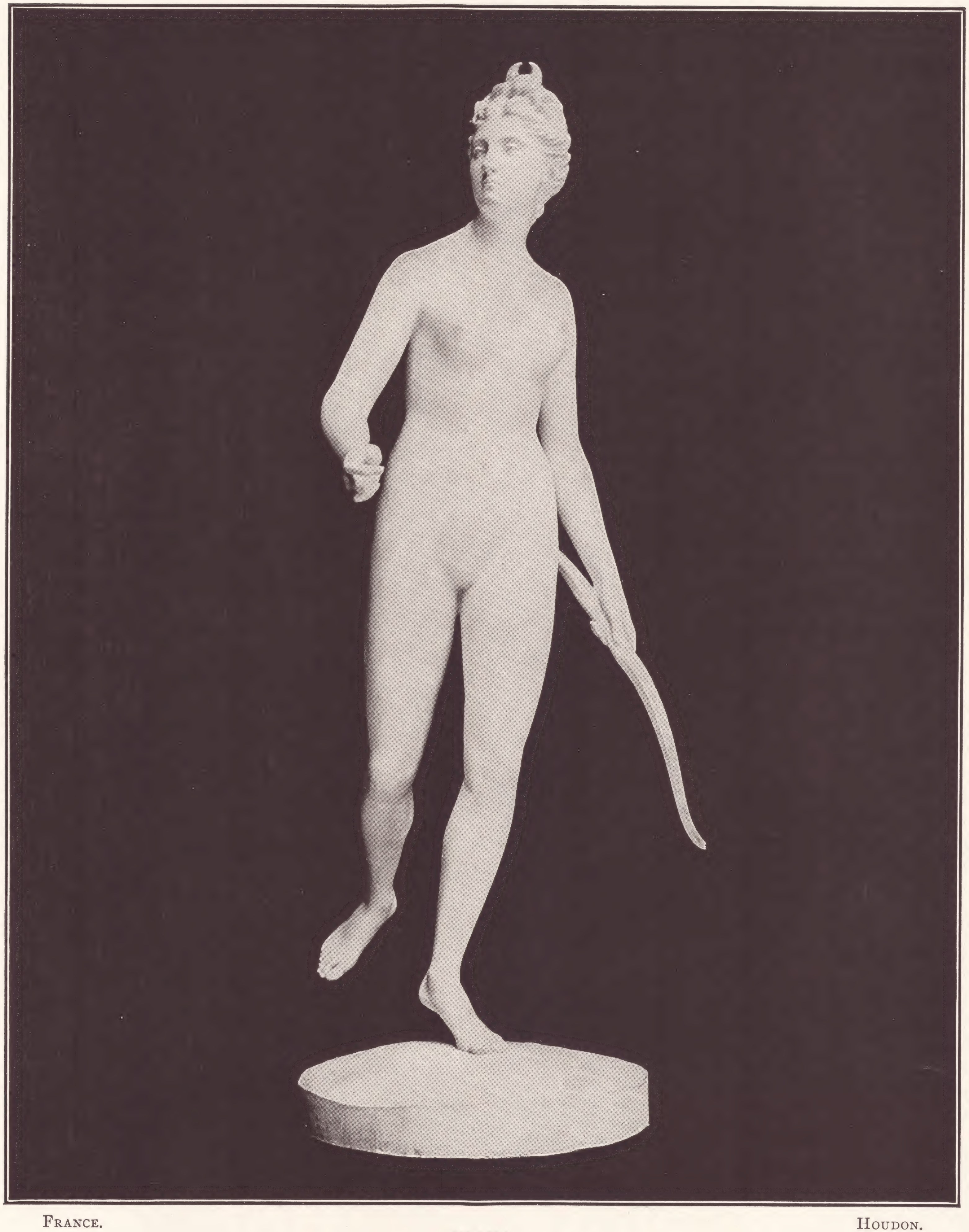
THE pretty laundresses have interrupted their work and receive the visit of a friend. One of them has prepared coffee. The company sits in a corner of the room, resting and talking with one another. Clothes are laid on shelves, hung over ironing boards, or strung up on a line. There is a remarkable uniformity of type noticeable in these five women; they would almost give the impression of one model seen in diverse poses and in different attire. The physiognomies, however, are carefully studied, each in its own momentary expression. Josef Gisela is also the author of the painting, "Adventures in the Lottery," of which a reproduction is to be found in another part of the present publication.



GREAT BRITAIN. G. H. BOUGHTON.

DANCING DOWN THE HAY.

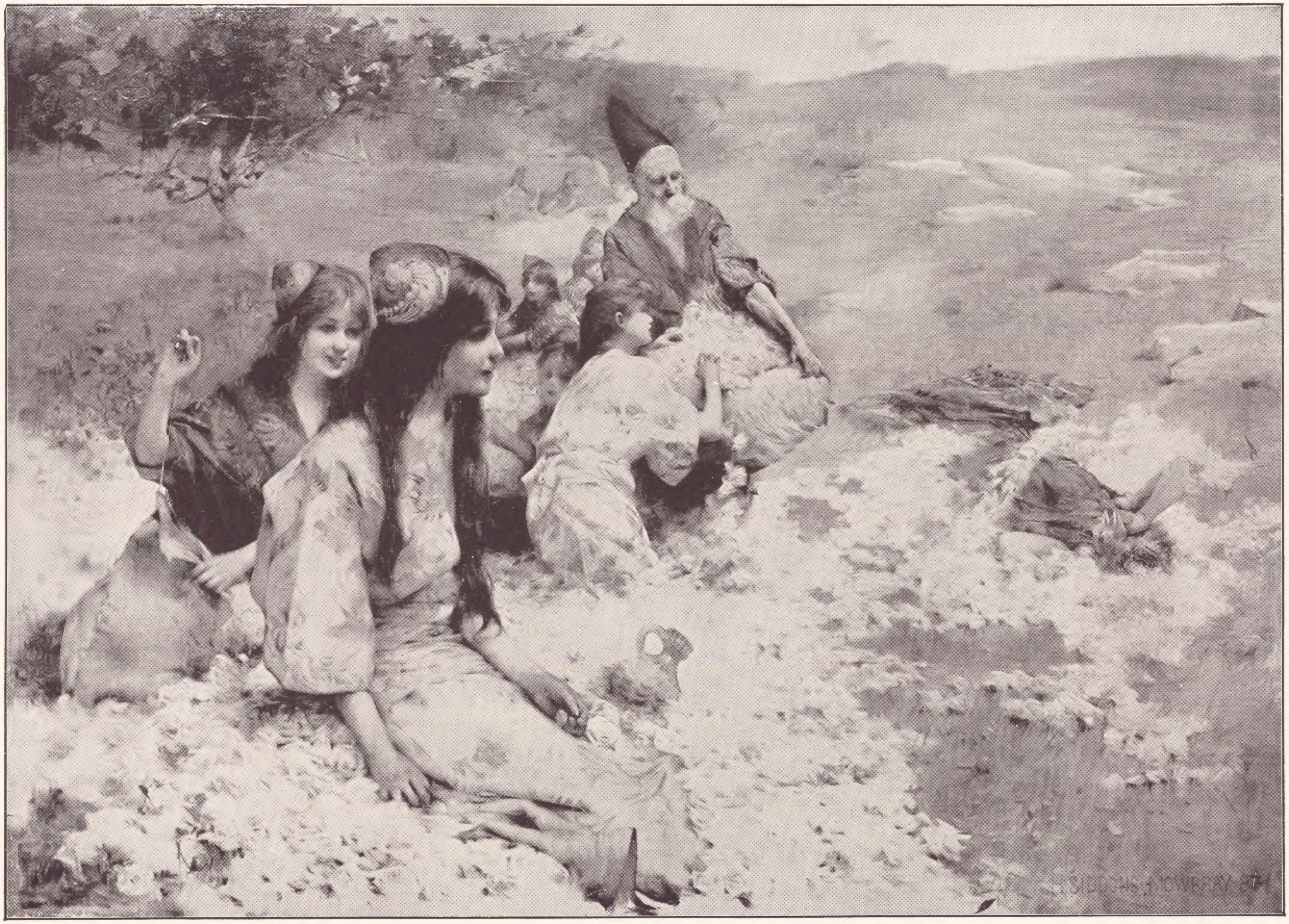
A NUMBER of men are occupied in stacking the new-mown hay while groups of young women dance on the top of the stack—one of the rare occasions when farm labor permits of simultaneous merriment. G. H. Boughton is an associate of the Royal Academy of London, and at the same time is a member of the National Academy in New York, part of his earlier career having been spent in the United States. He was born in England in 1834, began his studies unaided in Albany, N. Y., until he could complete them in London and Paris. His works, either historical subjects or landscapes with figures, have won for him universal favor. Works of his figured at most of the important expositions during the latter half of this century, and many of them have been made known still more by engraving and photography. There were three canvases by Boughton at the World's Fair.



FRANCE. HOUDON.

DIANA.

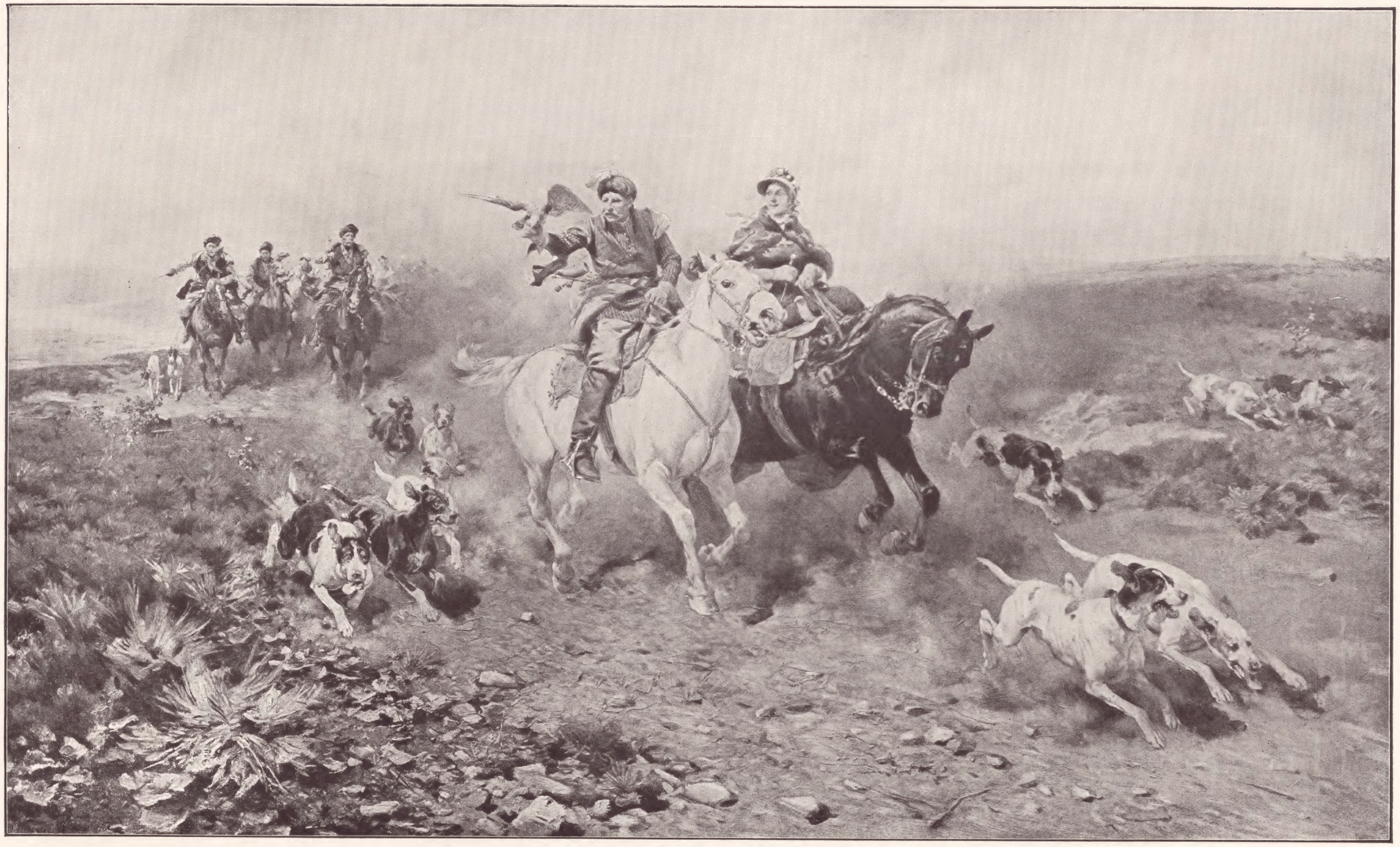
THE Olympian huntress touches the ground lightly with one foot; the movement of her undraped body and the bow in her left hand would indicate that she is in pursuit of game. The plaster cast exhibited in Chicago was made from the marble statue in the Louvre Museum and belonged to the retrospective collection of sculptures sent from France. Houdon was born in Versailles in 1741 and lived until 1813. Among the examples of his works the statue of Voltaire and numerous busts of his contemporaries are also well known.



UNITED STATES. H. S. MOWBRAY.

ROSE HARVEST.

PERSIA is the country of roses, of wine, and therefore of poesy. There is also a history from which a painter might gather all the necessary hints for the manufacture of large paintings, such as the marches of Xerxes, or the rebellion of the Ullahs. It requires less exertion to extract a color subject from the flowery petals than to "compose" old parchments; the artistic result may even gain by the simpler process. Considerations of this sort were probably foreign to the creation of H. Siddon Mowbray's "Rose Harvest." Perhaps he never thought of localizing that rose-reaping bevy in the vicinity of Shiraz, but he has heaped an eyeful of mellow tints upon his loose little pretext. Of the four pictures by the same artist, lent by their respective owners for exposition, two are reproduced in the present collection, "The Evening Breeze" and the work referred to above.

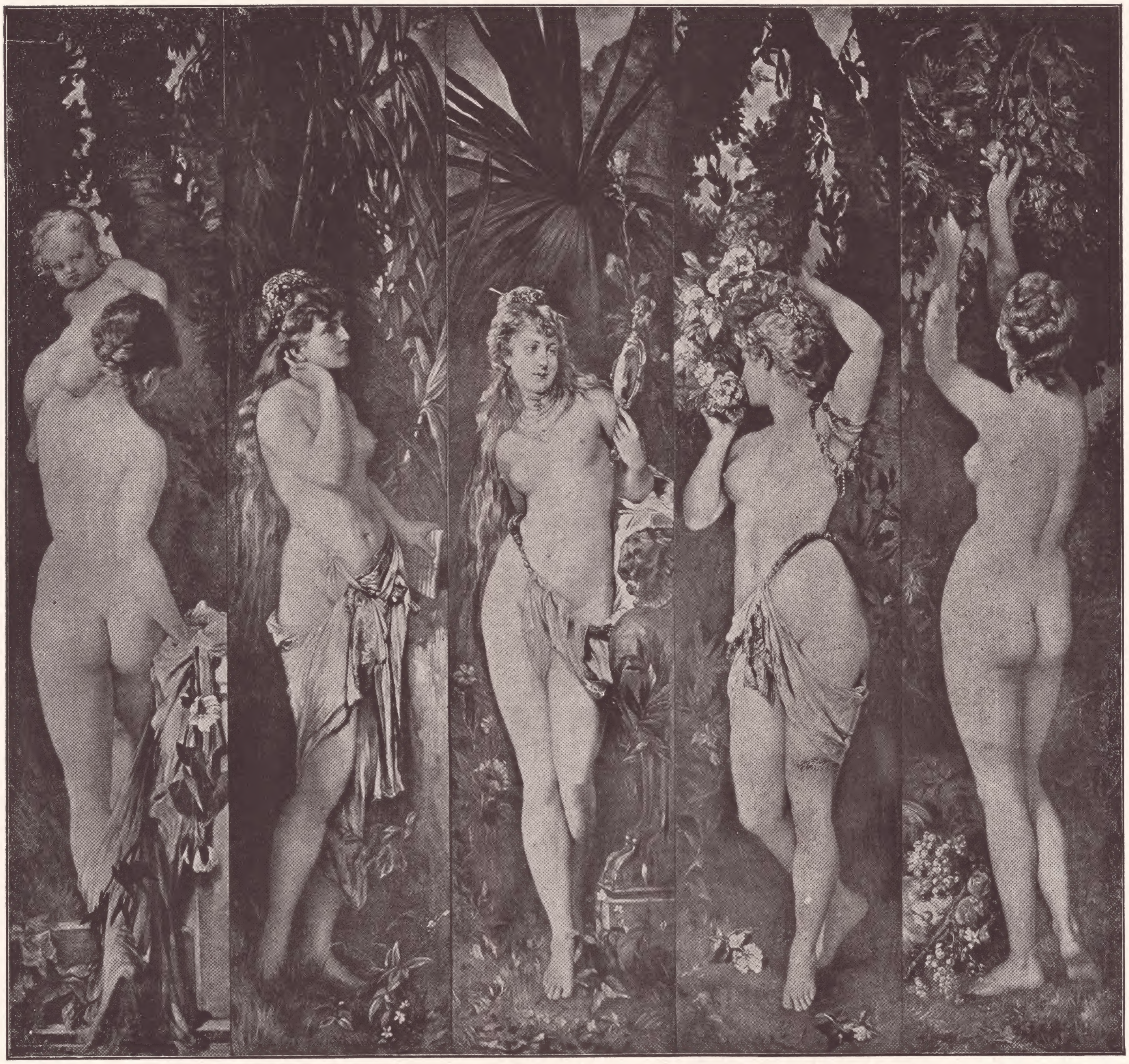


AUSTRIA.

THE FALCONER.

HANS MAKART.

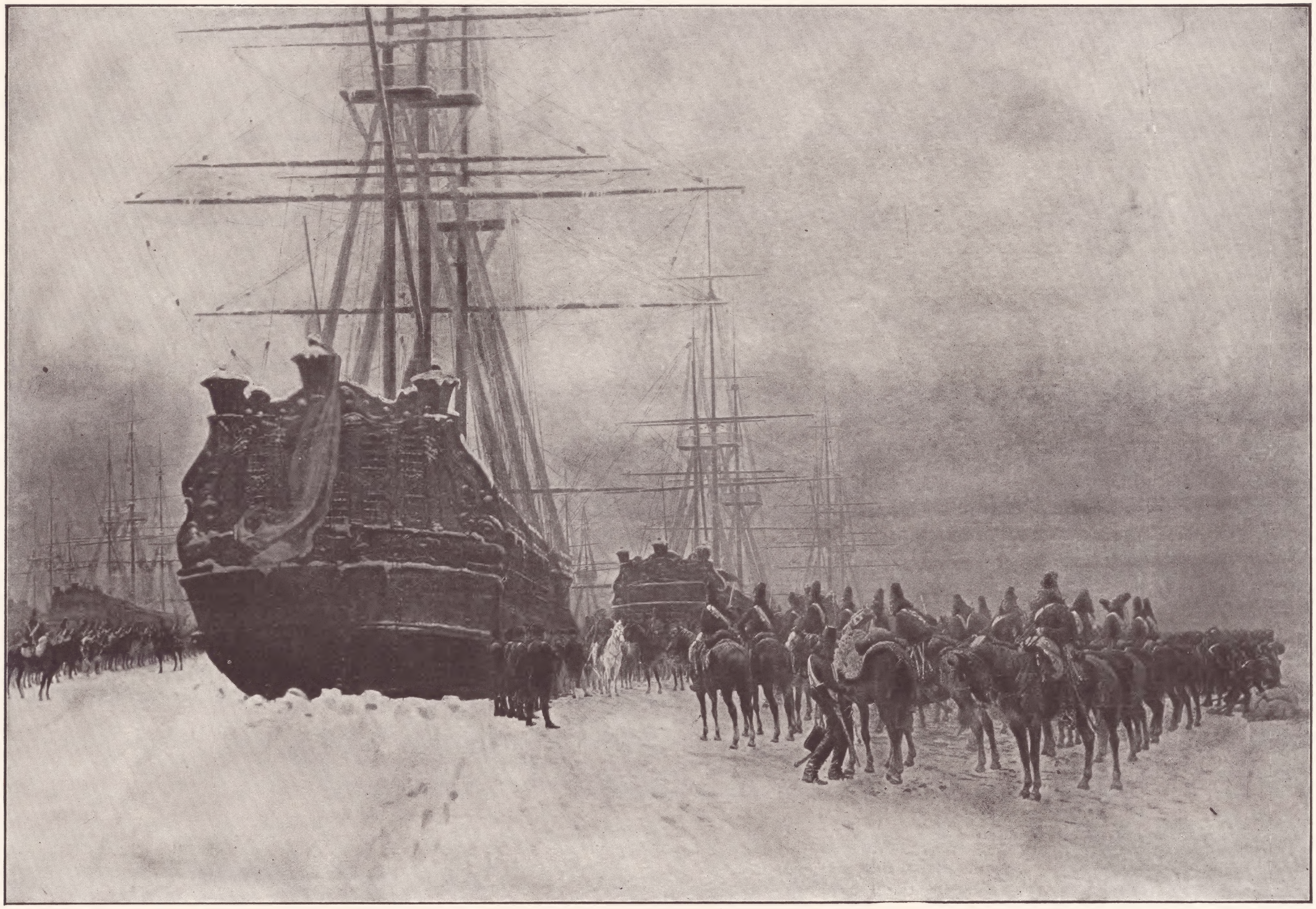
A CAVALIER upon a white horse and a lady upon a black mount lead the chase across country. They are followed by a number of huntsmen. A pack of hounds runs along, but the important animal of the day is the falcon upon the right index of the cavalier. The bird prepares to take its flight. This composition reminds of past times when falcons were used to bring down the game. Probably it is one of those facile paintings of the Austrian master who made light of accurate observation. His fancy prompted the subjects and guided his hand. If the colors only glowed he was content. There is in this volume a reproduction of the "Five Senses" by Hans Makart, with a curriculum of the artist.



AUSTRIA. HANS MAKART.

THE FIVE SENSES.

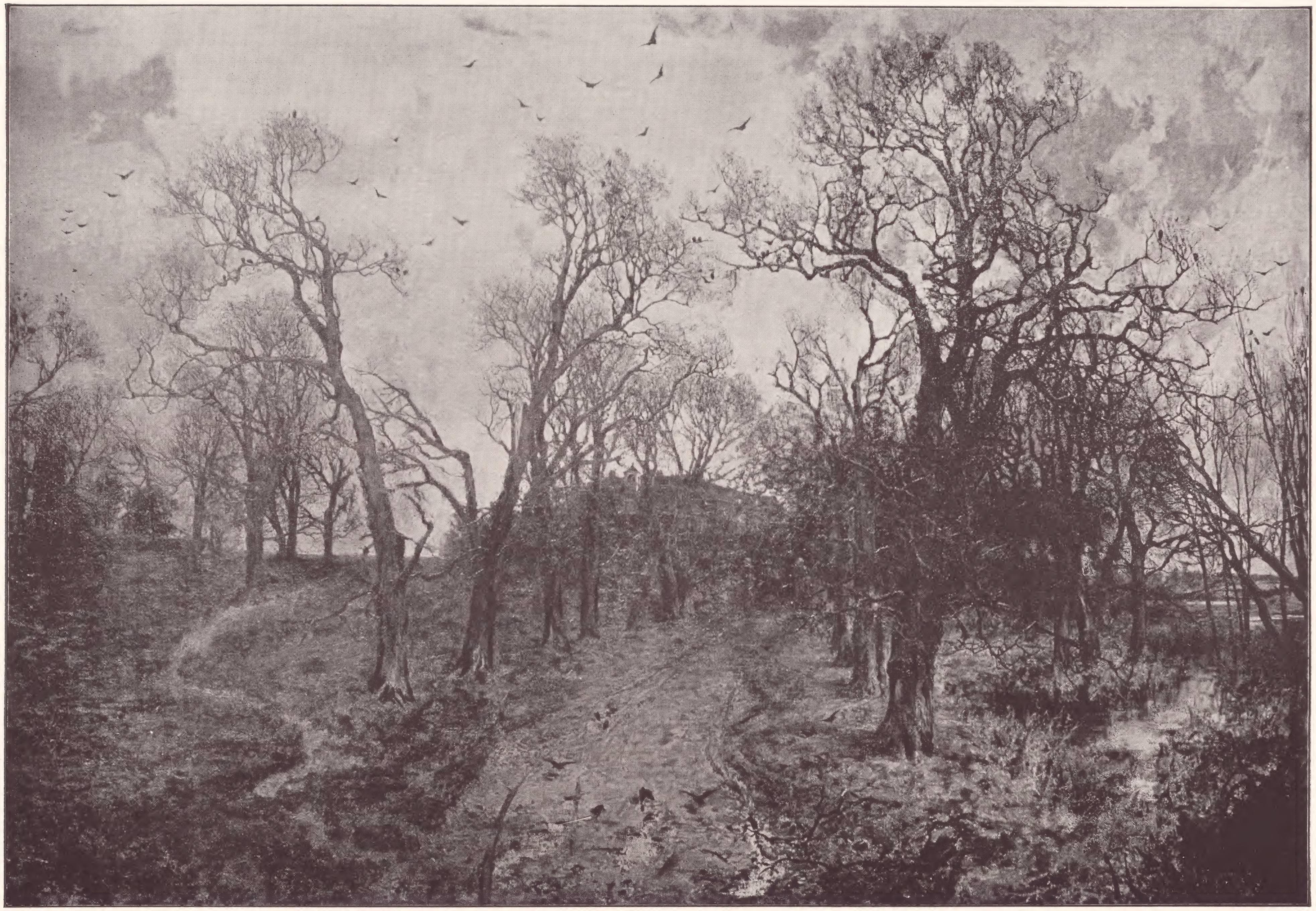
A TIME-HONORED habit finds in such a female quintette the summed-up incarnation of human senses. No finer division is attempted, nor any wider variation recognized, than has always been indicated by the proverbial number of organic functions. If not very sensitive, the scantily draped or half-averted figures are at least of much sensual fleshiness. They are born from and for color, grafted upon a thick vegetation which has its roots in a luxurious palette. The artist is a native of Sulzburg and lived from 1840 until 1884. Previous to several Italian journeys he studied at Munich, under Piloty, but his works do not exhibit the influence of that rigid painter. When Makart settled in Vienna his reputation was already established, and in his vast studio there he painted the large canvases which created so much sensation, among others the "Entrance of the Young Emperor, Charles V, into Antwerp" and "Diana's Hunt." The latter is now in the New York Metropolitan Museum. The praise which he so universally received for brilliancy and richness in coloring, and the criticism which he attracted by his defective drawing, still maintain the notoriety of his works.



FRANCE. C. E. DELORT.

PICHEGRU TAKES DUTCH SHIPS.

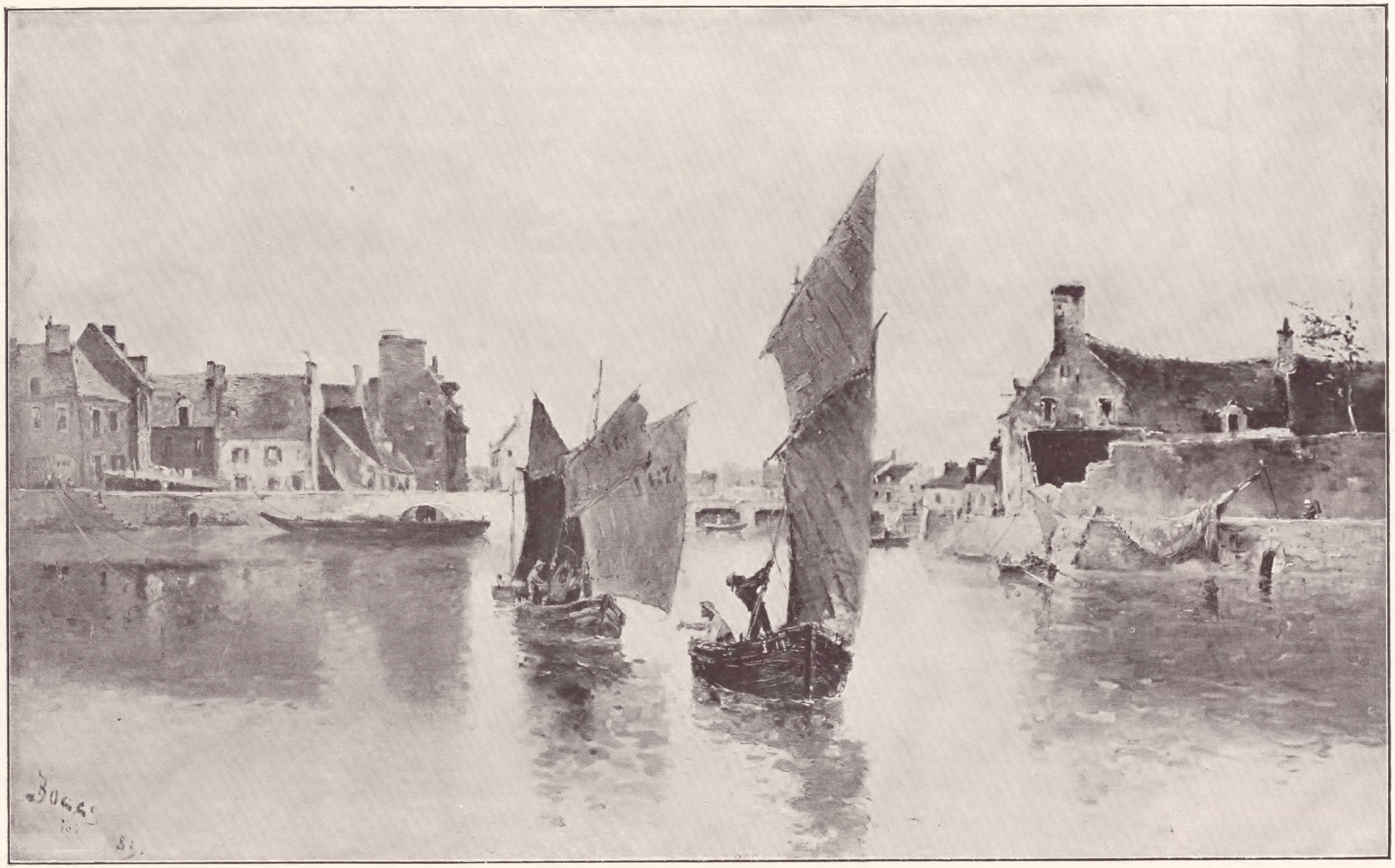
CAVALRY troops attacking and conquering a fleet is an event probably unique in the history of warfare. The incident depicted here occurred in one of the campaigns of the first republic. A French corps under the command of General Pichegru rode up to the Dutch war-vessels, which were ice-bound in the Zuyder Zee. No resistance could be of avail; the surrender was almost immediate. Huge ships are fast in the midst of a snow-covered plain of ice. Their dark hulls stand out against the gray sky above and the white surface below. Squadrons of Pandours are drawn up around the lame navy. The act of taking possession is done in the deep silence of the winter landscape. Charles Edouard Delort was born at Nimes. Gleyne and Gérome were his masters. In 1875 he exhibited at the Salon a picture, "Embarkation of Manon Lescaut," which obtained a medal.



Great Britain. J. L. Pickering

AN OLD WORLD HOME.

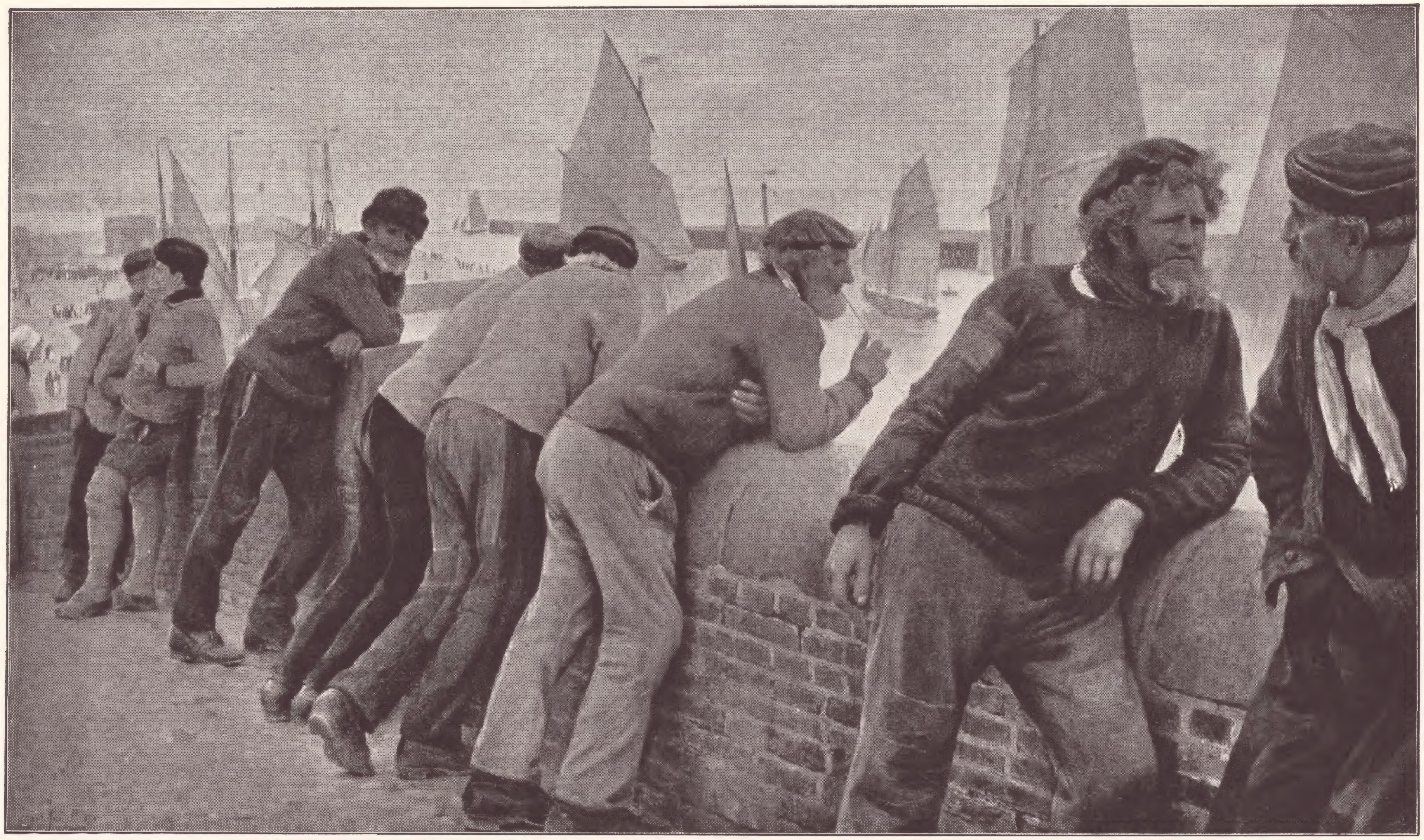
DREARY, somber autumn weather holds sway over the landscape surrounding the distant habitation. The road which leads to the place has no appearance of being much traveled, muddy though it is. Bare trees stretch their gnarled branches into the raw air and ragged clouds hang low in the sky. A flight of crows circles about. The work is done with faithful out-of-door observation by J. L. Pickering, a native of Yorkshire, who, after some years spent in activities of a different kind, followed a strong vocation for the painter's art. He studied under Frank Walton and in 1888 became a member of the Institute of Painters in Oils. Travels in the English Colonies and on the continent of Europe have aided in the development of his conception of nature. His participation in London and provincial expositions has been very successful.



United States. F. M. Boggs.

FISHING BOATS GOING OUT.

THE view embraces a quiet river with old houses upon both banks and a stone bridge crossing it in the distance. Tiled roofs are reflected in the water, mingling their color with the blue-green prevailing on the surface. Three small fishing boats are starting for the sea. The crews are adjusting the sails, which have already caught the breeze. Light comes from behind so that the craft appears dark against a bright background. The scene is from the French coast town, Isigny. Frank M. Boggs is a resident of Paris. Besides the "Fishing Boats Going Out" there was another canvas of his at the World's Fair, the subject being the "Brooklyn Bridge."



FRANCE.

ALBERT AUBLET.

THE AGED.

A ROW of veterans of the sea is leaning against the wall of an embankment. The men talk with one another or watch the harbor before them where a number of boats are making for the open. Tanned faces deeply furrowed, and bodies once powerful and firm, but bent now, speak of a life-time spent in hard work and exposure upon the ocean. The eyes still have the sailor's keen glance. With the intelligent observation of physiognomies the painter presents an excellent effect of fresh breeze on a bright morning at the coast. The picture has tone, transparency and a rare spontaneity of conception. There were three works by Albert Aublet in the French section of fine arts, the two others under the titles, "Women on the Seashore" and "The Sacrament."

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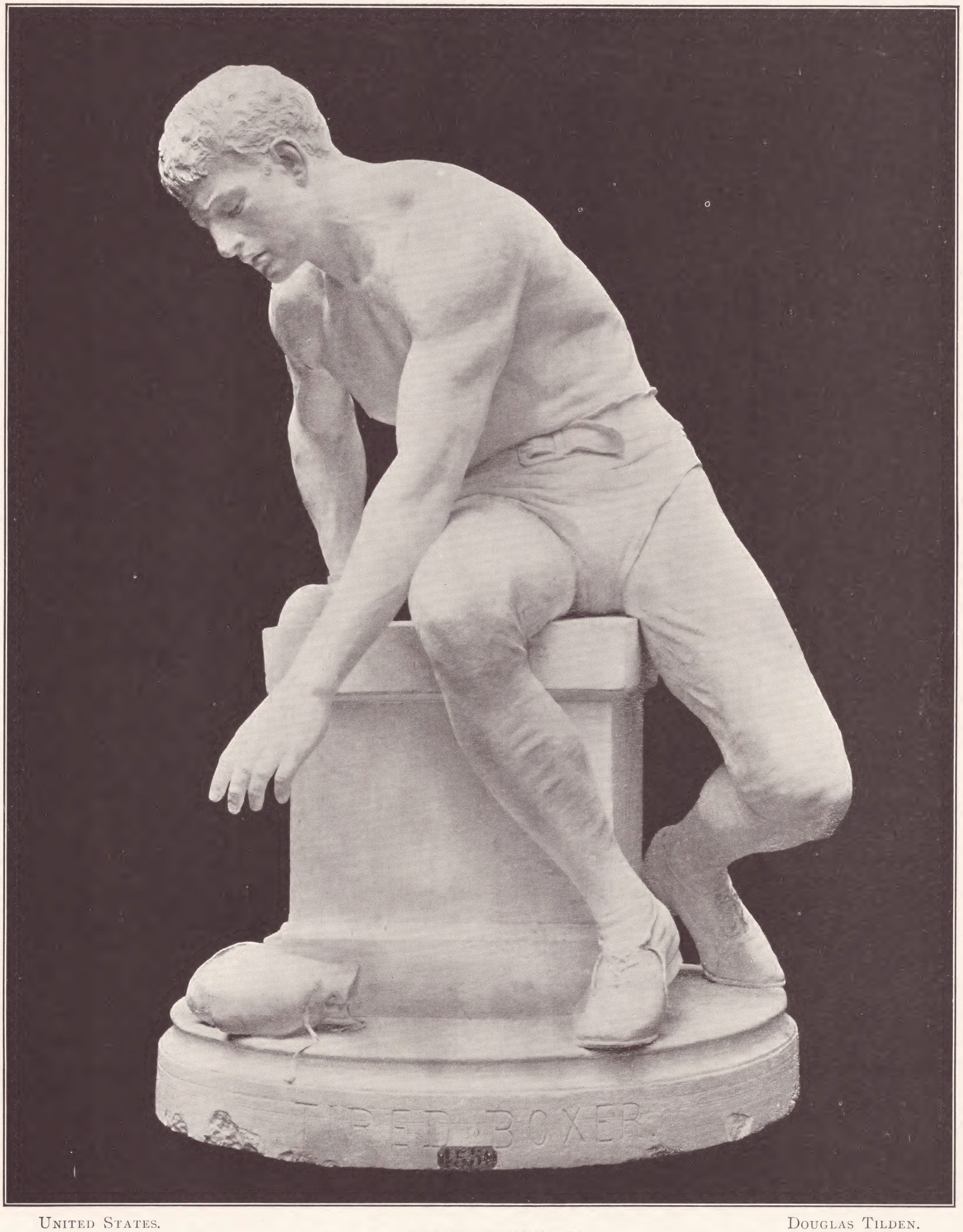
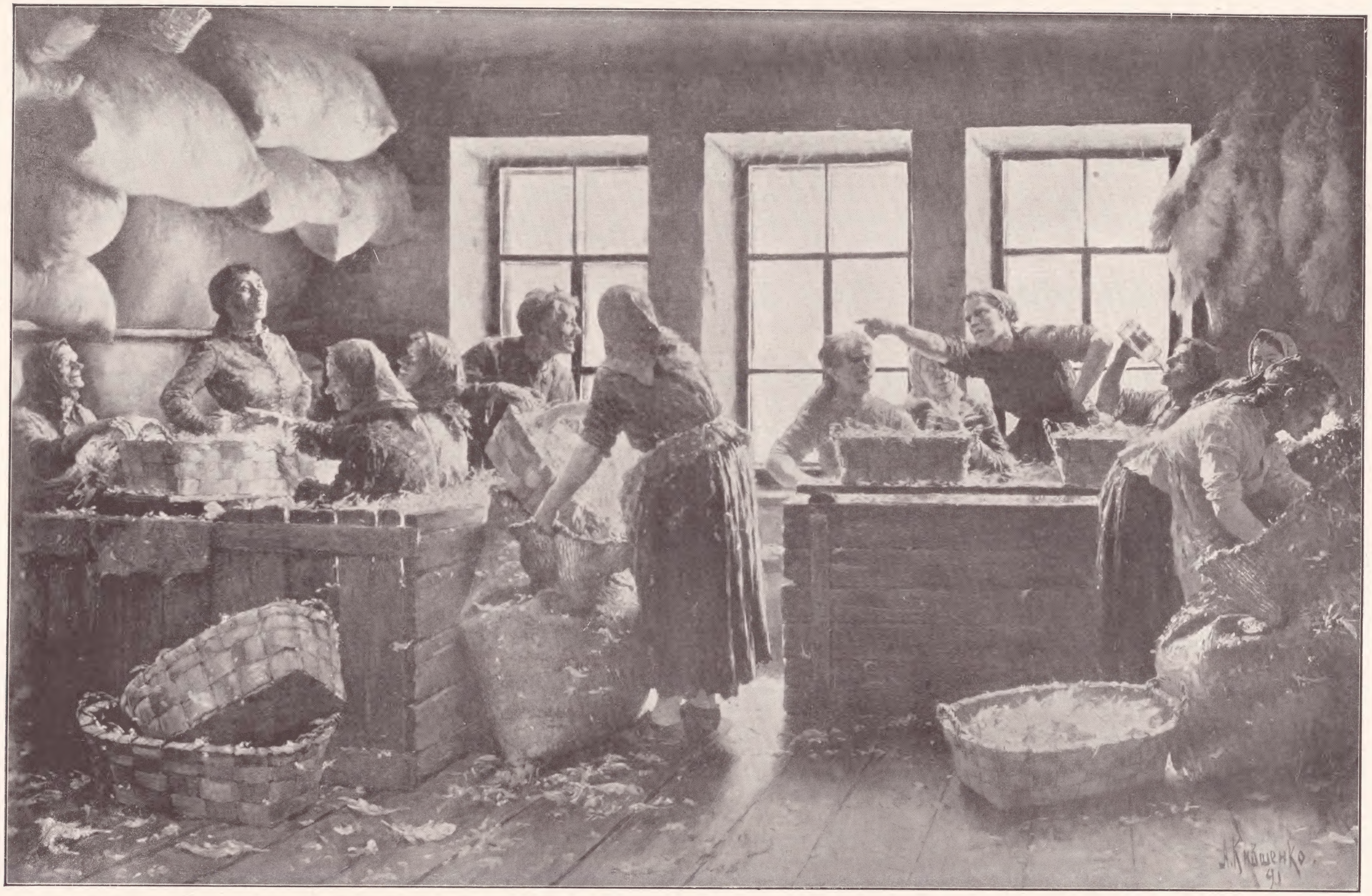


United States. Douglas Tilden.

TIRED BOXER.

THE athlete experiences that lassitude which intervenes between exertion and repose. All his muscles are relaxing, and his senses, so keen a moment ago, become less acute. He occupies a sitting position and bends toward one of his boxing gloves which is upon the ground. The contest between a boxer of such powerful development and his opponent was no doubt a heated one, else the man would not be so fatigued. This plaster cast is another of the much-animated sculptures of Douglas Tilden, four in number, which were exhibited in Chicago and are all reproduced in the present publication. Each one is an example of vigorous manhood. The "Tired Boxer" shows the same excellent vivacity as the other works by this artist.

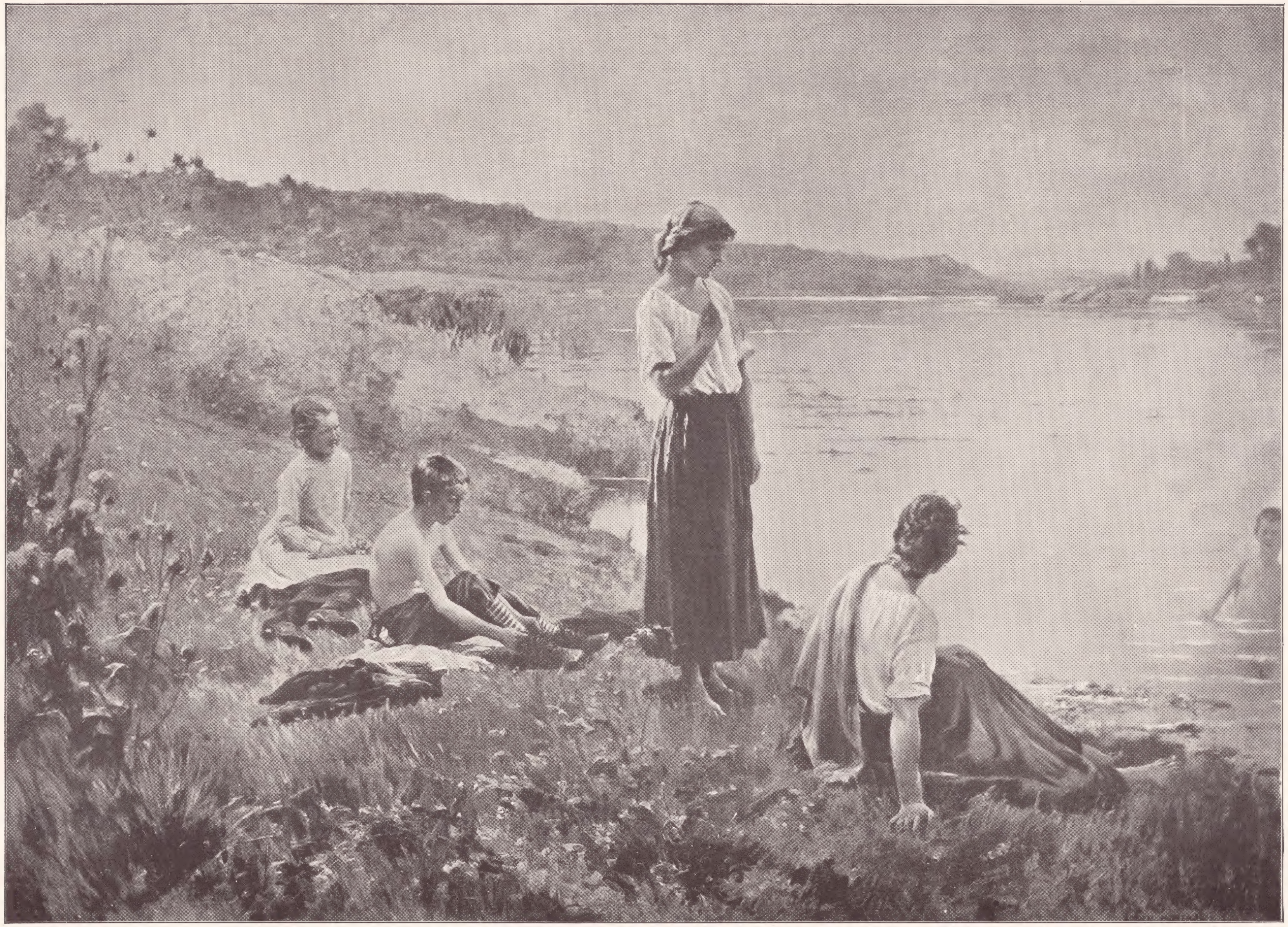


RUSSIA.

A. KIVSHENKO.

SORTING FEATHERS.

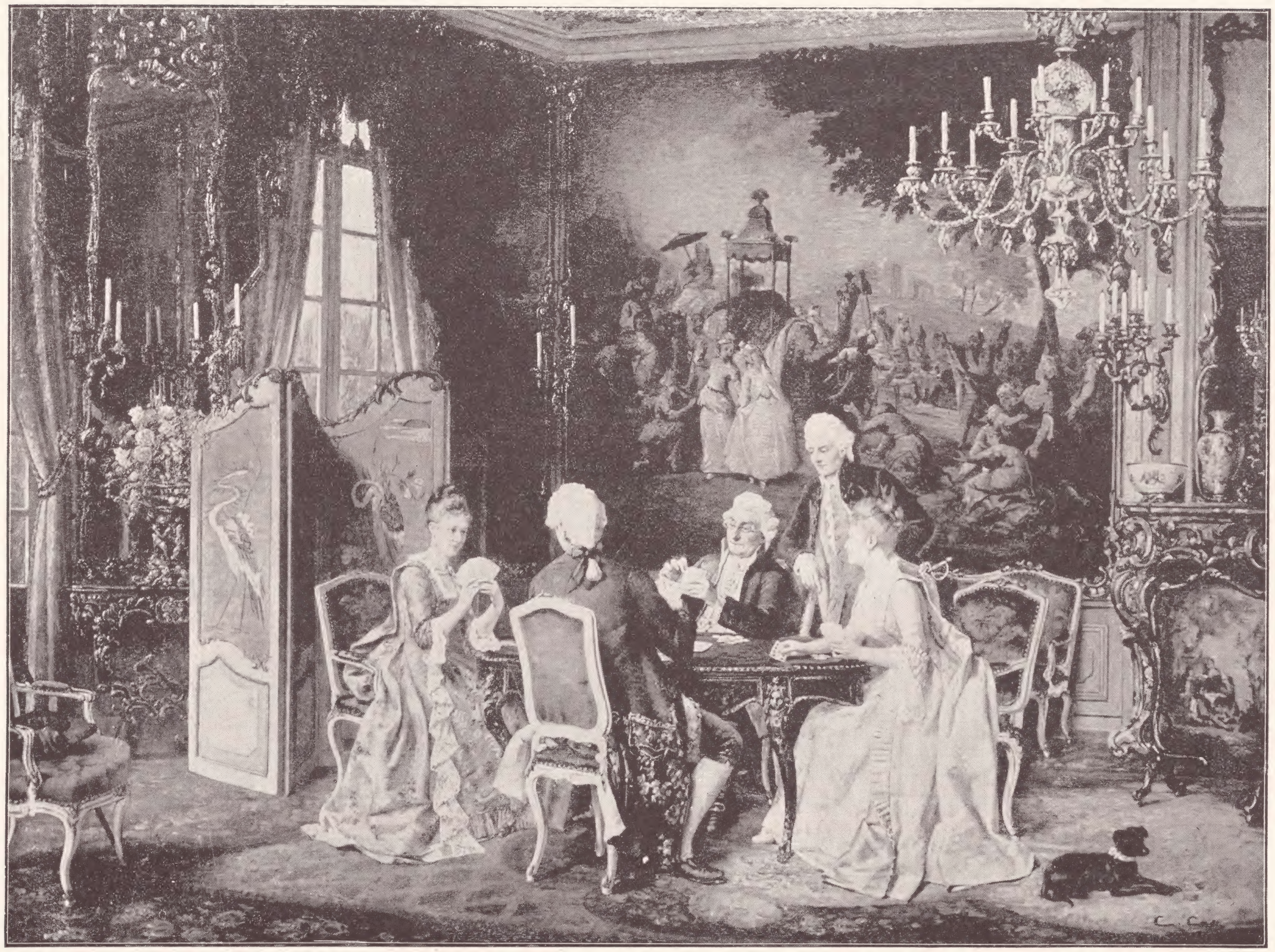
IN a workshop crudely lighted from the windows in the rear, a number of women are busy in sorting feathers. They are a rough and ugly lot, paying but little attention to their work while they quarrel with each other. One has arisen and points with angered gesture toward the group at the left; her neighbor, at the same time, takes a deep draught from a flask. Everywhere in the room there are feathers, hampers and bags full, on the floor, and circling about in the air. The aspect of the whole is frankly seized and blandly rendered. "Sorting Feathers" is the property of the St. Petersburg Academy, as are also "The Military Council at Phily," "Taking a Wolf Alive" and "Near the Craters of Ledgi," by the same artist, which were also on view in Chicago. A. Kivshenko was born in 1851 Since 1893 he holds the office of professor in the department of genre and battle painting at the above-mentioned academy.



FRANCE. ADRIEN MOREAU.

THE BATH.

A GROUP of women and children seeks the refreshing closeness of the water. One of the boys is wading in the river and another is undressing to follow his example. The sun sends scorching rays through the air. "The Bath" presents rather commonplace people; they are neither in surroundings of striking peculiarity, nor is their action in any way unusual. The artist can therefore dispense with elaborate composition and relies simply upon what must have been his actual observation. The work thus understood avoids, in the first place, all faults of theoretical arrangement, establishing an effect true as the artist's impression, as suggestive as his powers of rendition. Adrien Moreau was born in Troyes. He was a pupil of Pils. He inaugurated his successes at the Paris salons with his exposition in 1876, when he received a medal.

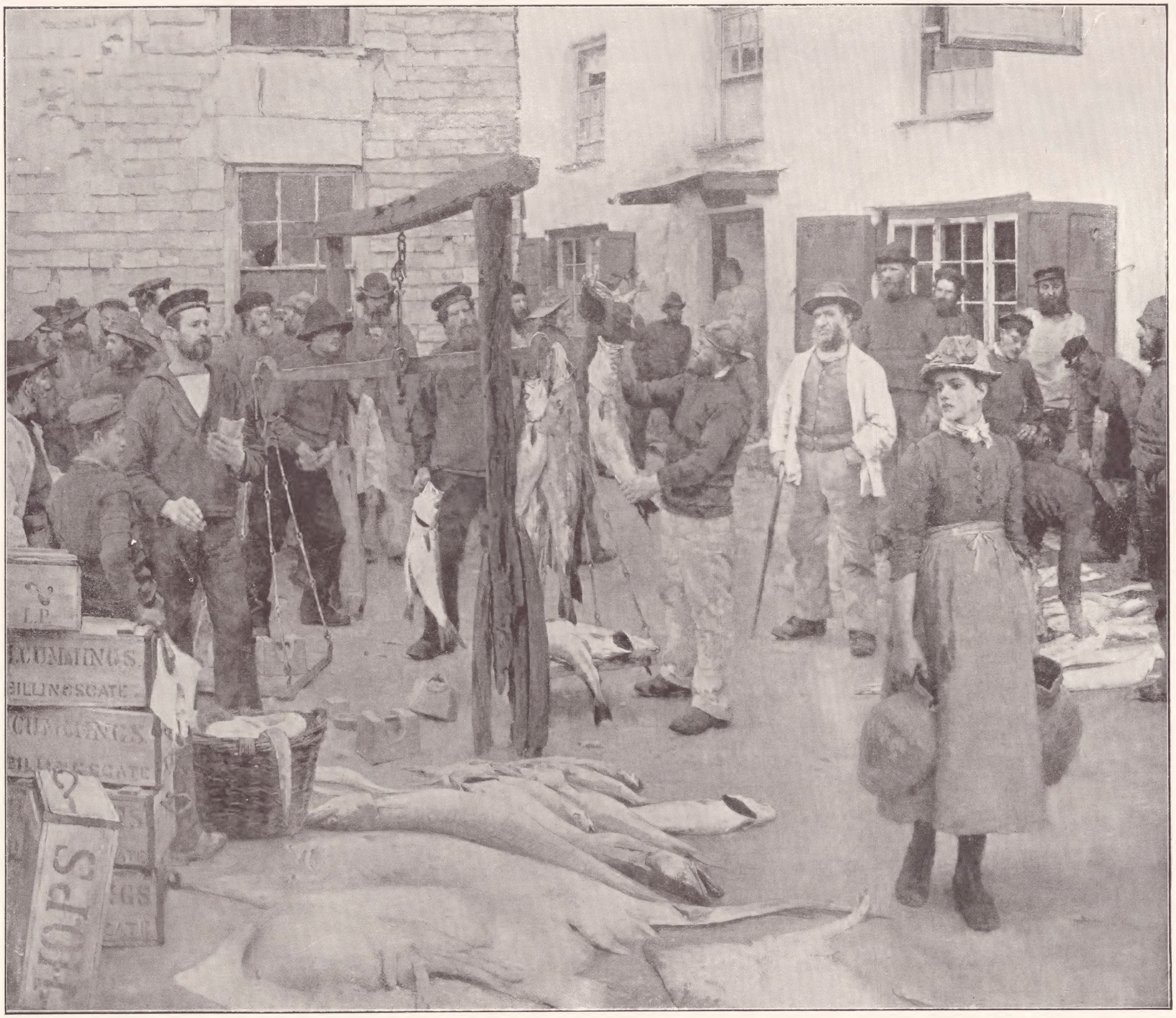


BELGIUM.

CONSTANT CAP.

JEU DE LA COMÈTE.

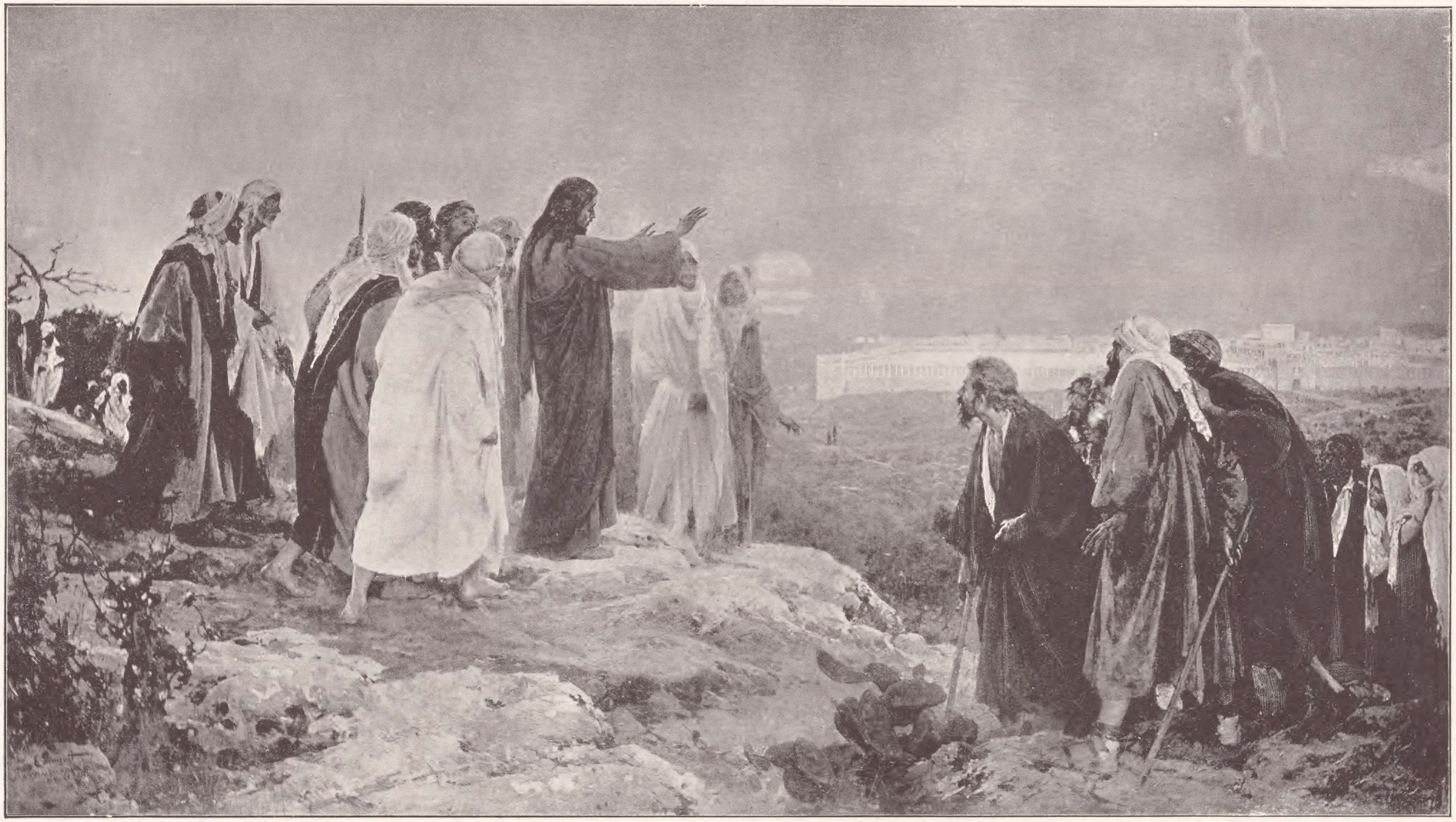
SOME ladies and gentlemen are engaged in a game of cards called the comet-play. They are seated in a salon elaborately furnished in the style of Louis XV. The costumes, too, are of the same epoch. The furniture and embellishments are not of the artist's invention. He has found them in one of the rooms of the old Hotel Kums, in Antwerp, which still contains, besides the decoration in eighteenth century taste, a most valuable collection of works of art gathered by several generations of the Kums family. The drawing-room scene in the picture is typical in design and materials. Upon the walls are Gobelin tapestries, and mirrors in curved gilt frames. Crystal chandeliers, brass brackets, and various panels, as well as violently wrought consols, complete the interior. The carpet is one of the famous Aubusson make. Constant Cap has most closely followed the forms and colors which he saw. While the skillful treatment of textures is certainly remarkable, the human figures and faces are finely presented and remain central as attractions in this picture. Cap enjoys fame as a genre painter, and obtained a gold medal in Belgium.



GREAT BRITAIN. MOUAT LOUDAN.

FISH MARKET IN CORNWALL.

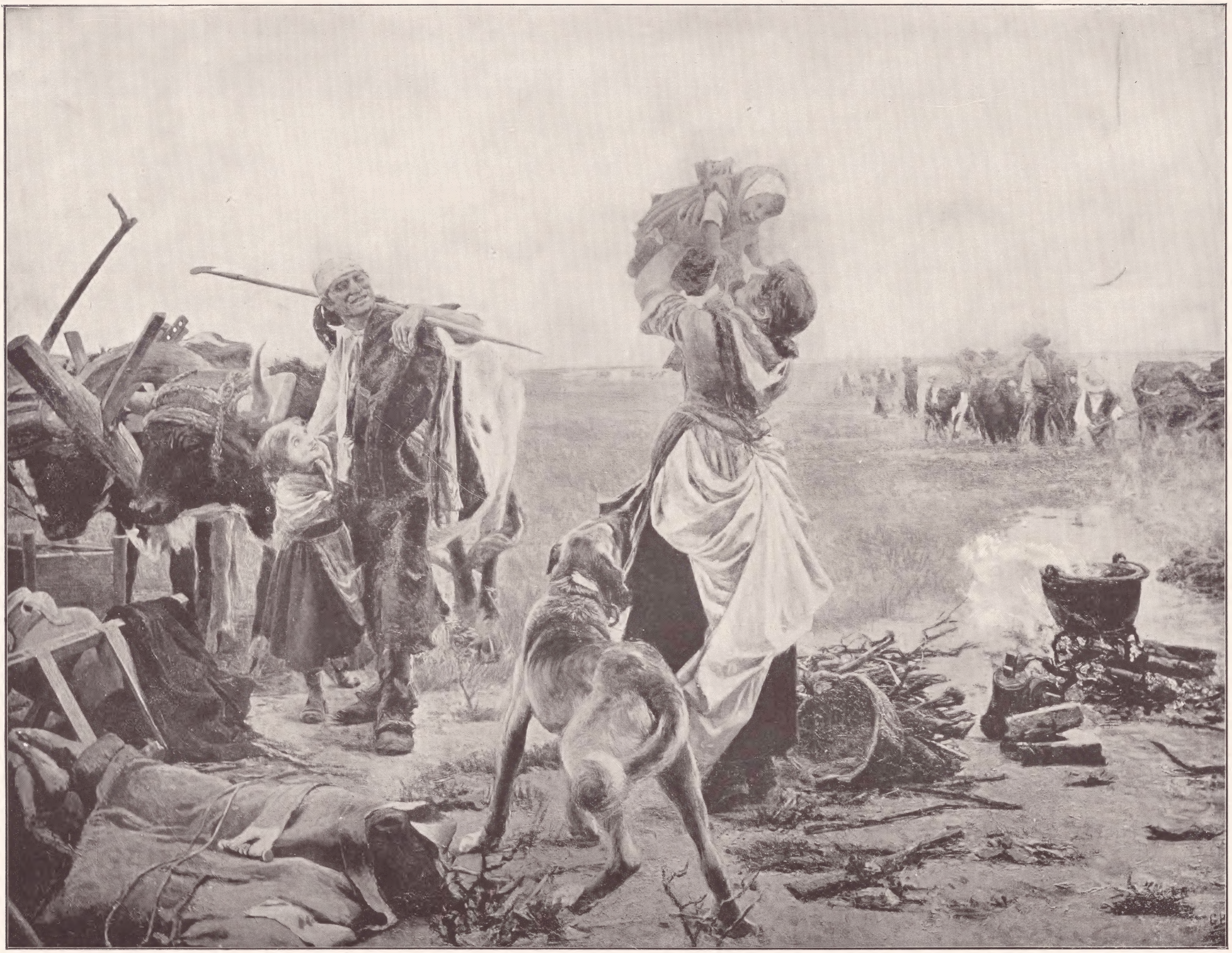
THE small market-place is situated between storehouses. Fishes of various kinds are on the ground. Near the center the operation of weighing is in process, old-fashioned scales being used. The men at work and those loitering about have that peculiar physiognomy which flavors of the deep sea. Near the foreground, to the right, a young girl with a jar in each hand is slowly walking on. Billingsgate is the mark of destination upon the piled-up boxes, but none of the choice vernacular of that place is heard from the fishmongers in Cornwall; in fact, they keep as dumb as their slippery wares. The artist was born in London in 1860. His father was a wood engraver. He was admitted as a student at the Royal Academy in 1879, and remained there until 1883. Besides a number of prizes for drawing, painting, and modeling, he received a gold medal and a traveling "studentship" of £200. After a few months' study in Paris, under Bouguereau and Tony Fleury, he returned to England and soon took to painting Cornwall scenes according to the idea that pictures must be painted on the spot. During the last few years Mouat Loudan has devoted himself chiefly to portraiture, giving part of his time to the Westminster School of Art, of which he is head master.



SPAIN. ENRIQUE SIMONET.

FLEVIT SUPER ILLAM.

WHAT a doleful presentiment in presence of the white city in the valley, with the sun setting in vapory splendor beyond! The Nazarene stands with uplifted hands and bent head. His words send a shiver of awe through the groups of his followers. No conviction could bind them more strongly to the new doctrine than that of the impending doom of their former fellows. The artist has evidently made a study of Eastern types, and one may accept his conception of Eastern scenery as being truer to nature than the examples furnished by the imagination of others. A stern feeling is involved in his work. Enrique Simonet lives in Malaga The painting "Flevit Super Illam" was the only one from his brush seen in Chicago.

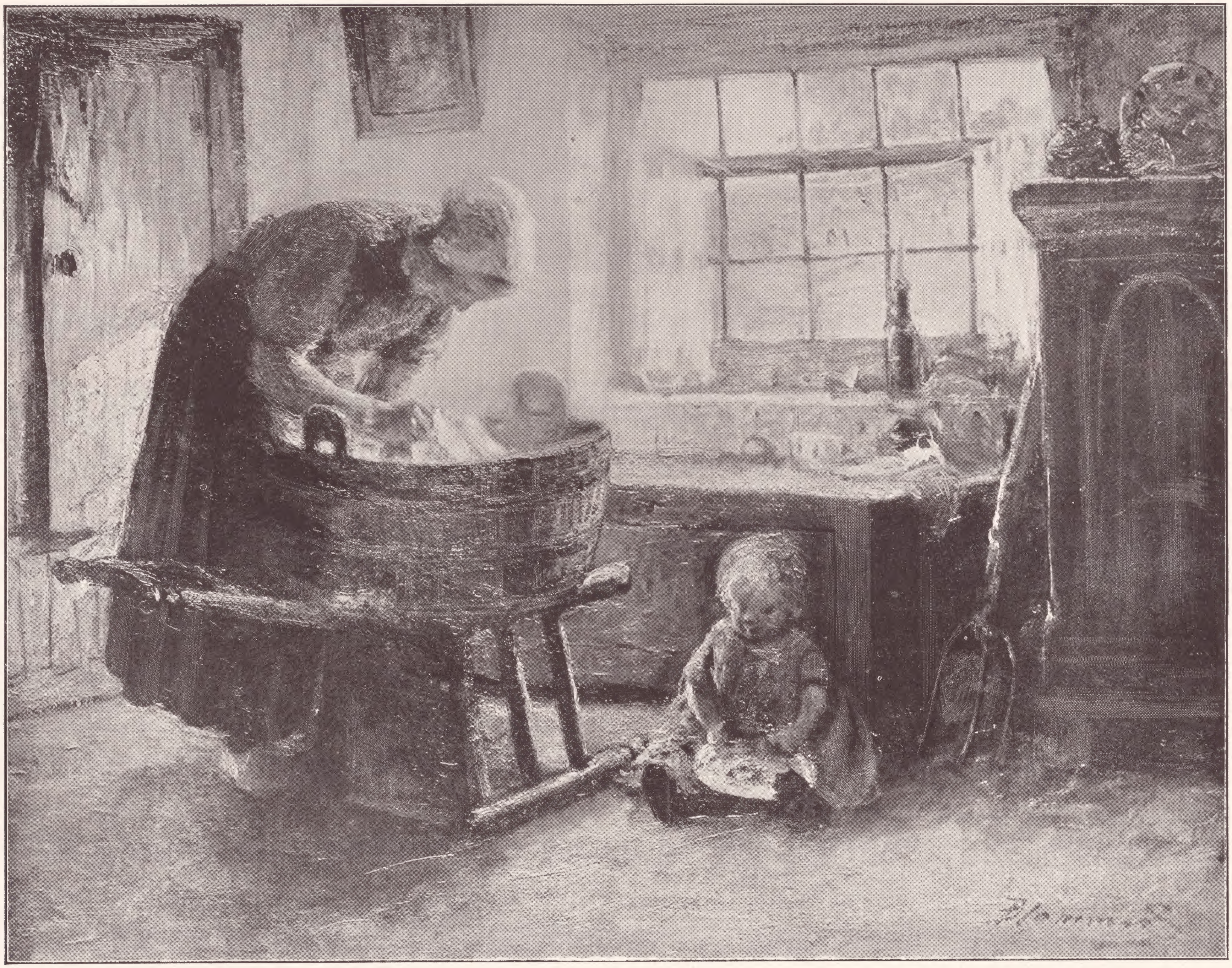


SPAIN.

GONZALO BILBAO.

RETURN FROM WORK.

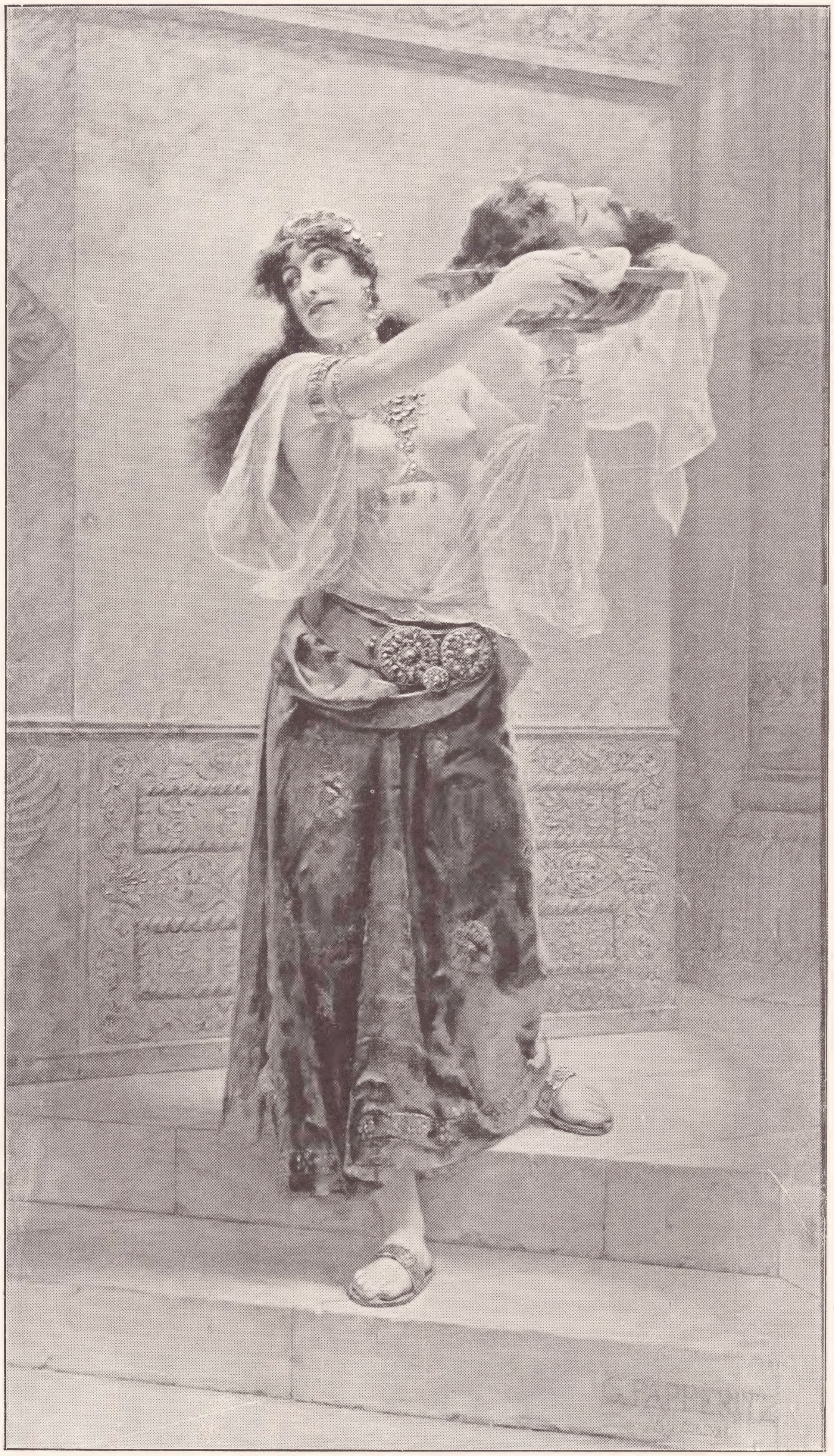
IN the center of the picture a woman holds a little child aloft; farther on a man fondles another child, looking at the same time toward the jubilant group of mother and last born. The barking joy of a dog in the foreground adds a note to the welcome home. With the men a yoke of oxen have returned and are now calmly standing aside. Near by is a kettle under which wood is afire. The open plain stretches far into the distance. Other laborers lead a herd of cattle across it. Various objects are on the ground in the left corner. The point of view for the picture is probably taken from the home itself, toward which these interesting Spaniards are returning with a pleasure that the artist wishes the spectator to share. There were several other compositions by Gonzalo Bilbao in Chicago.



HOLLAND. B. J. BLOMMERS.

WASHING DAY.

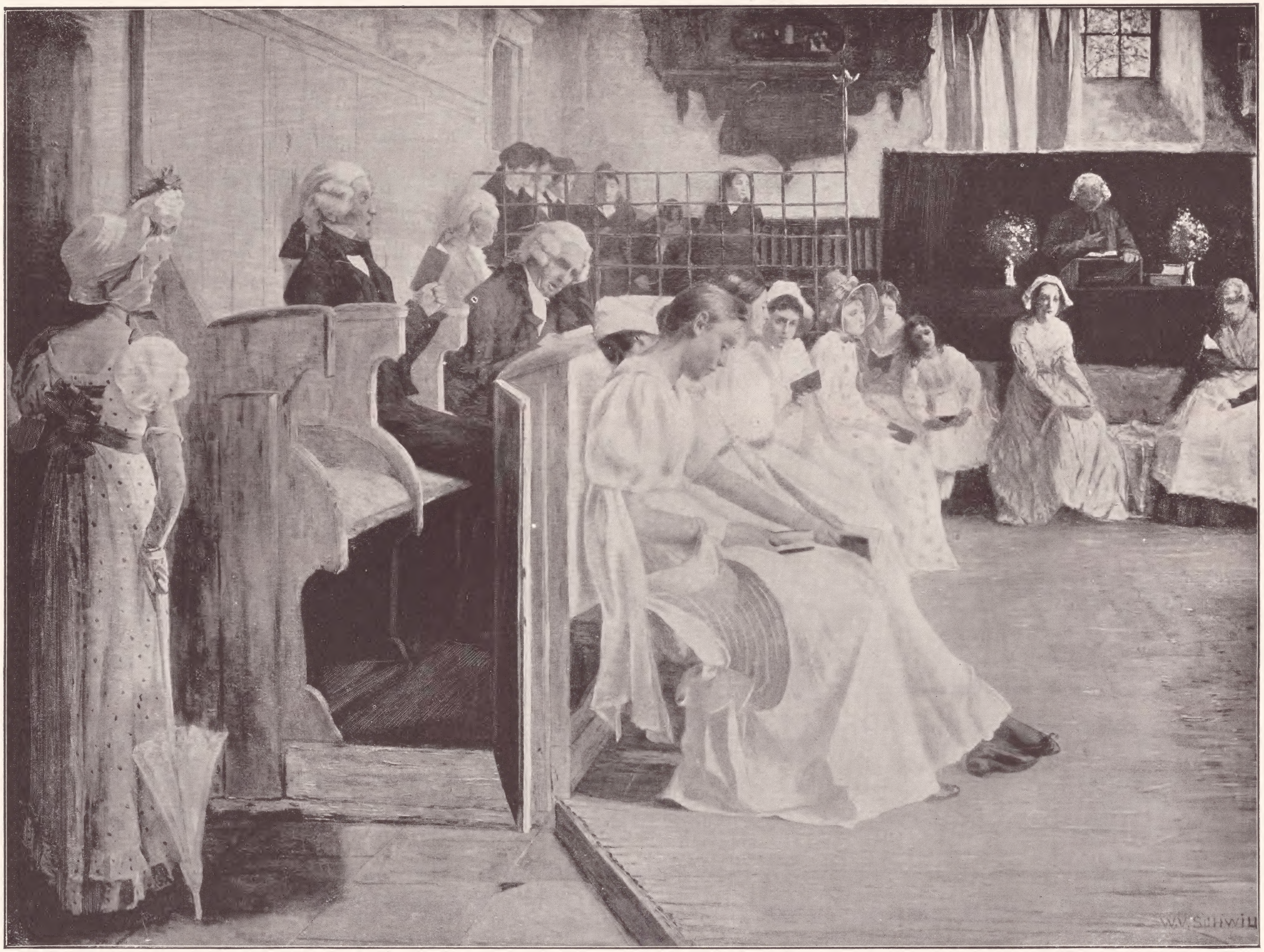
ONE sure guide which the Holland painters like to follow in the choice of subjects is Light. And why should they be more discriminating than the very force of nature from which all color originates? As a consequence they abandon the customary studio with its north windows and establish their canvas where the day shines plainly upon plain people and plain things. Over two centuries ago the Dutch masters had already defined their understanding of shadow and light in pure relation with hue and form. Still, in the unexcelled work of the past there is some pictural arrangement of effects, often a suggestion of complex sources, while the more recent art is content to simply seize an effect. The glass panes admit the vivid day into a small interior; everything within takes value according to position and susceptibility of reflection; flaky half lights float away toward the spaces where dead shadows linger. The ''Washing Day'' is a fine specimen of the school of Israels. It is handled in broad manner, modeled luminosity rather than lineal distribution of shade. There is no pose on parade; the brightness ebbs and flows through air, develops the bodies, and surrounds them with its froth.



GERMANY. GEORG PAPPERITZ.

SALOME.

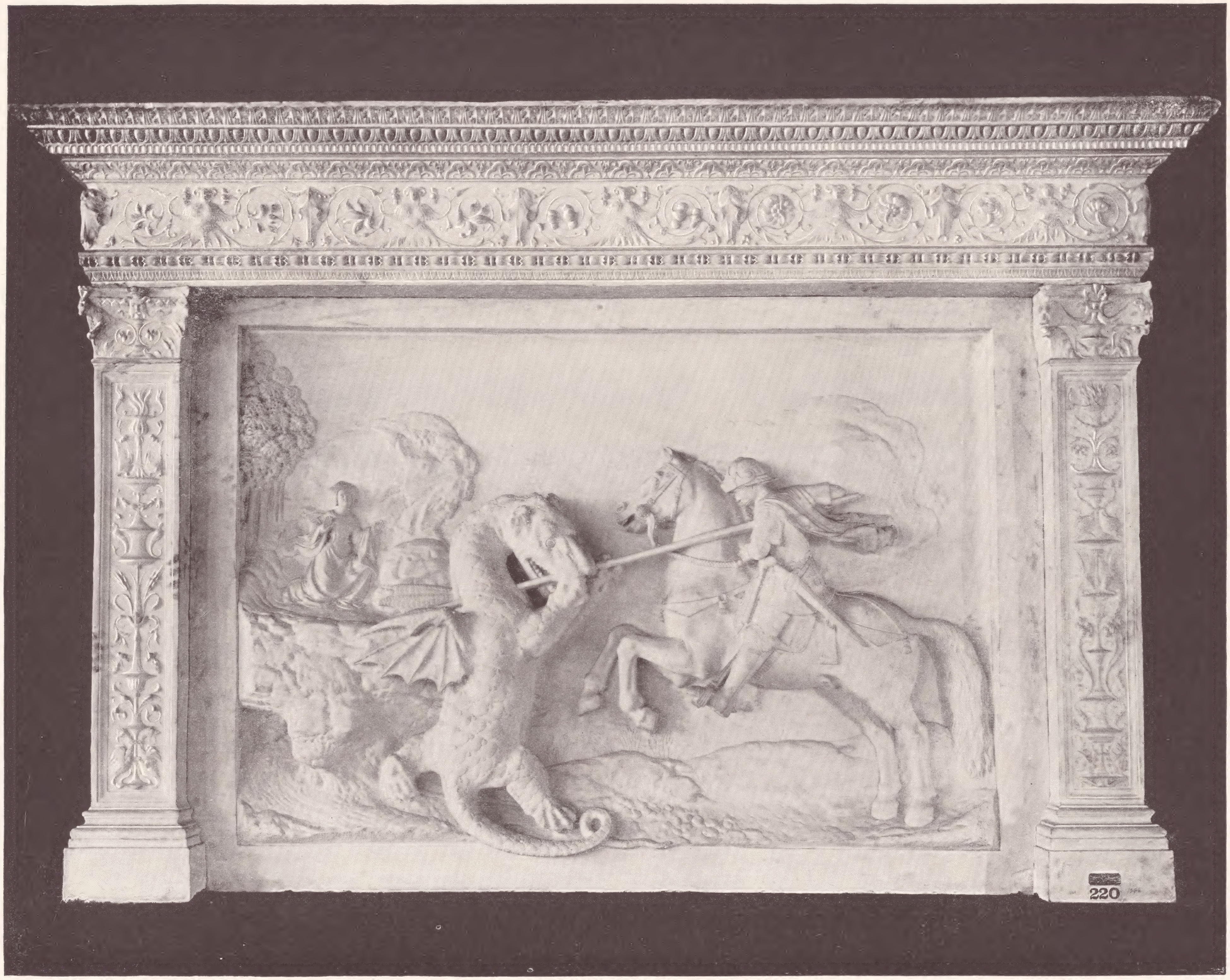
THE daughter of Herod descends from the steps of the palace where she has danced before the king, and as a reward obtained the head of John the Baptist. She carries her ghastly prize upon a salver, still cruelly triumphant over the fate of the saint who had dared to resist her charms. The legend has it that her passion found no end with the death of the martyr, but that she became crazed when his lips remained lifeless under her kisses. Salome has been the subject of several renowned old paintings. G. Papperitz treats it according to principles which are recognized by the present school of Munich, and which in this case may have been completed by studies of the oriental *danse du ventre*.



United States. W. V. Schwill.

THE CLOSING HYMN

THE congregation sings in unison the hymn with which the divine service is to end. A house of worship is represented as it may perhaps have looked last century in one of the American colonies. The minister and the elderly men, who occupy pews a little raised from the ground, wear powdered wigs. Before them there is a row of young girls in various attitudes of habitual devotion. It is a picture of goodness. W. V. Schwill, the artist of "The Closing Hymn," is a resident of Munich, though his exposition in the American section of fine arts would establish his allegiance to the United States There is no date affixed to his signature, nor have the publishers of this work been able to obtain other information about the career of the author.

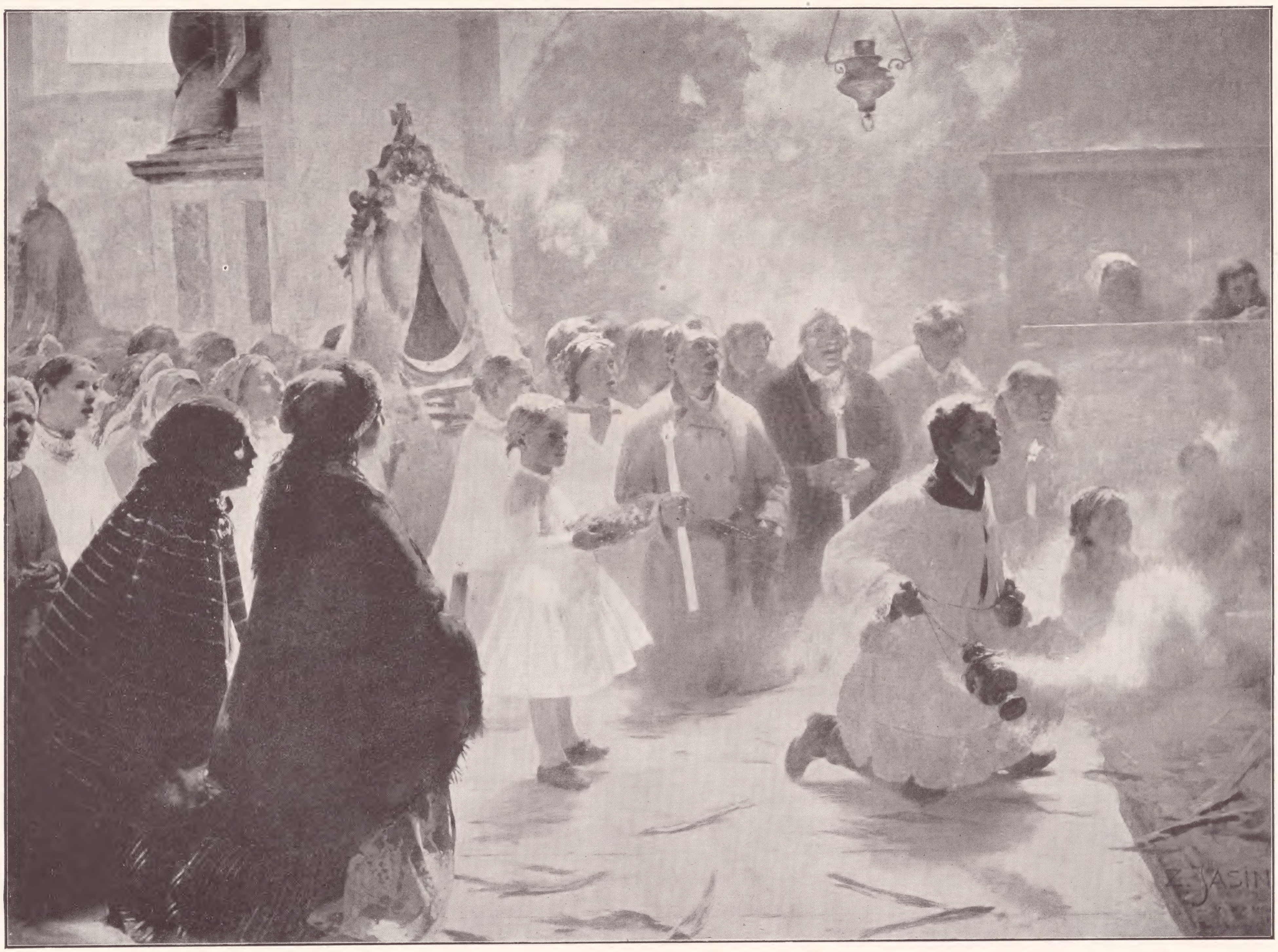


FRANCE.

MICHEL COLOMBE.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

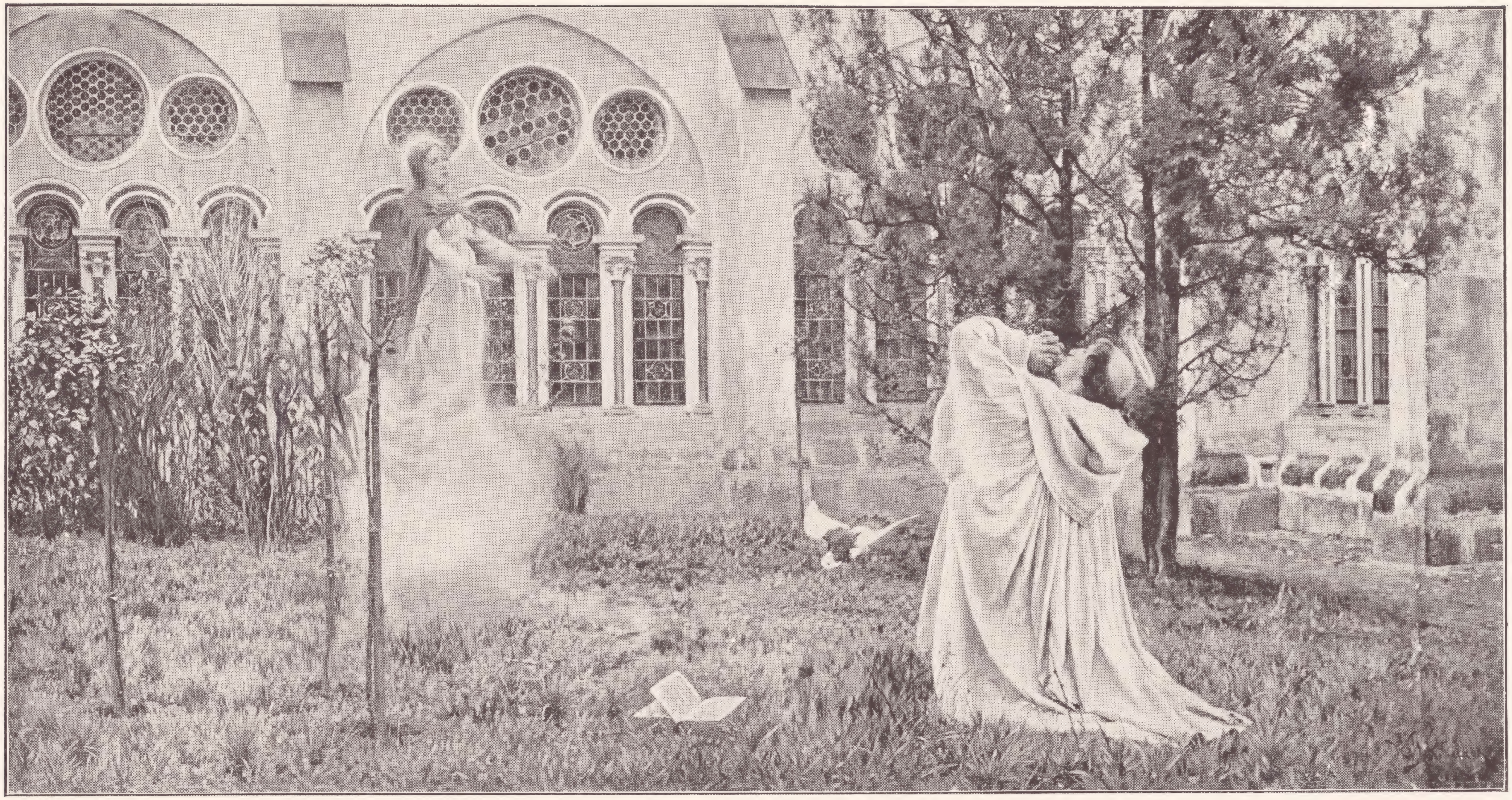
THE collection of casts sent to America by the French National Committee on Historic Monuments comprised examples from the ninth to the nineteenth centuries, inclusive. The bas-relief by Michel Colombe dates from the first years of the sixteenth century and comes from the Chateau of Gaillon. Clad in full armor, mounted on his charger, the saint drives his lance through the neck of the struggling monster. In the background the daughter of the king of Lydia is seen on her knees in prayer. Around the bas-relief beautiful architectural ornamentation is of the style found also in other specimens of the French Loire school. The original sculpture is in marble.



POLAND. Z. JASINSKI.

PALM SUNDAY.

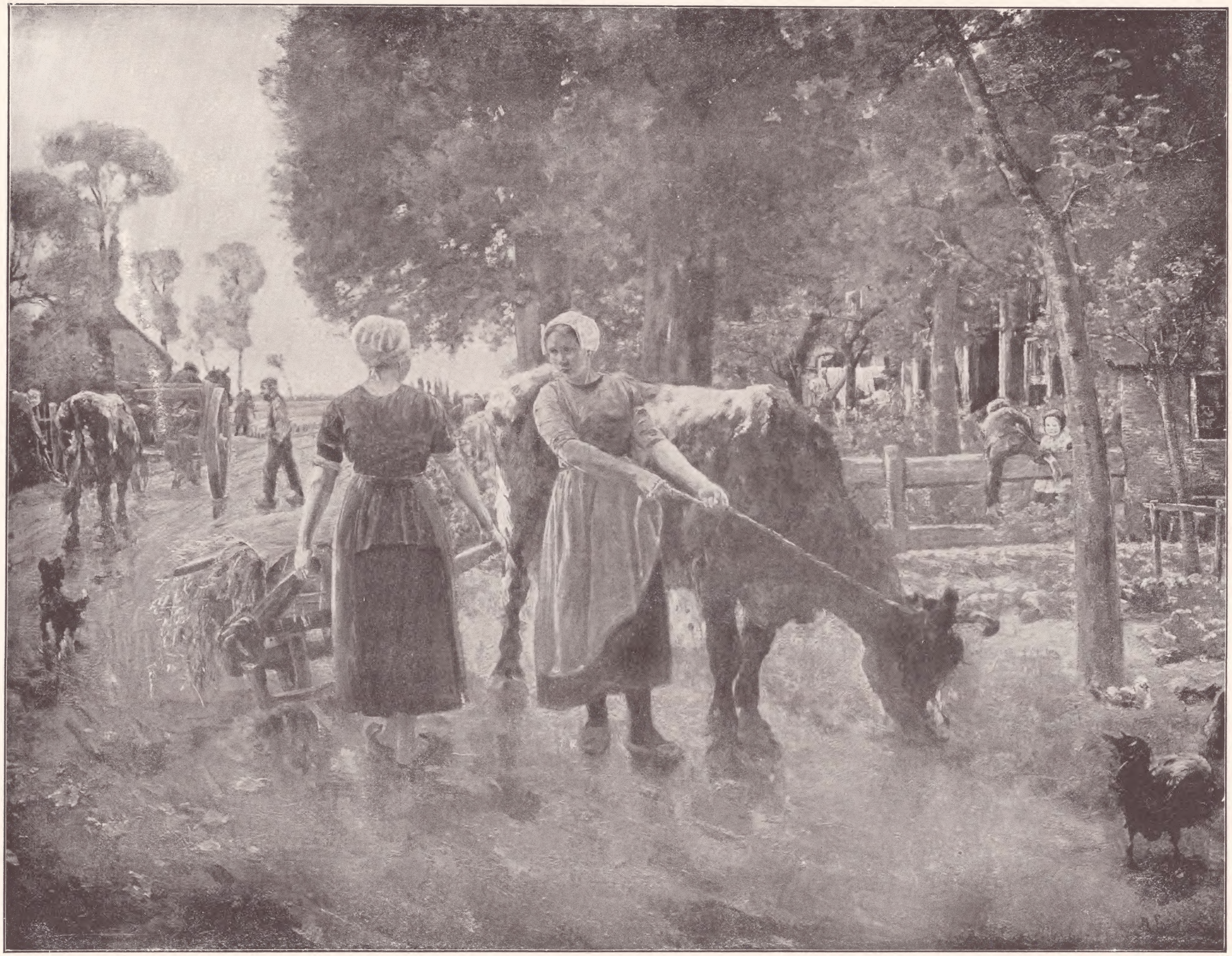
HIGH mass is being celebrated in a Polish church on Palm Sunday. Wreaths and flowers have been added to the decorations of the sanctuary, which is seen in the glare of candles. Fumes of the censers mingle with the smoke of the lights. The pious parishioners, common people, are on their knees and sing with their mouths wide open. The figures are lightly grouped in ranks before an altar, which is not visible in the picture. As a study of light-effects the "Palm Sunday" is quite interesting. The individual faces are subordinated to the general impression of the scene. Z. Jasinski is a resident of Warsaw. He exhibited in the department reserved at the World's Fair for the Society of Polish Artists, of which he is a member.



AUSTRIA. WILHELM BERNATZIK.

THE VISION OF SAINT BERNARD.

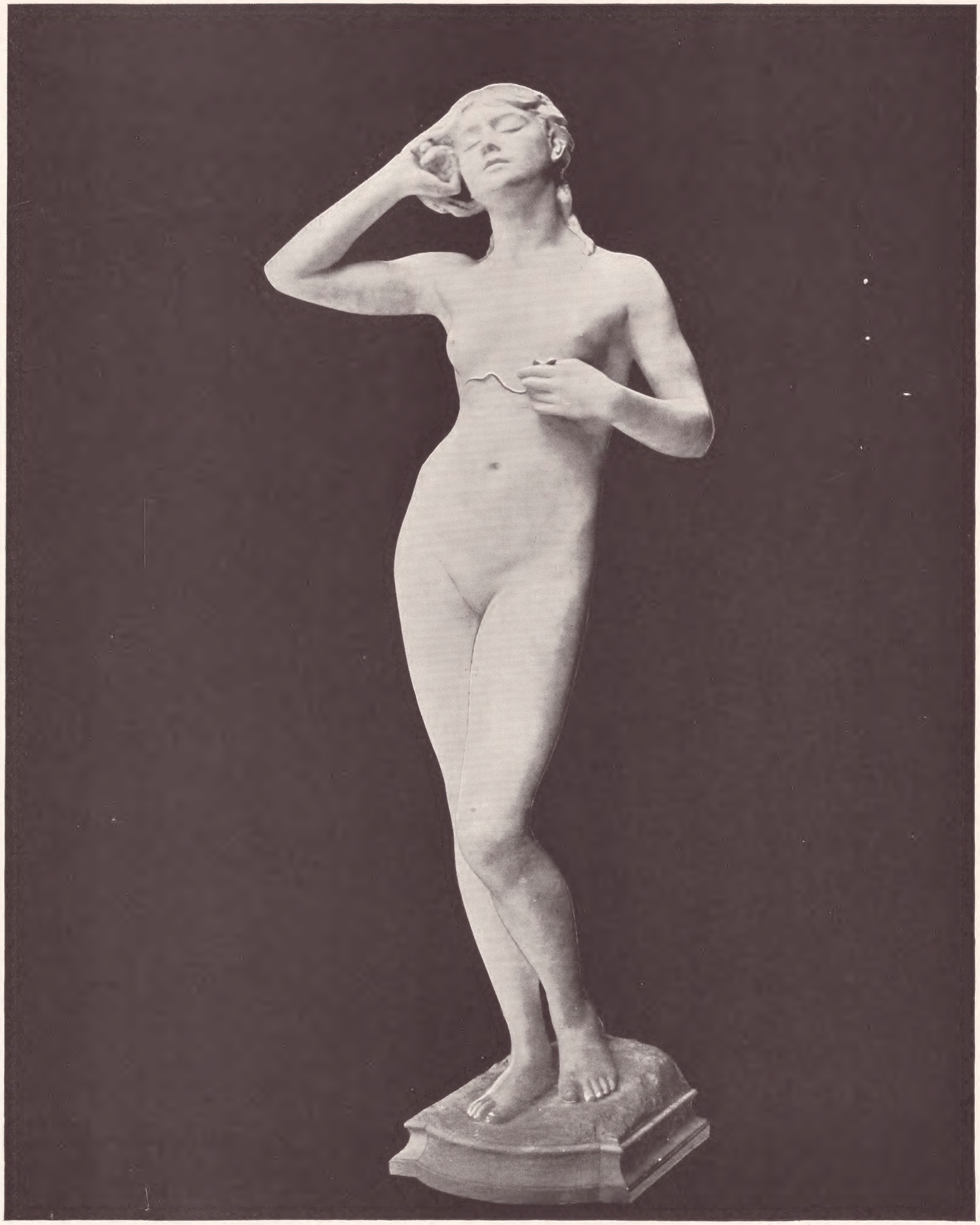
TWELFTH century politics and the miracles wrought during the same epoch stand in close relation. Saint Bernard, the abbot of Clairvaux, did much toward bringing them into connection for the benefit of his order as well as that of the church. Once, while reading in the garden of his monastery, the Virgin Mary appeared to him. The tradition of that vision has been kept alive ever since. No sooner had oil-painting become an art practiced by the Italian monks than they chose it for a subject. Wilhelm Bernatzik's conception of this episode borrows some naive traits from the primitive masters. The architectural background is handsomely done.



GERMANY. MAX LIEBERMANN.

DUTCH VILLAGE ROAD.

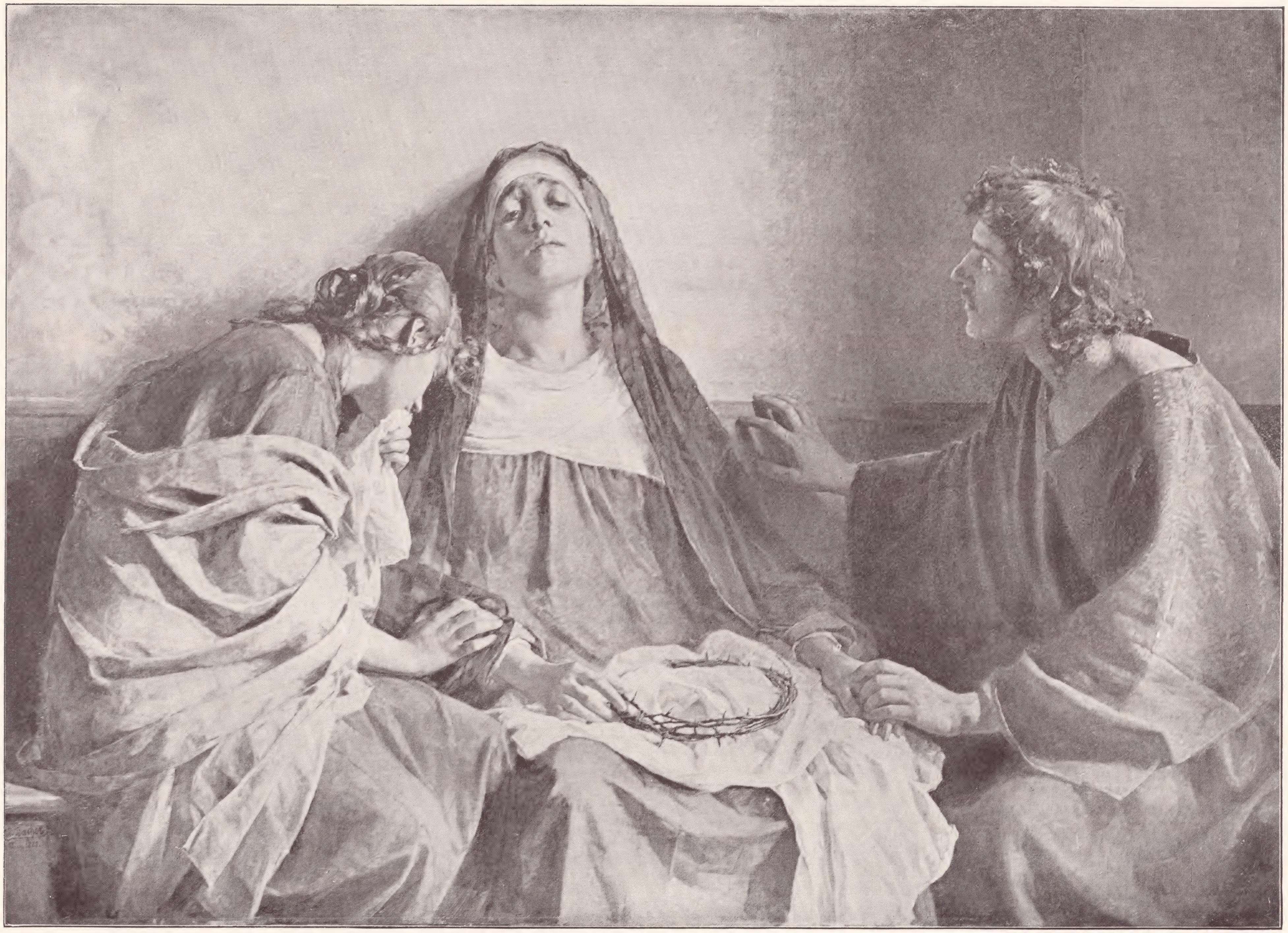
THE scene is at the entrance to the village. On both sides there are little houses, partially hidden by trees. A girl leading a cow has met another villager who is pushing a wheelbarrow. Both leave their occupations for a moment to chat together. Other figures appear in the distance, lending to the place an appearance of animation. The locality and its inhabitants are rendered in the truthful manner of the artist, whose evident preference is for Dutch motives. Both the canvases sent by him to the World's Columbian Exposition narrate bits of life in Holland, and narrate them in a language agreeably intelligible. His "Flax Spinners," an interior with many figures, is also reproduced in the present collection.



SWEDEN. PER HASSELBERG.

THE SNOWDROP.

THE Swedish Section of Fine Arts at the World's Fair was much noted for the daring originality and earnestness of purpose which distinguishes the Northern artists. While oil-painting was the branch in which they were mostly represented, there were also several important sculptures. Per Hasselberg calls his statue "The Snowdrop." The choice of that title is not clear, however, unless it is given the widest meaning. It suggests something like the awakening of Nature after a long winter's sleep. The figure of a woman is standing, the weight supported mainly by the right foot. One hand is raised to her head, languidly lifting the mass of her hair. The eyelids are still closed, but presently vision will be added to the returning senses of touch and hearing. Contour and modeling are vigorous; the conception is novel and deserves a prominent rank. Per Hasselberg had seven sculptures at the Exposition, all of which proved his artistic significance.



Austria. Rudolph Bacher.

MATER DOLOROSA.

MARY, the "mother of sorrows," sits in tearless grief between Magdalen and John. The woe of her companions bows in deference before the doleful Virgin. She has upon her knees the crown of thorns which has been taken from the head of the crucified. Although this is plainly a religious picture, the figures are represented without the habitual halo or nimbus. The "Mater Dolorosa," by Rudolf Bacher, is the property of the Emperor of Austria, who lent it for the exposition in Chicago. Another canvas by the same painter was seen on that occasion, its title being "Ave Maria."

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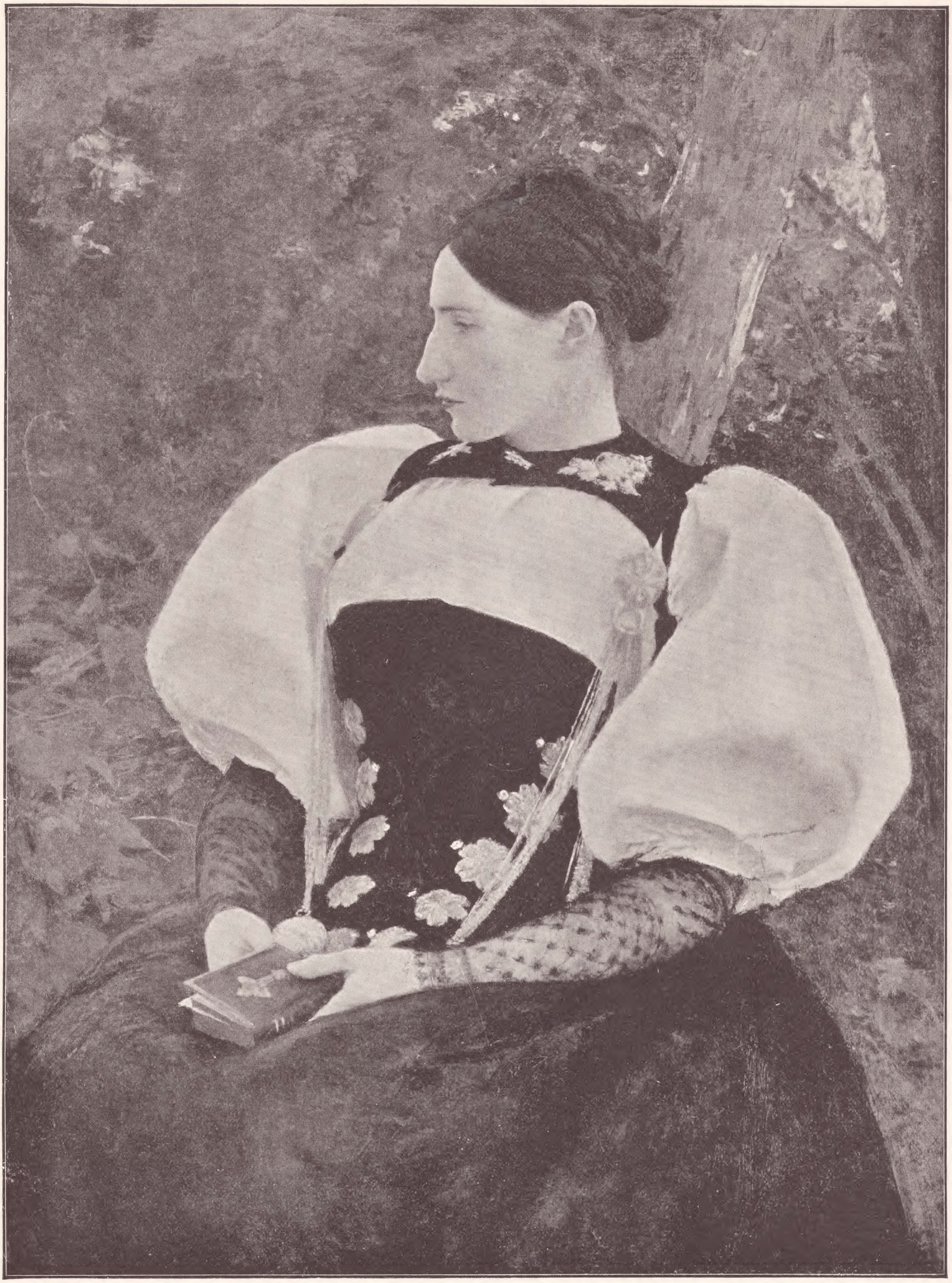
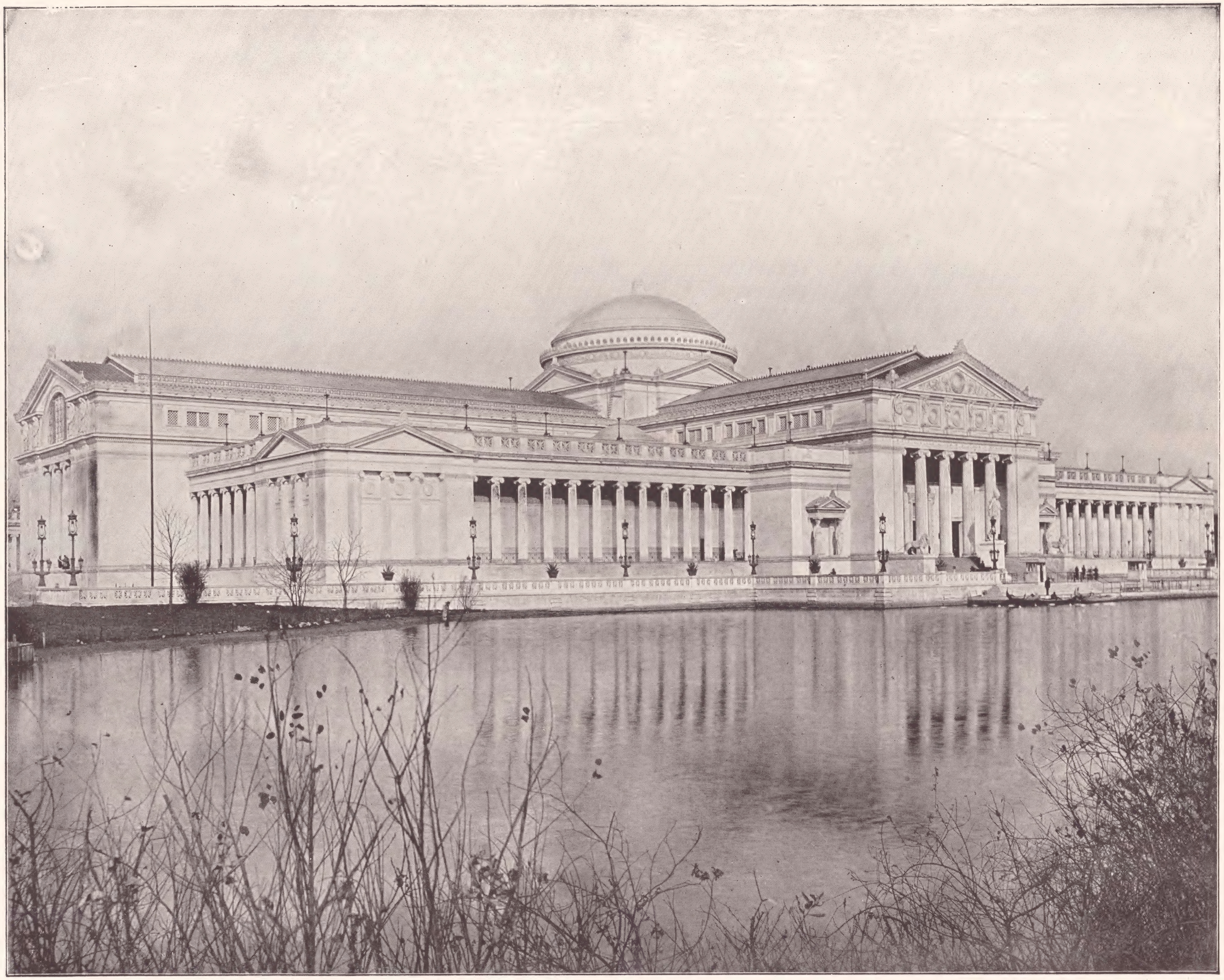


FRANCE P. A. J. DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

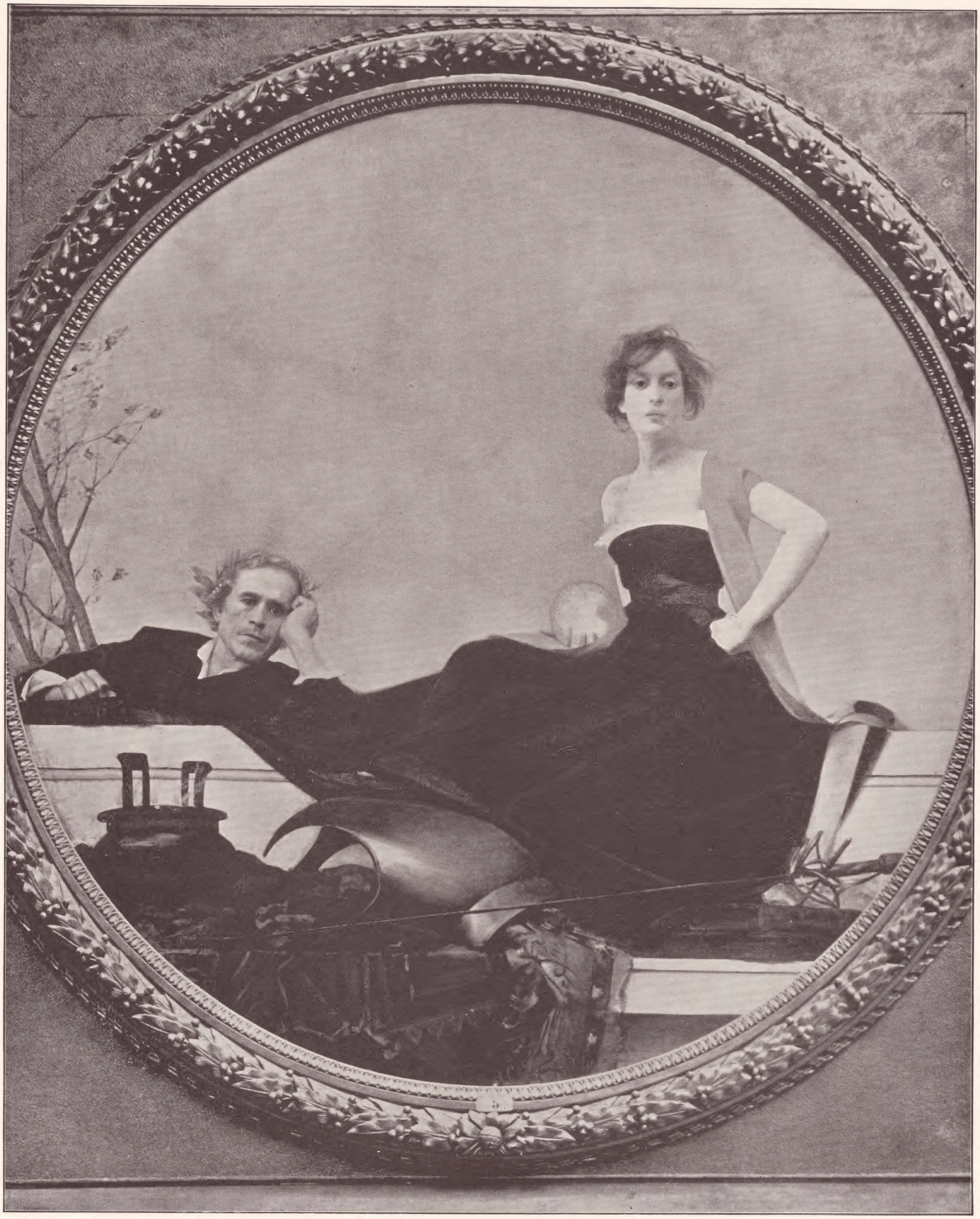
LA BERNOISE.

A YOUNG woman of the Bernese country is depicted in Sunday attire. She is seated against a tree and has a prayer-book in her hands. Her gaze is contemplative. The profile of her face is outlined against a background of green foliage; the light effect is strongly purplish. Pascal Adolphe Jean Dagnan-Bouveret is a native of Paris. He is a pupil of Gérome. At the Salon of 1877 he obtained a medal of the third class with a "Manon Lescaut." The "Bernoise" was seen at the World's Fair in the department known as the Loan Collection. A number of works by modern masters, which are owned in the United States, were assembled by the managers of the Exposition, and formed a most valuable addition to the art galleries. Special care was taken in the choice of pictures, and the result was generally gratifying.



THE ART PALACE.

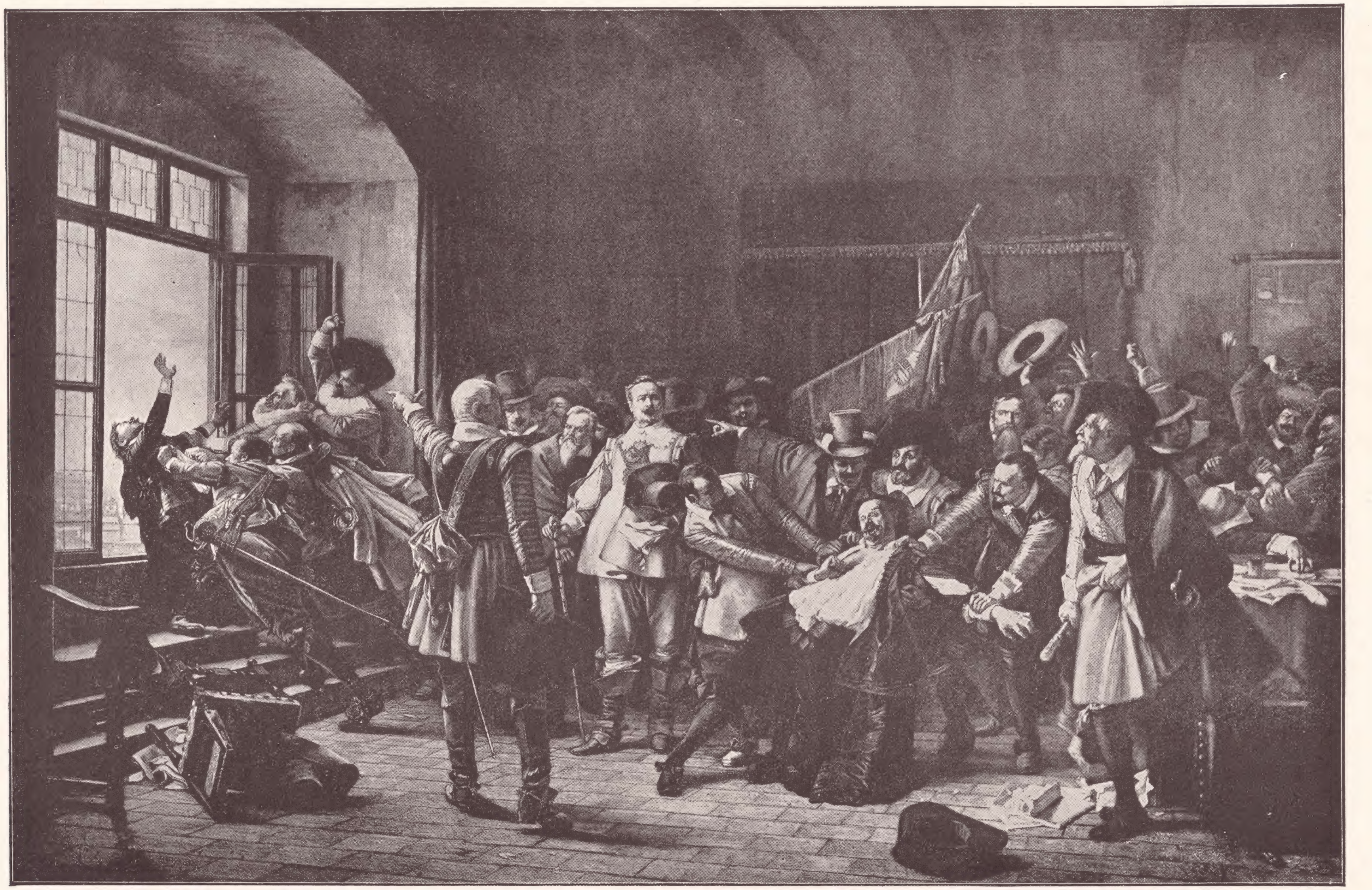
THE art of twenty nations was represented at the World's Columbian Exposition by over ten thousand works. To provide a building suited to the high purpose of bringing to view the choicest creations of the time was the task intrusted to the architect, C. B. Atwood, of Chicago. As his structure rose among so many glorious palaces it became the commanding masterwork. The classic style of Greek-Ionic has never inspired a purer, more beautiful composition. Of a total length of 1,120 feet, and an extreme width of 500 feet, the Fine Arts Building comprises three main divisions—the central, east, and west pavilions. Over the center reigns a flattened dome, 125 feet high, through which nave and transept cross. Broad flights of steps lead to the richly ornamented grand portals. Colonnades follow the facades, forming logias between low, massive towers. For the sculptural decoration antique motives are mostly used. The south front is separated from the lagoon before it by terraces with balustrades. From beyond that sheet of water, under a vast sky, the great mass of the Art Palace appears a radiant vision. Graceful articulation and perfect proportions, a varied yet rhythmical outline melt into an effect of enchanting majesty.



FRANCE. ALFRED-PIERRE AGACHE.

VANITY.

THAT self analysis of the painter has not suggested the allegory of "Vanity" may be inferred from the absence of palette and brush among the attributes. The seated figure of a woman dominates the picture. She has raised herself upon a parapet on which the leaning head and bust of a man appear. They have both intensely set expressions as they look out from the pinnacle of their conceit. A rapier, a breast-plate, books, form a scattered trophy. Fragrant fumes rise into the air from a censer. The blue serenity of the sky contrasts with the high-strung physiognomies. Color effect is added by rich velvet drapery. Boldly striking as appears the composition, its intellectual qualities are greater than the routine of decorative symbolizations has produced. Alfred-Pierre Agache was born at Lille, he studied at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris, and has received several high-class medals. "The Annunciation" and "An Enchantress" were also at the Columbian Exposition.



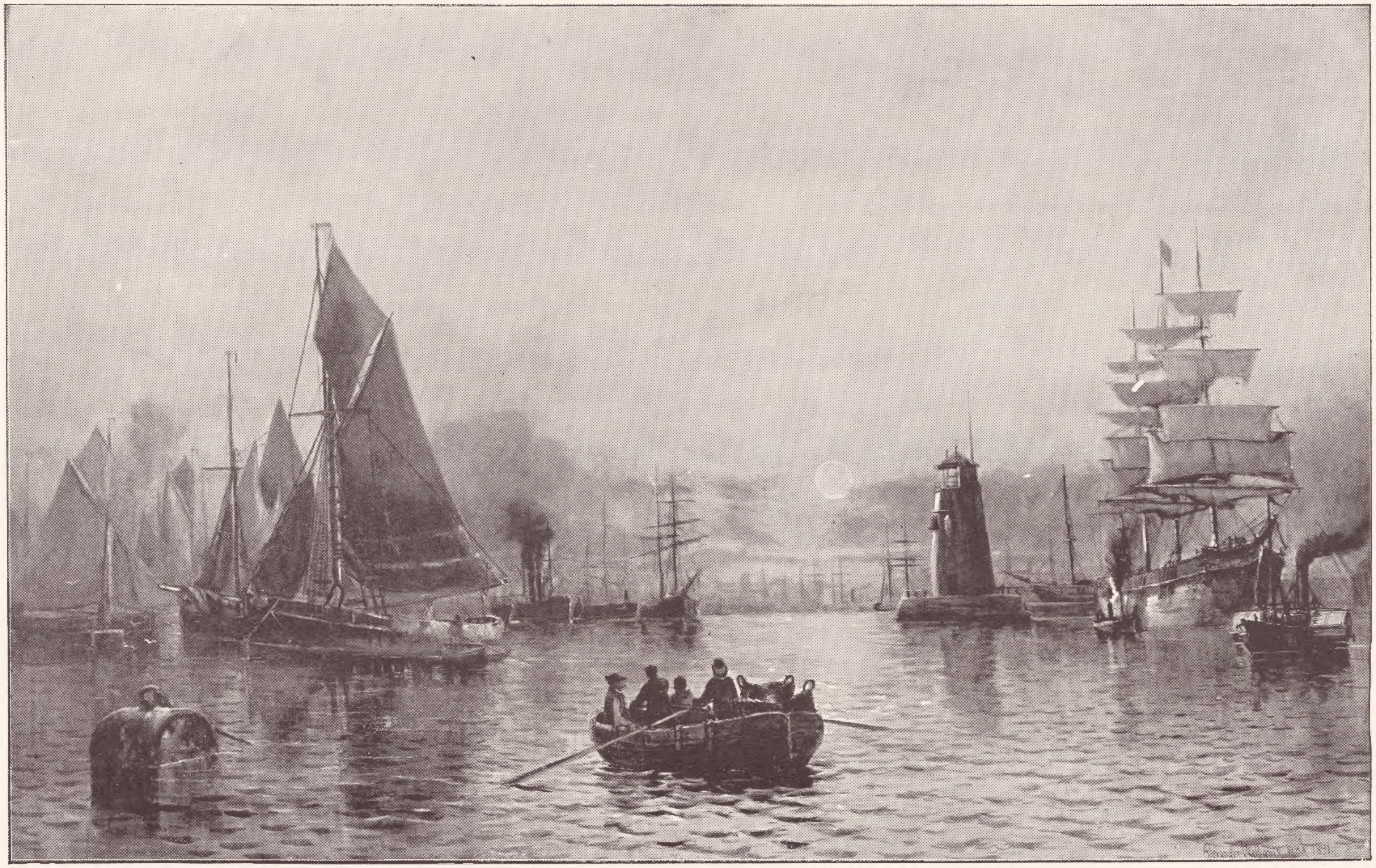
AUSTRIA. VACSLAV BROZIK.

THE REVOLT AT PRAGUE.

ONE of the great events in the history of his native country is reconstituted in the colossal painting by Vacslav Brozik. Imperial oppression and religious intolerance had enraged the Protestants of Bohemia. A broken treaty and haughty refusal of redress were beyond the limits of popular endurance. The outbreak was unavoidable and the emperor's counselors were thrown from the window of the very citadel from which they dominated Prague. Such was the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, foreshadowing all the horrors to come.

The artist treats the subject according to the principles of the Munich school, plainly showing the influence of his masters, Piloty and Munkaczy.

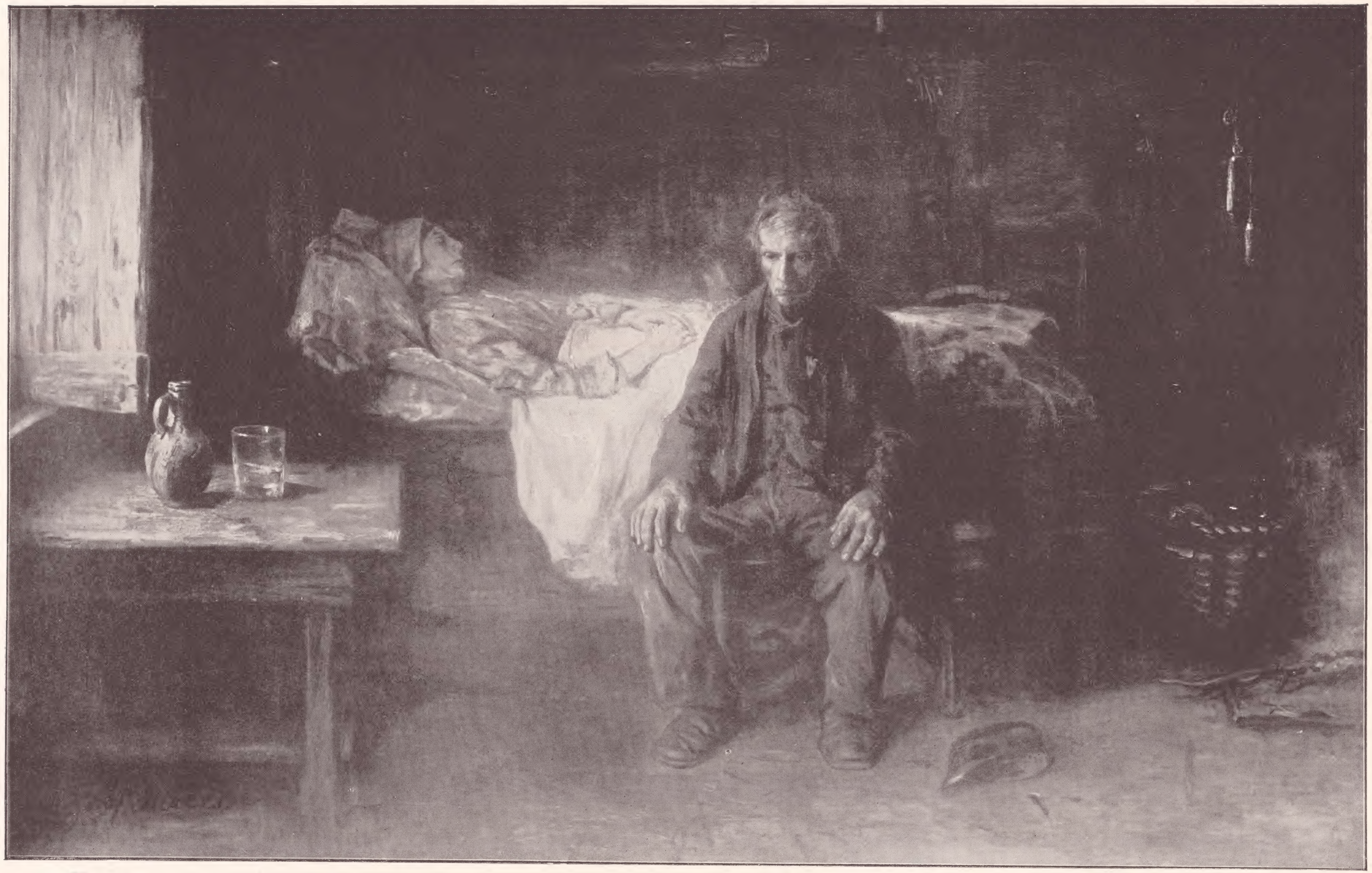
First of all there is the closest adherence to historical tradition. Comprehensive grouping, minute research for accuracy in costume and detail, make a scenic composition that uses every means for unmistakable expression, conventional and picturesque. A hall of the old Hradchin is invaded by an infuriated crowd. At the left a window opens wide, and through it one of the governors is being thrust. Another one struggles desperately against the men who are about to drag him to the same fate, and a third, behind a table, is seen falling under the blows of the multitude. The poses are effective; adroit lighting and careful drawing add relief to the violent movement.



GREAT BRITAIN. ALEXANDER WILLIAMS.

THE PORT OF DUBLIN (WATER-COLOR).

A HARBOR scene at sunset. Vessels at anchor near the mouth of the river Liffey, at Ringsend. The tide is moving slowly, and the surface of the water shows a rippled reflex of the evening sky. Purple-gray tints fill the middle of the picture. Masts and sails stand in clear outline, and a rowboat is seen in the foreground. From the horizon stretches a bank of clouds, through which the sun is sinking in rich crimson and amber light. There is a feeling of stillness in the warm air that is a promise to the mariner of undisturbed days to come. Marine painting is a customary study with many British artists, and in Alexander Williams a talent has grown without the guidance of the academies. Although a leading member of the Royal Hibernian Academy, he takes pride in calling himself self-taught. His work is highly appreciated for genuine qualities, coast scenes being his favorite subjects, executed both in oil-painting and in water-color. Born in 1846, in County Monaghan, Ireland, he has had a successful career as a painter, and is also a distinguished musician.



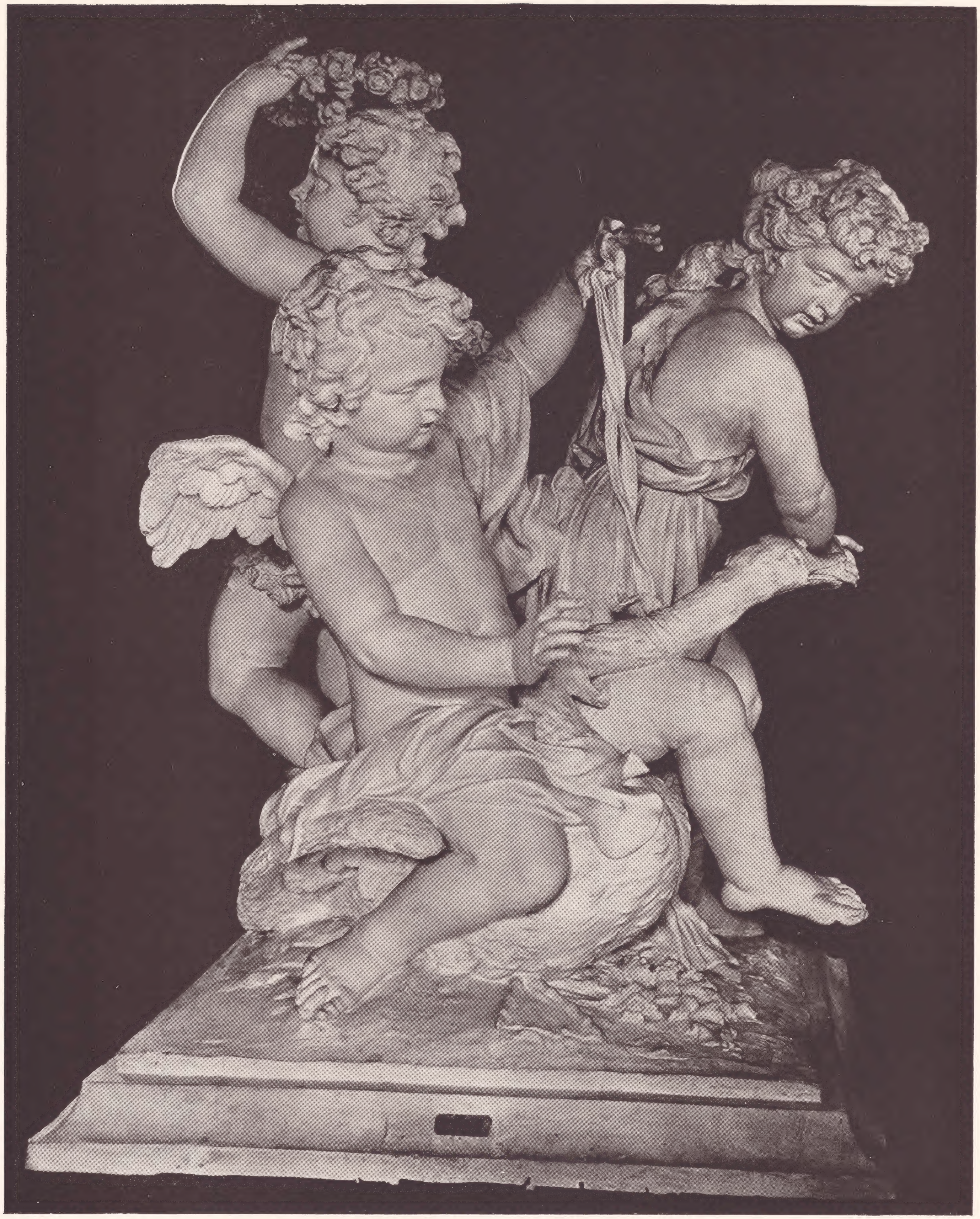
HOLLAND.

ALONE IN THE WORLD.

JOSEF ISRAELS.

IN the gloomy chamber of a simple Holland peasant-house a man sits by the bed where the body of his wife is in repose. She has died, leaving him to continue an existence that is cheerless without the companion of many years, to toil alone through a life whose burdens become heavier now that he is old. His grief is not demonstrative. Stolidly he gazes toward the floor, yet upon that hardened face, in that weary attitude, a somber hopelessness is expressed. Final peace has settled over the features of the woman. Her sufferings are ended, but a dreary future awaits him who closed her eyes.

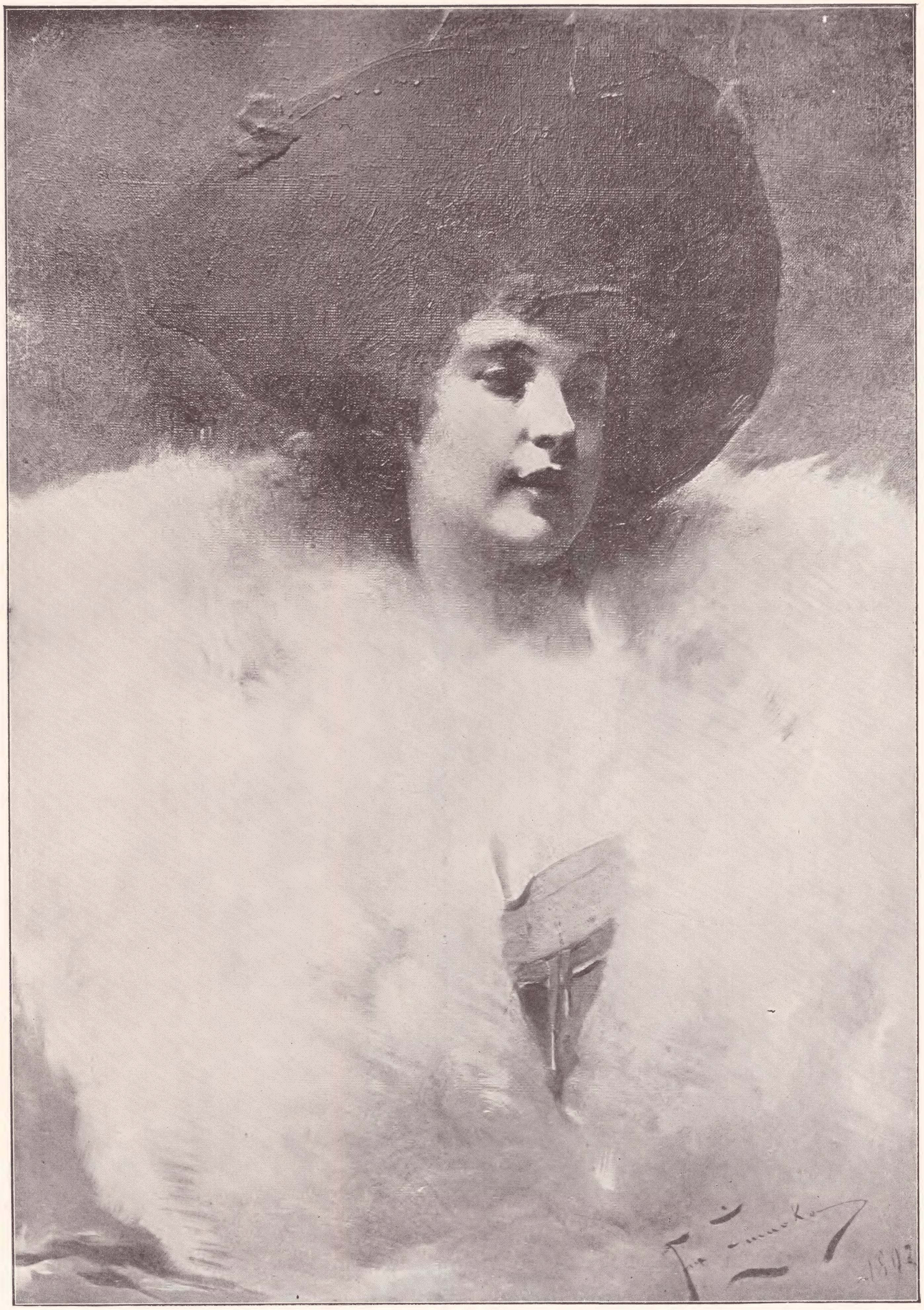
The scene is painted broadly and vigorously in a manner that has become distinctive of the modern Dutch school. There is a most genuine simplicity, sober and realistic, a technique showing the hand of a master. In treatment of half-light, in freedom of drawing, and understanding of values, Josef Israels has few equals. Born in Groningen in 1824, he has marked a progress in the art of his time. The work he exhibits at the regular occasions shows that he retains the force of his talents. Medals and orders of every degree have been given to him.



FRANCE. SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHILDREN PLAYING WITH A SWAN.

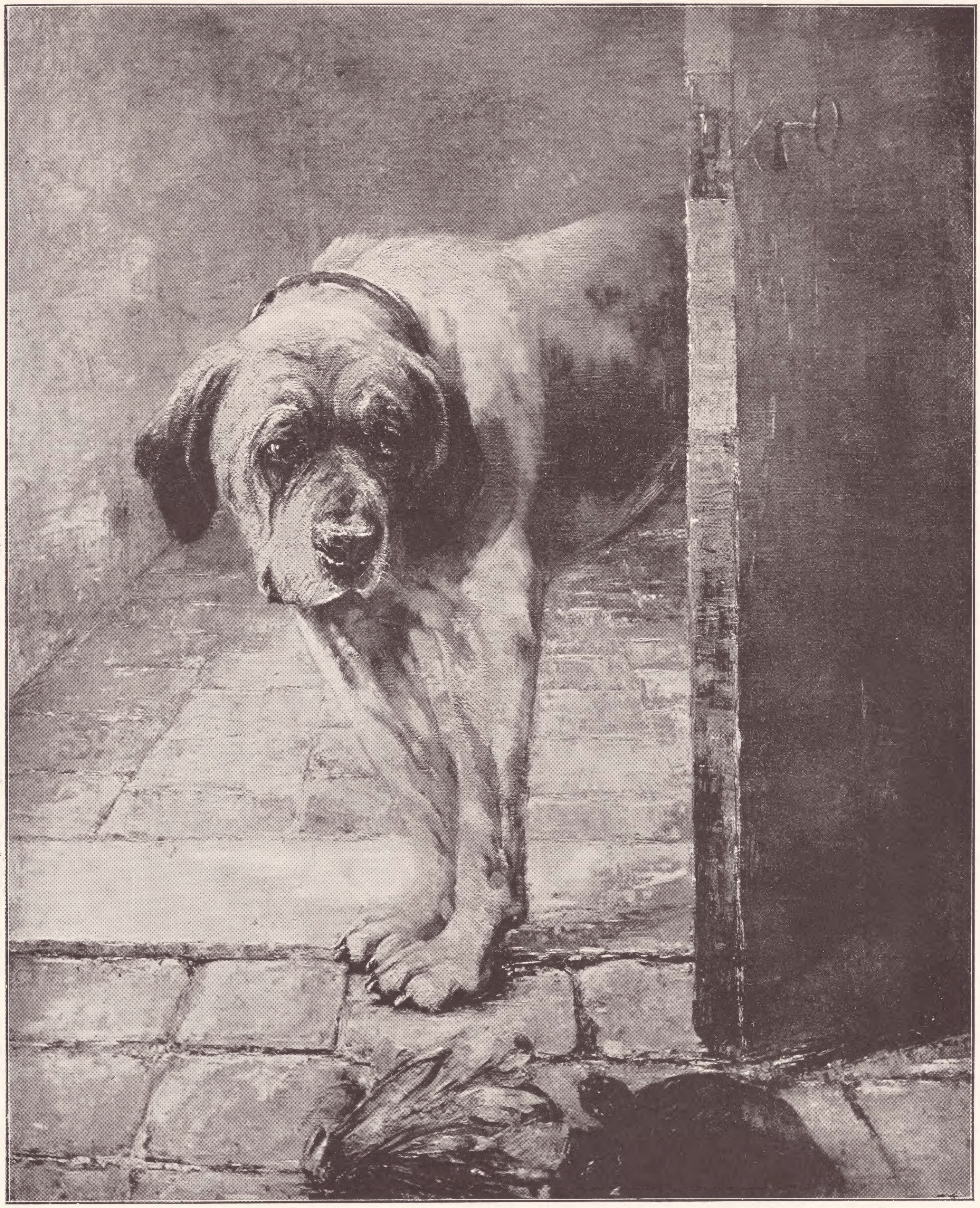
THIS group was modeled from the bronze original in the Park of Versailles. Three children are at play with a swan. The furthest one holds up a garland of roses, another has wound a ribbon round the neck of the bird and rides him, while a third one has one hand in the swan's mouth. Work probably by Van Cléve (1645-1732). It is one of the groups adorning the Parterre d'Eau of that most famous of French gardens. Royal fancy created the place where a magnificent court could indulge in graceful and careless pastime. Princely vanity of the epoch attempted many imitations after the French model. The Republic of the present preserves it as national property, but conception and purpose both are of the past.



SOCIETY OF POLISH ARTISTS. F. ZMURKO.

A LADY IN FUR.

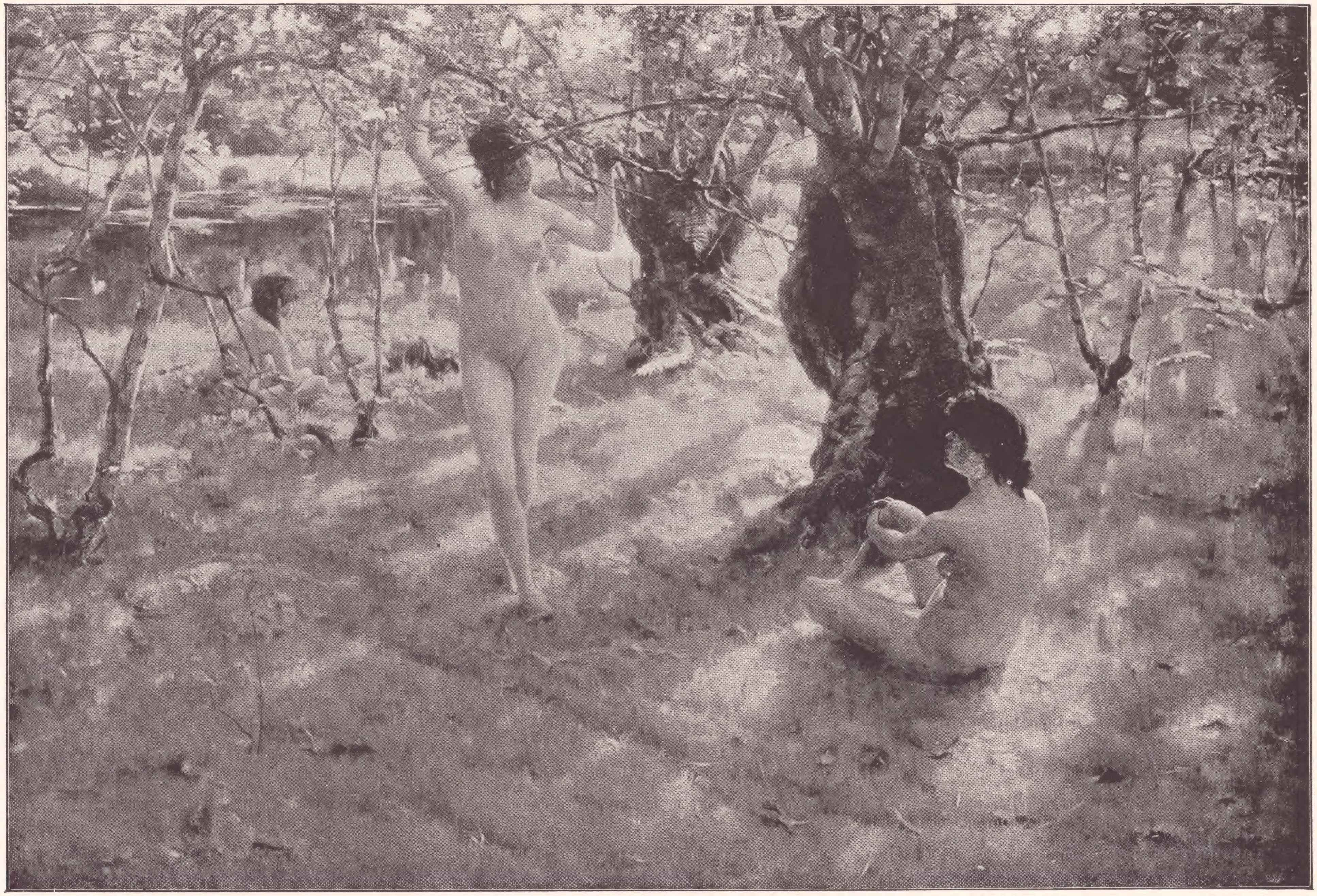
A CHARMING freedom characterizes the Society of Polish Artists. It is united, but there is no rigid subordination to a common standard. Each member seems to paint wherever, whatever, and however he chooses. "A Lady in Fur" is the study of a young beauty whose head emerges in coquettish movement from a large fur cloak that is loosely wrapped over her bare shoulders. A broad-brimmed hat gives relief to the bright-colored face. Of a still brighter hue, the fluffy cloak envelops softly the bust. Skin and stuffs are of delicate treatment. The lights play with the lights, depending upon a minimum of modulation, yet obtaining it. The manner of the artist is as chic as his model. His vision is alert to bluish shades. Among his six works exhibited at the Fair "A Lady in Fur" and "The Feudal Law," the latter a study of the nude in artificial lighting, have both found much flattering comment.



BELGIUM. E. VAN DER MEULEN.

ASTONISHMENT.

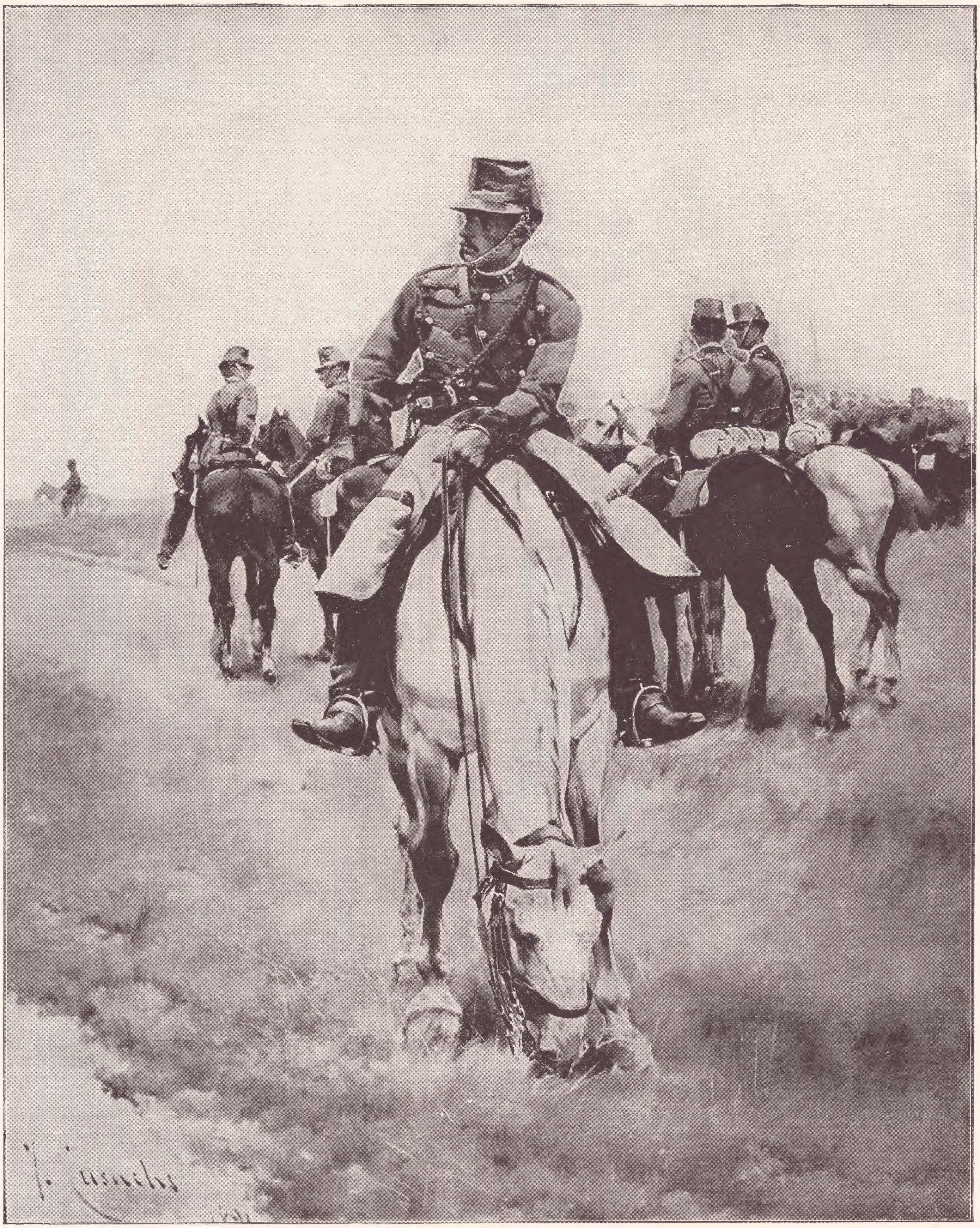
A STUDY in animal life, however simple, can be made interesting, and has been treated repeatedly by this Belgian painter. He shows a large dog meeting a turtle that has found its way into the courtyard. The two are evidently strangers to each other, and the dog gazes at the intruder with an astonished mien. His canine intellect seems intent upon solving the problem of the other's appearance, quite unfamiliar to his zoological experience. Swiftly brushed, bravely modeled, the subject is held within a limited scale of tan, red, and brown, relieved only by the green of a cabbage in the foreground. Charles Verlat, the late director of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Antwerp, excelled in the art of painting psychological observations of animals. It is quite probable that Van der Meulen is following in the steps of the master. He lives in Brussels, and has been the recipient of honors at various exhibitions. Another work of his was at the World's Fair under the title "Hunting in the Marsh."



United States. Alexander Harrison.

IN ARCADIA.

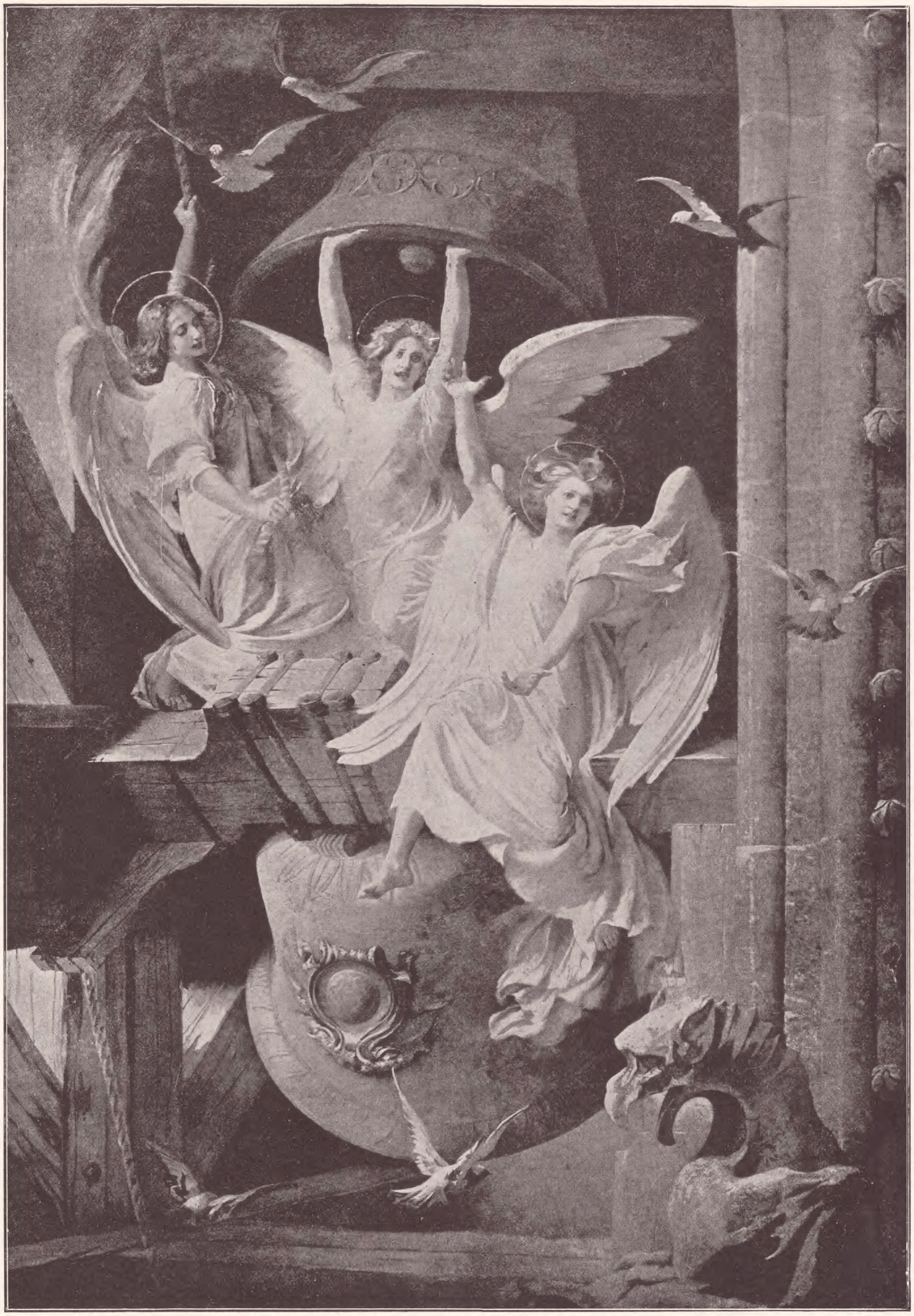
HUMAN skin is a fine medium for color effects, especially for such complex ones as are produced by sunshine in the woods. The verdant ground tinges the forms with its reflex. Through branches and leaves the bright rays illuminate the flesh, at the same time the moving shadows of the foliage flit over the bodies in subdued hues. Life pulsates warmly in such a free festival of nature, adding to the splendor of carnation. Other bearings, as, for instance, how these women happen to be attitudinized, or which sort of vegetation their presence adorns, can be readily gathered from the reproduction of such a painting. The conception of the artist is too spontaneous, his work of too high an order, to require diagrams. Another canvas by Alexander Harrison, "The Bathers," seen at the same occasion, treats the nude in the evening glow by the sea. Still another picture by him, "The Amateurs," is reproduced in this volume.



SPAIN. JOSE CUSACHS.

TRUMPETER OF CHASSEURS.

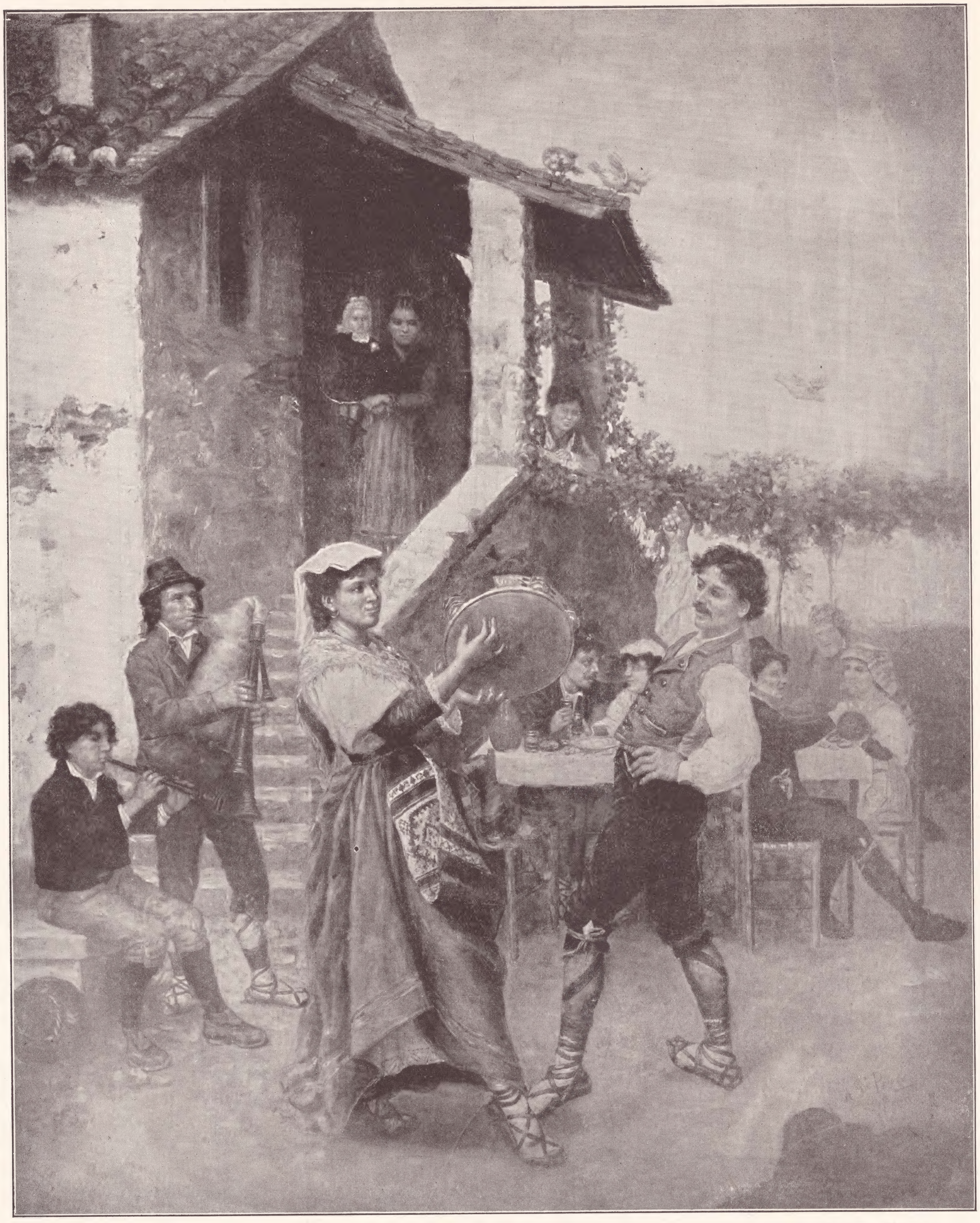
MEISSONIER'S laurels are coveted by many painters of military subjects. Uniforms abound in Europe; the armies are continually on the increase; no wonder, then, that more artists make the study of soldiers, horses, and paraphernalia a special study. The "Trumpeter of Chasseurs" upon his white horse is halted at the extreme left flank of a body of mounted troops. The horse is seen from front, and has its nose in the grass, while the rider, his head slightly turned to the right, looks into the distance. Behind the trumpeter is a group of officers talking to one another. Careful observation of figures and movement, as well as of equipment and detail, are so indispensable for the military painter that they can hardly be called salient features of any one work. Jose Cusachs proves himself equal to the chosen task. He had two other pictures at the World's Columbian Exposition, "Lancers on the March" and "Cavalry Crossing a Ford."



United States. E. H. Blashfield.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

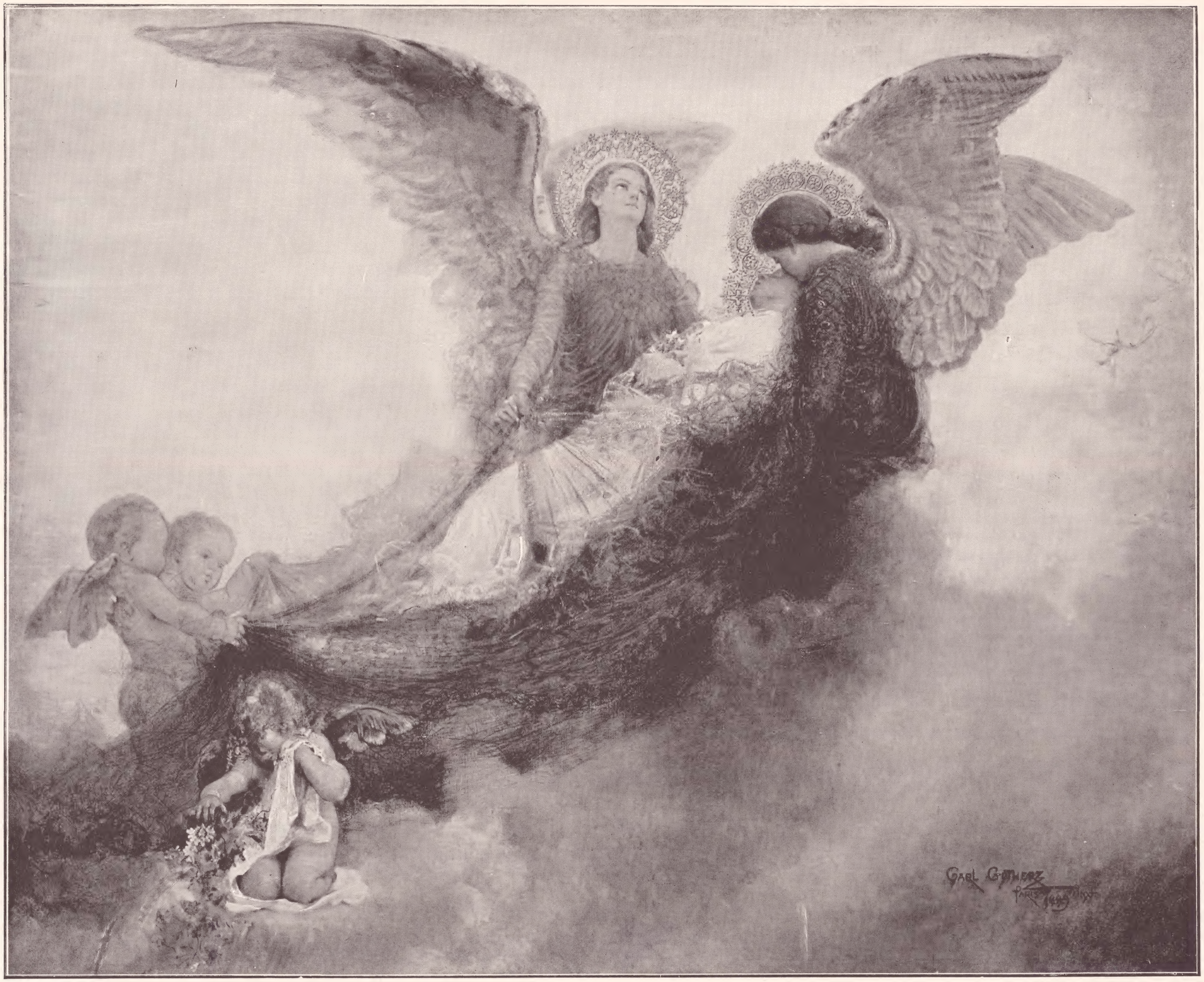
FROM the top of an ancient church tower celestial joy is proclaimed. Winged messengers ring the bells, and the town beneath resounds with their carols. Pigeons flutter about the belfry, amongst the rafters of which they nest. The cool air of Christmas morning vibrates with gladness. There is much spirit in this lofty composition. It was painted in Paris from actual studies at Blois, in the old abbey of the Saint Sauveur. The stone monster in the lower right-hand corner comes from the Notre Dame church in Paris, and is in keeping with the Gothic architecture. The bells themselves must be each of a different epoch, the upper one having a Gothic border, and the one beneath ornamentation of Renaissance style. Bluish tints prevail in this picture, where the rigid forms of the monument and the animated figures are happily contrasted in a luminous atmosphere. Edward Howland Blashfield has spent nearly twenty years abroad, working in France, Italy, Egypt, and Greece. He studied under Leon Bonnat and was also benefited by the advice of Gerome and Chapu. Among his many productions the painting with which he decorated the northwest dome of the Liberal Arts Building at the World's Fair is a most important one. He is the author of several articles upon Italian art which were published in American magazines.



SPAIN. A. GARCIA PRIETO.

TARANTELLA.

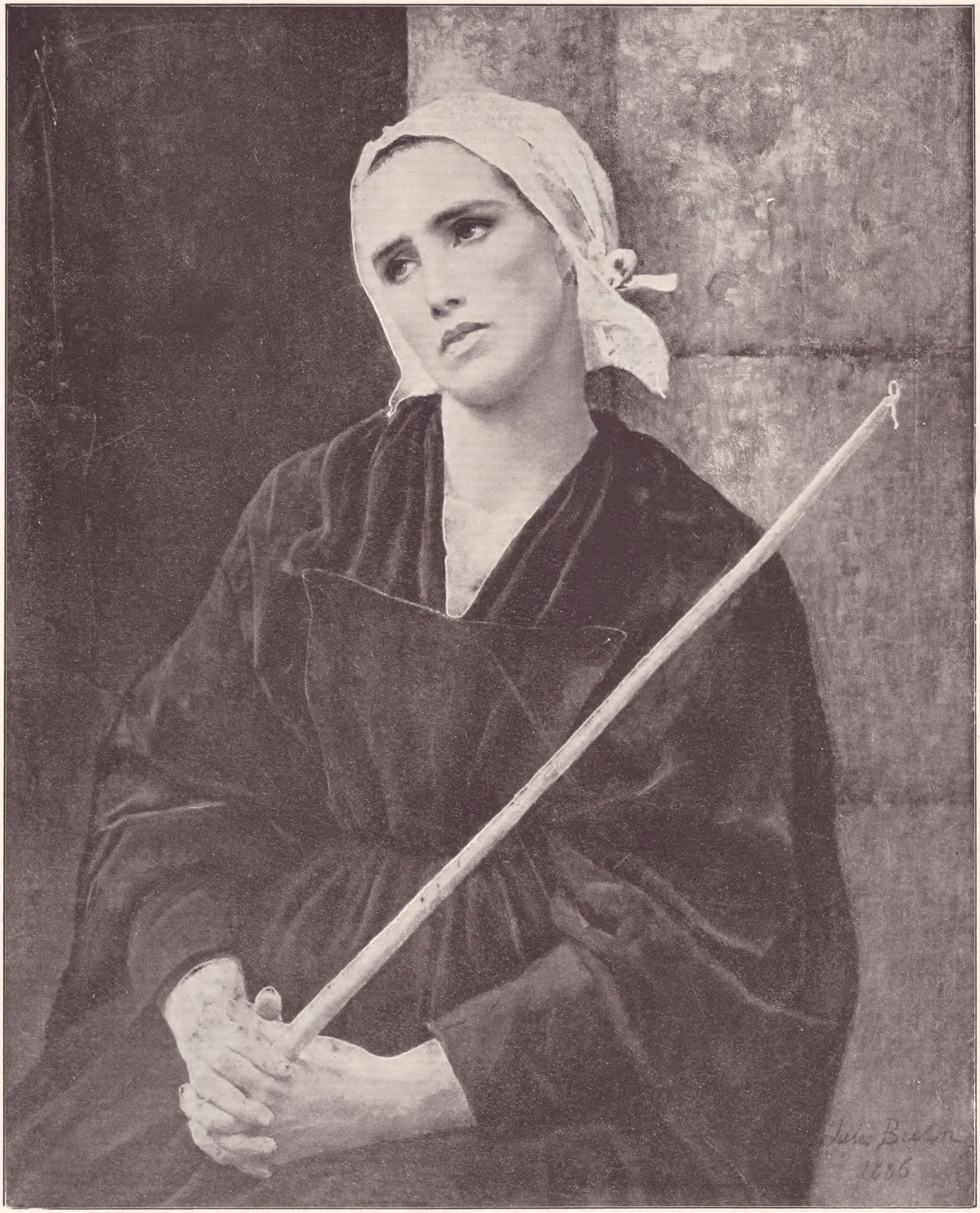
GRAPE growers in the Roman Campagna have gathered the season's harvest and celebrate the event exuberantly. Wine, music, and dancing are indulged in. The couple in the foreground dances the "tarantella," which is the title the artist has given to his picture. To the left a man and a boy play rustic wind instruments. At a table farther in the distance some young people make merry. A woman with a child in her arms and another onlooker stand in the porch above. The scene is lively, both in color and movement. It is a bright note of a local custom rendered by the artist with especial attention to the modeling of the principal group. Andres Garcia Prieto was a pupil of the Academy of Fine Arts in Madrid, where he was successful in several competitions for medals. He is a native of the Province of Burgos, from the government of which he received a stipend permitting him study in Rome. A large historical painting of his, "Caius Marius upon the Ruins of Carthage," is in Burgos. The same subject, in smaller dimensions, was again depicted by the artist for Don Carlos of Bourbon.



UNITED STATES. CARL GUTHERZ.

ARCESSITA AB ANGELIS.

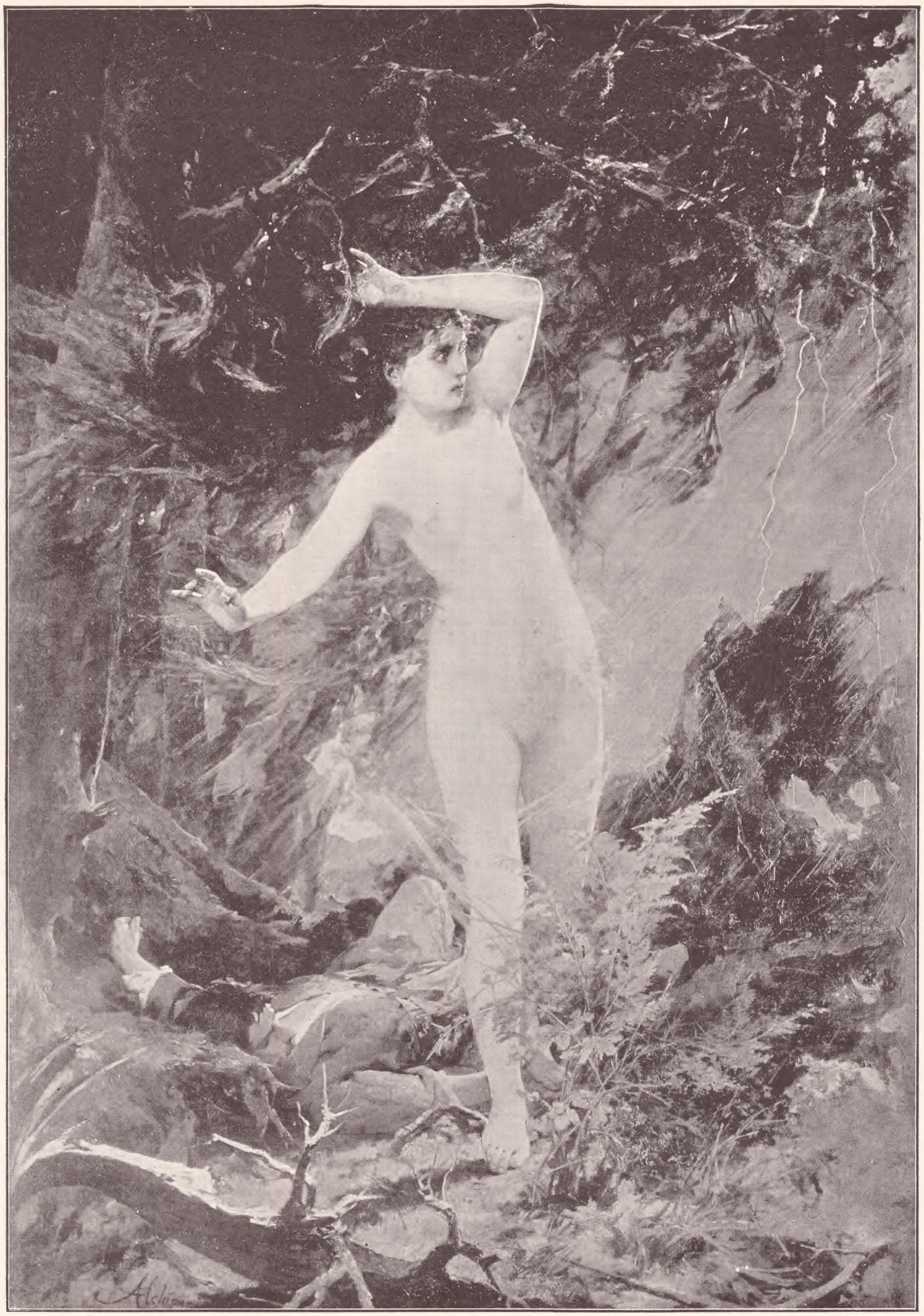
MUCH thought about the proper artistic conception of death has led the author of this picture to posit such a connection of the ideal with the real, the linking of earth with heaven. The dreadful legends of the dark ages, full of skeletons and of uncanny symbols, do not attract him. His is a gentler, more hopeful representation. The general effect shows a section of a rainbow with a cloud passing through it. The inert form of a woman is borne through space, in a transitory state of bodily salvation. Sister souls lift the departed upward. They are robed in "ashes of flowers." Halos of an original design, highly ornamental, crown their heads. Another peculiarity is found in the angels' wings, as the painter claims a construction of these appendages suited to each figure, and has for this purpose studied from nature a great variety of birds, bats, and butterflies. A group of cherubs holds up the ends of the gauzy shroud; one of them weeps for the friends left behind, and scatters down upon them immortelles as an offering of sympathy. Carl Gutherz went to Paris in 1868 to study his art. Recollections of the Civil War in America had given him the desire to paint battles, an intention which he abandoned, however, after having seen in Versailles an immense number of such pictures. The masters of the Italian Renaissance, especially Raphael and Paul Veronese, then inspired him with more peaceful ideals.



FRANCE. JULES BRETON.

BRETON WOMAN.

IT was more than a curious coincidence that the official catalogue should have registered this work under the above title, which might be defined either by a woman of Brittany or a typical production of the painter. Either version is plausible. Jules Breton was born in Courrières in 1827. When he was sixteen years old he went to Belgium and found his first master in Felix de Vigne, at Ghent. Returned to Paris after visiting for some time the studio of Drolling, he exhibited for the first time in 1849. Three paintings by him were at the Universal Exposition in 1855, among them "The Gleaners," a then original theme. From that time on medals and honors were his reward, gradually increasing in number and degree until his membership of the juries ended his competition. His celebrity began early with the picture "The Benediction of the Grain," now at the Luxembourg Museum. He is a member of the Institute and Commander of the Legion of Honor, and has published several volumes of poetry and a book, "The Life of an Artist," which latter has been translated into English.



Poland. K. Alchimovicz.

MILDA, GODDESS OF LOVE.

SOME episode in Polish mythology has undoubtedly suggested this subject. The body of a man lies lifeless in a rugged abyss. Milda, the fateful sorceress, has lured into perdition her reckless victim, who knew naught but her charm. The nude figure of the fairy is seen striding over the corpse, her look and gesture betraying that she does not share the tender emotions kindled by her. The abode is wild and storm-swept; only the most valiant can reach it, to perish there in their vain craving for reward. Ever youthful and melodious, the evil genius tempts the wanderer to leave the safe path. The artist has well delineated a study of female anatomy. Movement and gesture are emphatically established; the surrounding branches and leaves support an augmented color effect of flesh-forms. Face and hands speak the unconquerable feeling. K. Alchimovicz heads the roster of the Society of Polish Artists. He sent to the World's Columbian Exposition a collection of his works, numbering five canvases, showing a versatile talent. History, landscape, genre, and the nude were to be found among his creations.

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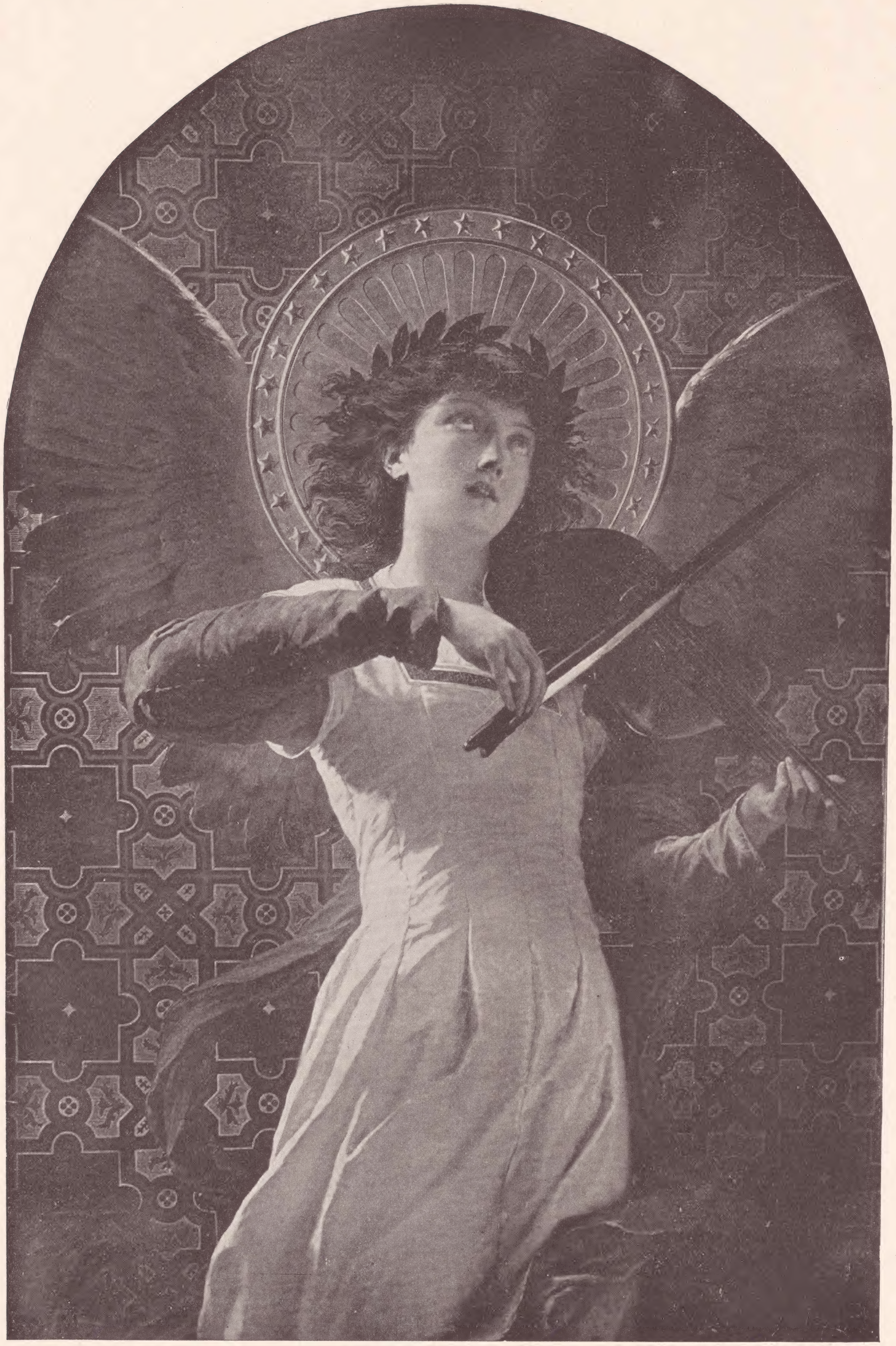
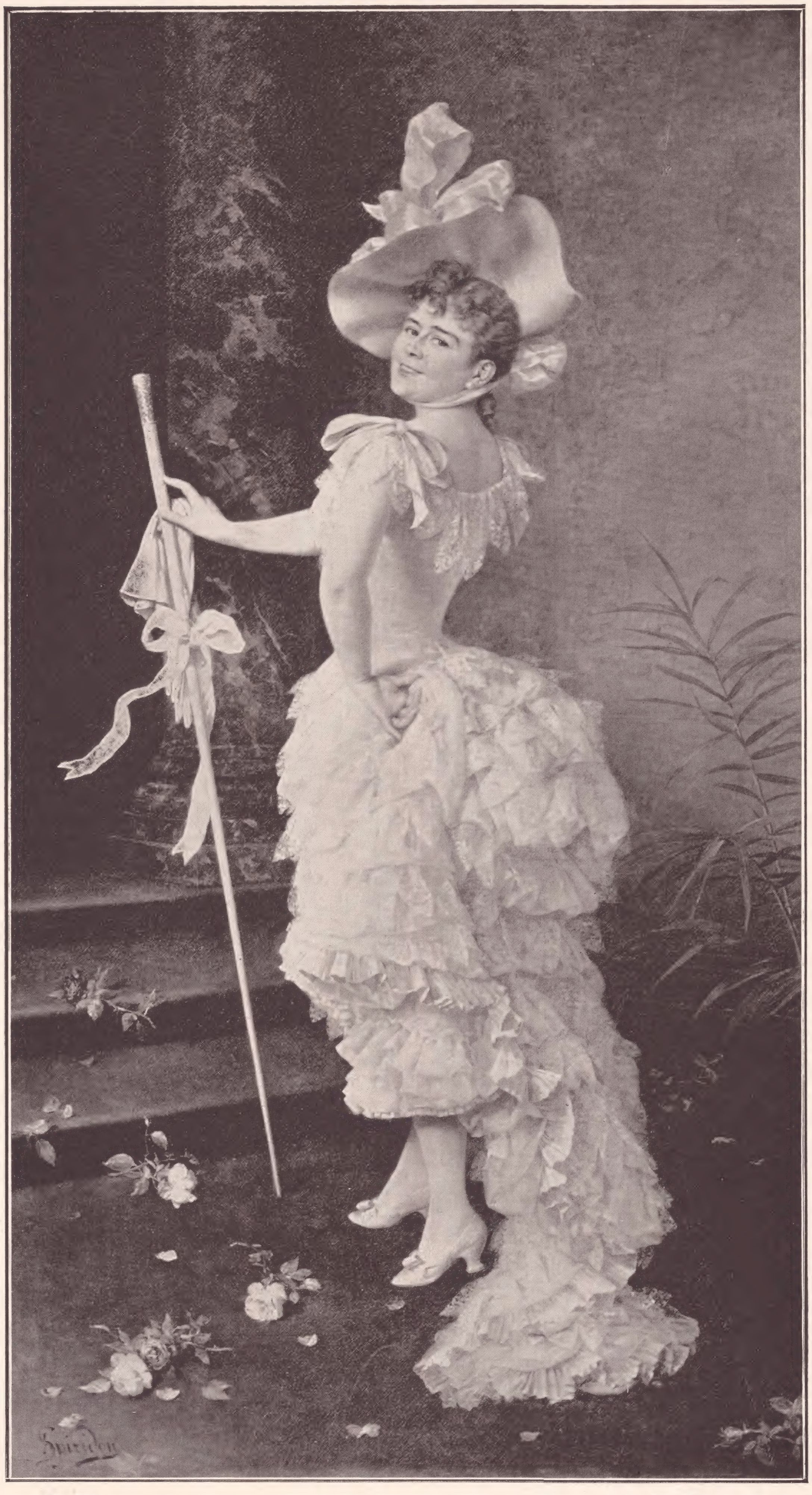


ITALY. C. MARIANI.

CELESTIAL HARMONY.

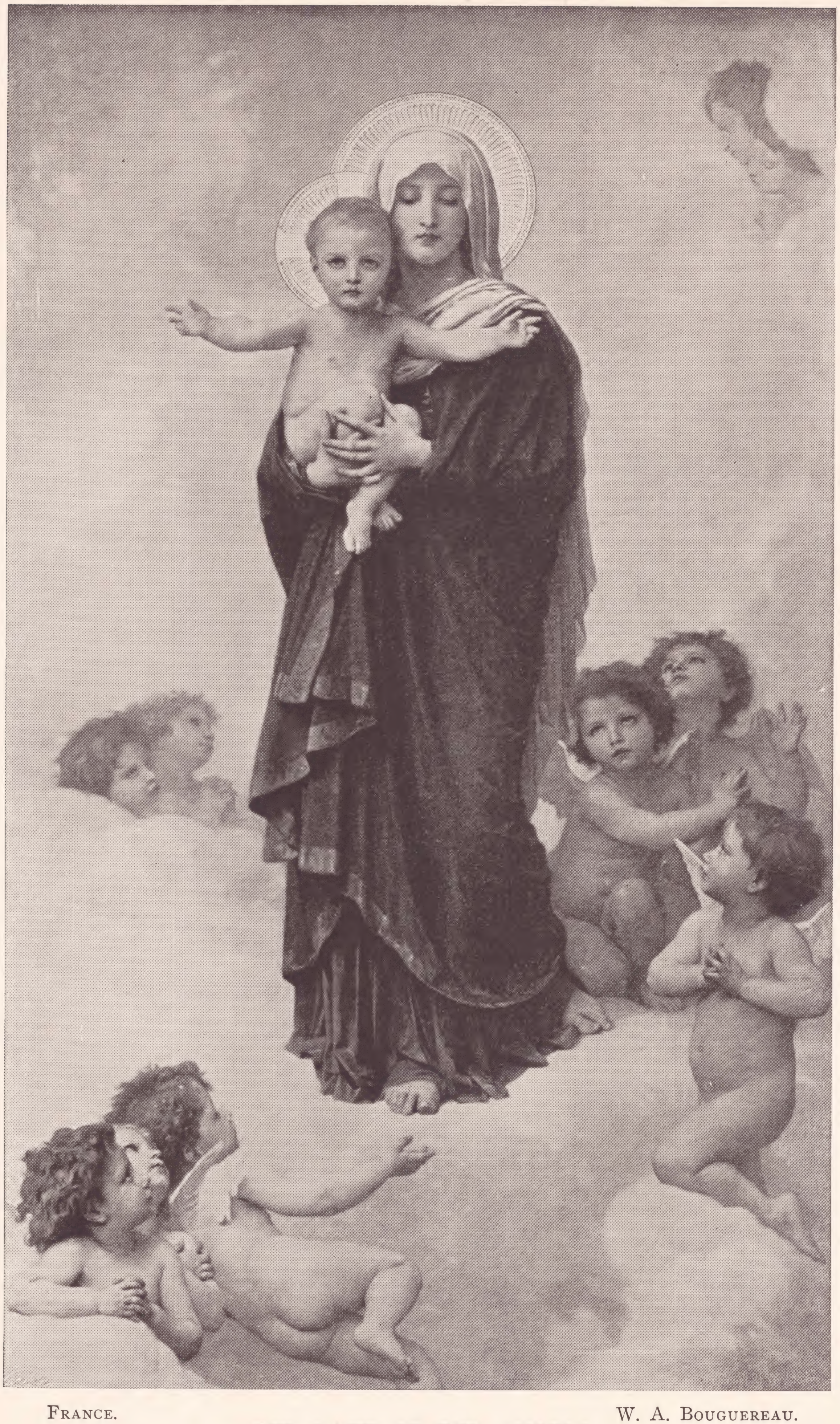
A SLENDER female figure plays upon a viola, accompanying the song that rises from her lips. Laurels and a large star-spangled nimbus crown her uplifted head. The celestial musician stands with outstretched wings before a dark background, relieved by an ornamental design. What emotion there is in the harmony finds a reflex in that face; or is it the sentiment animating the angel that resounds in the chord? Pictures have worded titles. Such a paraphrase of a subject painted with art can hardly be more precise than the descriptive interpretation of a motive musically expressed. The author of the composition called "Celestial Harmony" might have suggested more of his ideal by footing it with some bars of tone symbols. Conception and treatment of this theme are of decorative simplicity and pictorial elevation. C. Mariani is a Roman. Two of his works were seen in Chicago, the other being "Io Triomphai."



ITALY. T. SPIRIDON.

FOLLETTE.

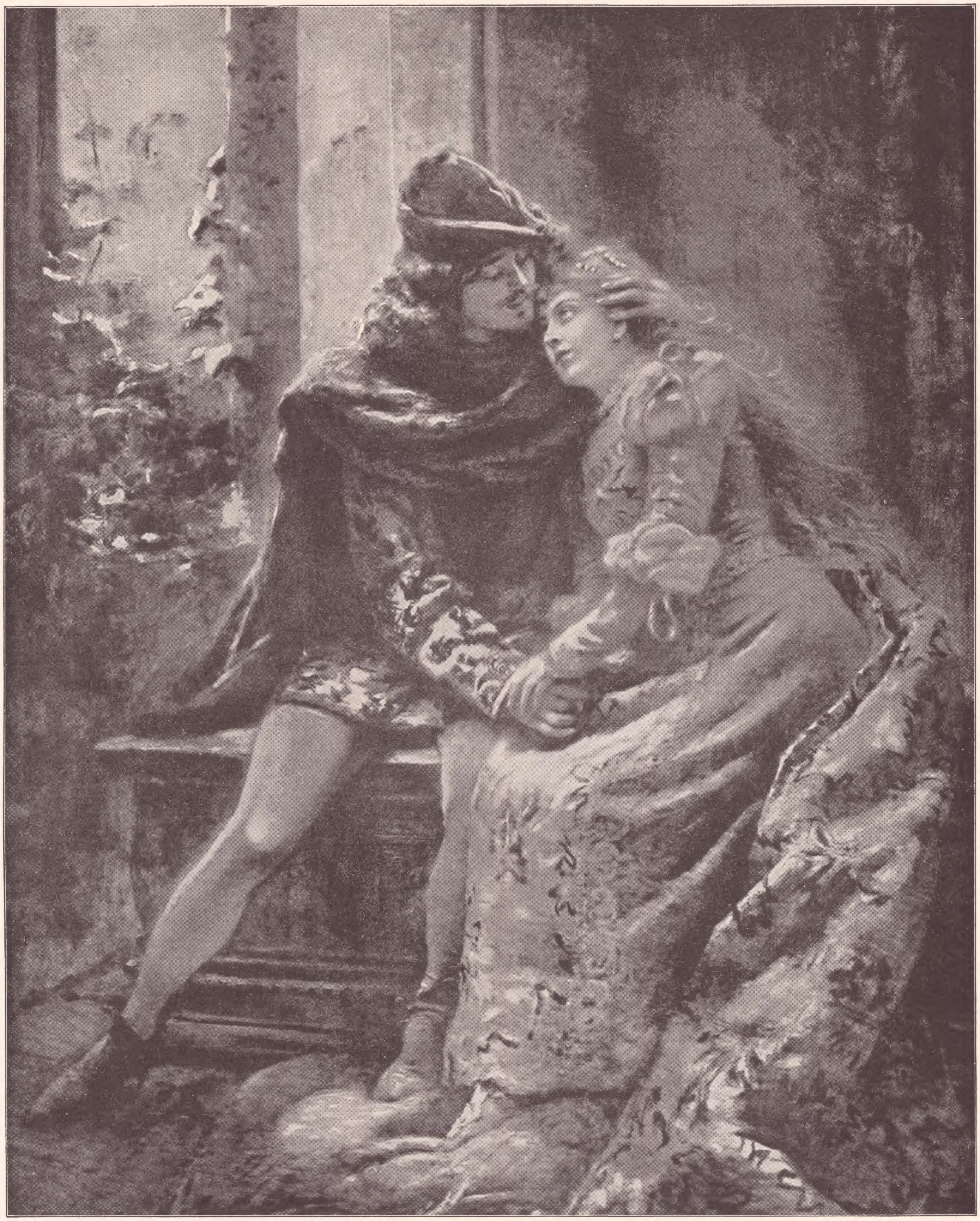
THE traditional Italian Columbine could hardly have excelled in pantomime this highly modern damsel to whom the painter gives the name of Follette. Her charm is frivolity, and she exercises it in make-up, attitude, and a smiling glance. A flounced skirt of curious proportions, scant and ample where least expected, high-heeled slippers, a beribboned staff, and a none the less carnivalesque hat are parts of the costume. She poses before some steps of an entrance, in full light, each joint of her extremities playing a conspicuous part in the ensemble effect. Flowers are strewn upon the ground. Drawing, coloring, model, and artist—heavily delicious. T. Spiridon had another life-size figure at the Chicago Exposition. Its title "Sappho," might not perhaps recall to the mind of many the widely known and much reproduced lady in fancy dress, consisting mostly of black tights. She descends a flight of steps and holds a mask in one hand The two subjects are akin, and have met with favor.



FRANCE. W. A. BOUGUEREAU.

OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS.

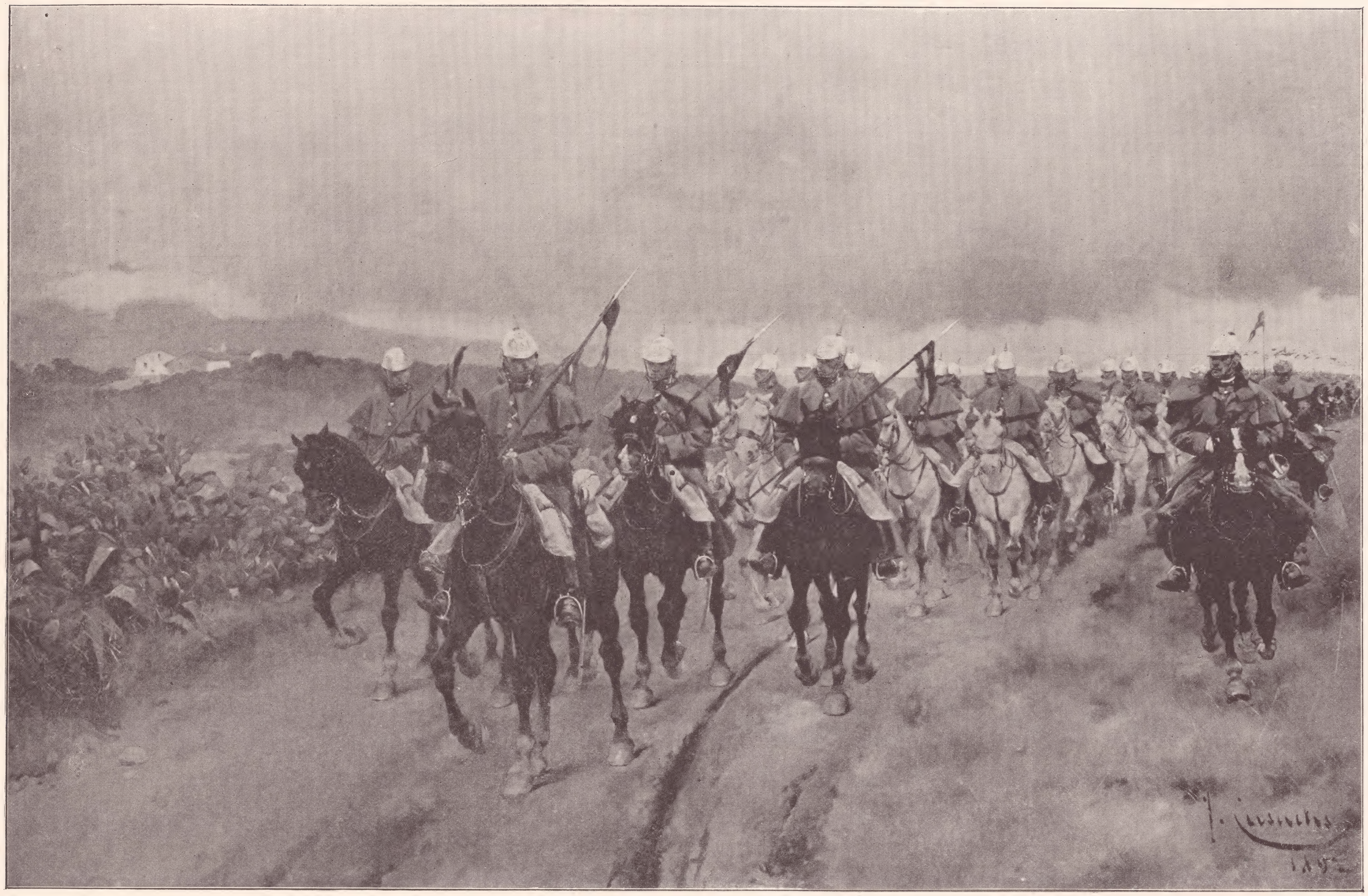
THE Madonna stands upon a bank of clouds holding in her arms the Christ-child. Little angels are grouped at her feet, their eyes lifted in adoration toward the divine apparition. The infant Jesus stretches out his arms as if to bestow a blessing. The uniform talent of the painter applies the same refinement to religious subjects as predominates in his mythological or rustic compositions. The standard has been set by himself and he maintains it with great regularity and success. ''Our Lady of the Angels'' was one of three Bouguereau canvases seen at the World's Columbian Exposition. Both the others are reproduced in this volume. ''The Women at the Tomb,'' also a holy theme, is more dramatic in the personification of the three Marys overcome by their grief. They are in the entrance to the crypt, in the lighted interior of which an angel appears.



Russia. C. E. Makowsky.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

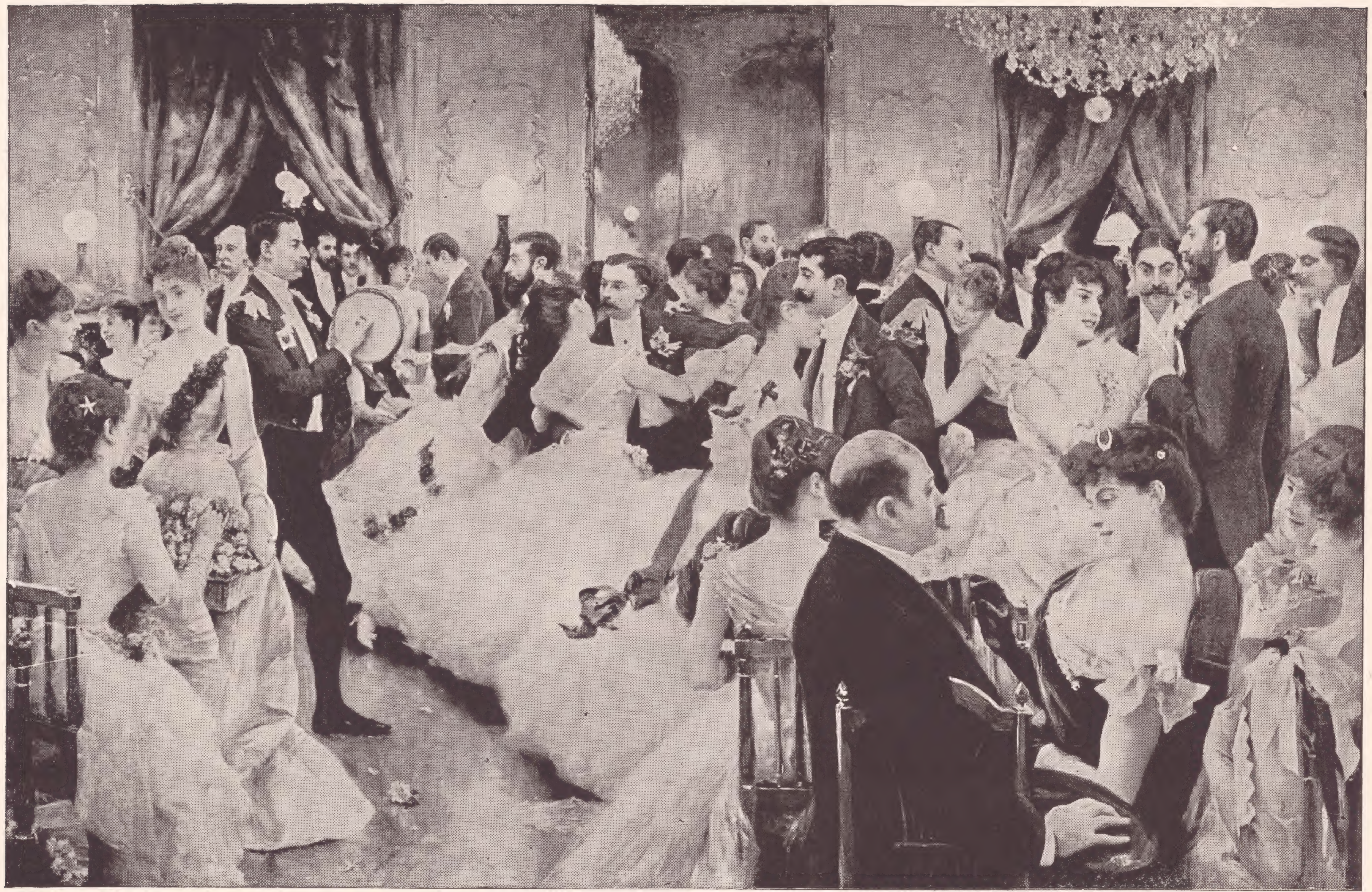
ONCE upon a time there lived in Verona a loving pair whose families did not approve of the marriage. The pathetic story has been given to the world by a great poet long ago. It has been performed since by innumerable actors, musicians, and sculptors, regardless of limitations or latitudes. Painting found in the personages of the drama a perennial suggestion, reformulated once more by the St. Petersburg artist. The lovers have met in a moonlit hall, and are represented in the ecstasy of their caress. Of course they are as beautiful as an image can be made. Superlatively tender the Juliet leans upon his shoulder, her adoring eye lifted to the face that is bent on her brow. A touch of sadness is in that silent gaze. Soft light enters through an ivy-grown opening from the left, and spreads a pearly illumination over the features of the girl. The velvet and satin of the robes take an iridescent sheen. C. E. Makowsky is justly counted among the best masters of Russia. His contribution to the World's Columbian Exposition was important both for the number and for the merit of his works ''The Toilet of the Bride,'' by him, is reproduced in this publication, with biographical notice.



SPAIN. C. CUSACHS.

LANCERS ON THE MARCH.

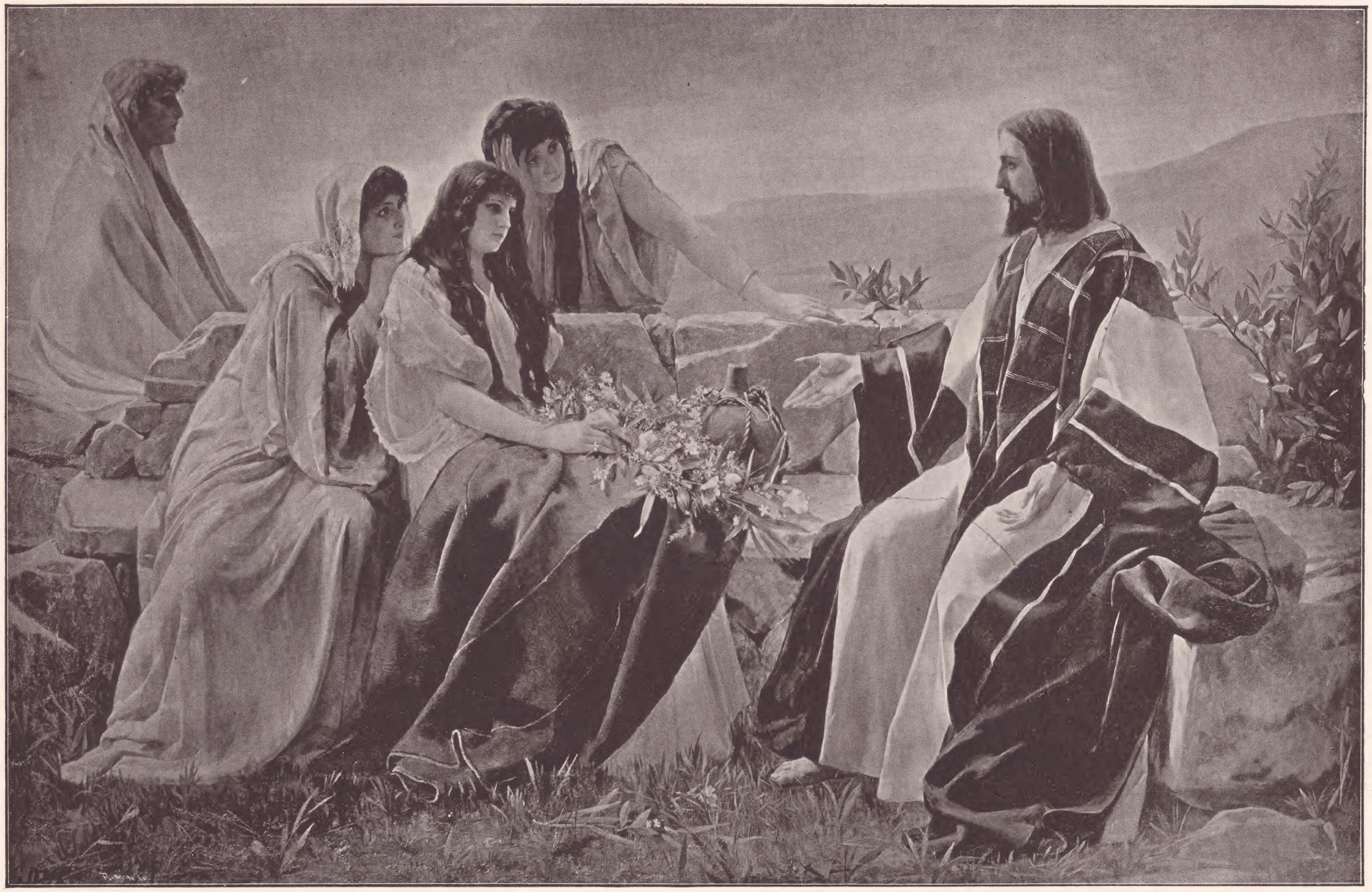
ALL of the three paintings sent to the World's Fair by this Spanish artist illustrate scenes from military life, cavalry troops being the particular subjects of his predilection. The front rank of a body of lancers are near the foreground of a dusty road, in the perspective of which the rear of the column is lost. Half a dozen of the soldiers with their horses are clearly delineated; that is to say, a regulation uniform is visible from slightly different angles. Between the more or less uncovered boots more or less of the army vehicle shows. There are also facial indications between the helmets and capes. Fanions in three stripes droop from the lances. As a result one beholds the desired effect of "Lancers on the March." There is, of course, some earth, with some sky behind. The interest is directed, however, to the cavalcade as it files from far to near, harmless for the moment, but with the complete outfit of warfare.



UNITED STATES. JULES L. STEWART.

THE HUNT BALL.

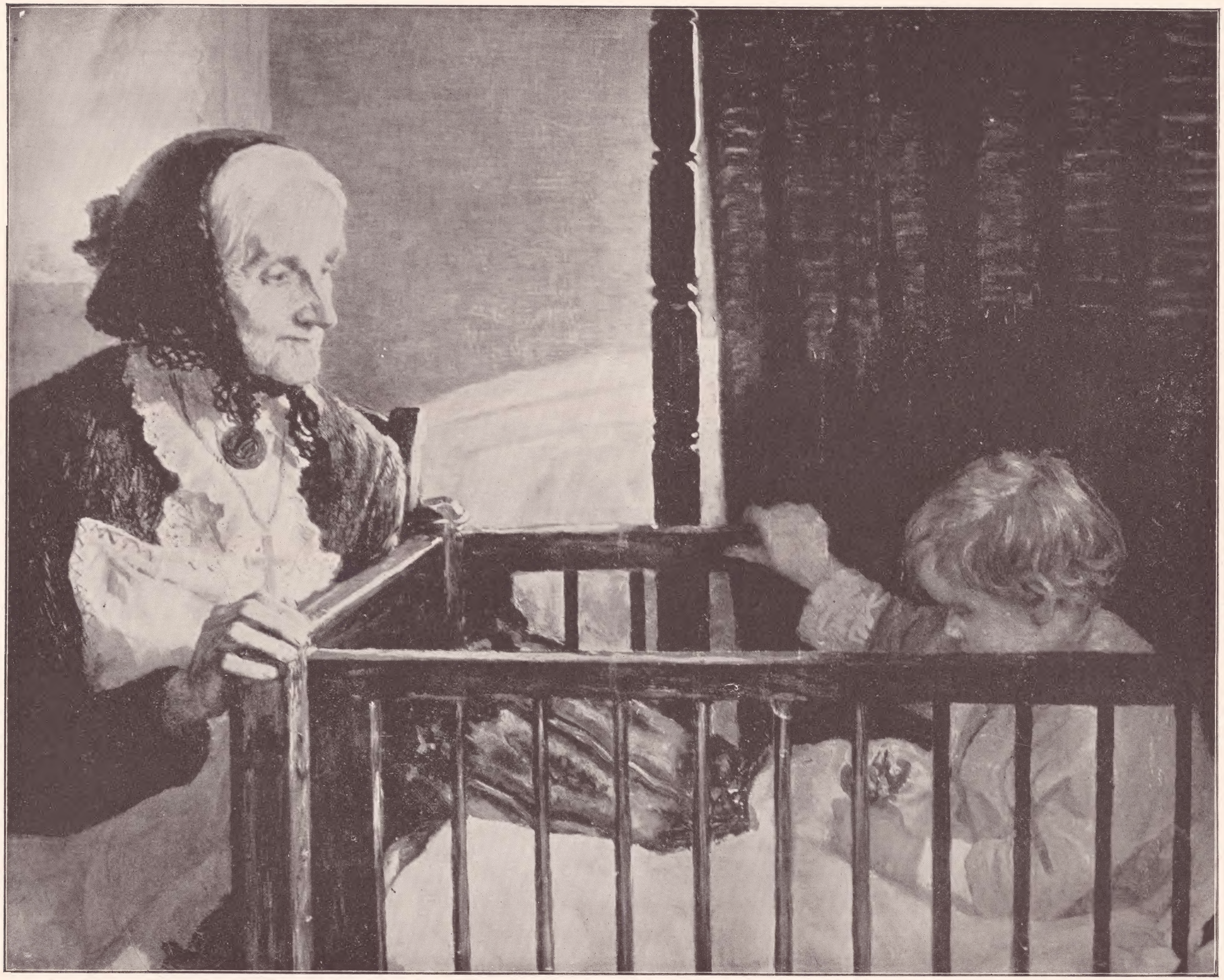
SUCH a throng as could be found "in function" at a fashionable ball. Mostly French types, the dancers wear evening expressions and society clothes, both of the correct fit. Shapely busts, light gowns, flowers and jewels are in groups with the red coats, the stiff linen, and the groomed looks of the men. The gathering seems politely animated. Perhaps the day's sport, or the talents of a chef, have almost overcome that habit of bored abandon of the select. There is enough illumination to permit of corrected complexions, undoubtedly well treated by the ladies, since the depicted skin does not betray the cause of its luster. Most of the figures are said to be portraits of well-known people. The picture was painted several years ago, and has become quite familiar to the public. It is one of five that the artist had at the Columbian Exposition, two of them being portraits, the others bringing to view scenes from the life of carefully dressed people. Jules L. Stewart excels in this genre, and is one of the most sought-after Paris-American painters.



AUSTRIA. A. D. GOLTZ.

CHRIST AND THE WOMEN.

THE figure of the Saviour is seated upon a stone bench where four women have gathered to listen to his sacred words. They have brought an offering of wreaths and flowers, and are absorbed in the contemplation of Christ. His message of spiritual love and chaste abnegation opens to them a new horizon of life, inspires them with a consoling hope for eternity. Mild twilight is over the hills of Palestine, the air is laden with the fragrance of the fertile earth; a feeling of peace accords with the revealed truth. The profile view of the speaker discloses in sharp outline a face marked with pure, sympathetic intellectuality. Dark hair falls straight over the prominent forehead the nose is delicately shaped, the fine lips are shaded by a beard. Broad gesture opens the expressive hands. The ample garment is simply draped over the shoulders. Facing the divine man, the listeners are of a more human, perhaps more sensuous, beauty. They represent faith at its very inception, the belief that is to be the salvation of generations to come. The artist uses an eloquent method with which to impress and to fix his conception upon others. ''Christ and the Women'' was lent by the Vienna Academy of Fine Arts.

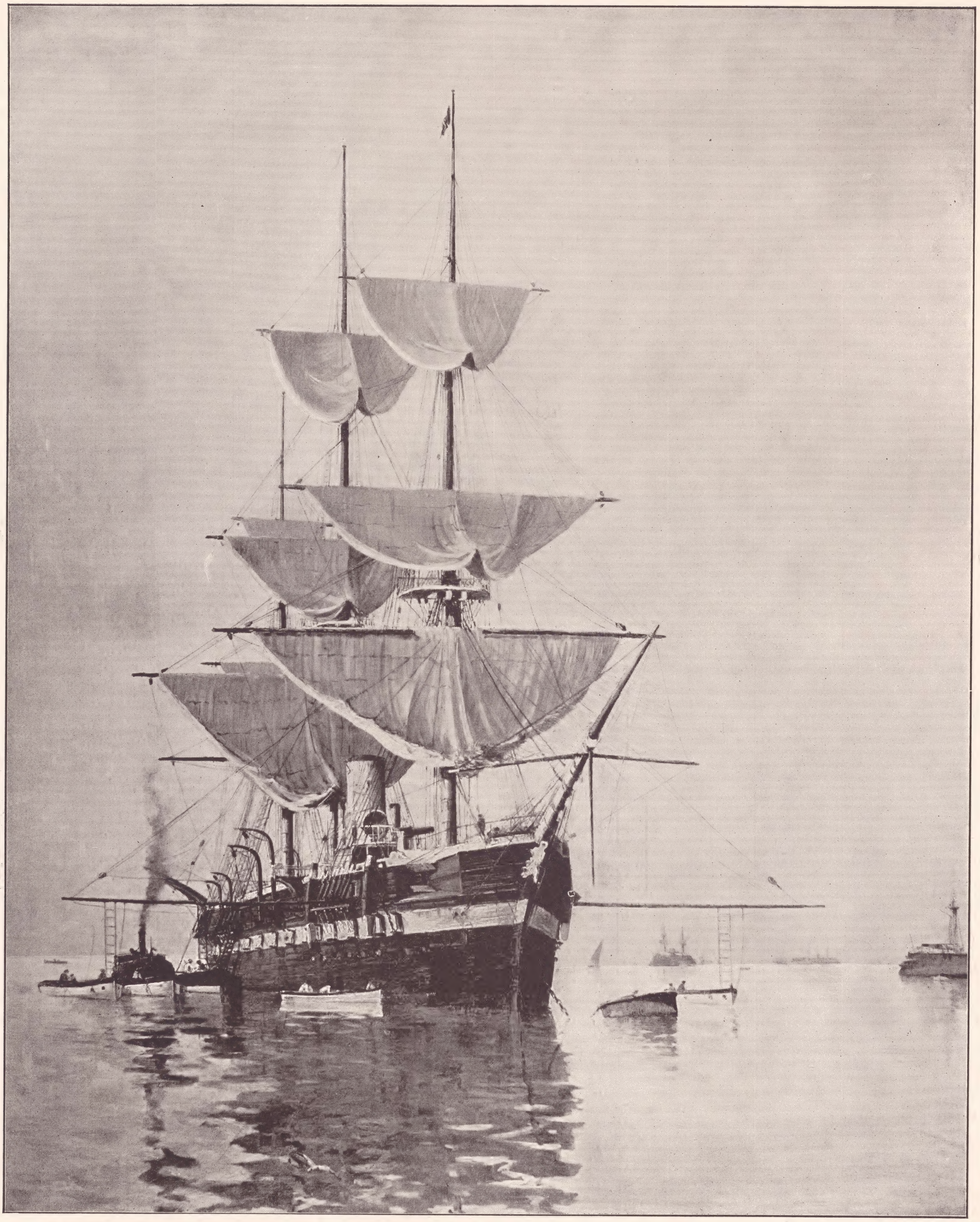


GERMANY. HERMAN BEHMER.

CONVALESCENT.

THE little boy sits up in his bed, his hand holding some flowers that the old nurse has just given him. She looks upon her charge with a kindly smile. The painter represents here his own child and a faithful servant of his household. He strives, according to his own words, to give to his portraits the highest characterization in attitude and physiognomy, a sound realism and an intimate expression, full of life, true to life.

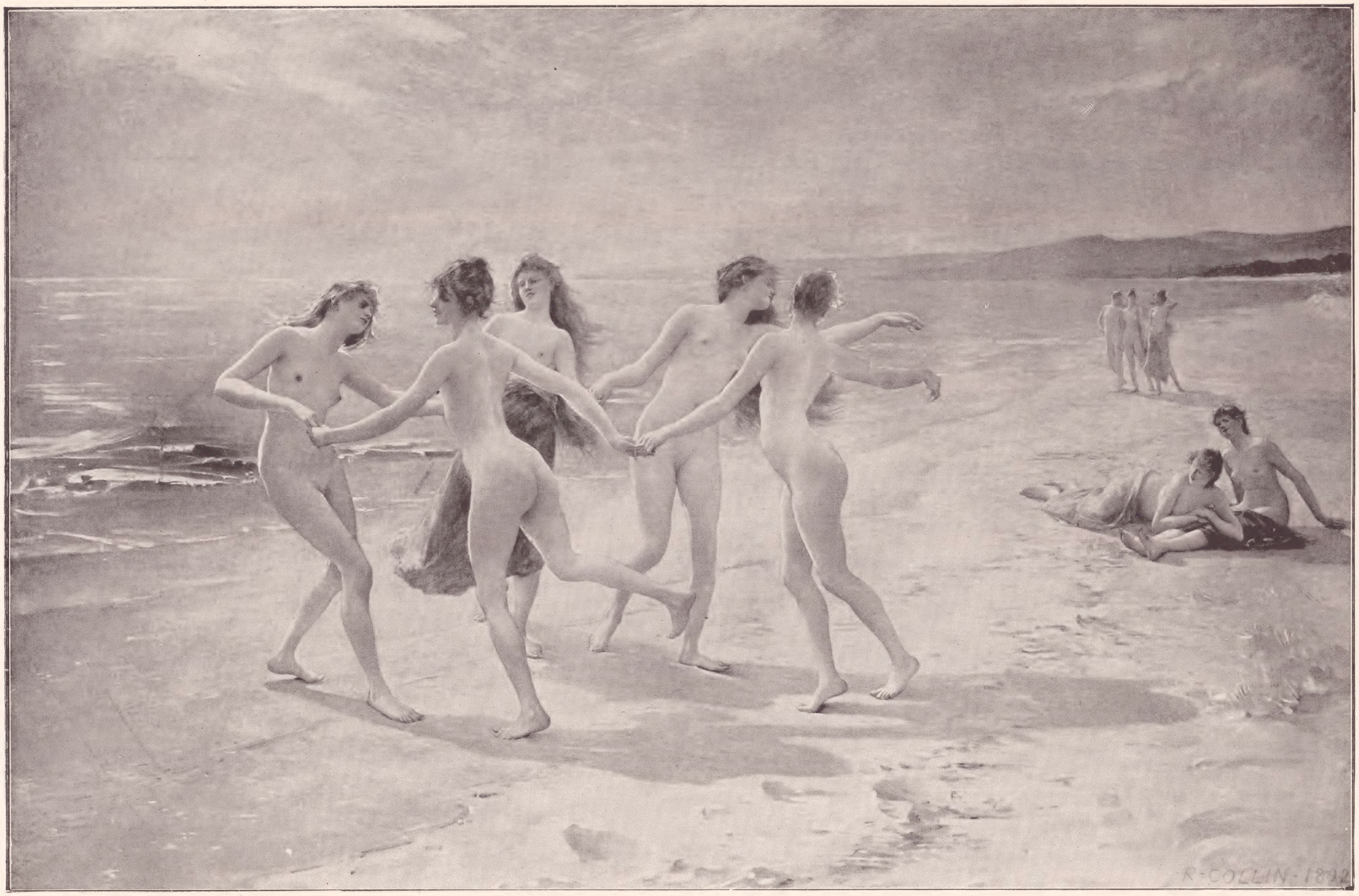
Herman Behmer began his studies in Berlin, went to Paris in 1856, and became there the pupil of Thomas Couture and of Hippolyte Flandrin. After many travels he settled in Weimar. He is best known for his portraits, either in oil, water-color, pastel, or charcoal. The imperial family of Germany has commissioned the artist repeatedly to paint portraits, and the five oldest sons of the emperor, as well as the emperor himself, have sat for him. During the fifty years of his career a great number of other works have been produced.



FRANCE. EUGÈNE DAUPHIN.

THE IPHIGENIA.

THE frigate is anchored in the roadstead of Toulon, the fortified harbor from which the French Republic sends her navy through the Mediterranean. She lies trim and graceful in smooth water, her tall masts and neat rigging making her appear very different in outline from the frowning battleships more recently constructed. While these floating monsters would seem almost too weighty to move. the vessel that depends for a great part of her speed upon the wind has even in repose some of the features of a swift seabird. Some small rowboats and tugs surround the Iphigenia; other shipping is in the distance. The marine is painted by Eugéne Dauphin, who was born in Toulon, became a pupil of V. Courdonan, and whose paintings were distinguished with medals at the expositions of 1888 and 1889.

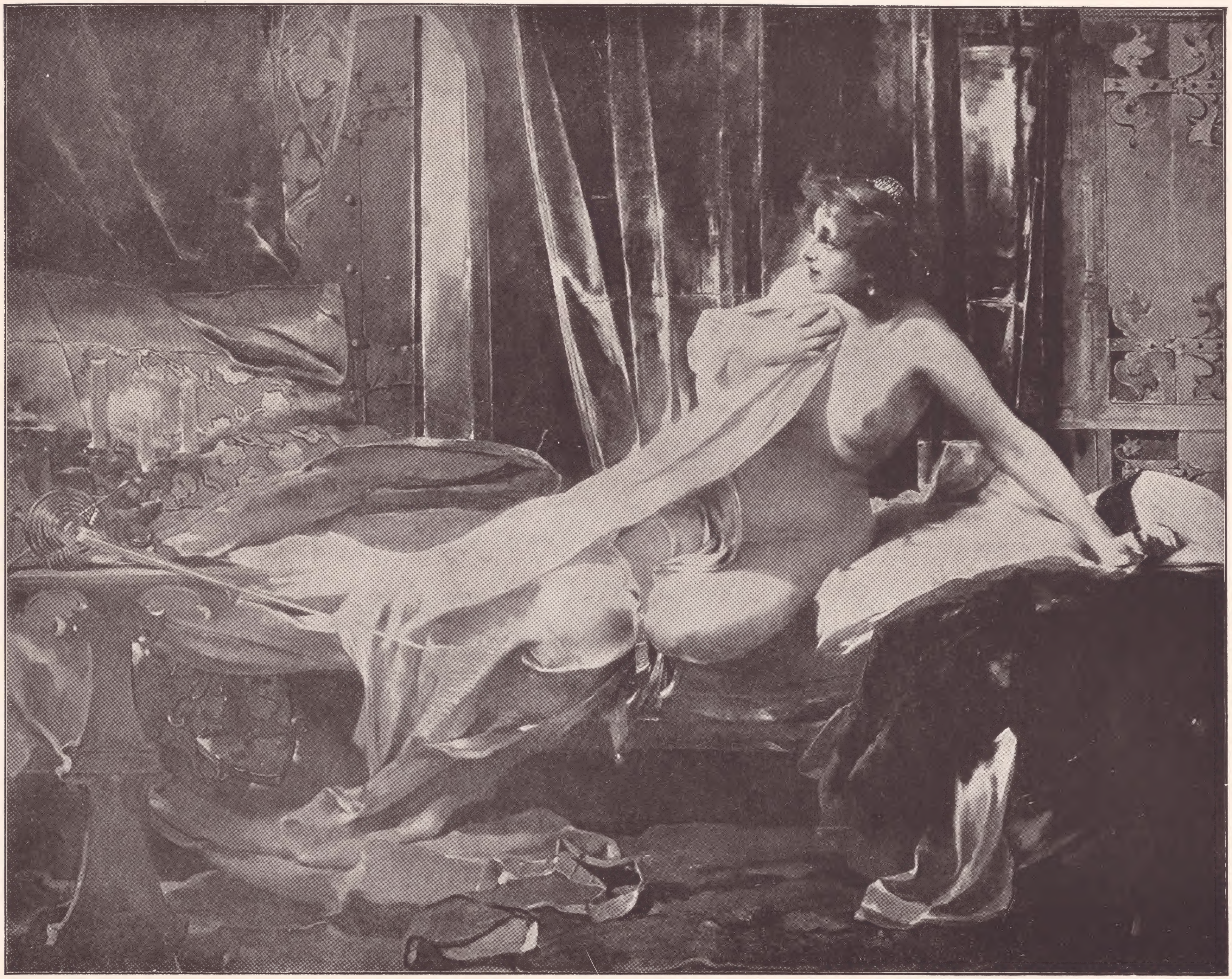


FRANCE.

RAPHAEL COLLIN.

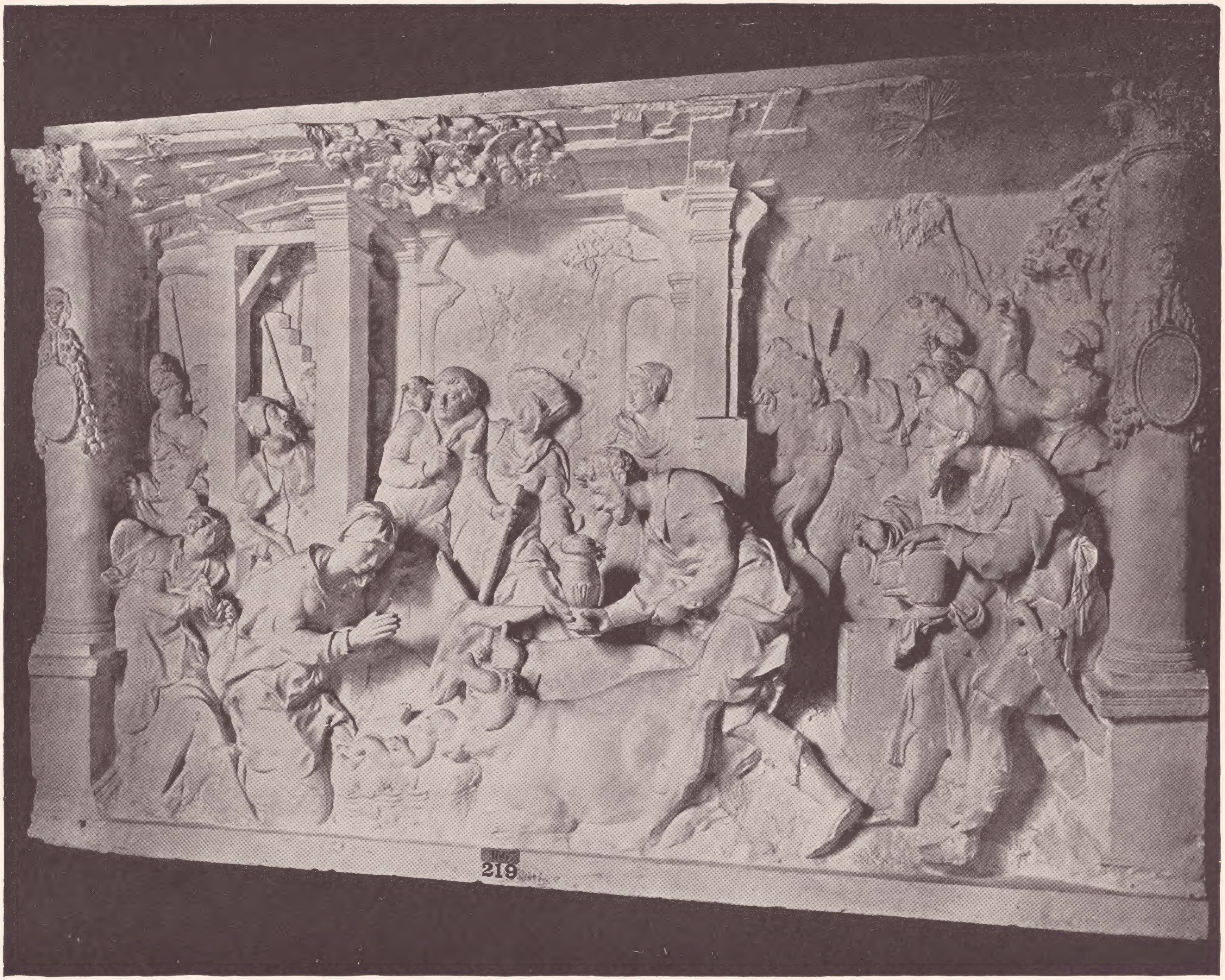
ON THE SEASHORE.

FREE and luminous this creation of a healthy art depicts a variation of nude figures glowing in sunset color. Young women bathers dance around upon a sandy beach; smaller groups look on from the distance, and are motioned to by the others to join in the sport. The lithe forms move in graceful agility through a whole scale of attitudes. Through a covered sky the last rays of day come over the glistening waves. The atmosphere is resplendent with prismatic hues, light purple and yellow prevailing in the tone. Raphael Collin looks at wide nature with eyes unbiased by soulful illusions—his sensation is fresh and vivid. Of the three works exhibited by the artist in Chicago, "On the Seashore" was the largest and most striking. One of the others, "Youth," has also found a place in the present publication, with some notes on the artistic career of its author.



POLAND. THE FEUDAL LAW. F. ZMURKO.

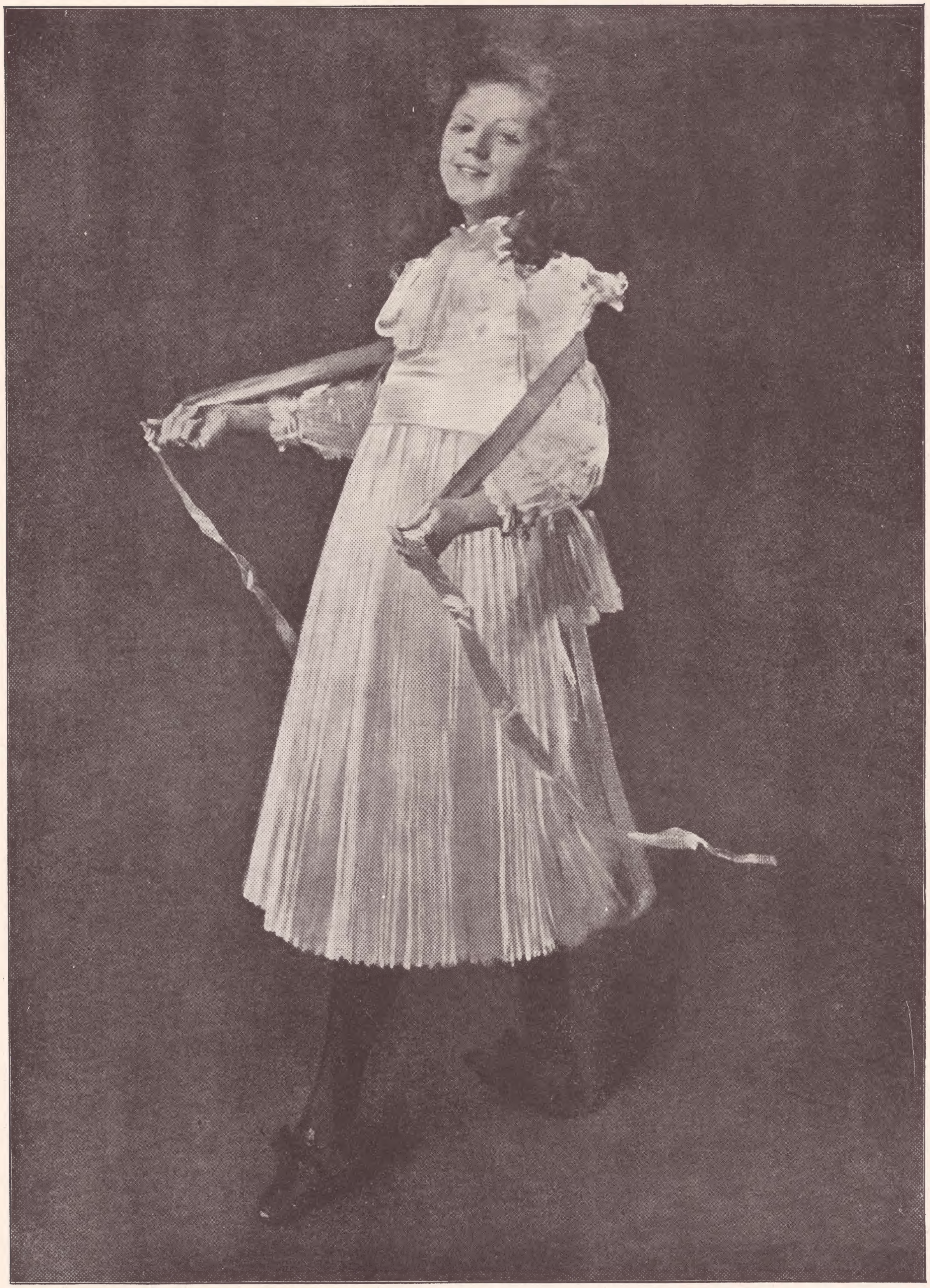
SUCH a subject is meant to be a reminiscence of old times, when the ownership of the land included also the bodily subserviency of the tenants. One of the unfortunate women of the estate has found favor with the lord and has been surrendered to his power. She is on a couch in a heavily draped chamber where candles are flickering. The door is half open, admitting sharp light from the outside. Half-raised and supported by one arm, the nude figure seems terror-stricken. With her other hand she makes an attempt to draw a sheet over her body. The expression is one of intense apprehension heightened perhaps by the sight of a long naked sword that is lying by the bedside. There is a bluish light effect on the flesh. The scene is brushed with a certain audacity undisturbed by preoccupation of detail in modeling, but with all the stress put upon painter-like study of color. F. Zmurko has proven himself to be a versatile inventor, and sent six examples of his work to the Chicago Exposition.



France. **Sixteenth Century.**

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

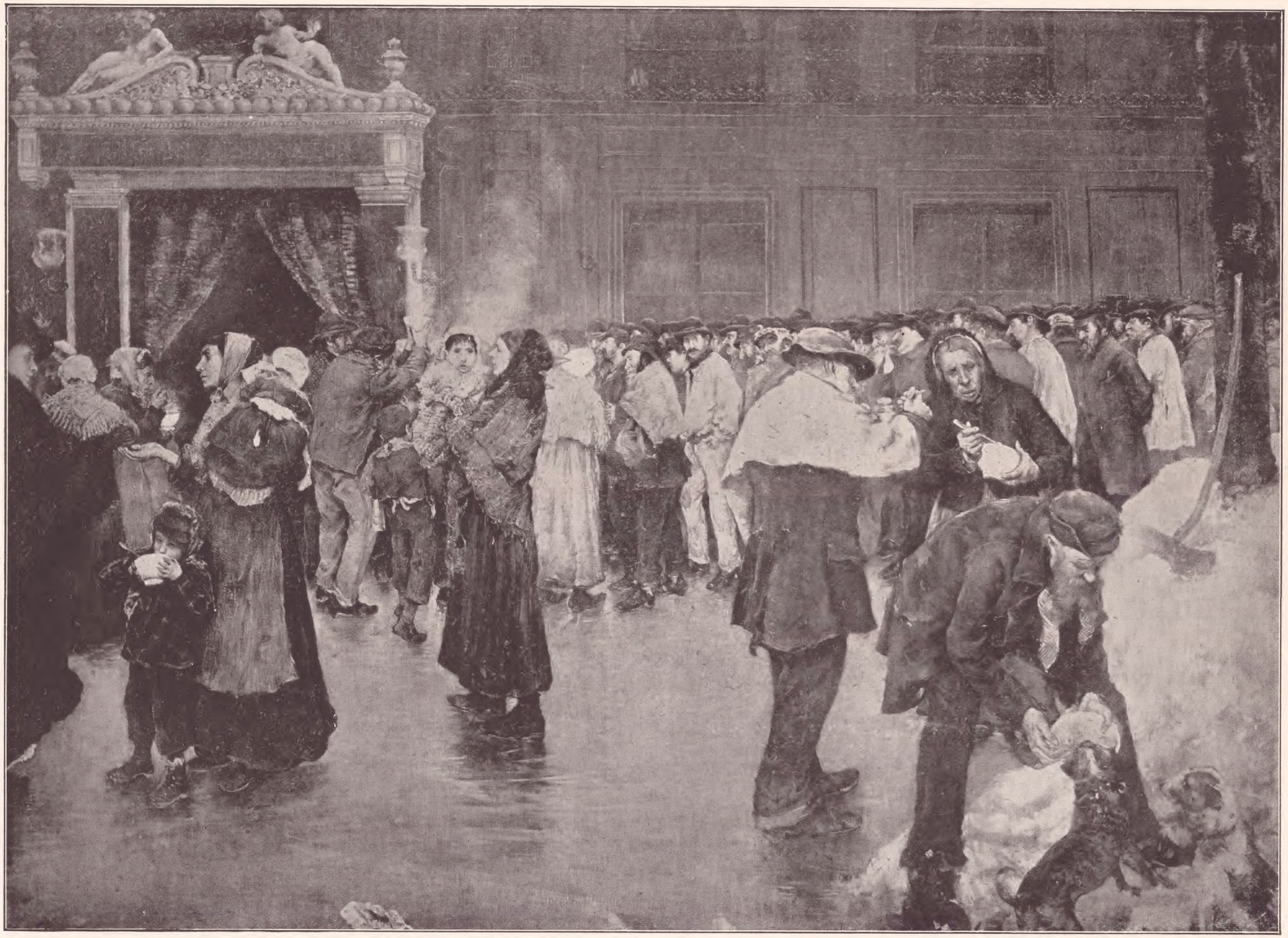
THE bas-relief is molded from the original in stone, which is in the church of St. Nicolas at Troyes. It forms part of the important collection of historic sculptures which were sent to Chicago by the French government. Height about four feet, length about seven feet. There are fifteen or more figures in bas-relief. The Christ-child is the principal figure in the central foreground, the movement of the others being variously directed toward it. The Virgin kneels in prayer. Architecturally the space is divided into three parts. Ornamented columns are on each side. The work is in a state of perfect preservation and a beautiful specimen of early French art. The author of it is unknown. Troyes is one of the old towns in the Champagne district, and its churches contain many treasures of the sixteenth century and also of earlier epochs.



United States. William M. Chase.

ALICE.

ALICE is a vivacious girl, who poses for her portrait with a smile in her eyes and on her lips. Hands and feet are prominent in the attitude chosen, the former playing with a long ribbon of the dress. William M. Chase was born in 1849, in the State of Indiana. He painted in New York, Indianapolis, and St. Louis before he went to Europe to study in Munich with Piloty, Wagner, and others. Afterward he went to Venice to commune with the old masters. He returned to the United States in 1878, and settled in New York. His success as a painter of portraits has been established by a great number of works, placing him among the best American artists. William M. Chase had six canvases at the World's Fair, all but one portraits. "Alice" now belongs to the collection of the Chicago Art Institute.

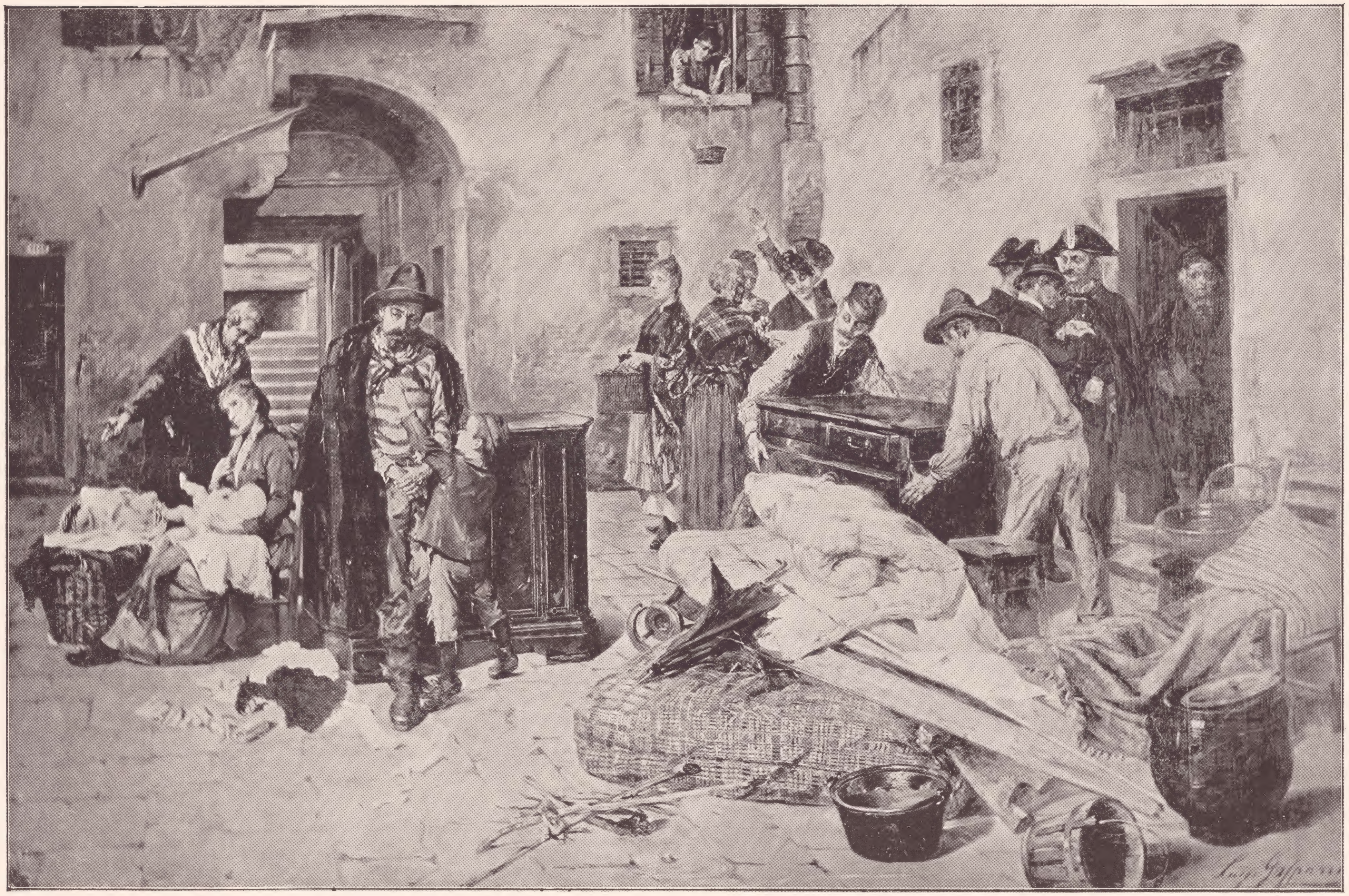


FRANCE. NORBERT GOENEUTTE.

THE MORNING SOUP.

BERTRAND, the owner of one of the very best Parisian restaurants, introduced a custom which has left many grateful memories. Every day he would select the choicest of fresh supplies for his kitchen, and on each following morning he had distributed among those who applied the entire remnant of eatables that was in his possession. The set of wealthy banqueters was continually succeeded in this manner by another set of habitués, poor but with distinguished appetites. Norbert Goeneutte has seized the aspect of the early morning scene with that true genius of observation which has made him one of the most refreshing of contemporaneous artists. He is a native of Paris, the city which he delights by his truthful and spontaneous creations inspired by the very civilization in which he moves. Although still in the first force of life, he has produced much work, his studies of the laboring population and of highly modern female figures being especially brilliant. Numerous etchings illustrate his mastership in other directions. He obtained the gold medal at the Universal Exposition of 1889.

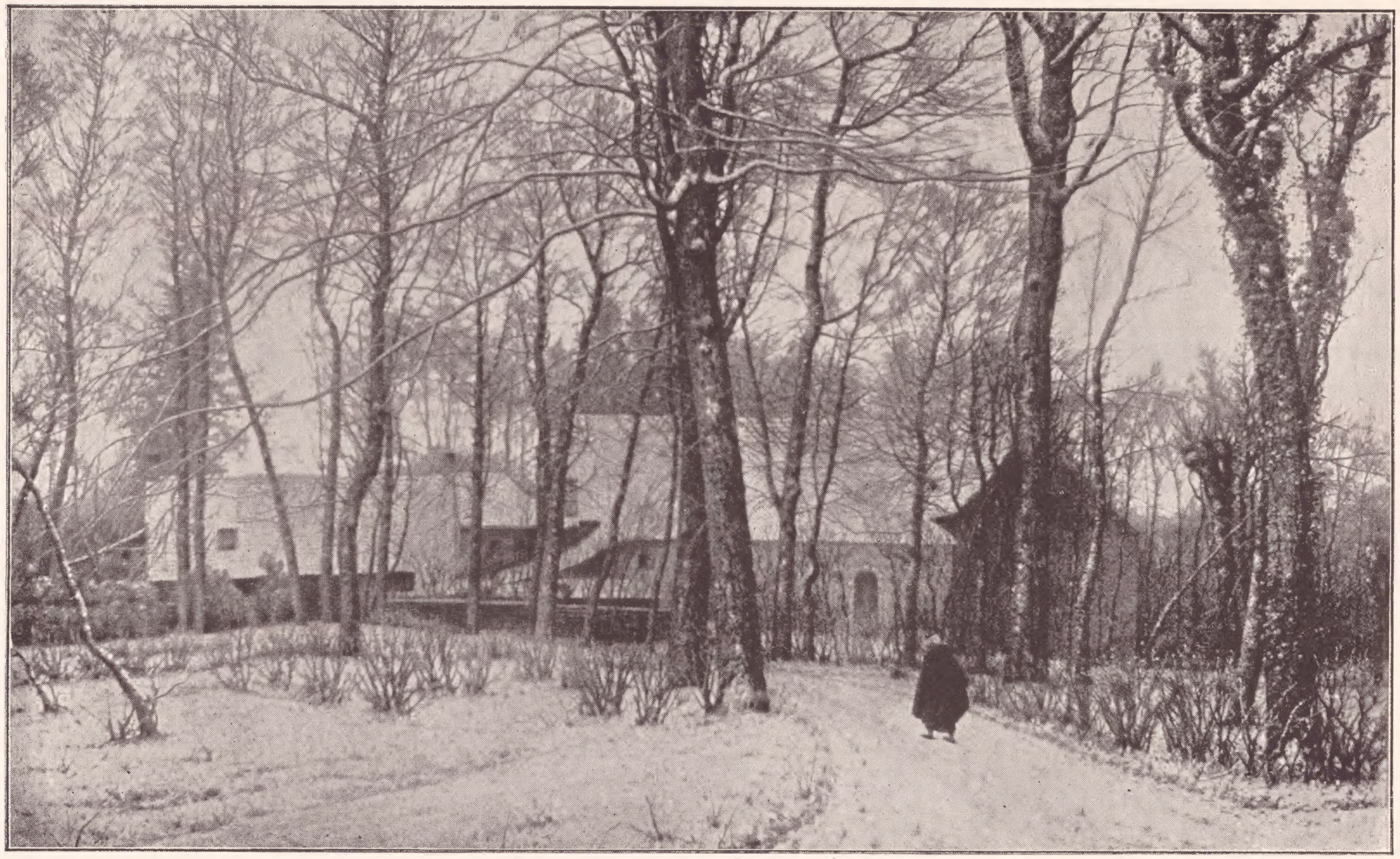
ADL



ITALY. LUIGI GASPERINI.

EVICTION.

A LABORING man and his family are being turned out of their lodging because they could not pay the rent. To the left the poor people wait dejectedly while their small belongings are put upon the pavement. The landlord watches in the doorway, two gens d'armes and a scribe are under his command. In a corner of the courtyard some gossiping neighbors seem unconcerned bystanders. Grayish daylight is reflected from the crude plaster on the house walls. The scene is taken from life in Italy, and is presented in its brutal reality, quite contrasting with the southern niceties that have become such perennial themes. The central figure, one of those sturdy workmen whose frugality and industry make them equal to the hardest tasks, stands in mute despair; his young boy claims his attention in vain. Comprehensive composition is accentuated in this picture by completeness of detail rather than by individuality of method.



BELGIUM. FRANÇOIS LAMORINIÈRE.

SNOW EFFECT NEAR ANTWERP.

IN the distance a village church; trees and bushes everywhere; a road upon which a woman in Flemish peasant dress is walking away; snow covers the ground, lines the bare branches, dots the trunks and gives the keynote to the color of the landscape. The sky is grayish white, with the indication of a winter sunset at the horizon. Delicate execution of the intricate network of branches, intimate treatment of bark tints, good atmospheric effects characterize the picture.

Francois Lamorinière represents an achievement in landscape painting. Reared upon the tradition of the old Flemish school, he has soundly developed his art thereon. Personal fellowship with some of the masters of Barbizon fame has not drawn him into the ranks of the reactionaries, but left him true to his own vigorous temperament. His perception of nature is direct; his treatment is clear, notwithstanding the great care given to detail. In technique his canvases are remarkable for thin paint and transparency of color.

Born near Antwerp, in 1828, Lamorinière is famous for the landscapes with trees, which are his favorite subjects. As an exhibitor he has been the recipient of all the distinctions. For the two works shown in Chicago a diploma of honor in Berlin and a gold medal in Paris had been previously awarded.

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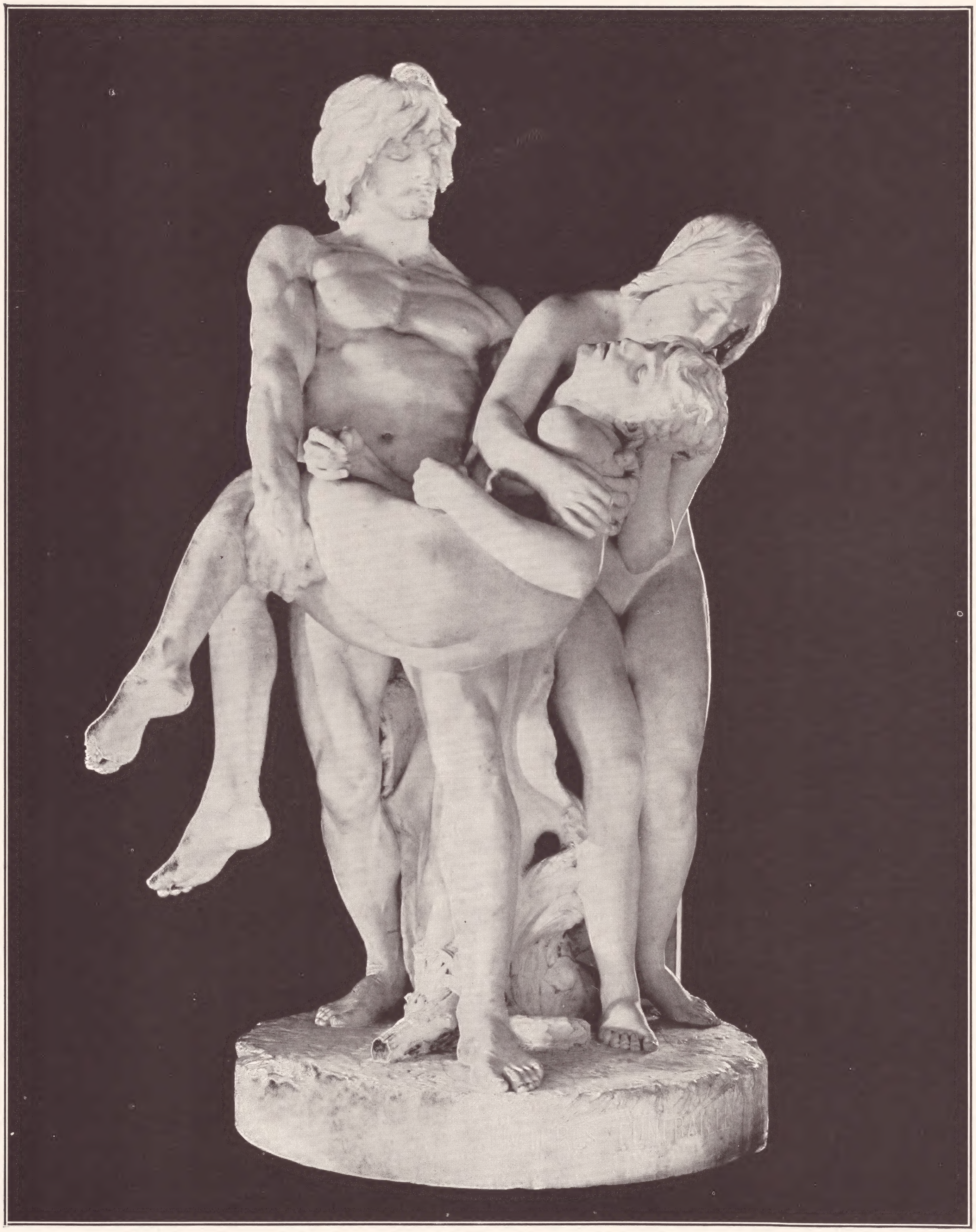
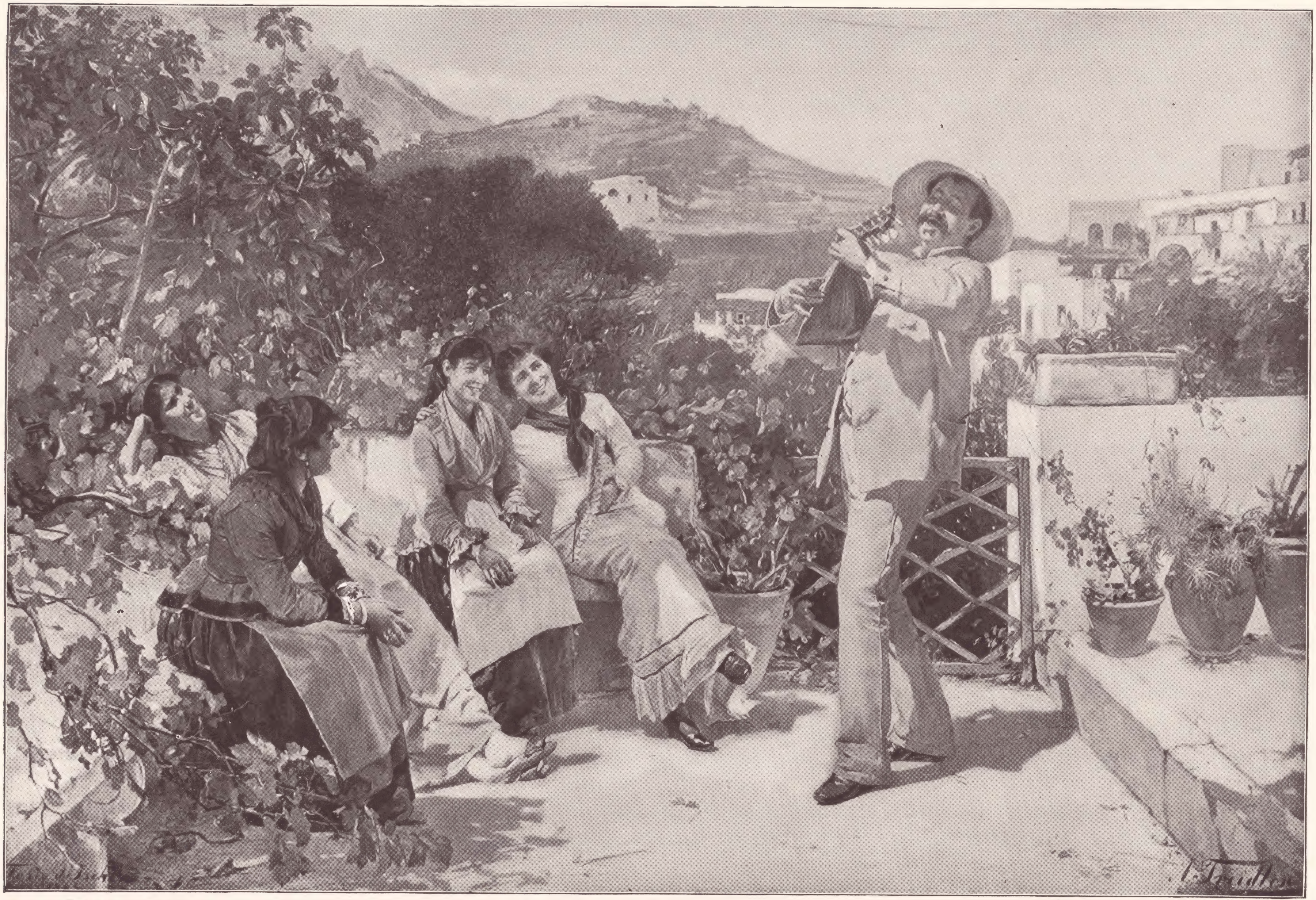


FRANCE.

THE FIRST BURIAL.

LOUIS-ERNEST BARRIAS.

THE Scriptures, soon after giving an explicit account of the creation of all life, note the inevitable sequel to human existence—death. The perpetuation of the young race was interfered with by the fratricide Cain, whose victim is borne to rest by the arch parents. Adam and Eve are represented as the first mourners, an attribution to them of knowledge that must have originated also when they tasted of the forbidden fruit. They tenderly carry the slain Abel in their arms to restore him to the ground from which they were formed themselves. The group is impressive, well-balanced in composition, and finely modeled. Male vigor, feminine tenderness, and the graceful body of a youth are in momentous action. The sculptor, Louis-Ernest Barrias, ranks among the foremost in France. Another work by him, "Mozart as a Child," is reproduced in this volume, with a mention of distinctions received by the artist.

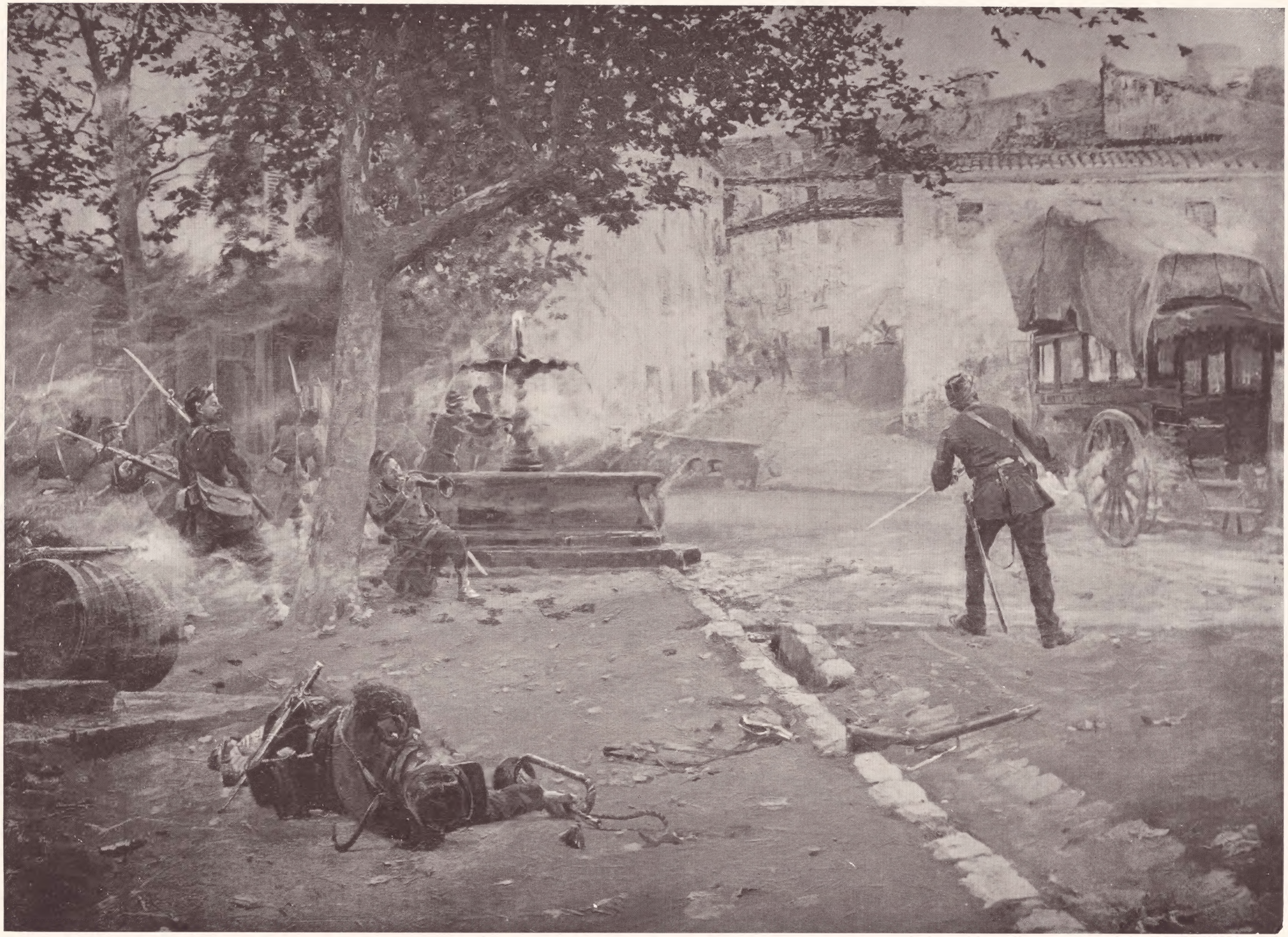


ITALY

AT ISCHIA

A. TRAIDLER

HERE are light-hearted gayety and unalloyed mirthfulness and joy. And where should we find these in all the broad earth, if not at sunny, smiling, fruitful, heaven-kissed Ischia? This little island, lying between the Bay of Naples and that of Gaeta, is one of the most favored spots on the habitable globe. Its exquisite climate, lovely situation, and dreamland scenery allure visitors, throughout the twelve months of the year. Those who seek a summer resort find perfect summer here; and those who look for balmy skies at any season will surely find them at Ischia. Is it health that is sought for? Antiquity even knew the salubrity of this favored isle. Its rocks yield healing waters from hidden springs; no fruits are so succulent, no wines are so deliciously flavored, as those that spring from this enchanted soil, which teems with richness and fertility. Laughter is the natural expression of the happiness of a people so blessed in their surroundngs. Mirthfulness is their normal condition, and sorrow but an incident. Carelessly accepting the gifts that have been poured upon them, they know no other atmosphere than that of radiant joy and perfect contentment with life, which is to them a "perpetual afternoon." So it is no mere episode of island life that is here portrayed—this little company of natives, basking in the genial glow of a sunshine that is never too warm, and listening to the light-hearted fun of their entertainer—it is truly typical of the happy, harmless life that is characteristic of Ischia.

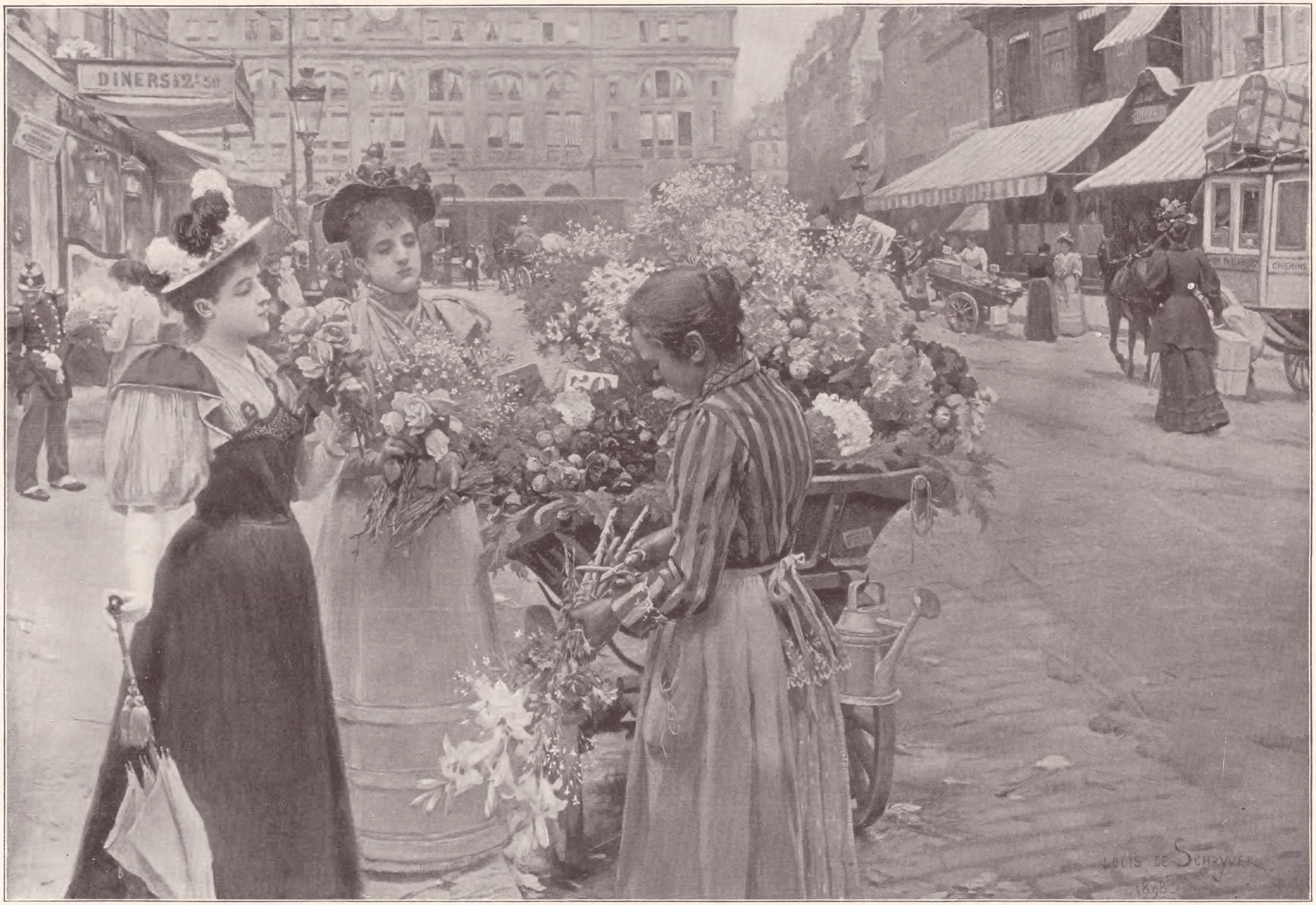


FRANCE

COMBAT IN A VILLAGE

EMILE BOUTIGNY

COMBAT in a village, by Emile Boutigny. Perhaps no other part of human action is so difficult to portray as battle. Yet battle-scenes are among the commonest of all subjects chosen by artists for their works. The difficulty is that painting requires a design, and battle has none. In the beginning of modern painting, battle-scenes were drawn ideally. Long lines of well-uniformed men were set in engagement as if it were a tourney. The thing painted was wholly unlike the reality. The reality is simply havoc. Battle is a melee. It is not order, but confusion. It is death and blood, carnage, smoke, turmoil, dust, fire and uproar, mingled in the indescribable. Literature as well as art has essayed in vain to depict it. Here we have battle in a village. The loose outlying wings of the armies have here flown together. The conflict is in the very streets. Shade tree and fountain have become barricades. Each soldier here makes war for himself. It is virtually man to man. Peace has fled. Save the combatants, no living thing is seen. Though this is only a skirmish, death and ruin are its concomitants. In the foreground one brave fellow lies dead clutching his bugle. Another bugler, full of duty, kneels by a tree and sounds the call. When the blast of battle passes, the mark of ball and sabre-cut will be seen on the walls and shrubbery of the wrecked village. The original was exhibited in the French section of Fine Art Department of the World's Columbian Exposition.

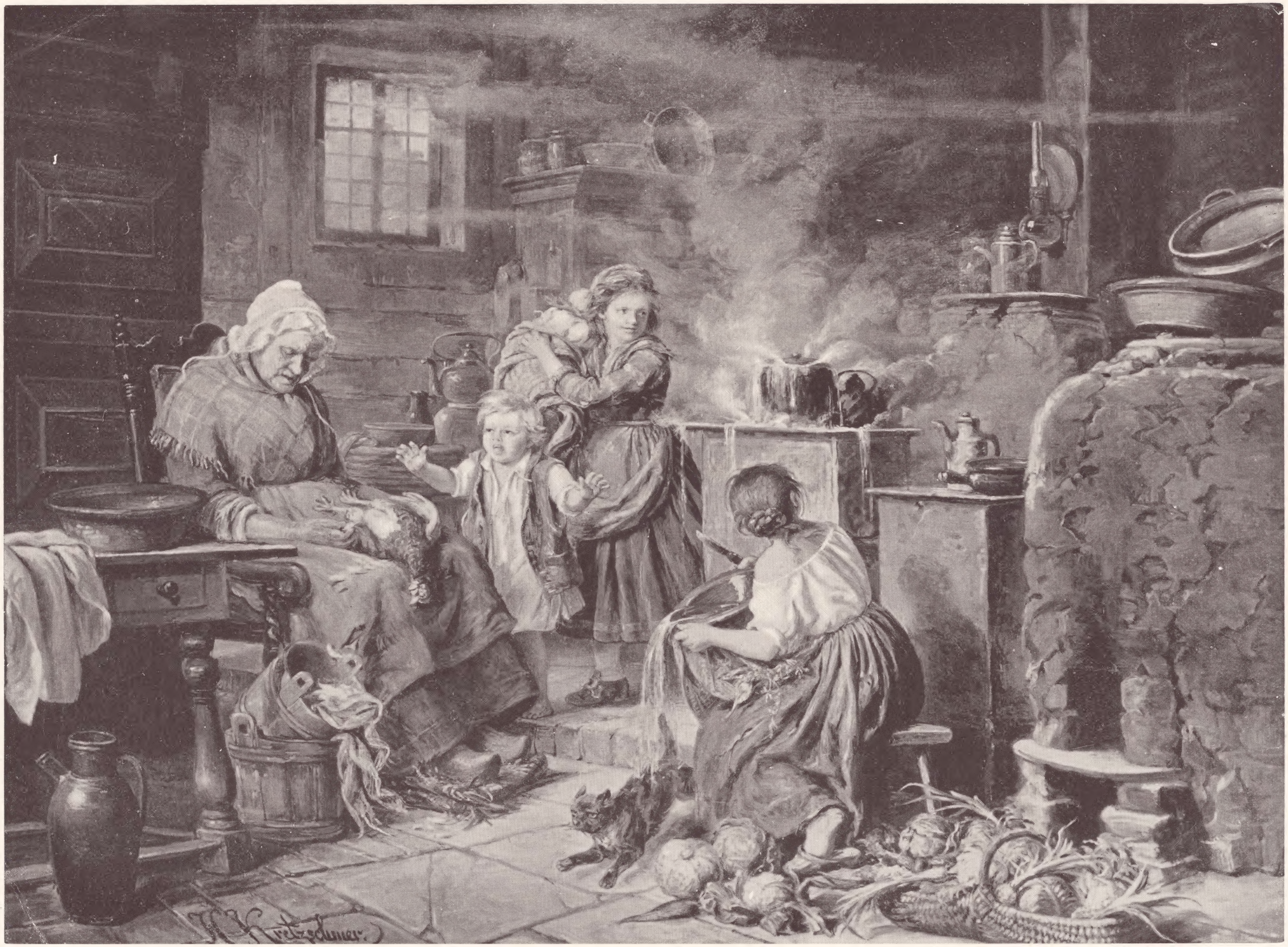


FRANCE

THE FLOWER MERCHANT

L. DE SCHRYVER

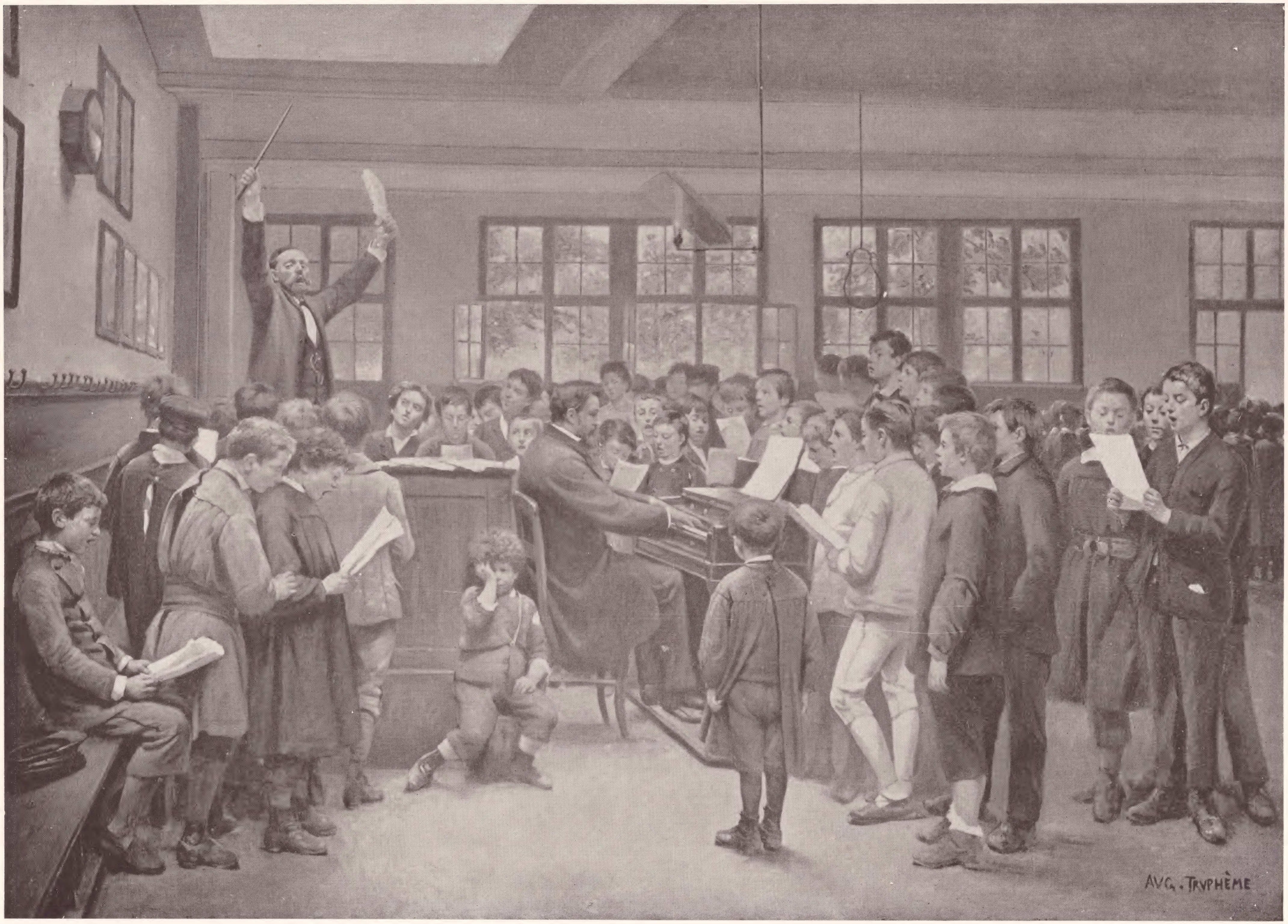
IN the time of flowers the streets of Paris are like a garden. The scene here is in the center of life and bustle. The time is early—not too soon for roses nor too late for lilies. Into the midst of the teeming traffic this modest peasant girl has trundled her little hand-cart bearing the freshness of the garden or the greenhouse. Her watering pot hangs ready to add the sparkle of dewy drops of water to the handfuls of flowers as she disposes of them, and she is cutting down to convenient proportions the over-generous length of stem she has provided for her customers. Her calling would be indeed a pleasant one, if all her patrons were as charming as these two delicious girls from Parisian world of fashion, which produces the most bewitching creations of modern life—young, fair, graceful, self-reliant, yet modest as the violet. They are preparing themselves with flowery greetings for the friends they expect to meet at the great railway terminus which lies not far from this spot in Paris. About them moves the varied life of the famous cosmopolitan city We look past them for a moment, interested in the uniformed recruit on the footpath, who is searching the depths of his nearly empty pockets in the hope of finding there the "two francs, fifty centimes" with which, according to the sign above him, he may purchase a "diner."



THE MILK BOILS OVER

H. KRETZSCHMER

THIS picture represents a comedy of the kitchen. An accident has occurred which has introduced universal distraction. The central idea of the piece is to show the sudden confusion of all from the unforeseen thing which has just occurred. Everything in this kitchen was going admirably, with full progress toward dinner, until grandma fell asleep over her task. She had attended to the preliminaries of the meal and sat down to prepare the fowl. The old mind in the old body, however, yielded to sudden drowsiness. Two of the little girls were helping with the kitchen work; one cared for the baby, and the other engaged with a bowl of water in which she was washing the vegetables. Meanwhile, the milk in the vessel on the range boils, and all of a sudden pours over in a torrent of foam. This is the catastrophe. The little lady spills her basin of water on the cat. Master is frightened and runs to the unconscious grandma. The girl with the baby starts to fly. Everything is in confusion and the kitchen is filling with smoke and the odor of burning milk. But the placid old lady, oblivious to all things whatsoever, sits in her chair, peaceful in countenance and totally relaxed from all care. Presently, however, things will come to such a pass that the old lady will wake up from her nap, and then her long experience in setting things to rights will be suddenly evoked in the restoration of order.

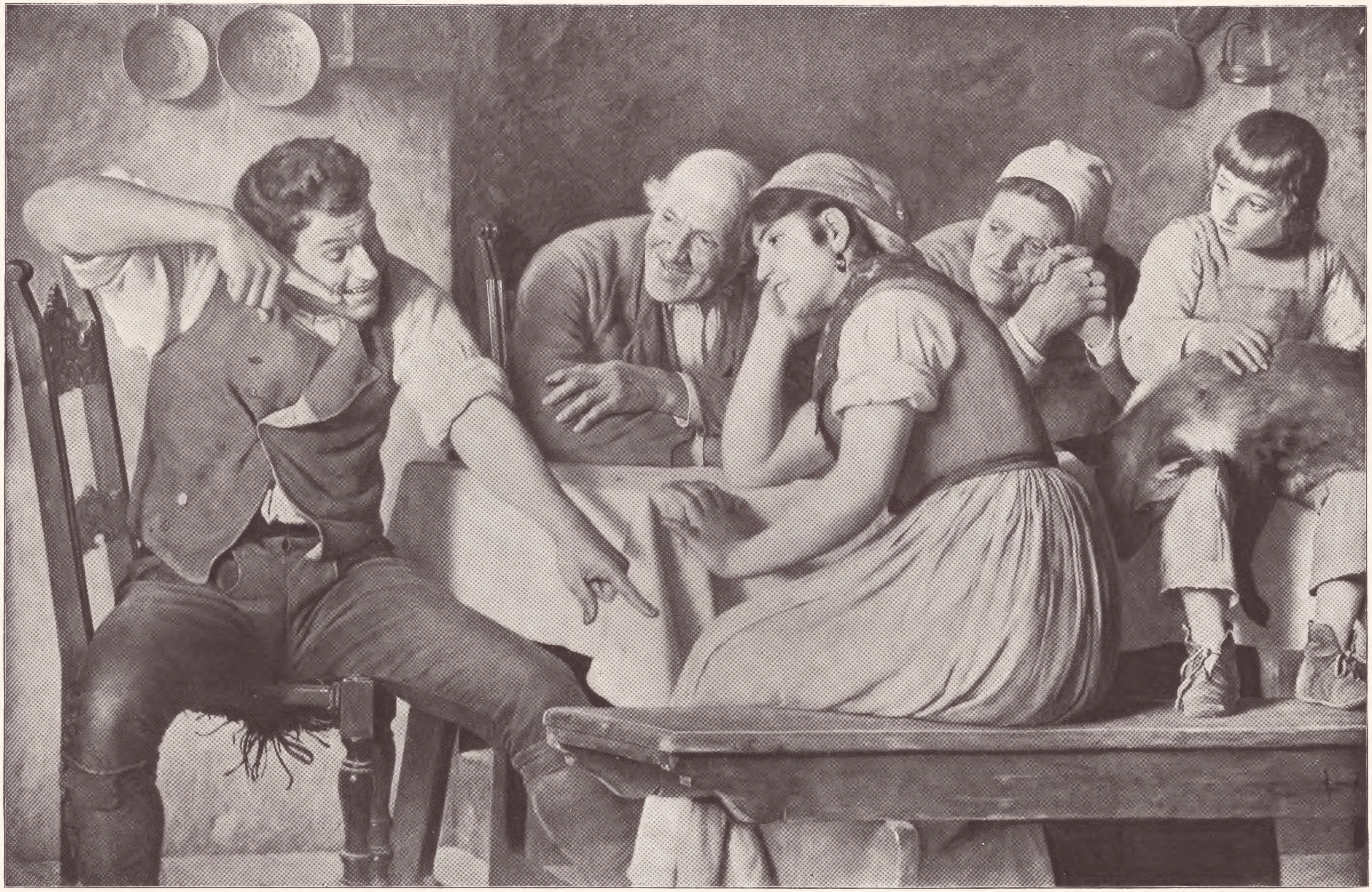


FRANCE

AUGUSTE JOSEPH TRUPHEME

SINGING-LESSON IN A PUBLIC SCHOOL IN PARIS

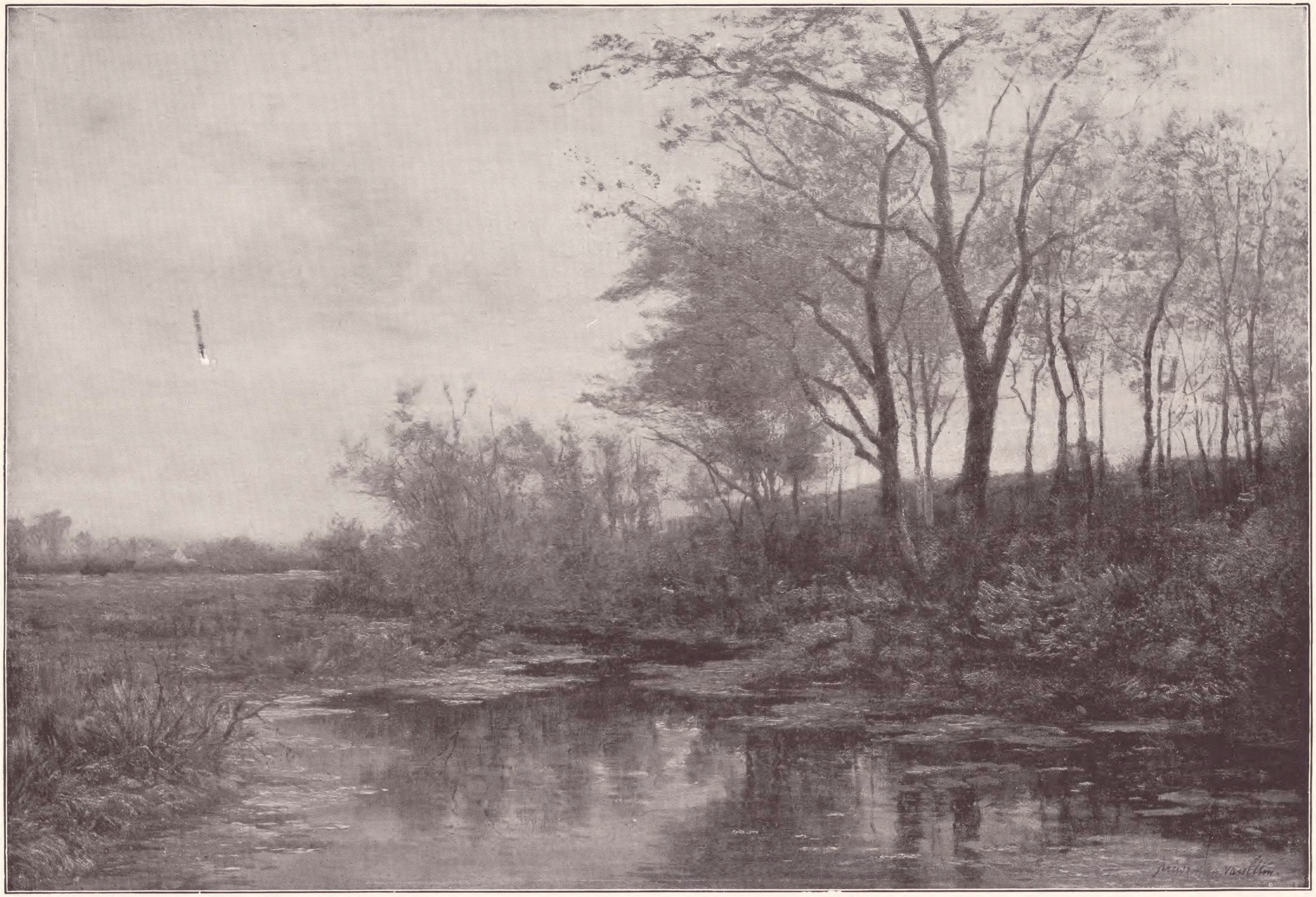
THE painter of this picture is a native of Aix. He has produced at least four pictures on subjects kindred to the one here presented. This painting was first exhibited in 1884. It was an attractive feature of the section of French paintings at the World's Columbian Exposition. The scene depicted is a familiar one in almost all countries where there are public schools. Into these, music has been introduced since about the middle of our century, and the singing exercise is now a part of the curriculum. In this French school the singing-master has made his appearance; the lesson papers have been distributed to the pupils; the good-looking organist has sat down to his task, and the excited master has flung up his arms in signal to his large class of juveniles; he is instructing them in the matter of time and harmony. The trial to the artist in such a work as this, is to give to the multitude of faces sufficient individuality. Sameness has to be avoided, even in the costumes. A common interest, also, has to be preserved, broken only with an occasional feature of pathos or humor. In this case we have one frowsle-headed urchin "turned down" for some misbehavior, and left to sniffle at the end of the desk. Possibly he is the original *l'enfant prodigue.*



THE HUNTER'S STORY

A. Glisenti

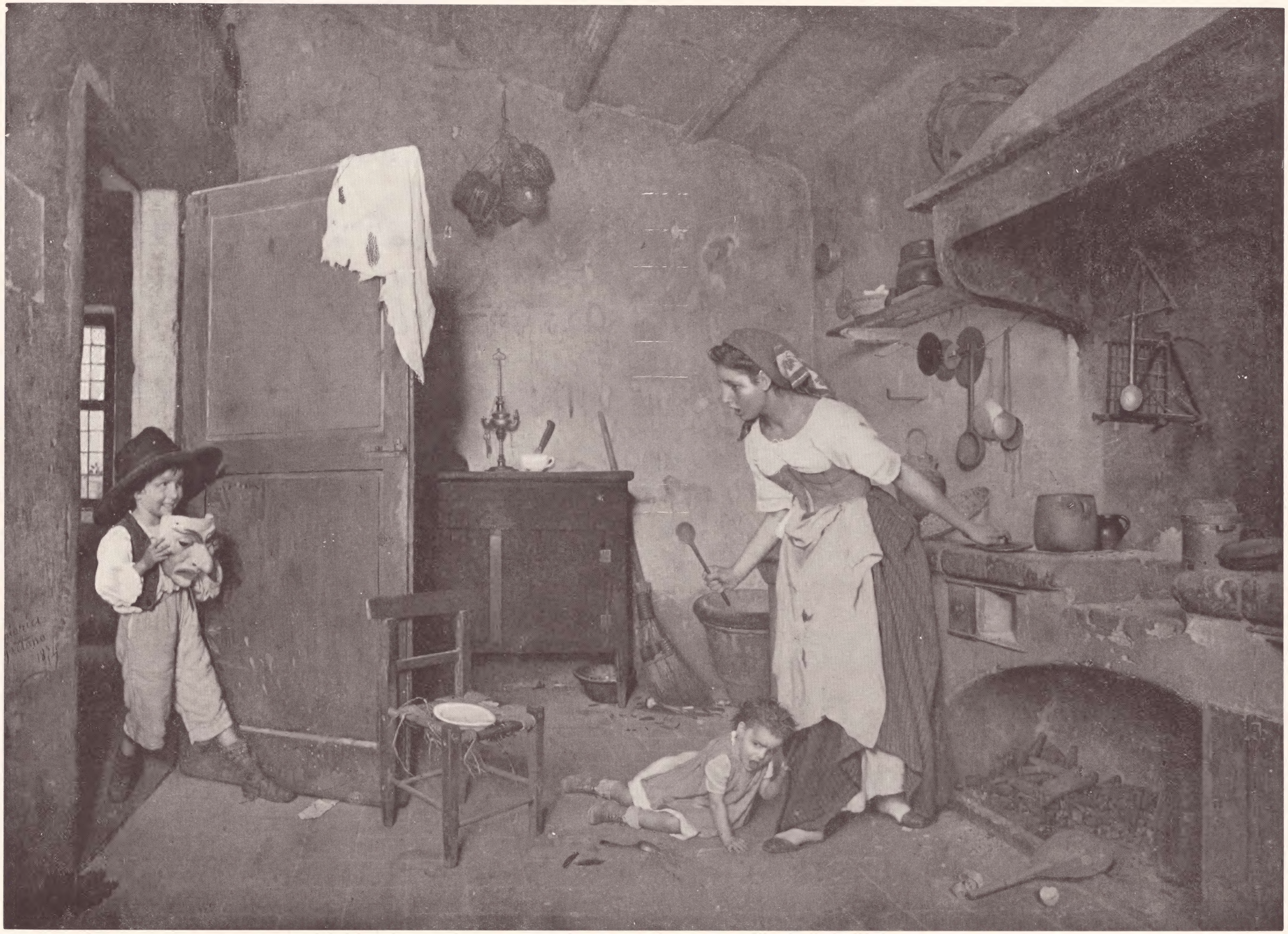
THE original painting from which this reproduction is taken is a part of the art treasures of the Metropolitan Museum at New York. The scene depicted is that of a hunter who has returned from his exploits in the mountains, and at the evening board is reciting the story of the chase. He has slain a fox. The dead animal may be seen at the right, on the knees of the boy sitting on the table. He himself will presently be a hunter like his father and will have his story to tell to a family group. These are all the members of one household. The old father and mother are listening with rapt attention to the recital. The young wife is more pleased than any with the story; for the success of her husband is her own. As for the hunter himself, he is in an ecstacy of acting. He is at the crisis of the narrative. He had pursued the fox all morning, trying to get a shot; finally, the animal turned the point in the mountain below him, and bang! the work was done. It is at this moment of supreme interest that the artist has caught the scene and depicted it. These people are Tyrolese, or, perhaps, sub-Alpine Italians—a happy, free people, who live by flock and adventure. The interior of the room easily shows the blending of influences, partly mountainous, in their origin, and partly derived from sunny Italy.



EARLY AUTUMN

KRUSEMAN VAN ELTEN

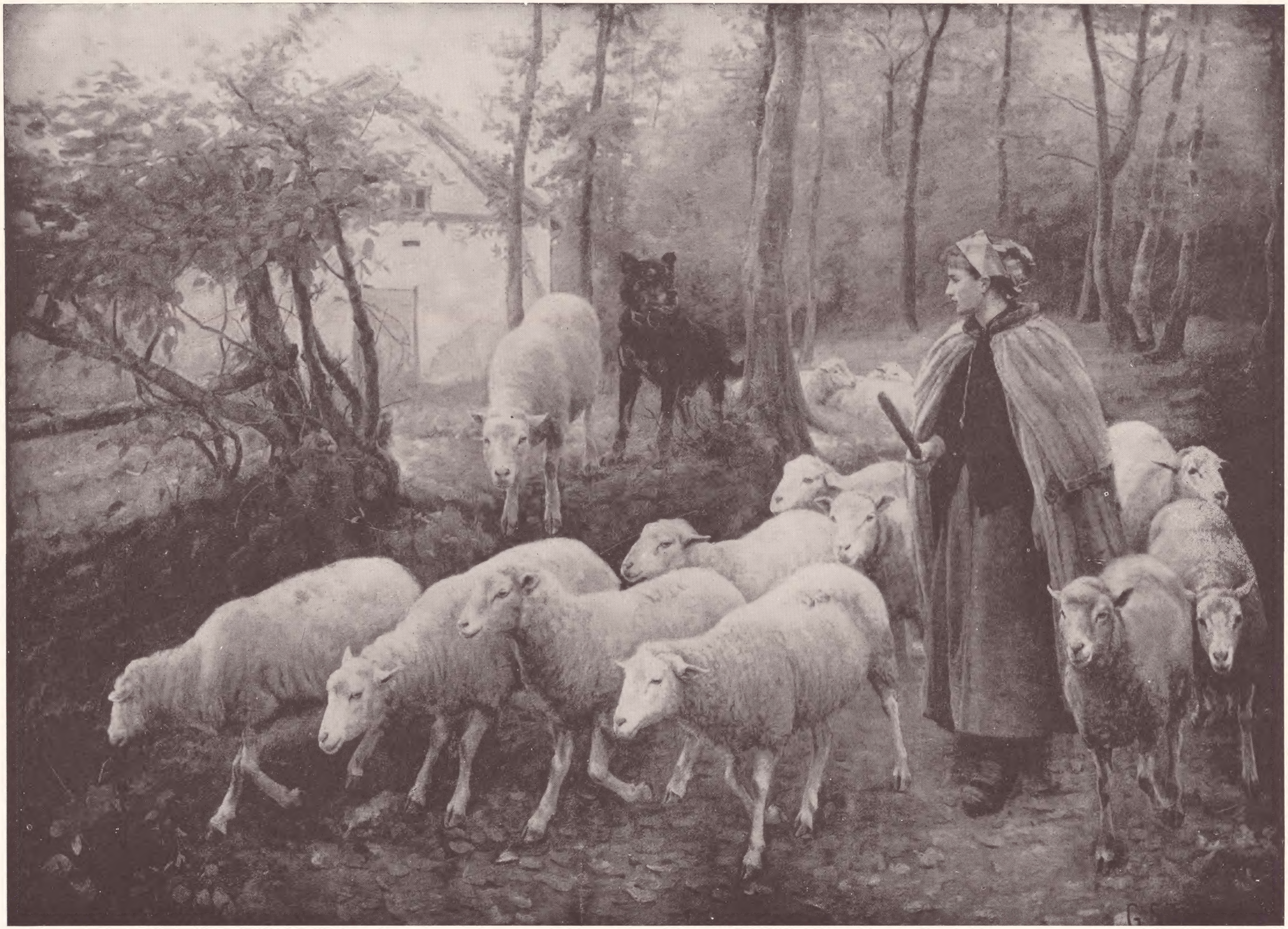
OF the vaunted cosmopolitanism of New York there is no better illustration among the artists than the painter of this expressive landscape. Born in Alkmaar, Holland, in 1829, Mr. Van Elten has painted in Switzerland and in the Catskills, in the meadows of Holland, and amid ruder scenery in Austria, on the edges of German forests, and beside English rural lanes, in Austrian fields, and amid the scenes of French peasant life. He has studied in Haarlem, Amsterdam and Brussels, and for nearly a generation has maintained a studio in New York. Many of his pictures are in American private collections, while one, "Early Morning in the Woods," belongs to the queen of Holland, and others are owned by amateurs of Haarlem and Amsterdam. In 1867 his "Summer Morning, Esopus Creek," appeared at the National Academy, the first picture which he exhibited publicly in this country. He was elected to the Academy and to the American Water Color Society, and his work in etching preceded the formation of the New York Etching Club in 1882. In 1860 his work in art gained a medal at Amsterdam, and again at Philadelphia in 1876. The simplicity, tranquil sentiment, and absence of apparent effort characteristic of Mr. Van Elten's work, are happily illustrated in this autumnal scene. The season is yet young, for the leaves have not yet fallen from the trees, and the bushes are still clothed with foliage; but the coarse grasses and reeds along the water's edge are bowed by loss of vitality at their roots and by the first breath of frost.



THE MASK; OR, FUN AND FRIGHT

GAETANO CHIERICI

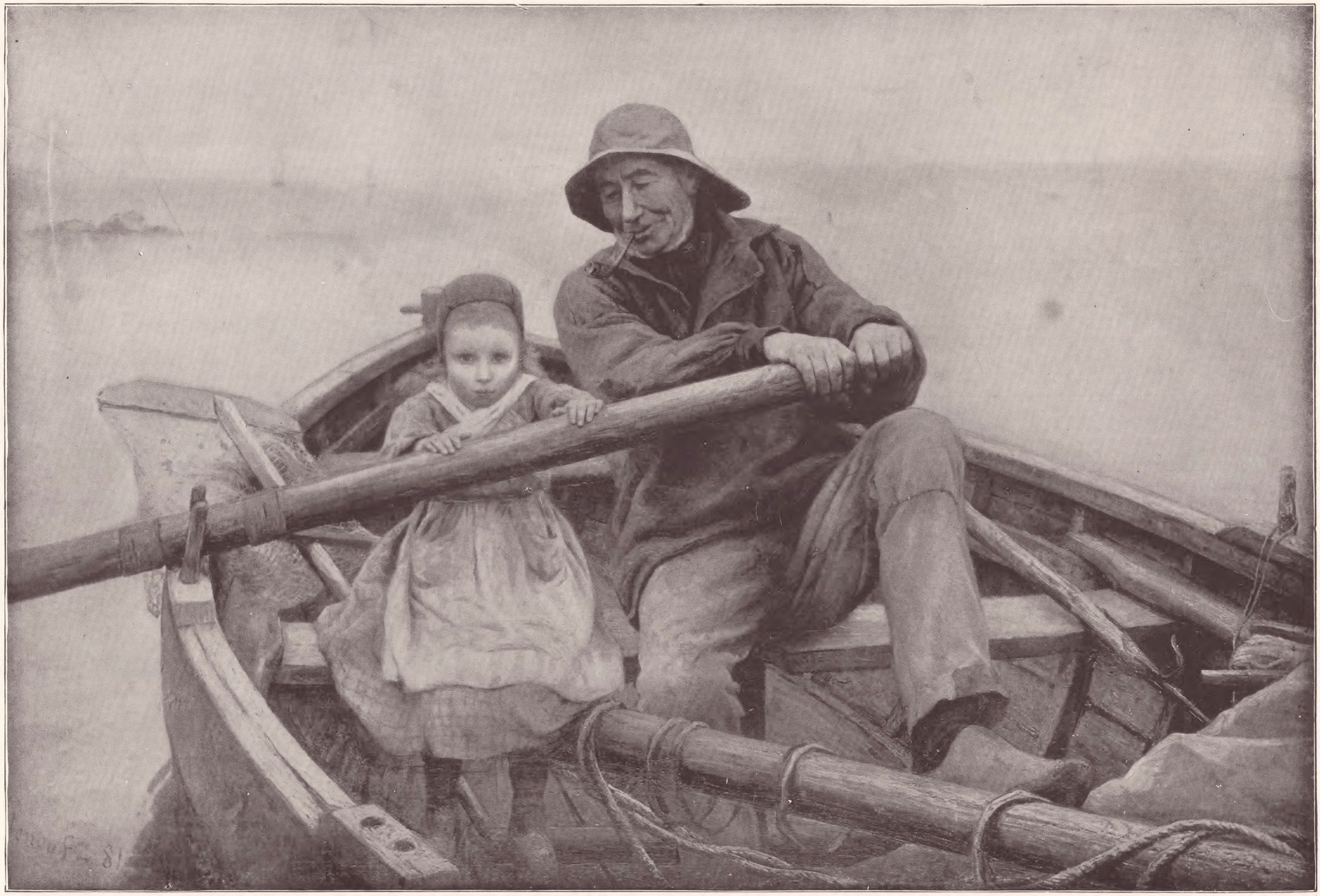
THE painting from which this reproduction is taken is one of the ornaments of the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington. The artist, Gaetano Chierici, is a native of Reggio, Italy. He is a *genre* painter, especially noted for his ability in depicting humorous and pathetic interior scenes and incidents, with children for the actors. Of this kind are his "Girl and Kitten," "Bathing the Baby," "Child's Grief, "etc. In the scene here depicted, a little rascal, bent on spreading consternation, has put himself under a huge hat, with a prodigious mask over his face, and has gone down into the range room where the maid in charge of a younger urchin is at work at her tasks. The apparition at the door has had the effect of terrifying both the denizens of the basement almost to death. The fright of young master, who has tumbled down with a scream and caught the nurse's dress, is hardly more extreme than that of the maid who is stupefied with her terror. Just at this stage, however, the goblin in the doorway discovers himself. He takes off his false face, and laughs at his victims. The wide-mouthed scare of the girl is just beginning to give way to rage. She grasps the ladle in the manner of fright. It were better for the juvenile ghost to vanish to his place before she thoroughly recovers her nerves; else he will suffer for his fun.



GOING TO PASTURE

SANGSTON TRUESDELL

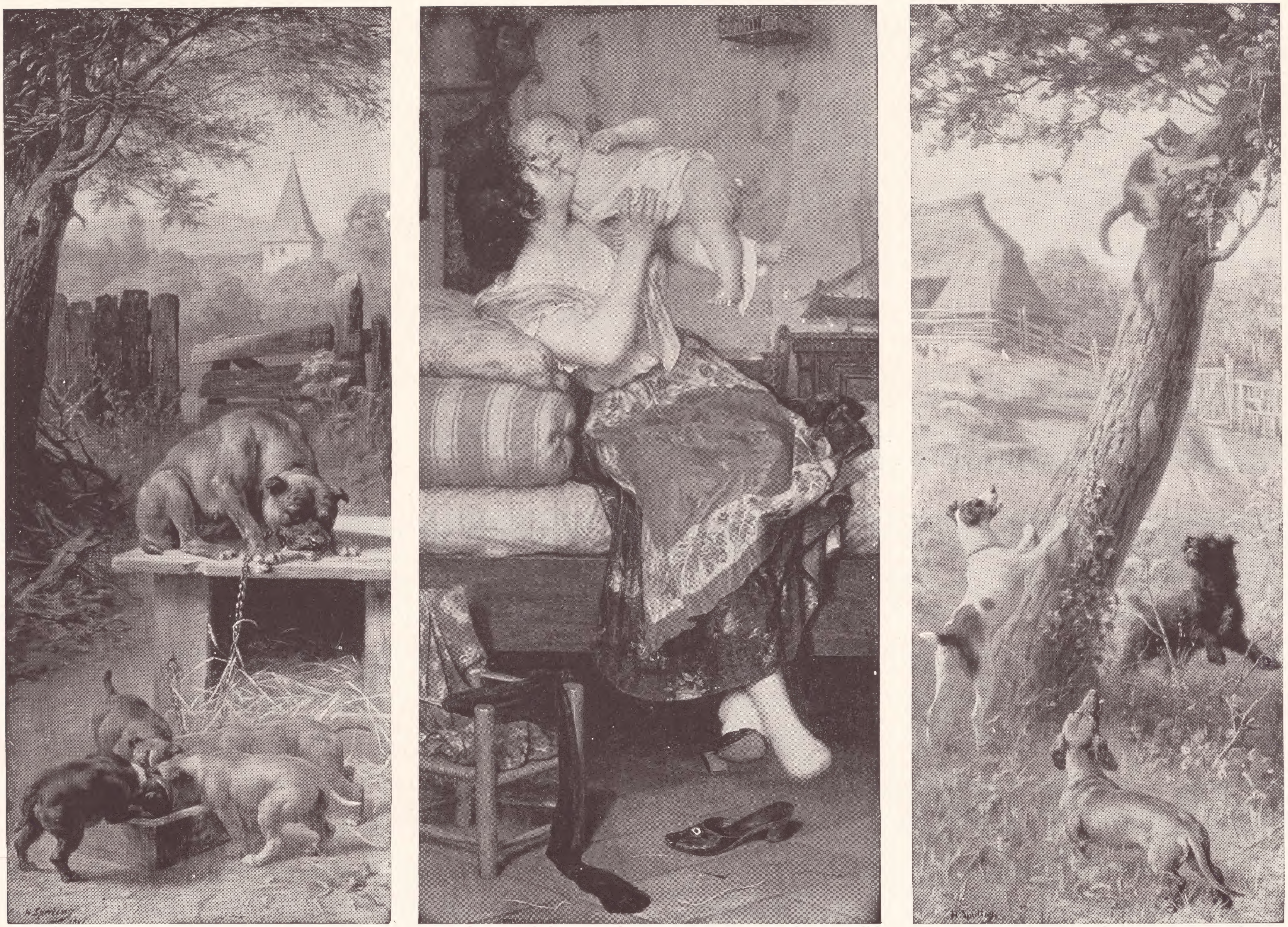
WHY is it that a flock of sheep always forms so attractive a feature in a landscape?—whether it consists of the smutty little merinos on a Vermont hillside, the great noble horned fellows of the Scottish highlands, the shaggy Southdowns of fertile Kent, or the little balls of fat which are to yield the *mouton pre sale* of the Parisian markets. Whatever be the attraction, Sangston Truesdell is not the first artist who has yielded to its fascination, nor the one least able to paint its charm. He does not confine himself exclusively to the painting of sheep. Truesdell is equally excellent in the depicting of figure, landscape and cattle; but no matter how far he may stray, he always "returns to his moutons," and he is entirely right in so doing, for while a Van Marcke can rival him in the portrayal of the sources of our butter and cheese, no one, perhaps, can paint quite so "sheepy" sheep as he. Going to pasture is an every-day scene in rural France, with this exception, it is not the lot of every flock of sheep to be watched and tended by so charming a shepherdess as Truesdell has appointed to guard this particular one. She is so dainty as but to need a short skirt of brocade, laced, tight-fitting bodice, jaunty cap and crook, with blue satin bow, to take her place with the masquerading "grande dames" of the Trianon, or step into a canvas of Watteau's. This picture is one of the principal attractions of the Corcoran Art Gallery, and is reproduced in this work by special permission.



EMILE RENOUF

THE HELPING HAND

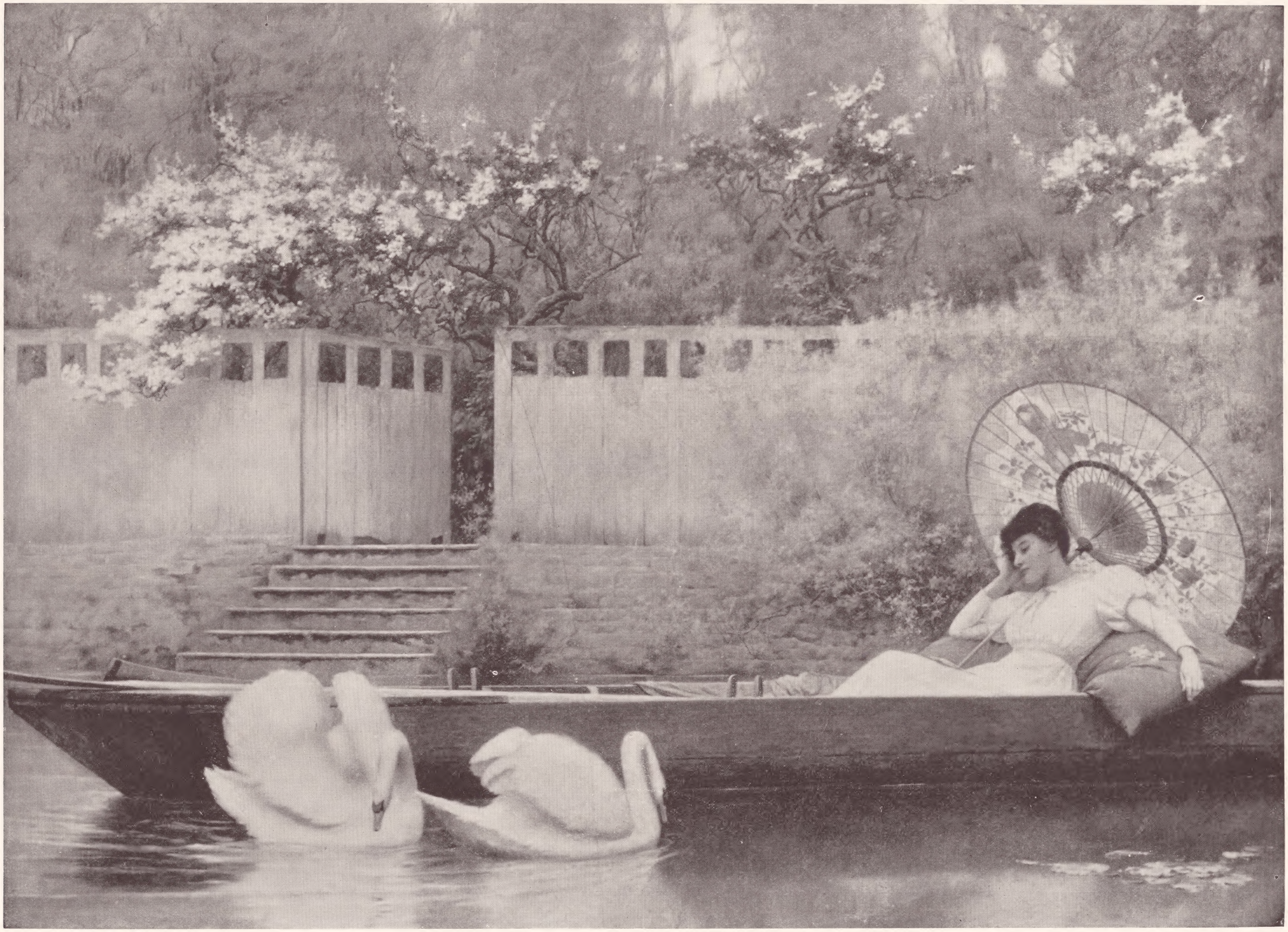
THIS canvas was painted by Emile Renouf, a French artist but little known until the production of this masterly effort in 1881, which established his reputation. The scene is laid in Brittany, and in order to emphasize the incident, the artist has confined himself to depicting two occupants of the bow of a large fishing-smack, leaving the stern portion with whomever it might contain to the imagination. The little child has no doubt begged with affectionate earnestness to accompany the old sailor, her grandfather, on this fishing trip. Placing herself on the same seat with the old man, she essays to assist him with all the strength of her little arms, the earnestness and sincerity of the effort being shown in her face. He, with pipe in mouth, is looking sideways at her, with a quizzical yet loving expression which seems to say: "You, dear child, in your innocence, imagine your efforts and the strength of your arms are of great assistance, but the real aid you are rendering me is the love and devotion your little heart is always so freely offering in the pull down the river of life." The realistic treatment of the costumes of the man and child, the boat, the net, the boathook, sails, and cordage, do not interfere with the interest in the group, while the expanse of vapory sky and water harmonize with its subdued color.



THE MOTHER'S DELIGHT, AND THE SENSES

Luigi Ferrazzi and H. Sperling

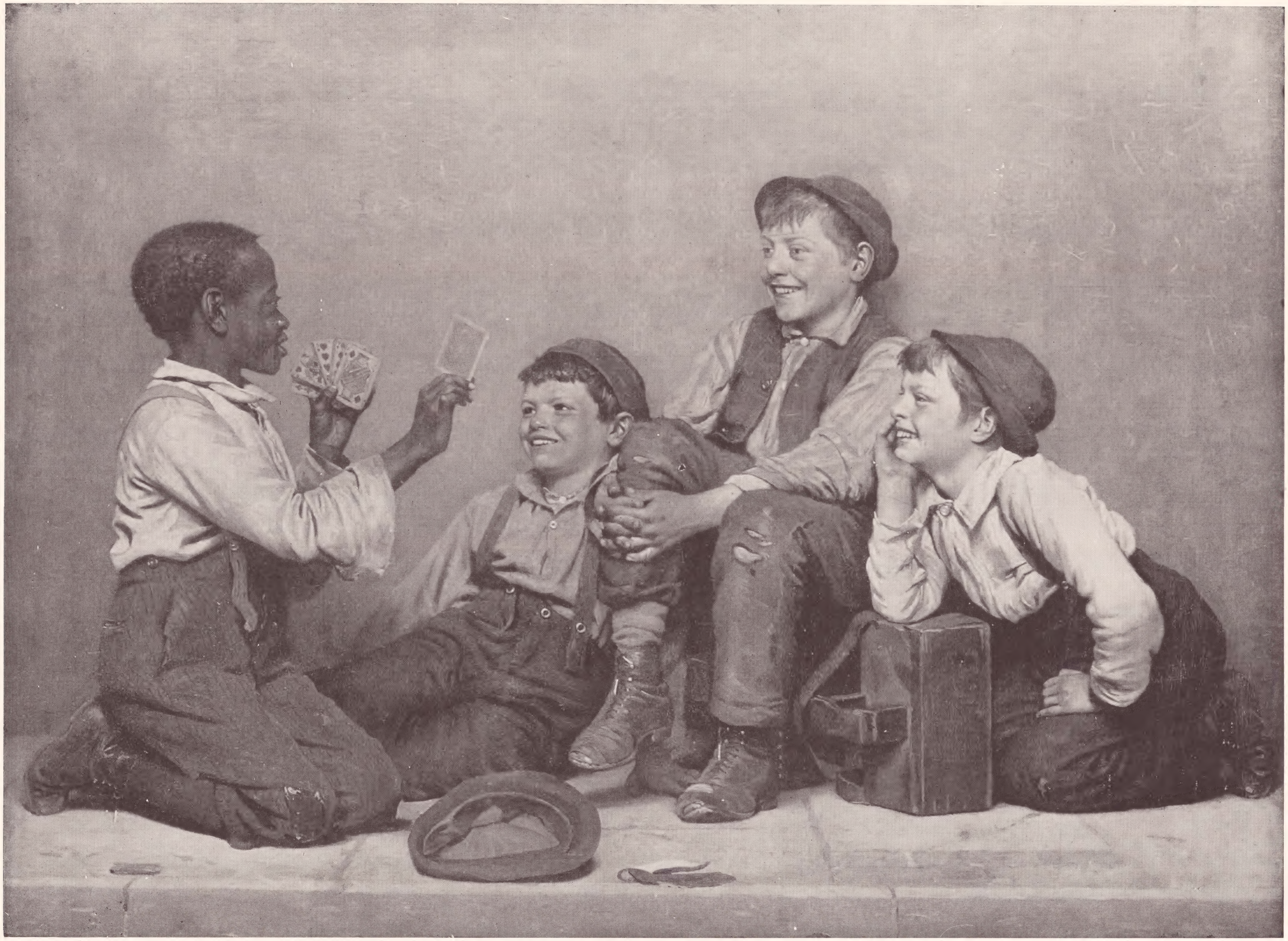
THE central panel of this picture, by Ferrazzi, represents one scene, and the other two side pannels the parts of another. The first is quite realistic, while the other two are allegorical. Recent artists have found a new theme in the delineation of the natural senses. In the two side panels we have represented the faculties of taste and sight. In the first, taste is certainly in the most active manifestation. The mother and the four members of her family are all engaged in helping themselves to food and drink. As for the puppies, they have no thought at all except to help themselves to the milk in their trough. The mother, while deeply engaged with her piece of meat, has a side-glance for her family. In the third panel, the sense of sight is strikingly illustrated in the cat chase. The three dogs of different kinds have given chase to pussy, who has clambered up the tree, thus putting distance between herself and her pursuers. They can see but touch her not. The central picture is well named "The Mother's Delight." The young and happy mother is tossing her first baby in her arms, and communing with the innocent in the joyous manner which only the mother-heart has discovered.



A FORETASTE OF SUMMER

L. C. NIGHTINGALE

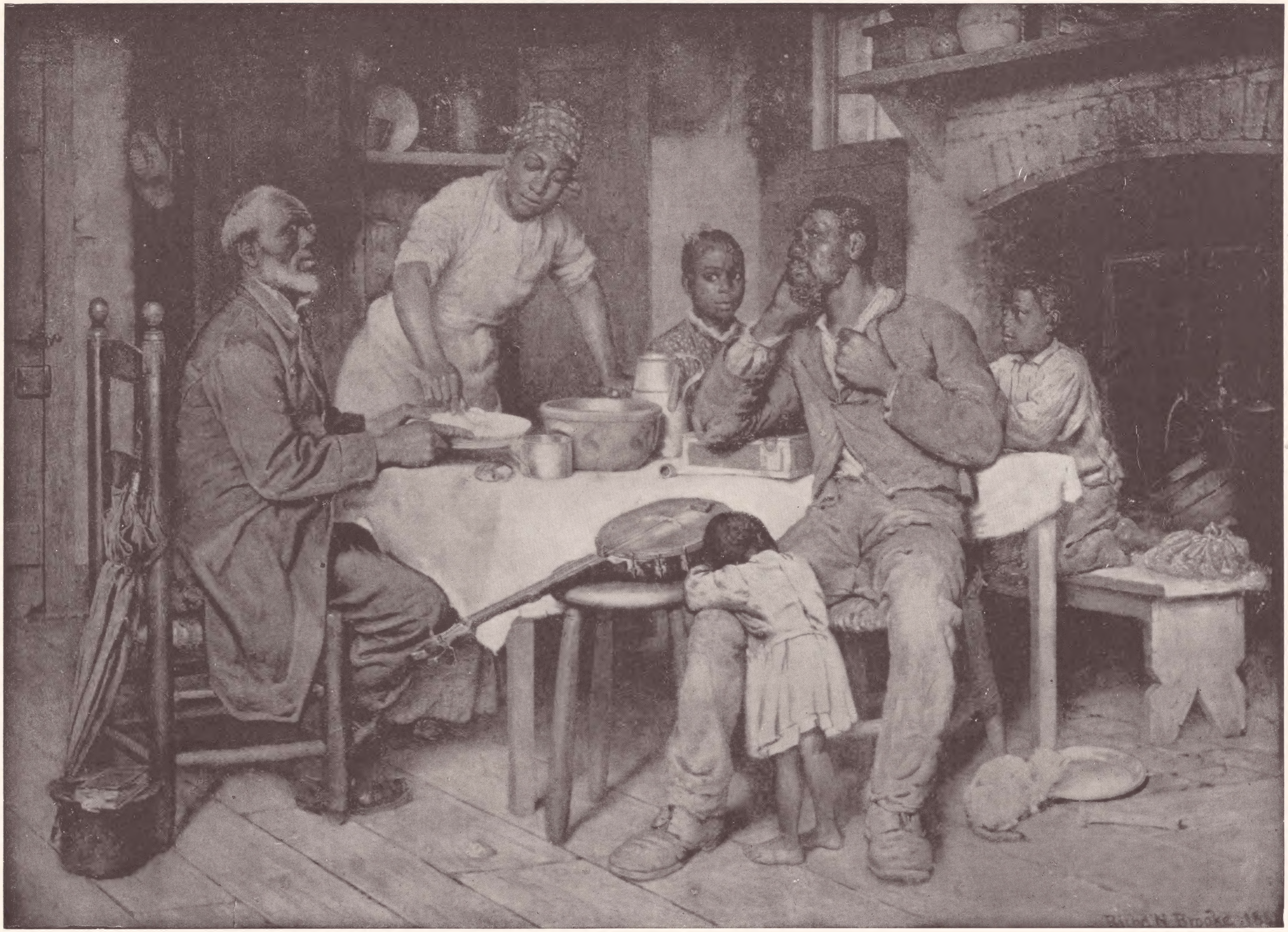
FEW scenes can well surpass this in loveliness and repose. The warm days of Spring have come with their blossoms and fragrance. The young girl has emerged through the garden and the grove, out of the gate and down the steps into the idle boat lying motionless on the water. She is dreaming her harmless day-dreams. Clad in cool white, bare-headed, but shaded from any wandering rays of the sun by a large Japanese parasol, and resting on pillows with her head on her hand, she might be sketched for the "spirit of repose." Her eyes are downcast and her thoughts are far away. The swans in their snowy beauty are not in the least disturbed by her presence. The thick furze and the masses of bloom which hang over the garden wall and dapple the tangled grove, cast a sort of halo over the whole. It is a spot for dreams and fancies—such a one as a romantic girl would choose for her vision, and to breathe sighs for some absent sweetheart. The face in the picture is beautiful, and looks as if it might belong to one capable of high ambitions. Whatever her thoughts, the maiden is indolent as the summer balm in which her dreams are floating.



A CARD TRICK

J. G. Brown

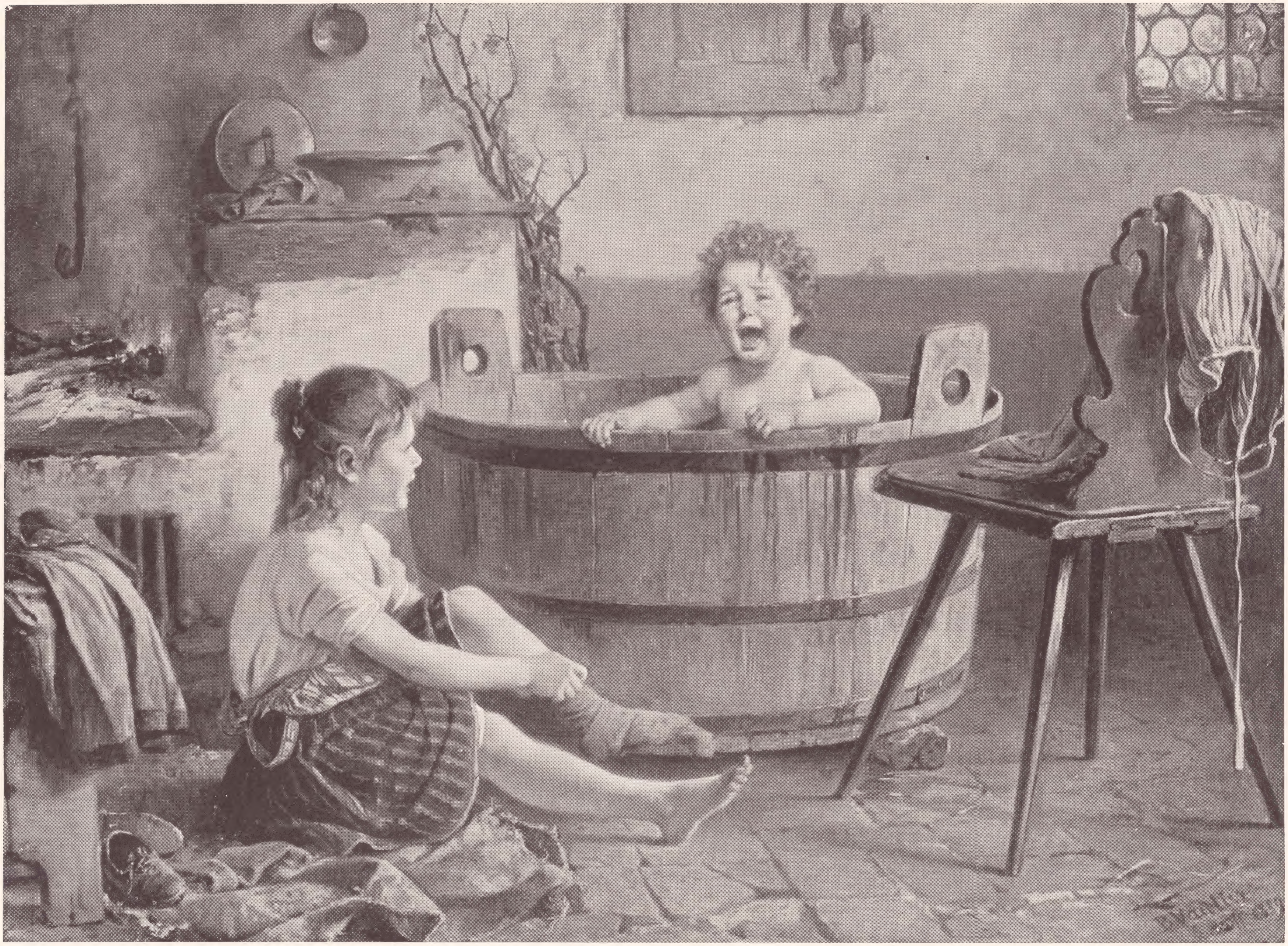
THIS picture is a selection from an original in the Department of Fine Arts of the United States at the World's Columbian Exposition. It is a delicious piece of humor, described not with words, but with color and form. Strange it is how strongly mere outlines of details and light and shade, developing the similitude of human figures and actions, appeal to our understandings and sympathies. Humor is, in this picture, everything. We laugh with those who laugh. The artist represents a group of four bootblacks in a resting-spell of their professional duties, and devoting their quickening intelligence to the mysteries of cards. Africa, on his knees, is instructing the three descendants of Japheth in a trick which he has learned, and which he is quick to communicate. He has been quite successful in the manipulation of the cards—and, presto! there is the mystery. The boys see it and are alive with wonder and interest. The humor of the thing is delicious. The three ragged boys are so absorbed in the development of the trick that they have become oblivious of everything in the world, including themselves. Yet Jefferson, for his part, black as the blackest of his cards, understands that his professional reputation is at stake in the presence of his white brethren. His otherwise sluggish mind is preternaturally sharpened with the trial, and his face becomes almost luminous with pride as he holds forth the impossible card. The trick is as successful as the artist's representation of it in the picture.



A PASTORAL VISIT

RICHARD N. BROOKE

THE original of this striking picture is in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington. The scene is typical of a large section of African life in America. The negroes are profoundly religious in their later development as they were deeply superstitious in their original state. The African mind in all stages of its degradation seems to have looked up imploringly to the supernatural powers. This scene represents the visit of the negro preacher, gray, strict, and respectable, to the abode of one of his leading parishioners. This is the home of Brother Eben, his wife, Mima, and their three children—very black. "Brother Eben," says the old preacher, "them labor signs on your clothes and the growing olive plants at your knees are as pleasin' to the Good Master as if your trousers at the knees were worn into holes with prayer." It is excellent theology the old man gives his flock, mixed with excellent practical religion. "Sister Mima," says he, "that milk of your'n looks moighty nice and coolin' this warm day." It is a dinner scene, in strictly African fashion. The artist has thrown the ubiquitous banjo into the foreground and put the seedly umbrella behind the old parson's chair. They are humble folks, all these, but the ways and stations of life are many, and the mightiest have as humble a destiny at the end as they of poorest estate.



THE MORNING BATH

Benjamin Vautier

THE water is too cold! That is the sum of the sentiment and expression in this exquisite bit of comicality. It seems that Annie, who has been through the ordeal and knows how it is herself, is rather enjoying the shock to Tod's nerves. He has gone into the tub with confidence, but his alarmed nervous system has cried out, not only figuratively but literally. The expression on his face is at once inimitable and true to the life. He is a study not only to Annie, engaged in the mysteries of stocking adjustment, but to all beholders whatsoever. Tod has been in the bath many times, being a well-bred urchin, but he has not been accustomed to a temperature so near the freezing point. Nurse must have made some mistake this morning. But the case is not so bad as might be inferred from the expression and manner of the bather. He is more scared than hurt. A difference of five or ten degrees would make all lovely, and the little curly-headed imp of humanity would be splashing with delight. The bathroom is intermediate between poverty and wealth. The tub is not *a la mode*, but, like Mercutio's wound, "it is enough—it will suffice!"

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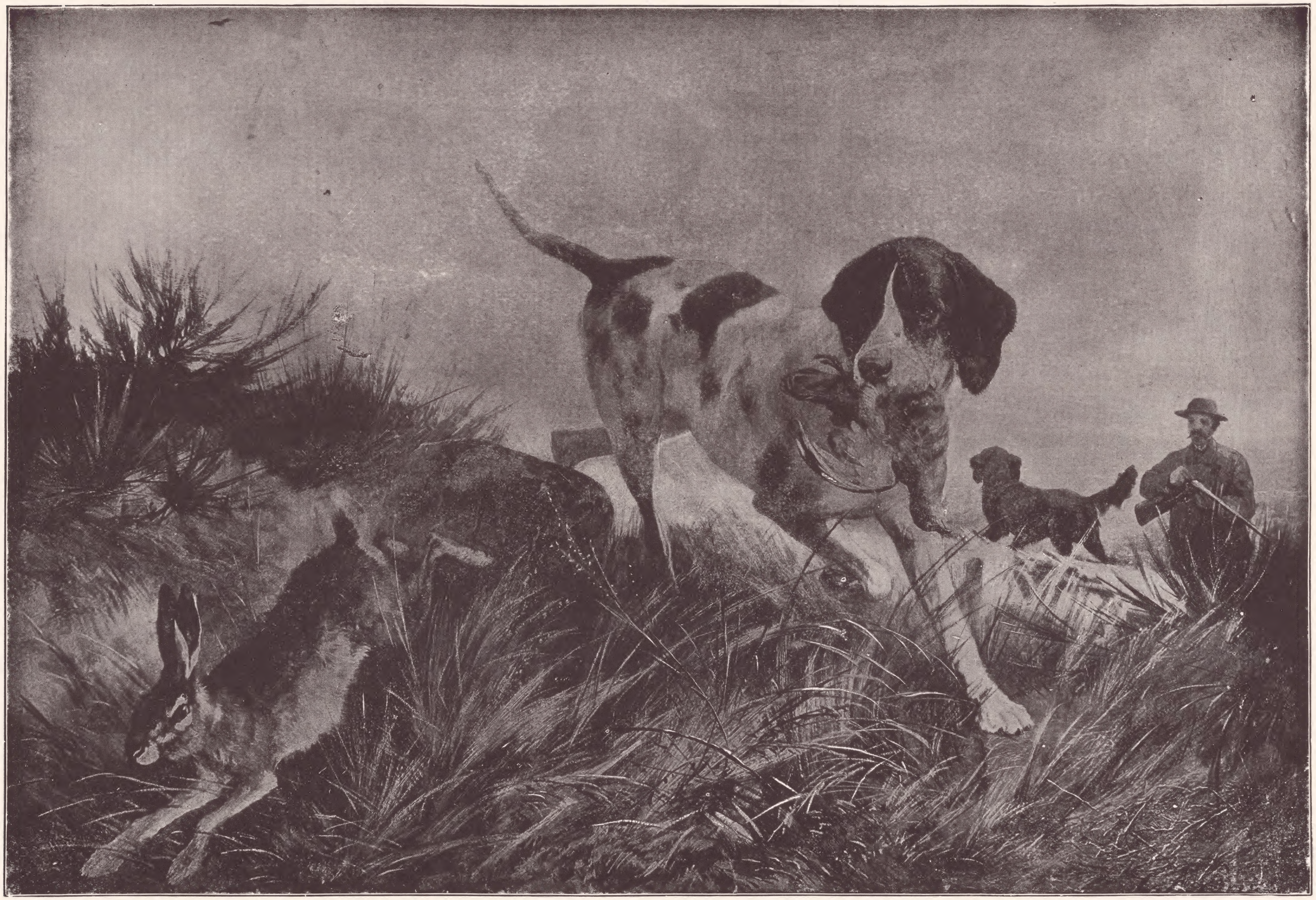
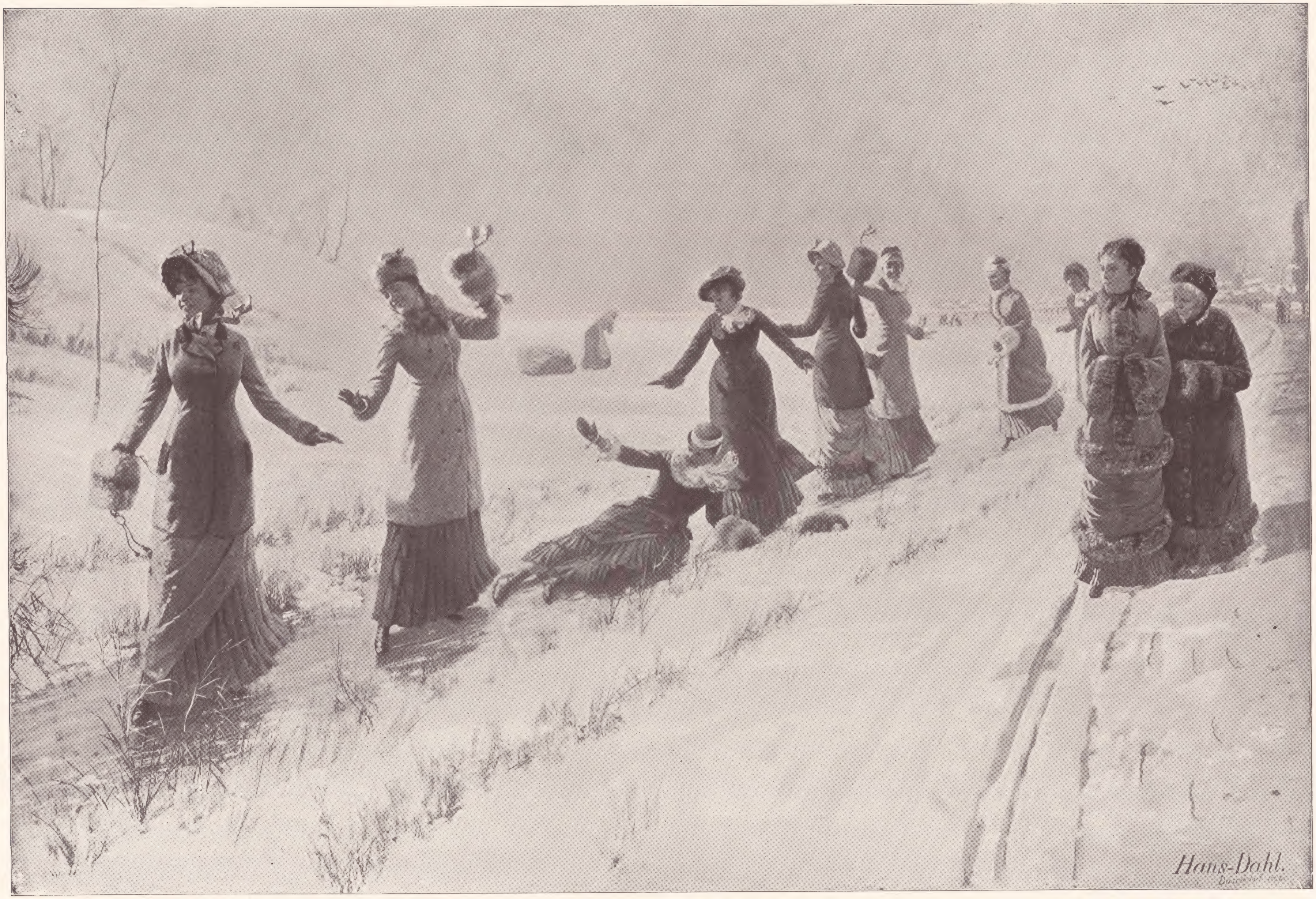


"LOOK OUT! HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE!"

C. F. Deiker

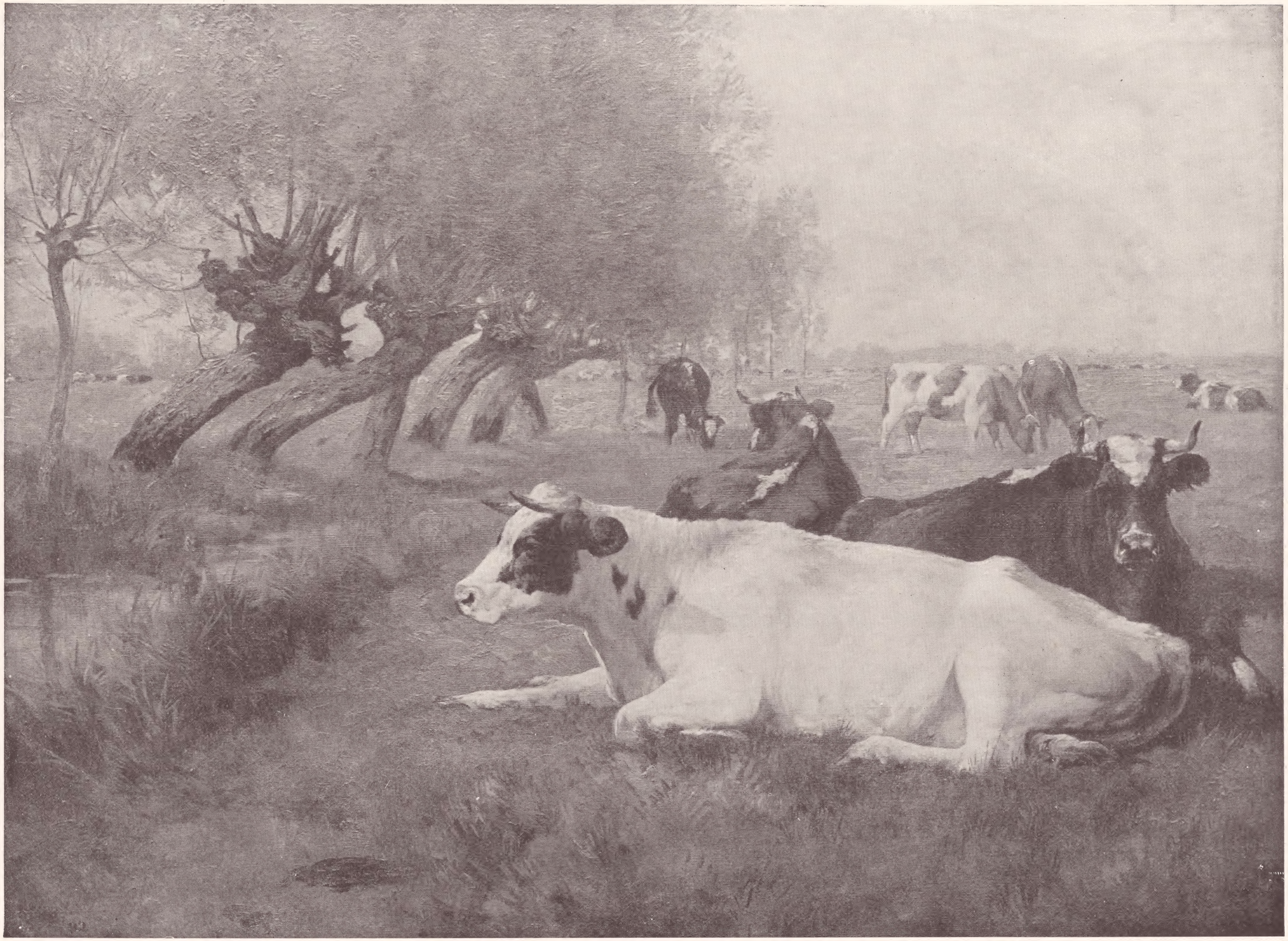
In this spirited painting we have a contrast to the old fable of the dog who dropped the piece of meat he held in his mouth in order to seize also its reflected image in the water—giving rise to the saying, "to give up the substance for the shadow." This fine pointer purposes to take all the chances there are, and keep what he has got, as well. While he is bringing in the partridge his master has shot, up starts Master Bunny, right under his feet, with a suddenness that would have made him whistle, if dogs *could* whistle, and he stops short, as rigid in his tracks as though petrified, and "points" beautifully. If his master is as keen at his work as the dog is at his, Brer Rabbit will presently execute an elaborate summersault when the gun goes off again, after that cartridge has been slipped into the breechloader. That the artist has painted this picture out of doors no one can doubt. In no other way could he have infused into it so much of the clear, crisp atmosphere of the moors, in which the figures all stand out with remarkable and delightful brilliancy. The representation of the dog is admirable, and shows a distinct type of what is most attractive in the canine character, by virtue of which the dog is not only man's most faithful servant, but is fitted to be his companion as well.



HANS DAHL

BOARDING SCHOOL ON THE ICE

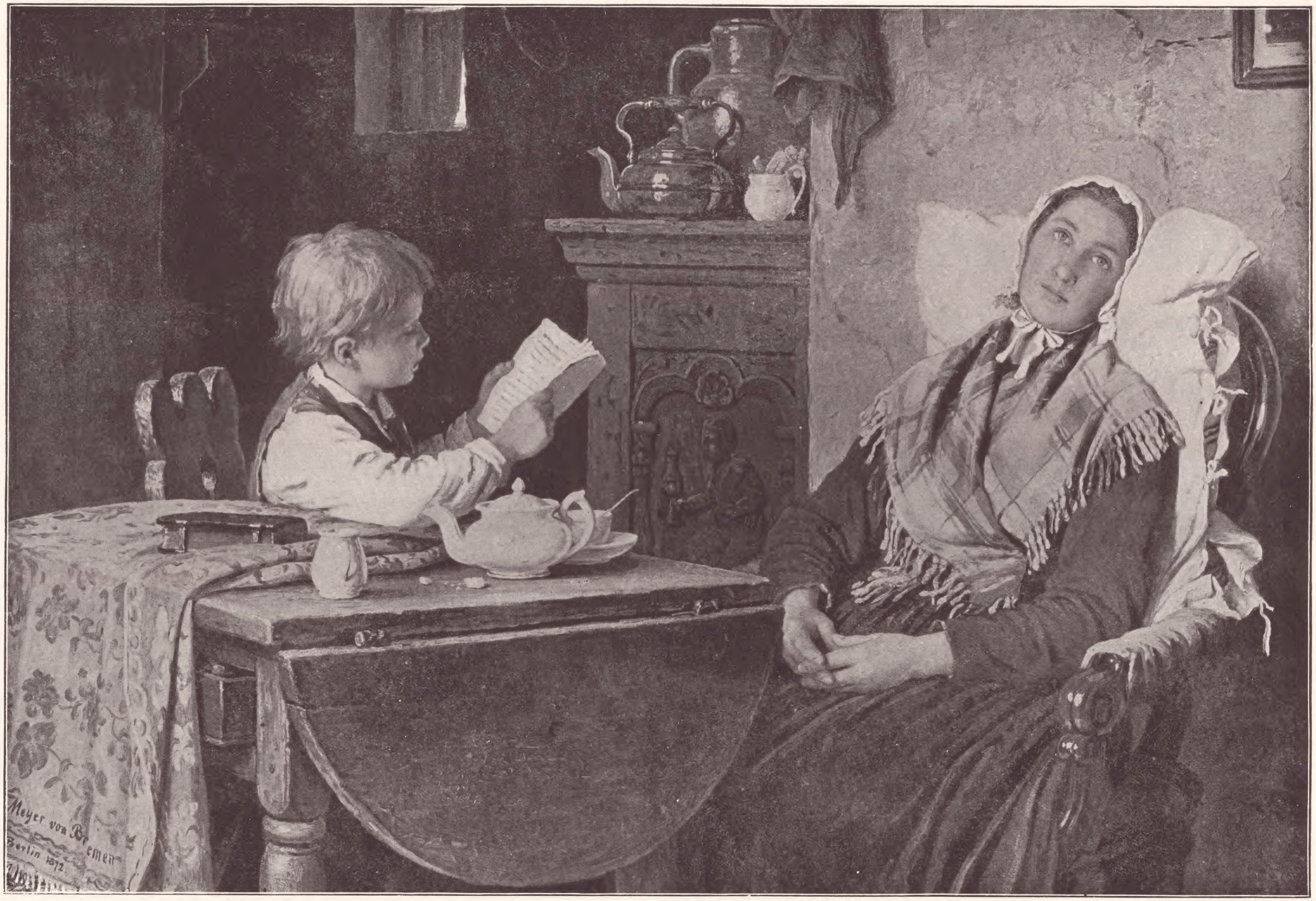
THIS scene belongs, as a matter of course, to a manner of life peculiar to northern Europe. It is sketched from the low-lands not far from the North Sea. These young Junos of the boarding school have been loosed for a day from the rigors of discipline and set free on the ice. The low marsh is frozen solid. The girls are in the full frolic of a skating party. But they wear no skates. They require no escorts or beaux to complete their enjoyment. These Dutch girls are full of life and enthusiasm. They are high-born too, and as beautiful as they are majestic in figure In the distance to the right may be seen the outlines of the snow-covered city. It is from that, that the girls have issued for their day's outing. One girl has fallen, but she will recover herself in an instant. The two figures nearest the foreground are exquisitely delineated in their long cloaks. They are as supple as willows and as light-footed as gazelles. Their smiling faces show well the exhilaration of the exercise. In these young creatures the fires of life are burning high. The artist has chosen to introduce an element of pathos into this picture. In the middle background is seen an old woman, bent with her sorrows, poor, and doubtless a widow. She has gathered from the neighboring hill a load of sticks, and, putting them on her little sled, is trying to cross the snow to some distant shanty where her fire burns low, and where, perhaps, the faces of children pinched with want may be seen. The contrast is doubtless true to life, but the pathos of it is too great to be introduced in a scene otherwise full of merriment and pleasure.



AFTERNOON IN THE MEADOW

HENRY S. BISBING

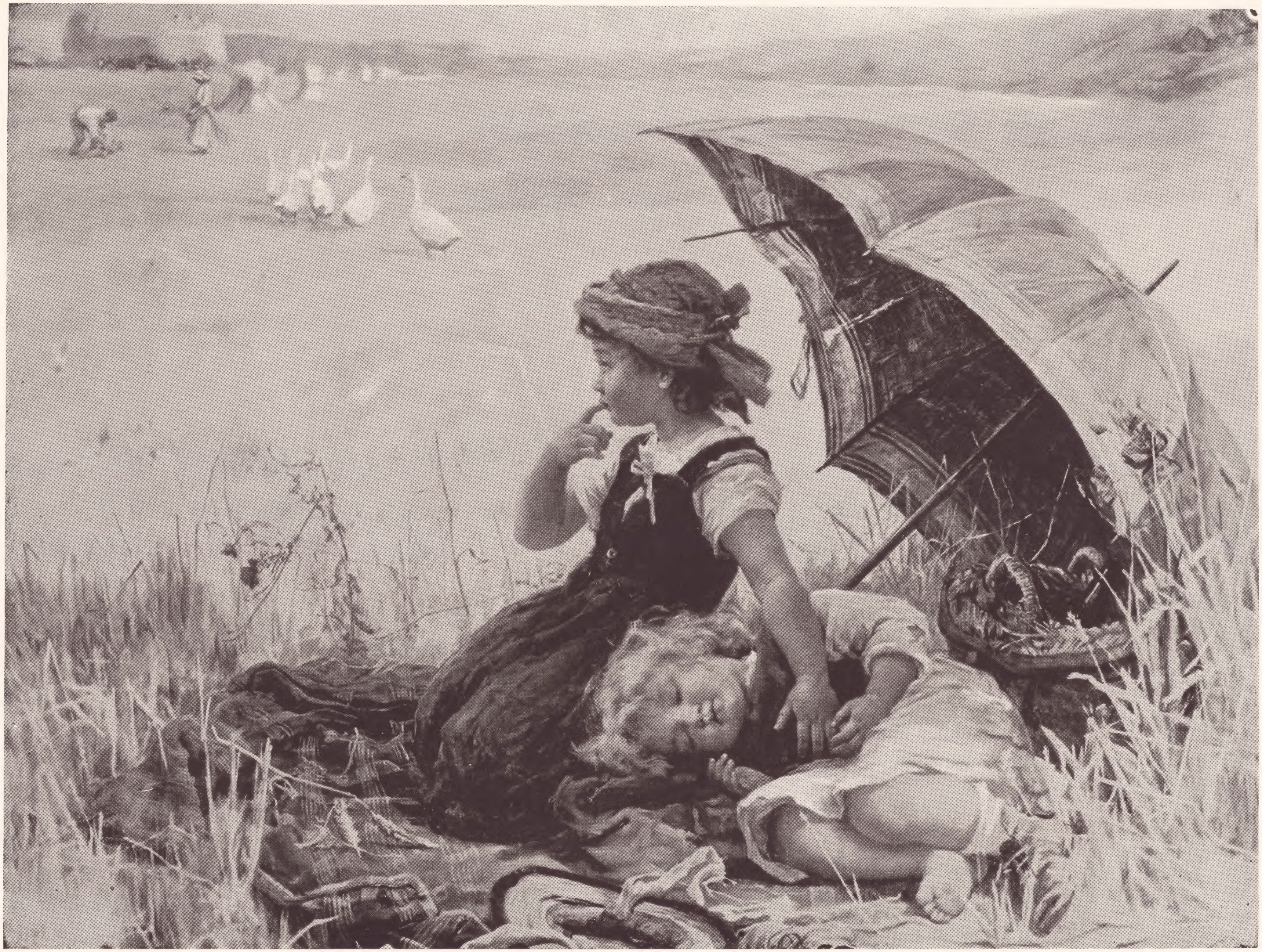
THIS is a contribution to the United States exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition, by a young American painter, who has chosen his scene in France, where the willows sprout anew from veteran tree-trunks, and grow in long rows by the banks of the stream. What a delicious, lazy, afternoon sentiment he has infused into his picture. For a picture of solid, easy-going comfort, nothing can surpass the well-fed, cud-chewing cow, taking her afternoon ''siesta.'' A little shade is grateful, and in a case like this, a little of must necessity suffice. Lying thus at length. with the little stream purling and bubbling past, these awkward, soft-eyed animals contribute to our apprehension the idea of undisturbed serenity. Even the flies seem to have ceased from troubling here, for the white cow has her tail tucked in under her, as under the circumstances a quite unnecessary weapon of defense. The deep perspective of this picture has been cleverly managed, the great apparent distance of the objects on the horizon being due partly to the long, vanishing line of trees running back from the foreground, and partly by the diminished size of the animals, and the increasing faintness of the color as the objects recede.



HOME DEVOTIONS

Meyer Von Bremen

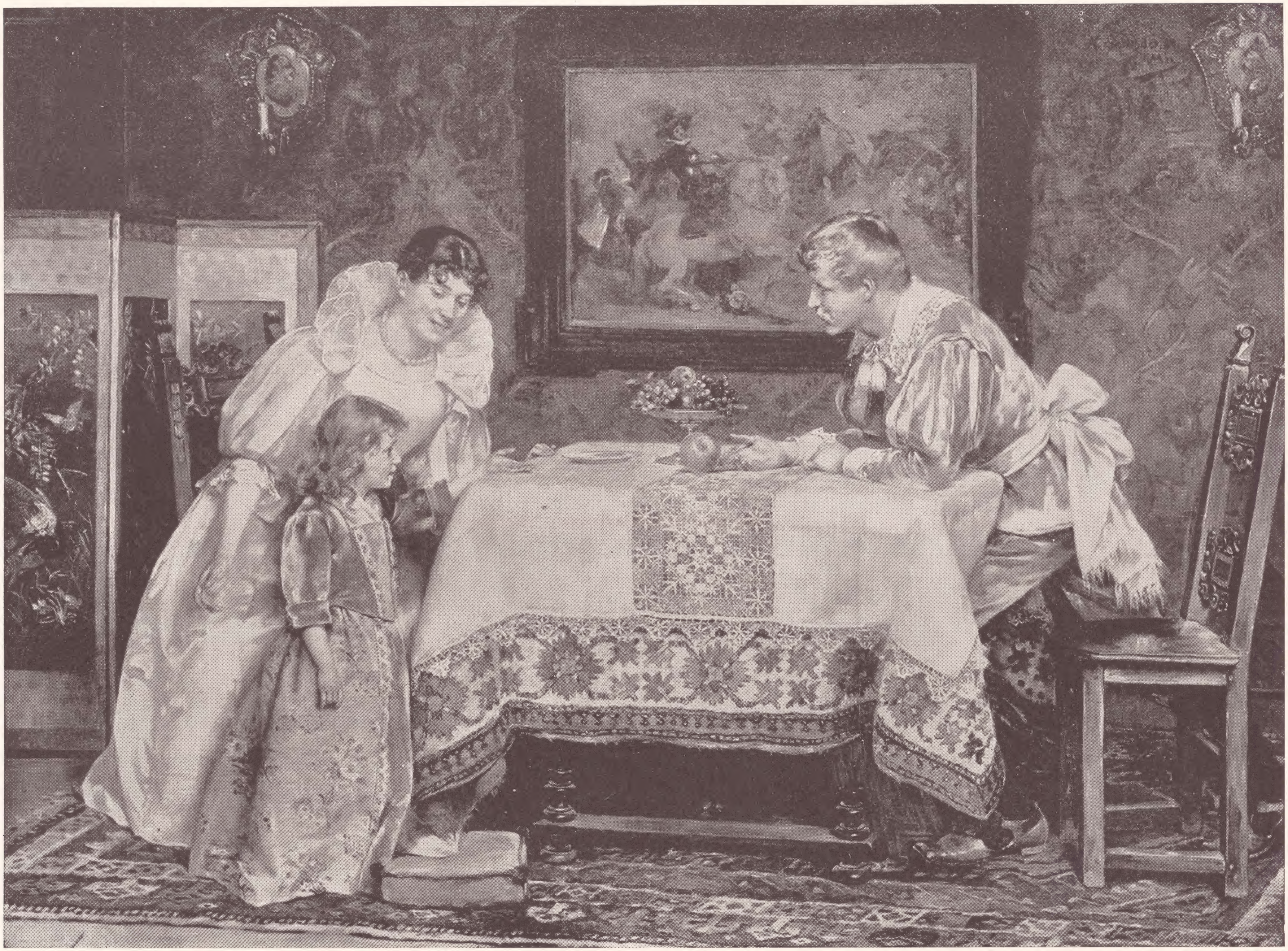
A TENDER and charming sentiment breathes from this touching scene of German peasant life. The invalid mother leans back in her chair, her eyes and thoughts turned above. Her sweet face is saddened by her illness, but her faith remains constant, and the comforting words of the prayer fall upon attentive ears. Her boy with his white tousled hair and serious face feels the responsibility of his office. Reading to him is none too easy a task, and while he realizes the significance of his office he is also manfully facing the problems offered by hard words. The celebrated *genre* painter to whom we owe this picture has availed himself of the privilege, dear to artists, of modifying his name. Christened Jean Georges Meyer, he has become known as Meyer von Bremen from the name of the city in which he was born in 1813. He was a pupil of the Düsseldorf Academy, and at first essayed academic themes, historical and religious subjects, but presently turned to the actual life about him, and soon earned a high reputation in Europe and America. He has been a prolific painter, and his oils and water-colors are counted by the hundred. Many of them are owned in this country, and few were more eagerly sought for, when Düsseldorf art was paramount. He is a member of the Berlin and other academies, and has also received the decorations of several Orders. He has obtained medals at Berlin, at our Centennial Exhibition, and elsewhere, and few German artists can point to a more successful career, which has been due to his sympathetic rendering of every-day domestic life.



FREDERICK MORGAN

WATCHING AND WAITING

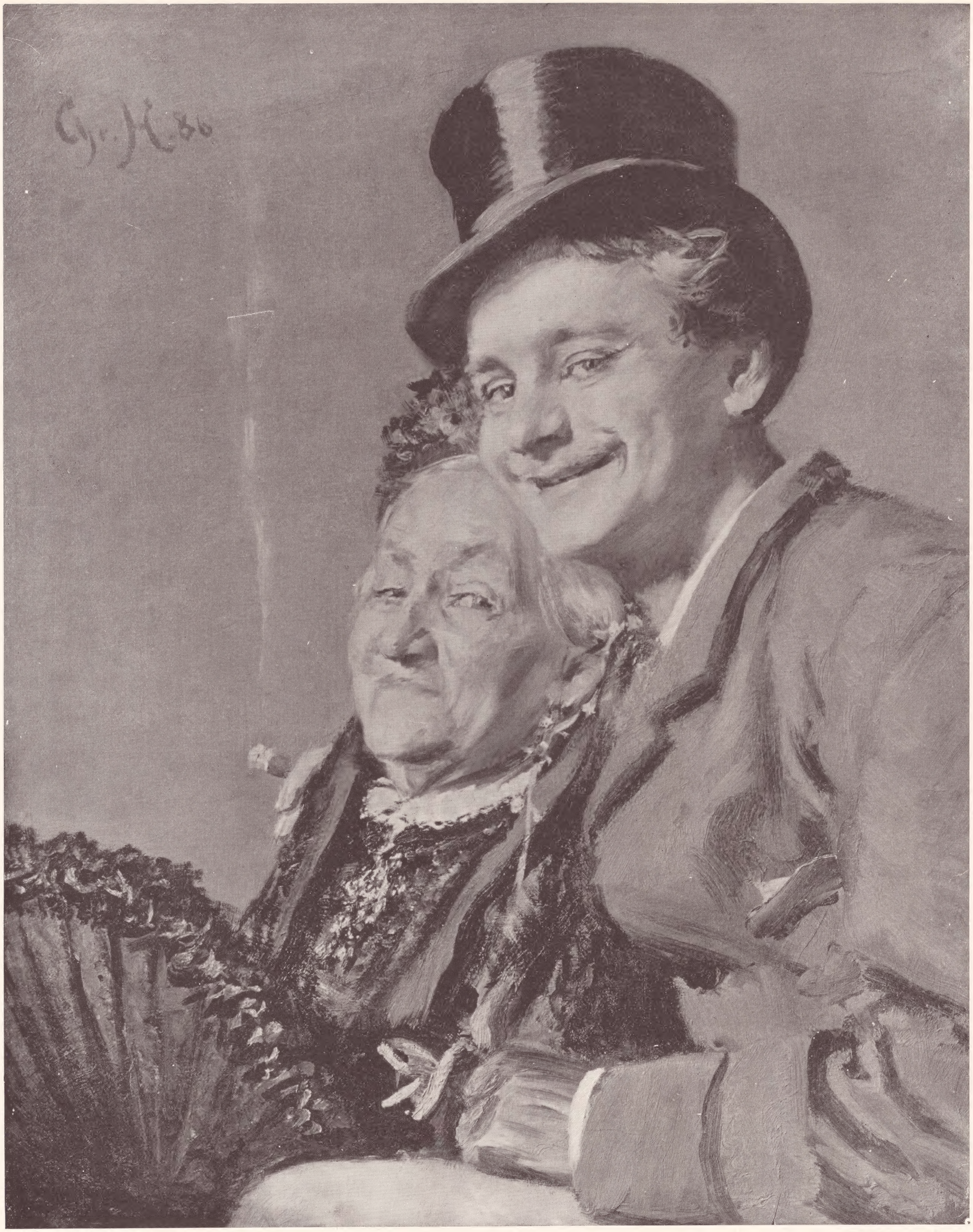
WE have in this picture an open and beautiful landscape. It is the after-days of harvest time. Nature has brought forth an abundance of her golden treasures, and now she rests. There is a wide field where the shocks of wheat have stood thickly, and this is the day of the gathering in. The wagon load of sheaves is in the distance, and still further away is the farmer's home. A single row of shocks remains to be gathered. There the father and the mother are at their tasks, but they do not constitute the principal interest of the piece. They have brought their children with them in the morning, and the little ones have been left with the lunch basket and the umbrella for a shelter in the tall grass and summer flowers. They have been set to watch and wait until the wheat shall be hauled away to the barns and the gleaners shall return. Waiting is long to the child-heart, and so the little folks have grown weary. To them the hours have seemed to know no end. They are both tired, and one has fallen asleep. The elder still waits and watches with finger a-lip and heavy eyes. She waits until papa and mama shall come. She has one arm over her sleeping sister and looks most wistfully at the work and the workers in the field. A half dozen white and silly geese have filled themselves to repletion with the waste grain of the field and saunter idly in the mid-ground of the scene. Far away is the summer horizon and beyond that the land of dreams.



OUR DARLING

A. Schröder

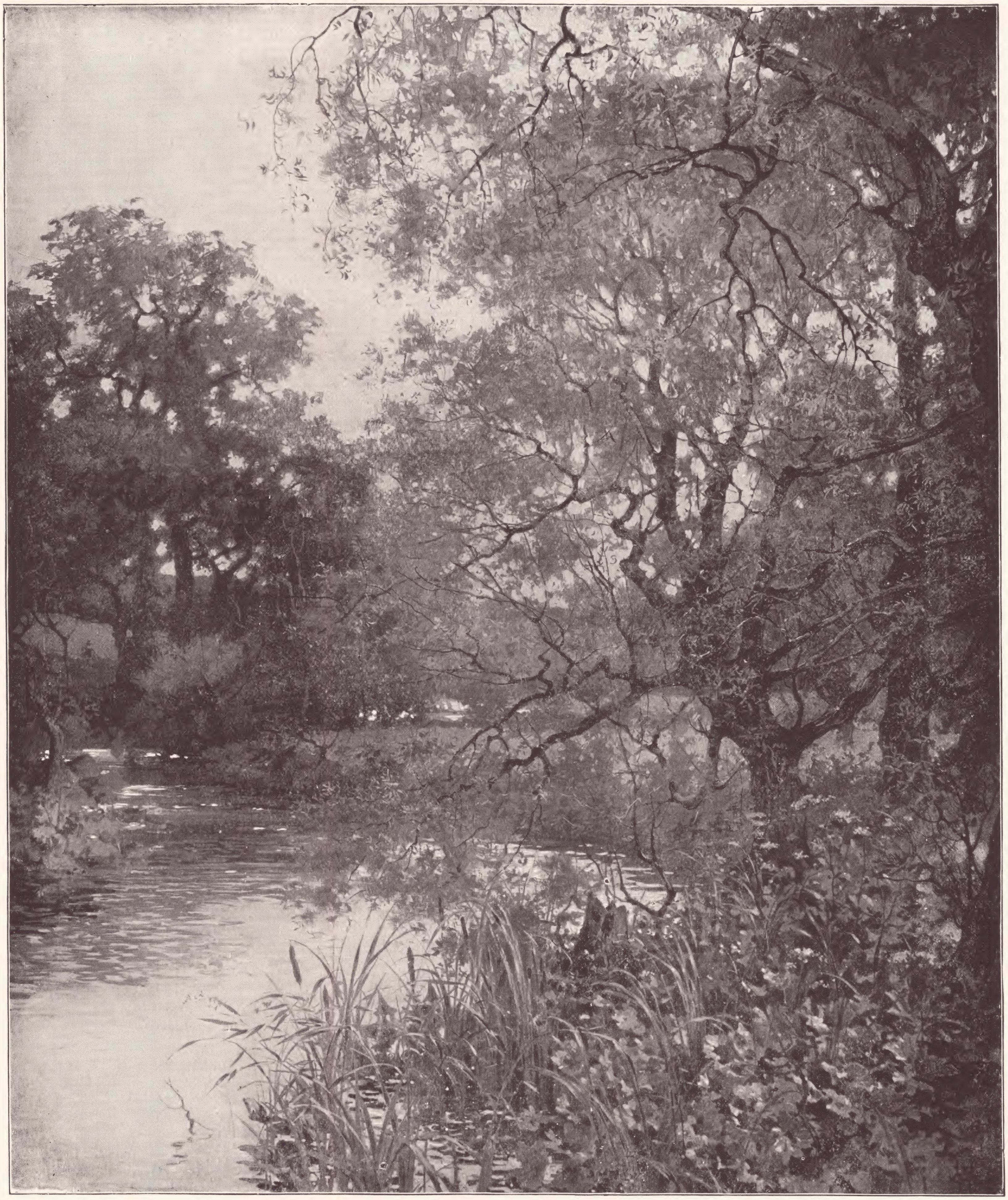
THE artist in this painting, "Our Darling," has told a pretty story of tenderness and love, and expressed in an elaborate setting a bit of domestic sentiment that most artists give only to humbler surroundings. The picture shows the richly decorated dining hall of a wealthy family. The time is after dinner, and a young husband and wife are still sitting at the board on which rests only a stand of fruit. The costumes of both persons show the style of the last century, and the richness of their dress suggests the idea of noble lineage. There is a beauty in the face of the young wife and a look of manliness in that of the husband. Almost a pair of lovers again, and they had, perhaps, been telling the same old story in tones a shade more tender when a tiny foot-fall is heard, and a dainty tot of three years comes timidly into the room and rests against her mother's knee. Just in this way the artist has grouped them. The baby girl makes a quaint appearance in her long brocaded skirt of ample folds and the straight stiff bodice that comes high up in the neck. A mass of sunny curls tumble down on the child's shoulders and frames the delicate face. She has spied the dish of fruit and stretches forth her tiny hand for an orange which the father playfully rolls to her across the table. It is at this moment that Mr. Schröder has put life into the faces of his figures. The situation is very real, and one almost looks for the orange to fall into those baby fingers.



CH. HEYDEN

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW

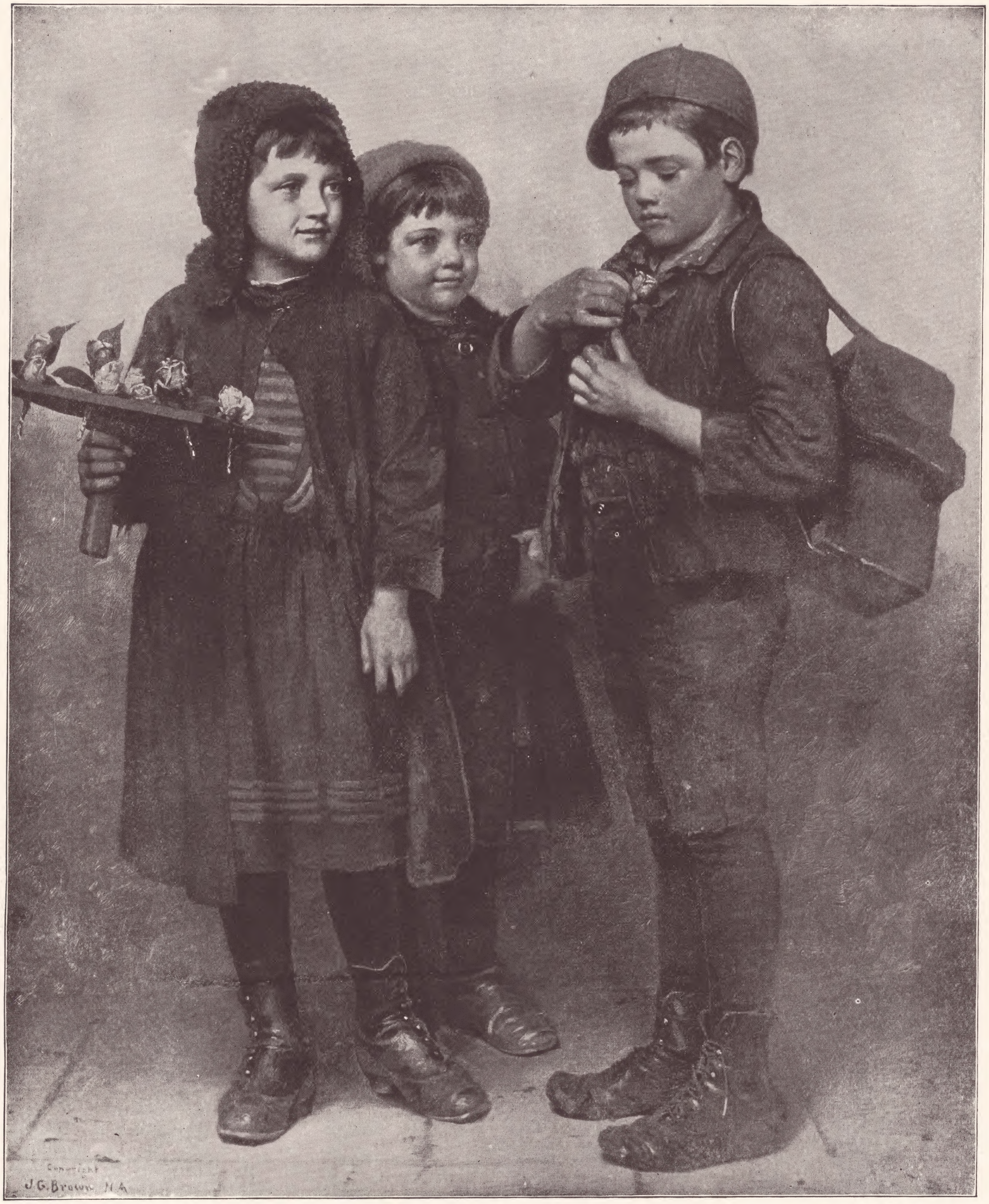
THERE is a silent eloquence in every countenance, and here are two faces that speak. The rakish son-in-law tells you plainly that he is held in good esteem by his wife's mother. But he is not fooling her so much as he thinks. She understands him. She is evidently to his merits very kind, to his faults a little blind. His look is no more knowing than hers. He acknowledges cajolery, and she acknowledges submission to it. Her expression suggests the story of a good old minister who said to his son-in-law: "Of course we all know he isn't a saint, but then he is a very charming sinner!" And there is something in her face that would warn the young man, if he could see it, that he cannot go too far. There is decision in those lips that are compressed even in a smile. Her smiling face has capabilities of sternness in it. So has the face of the man. Should the two countenances now looking out at you so good-naturedly, face each other in set determination, that of the aged woman would be the stronger. The change would be more marked in the man's face, and the mastery which he now exercises, or thinks he exercises, by cajolery, would disappear before the mastery of character, The picture makes one wish to see the unseen character in the comedy. There is a young wife whose feelings in their manifestation might bring these two faces out in other lights.



SUMMER AFTERNOON

W. Hamilton Gibson

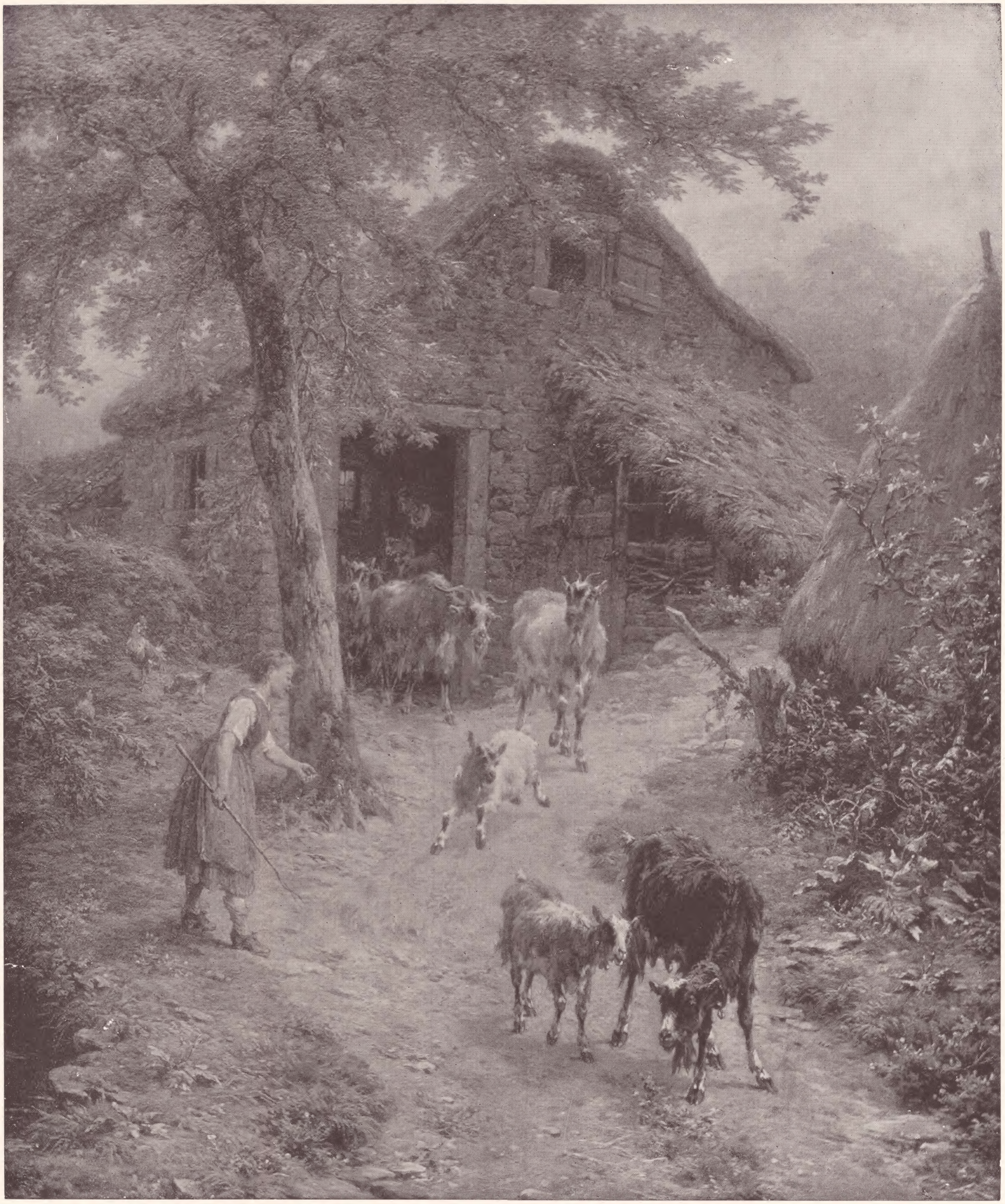
UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most poetic of American artists and illustrators, Mr. Gibson reveals in his work his close communion with nature in her most hidden ways. While he possesses an extraordinary aptitude for conveying the larger effects of landscape to his canvas, his intimate knowledge of the little secrets of outdoor life enables him to intensify the realism of his pictures by the introduction of little touches that are beyond the ken of most artists; and, indeed, there are botanists and entomologists who could learn much from this persistent student, who has followed nature into her inmost recesses. Perhaps it is this extent of knowledge that gives to his work that finished quality by which it is immediately recognizable as his; perhaps it is some peculiarity of technical handling. But no one familiar with his style ever could mistake a Gibson for the work of any other artist. He is especially felicitous in the depiction of a peaceful nook such as we have here—a sunlit patch in a limpid stream, bubbling and gurgling its way through a New England summer meadow, bestowing as it passes its cool refreshment upon the overhanging trees and bankside flowers.



J. G. Brown

VANITY

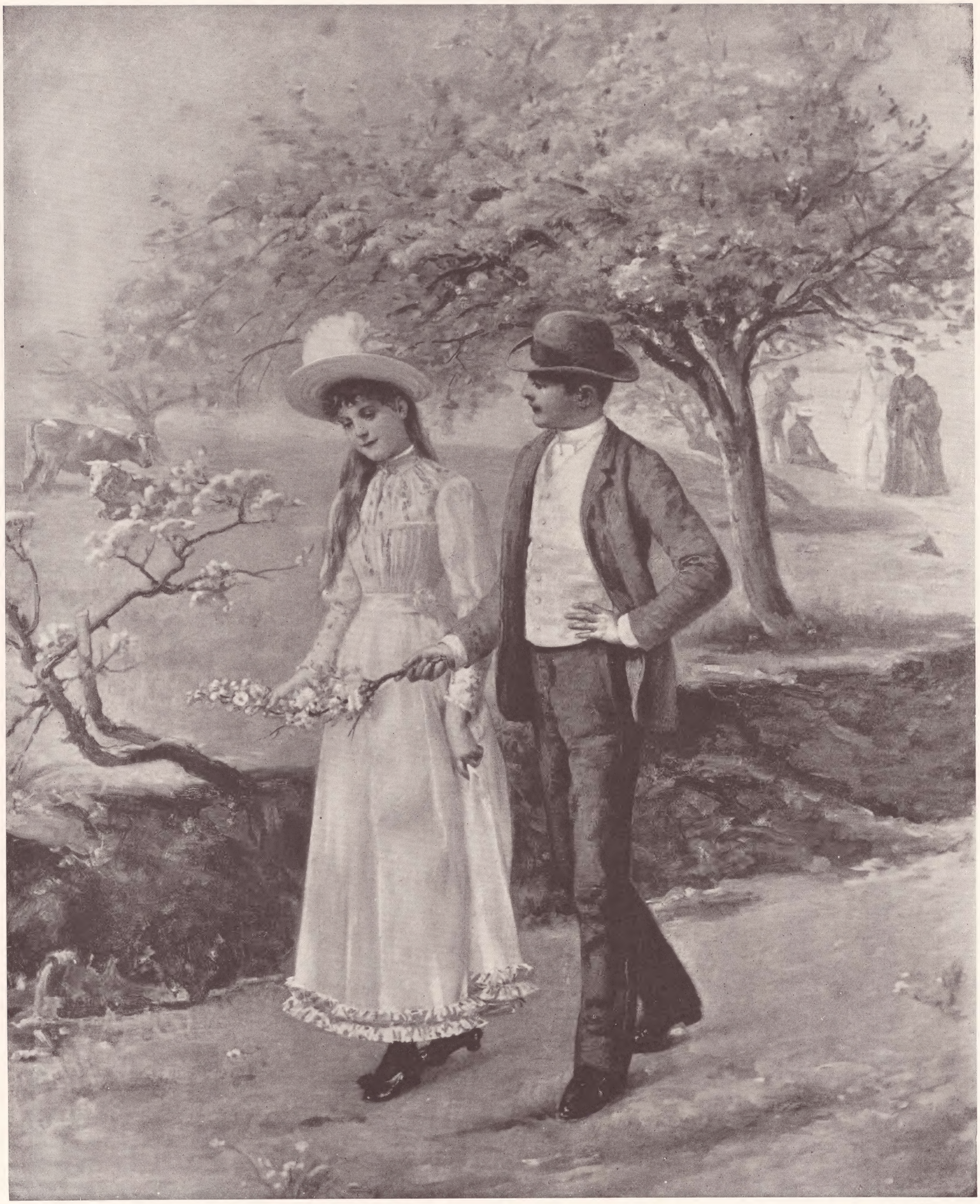
HERE is a little exchange of courtesies in humble life, which shows that the desire for social amenities and for personal adornment is not entirely obliterated by the necessity of wearing plain clothes, and blacking boots for a living. It gives us a higher respect for this little bootblack to know that he appreciates the æsthetic value of a *boutonniere*. Doubtless this young man in knickerbockers is a good friend to these little flower girls. He protects them from less courteous boys, helps them out in bad weather, steers his own ‘‘customers’’ in their direction, and very likely gives his father, who raises the posies, a Sunday ‘‘shine.’’ He is a fine little fellow, and we would trust his face for a good deal. If, with all the hardships of his street life, he cultivates the gentlemanly instincts which unquestionably he has, he will be worthy to grow up to manhood in the companionship of these friendly little girls and perhaps an East Side romance will be the result. We owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Brown for putting on canvas all the pleasant things he sees in the life of these enterprising young hopefuls of the city streets; for these will grow up to be the men and women of the next generation, and we like to know that the ‘‘great undercurrents’’ of society are flowing in safe and promising channels.



LEAVING THE STABLE

Andre Plumot

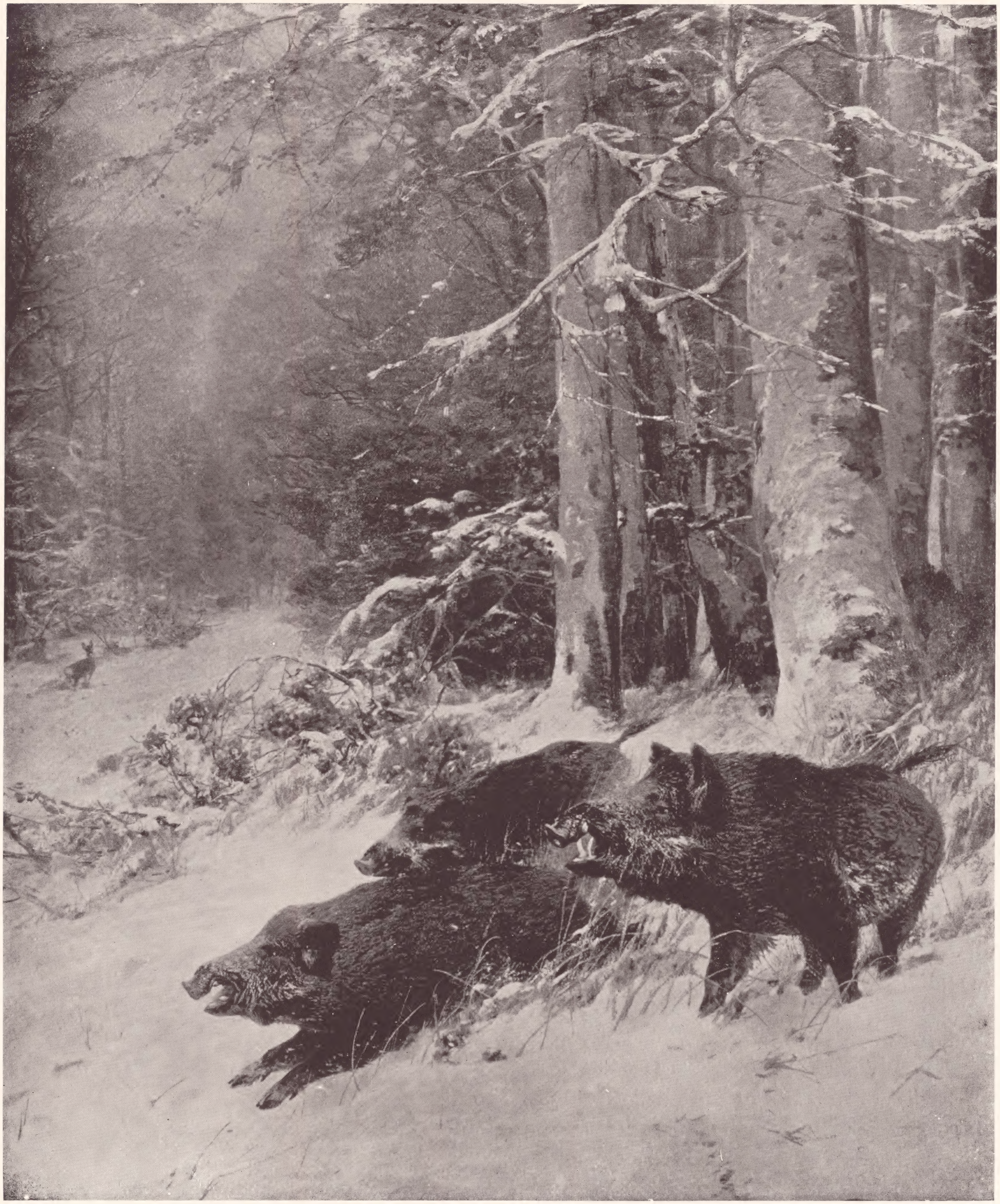
IT is early morning at one of those quaint, old Belgian farms, so artistic in aspect and so unusual in its arrangement. There is a mellow light over the whole landscape, and the sun has not yet burst forth in its effulgence. The trees and shrubbery of the scene are in their tenderest greenness—that soft and silver verdancy so pleasing to the eye. Vegetation is luxuriant, but not heavy. The air is laden with a mild sweetness and the feathery foliage of the near-by tree accentuates the delicacy of the subject. From the dark interior of the stone stable a herd of goats is driven forth for a day's pasturage. Down the pathway toward the spectator comes the shaggy flock. Just emerging from the stable door is a wise old goat, whose humped back and quiet mien bespeak a long experience on the farm. In the middle distance trots a frisky kid, upon whom the fresh air of the morning and the feeling of freedom have an intoxicating effect. Calling to the lively young goat is a buxom maid, the farmer's daughter, upon whom devolves the care of the horned herd. The unruly kid is her particular pet, and upon him is lavished all the fondness of his mistress's nature. The young woman is a typical Belgian of the rural districts. A charming episode of homely life is this picture. The original painting was a part of the Belgium Section at the World's Fair fine arts display.



A. Weiss

THE EASTER VACATION

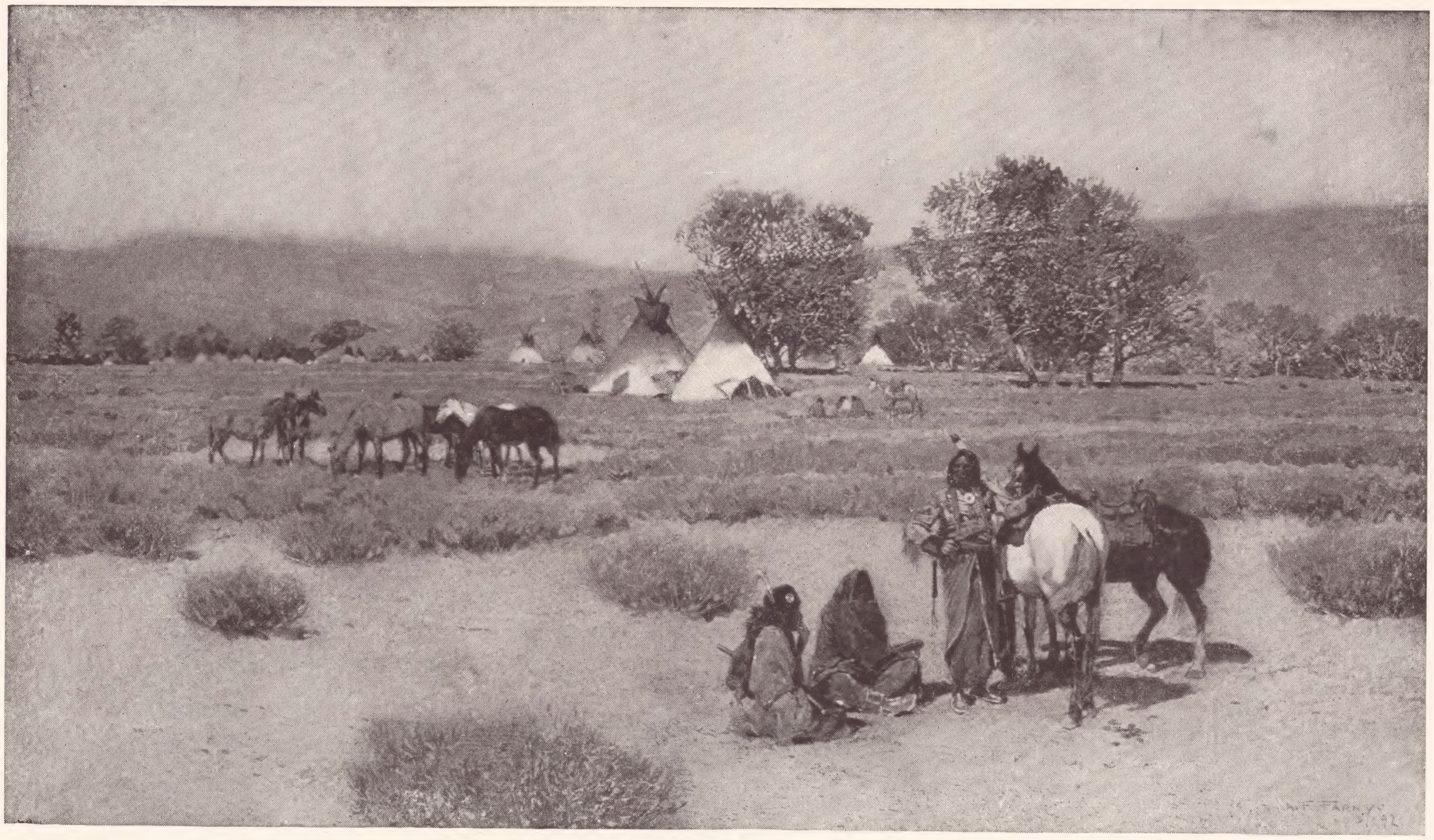
THIS exquisite picture shows an episode of Easter. The work is dainty and romantic in every part. Perhaps the scenery is somewhat warmer than may be witnessed in our clime at the season represented; but the idyl is not more deeply touched with the prevailing sentiment. The handsome young man, just emerging from his boyhood, is home for a brief season from college. There is an Easter party under the trees, and a young maiden of like age has come with the company. Flowers are everywhere—young flowers, the first gifts of spring. The twain are walking together along the smooth road, carrying a blossoming branch, which the young man has broken for the girl. Nothing can be more exquisitely modest than the expression of her downcast face as she receives, well pleased, the very first attentions ever paid her by a sweetheart. The young fellow is gallant and chivalrous. We may well be pleased with his manly and sincere manner. The couple are a proper subject for the envy of the rather cold and wholly mercenary world, in which they are about to begin a long and toilsome journey. Fortunately, they know it not, and it were wicked to remind them of the difference between the ideals and the realities of life.

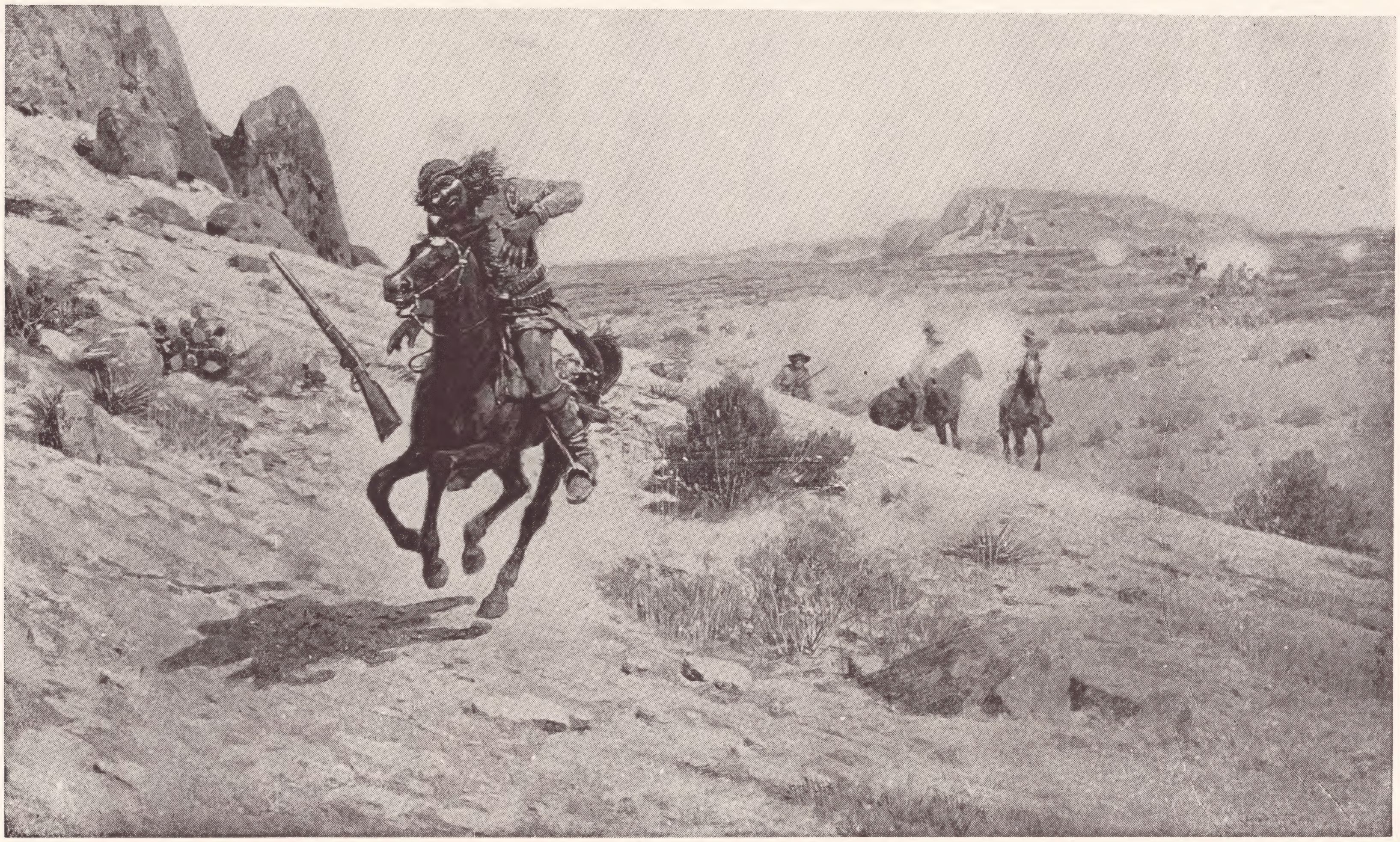


CHRISTIAN KRÖNER

BOAR HUNT AND WINTER SCENE

KRÖNER is noted as a painter of animal life, particularly in its untamed aspects. He likes ferocity and strong action. He is the Landseer of the German woods. The scene here depicted displays his power in two forms of development; first, in the delineation of a winter landscape, and secondly, in the drawing of the tremendous and dangerous beasts in the foreground. As for the landscape, it represents a German forest in the dead of winter. Snow is everywhere. Even the bare limbs of the great trees are weighted down under the burden of it. In this landscape three huge wild boars, in act of flight, are set as against a background. The picture is harmonious. The solitude of the frozen and snow-covered forest accords perfectly with the shaggy, gnarled and terrible beasts which constitute its life. The boars have been started from their lair; the hunters are not in sight, but the chase is on, and presently there will be fighting and blood and death. The pursuit and capture of such animals has been the favorite sport of the German race since the days when Wittekend warred with Charlemagne on the Weser. It was the boar's head held high and borne in in triumph that preceded the slain warrior on his arrival at Valhalla to sit down at the feast with the heroes and immortals of his race.

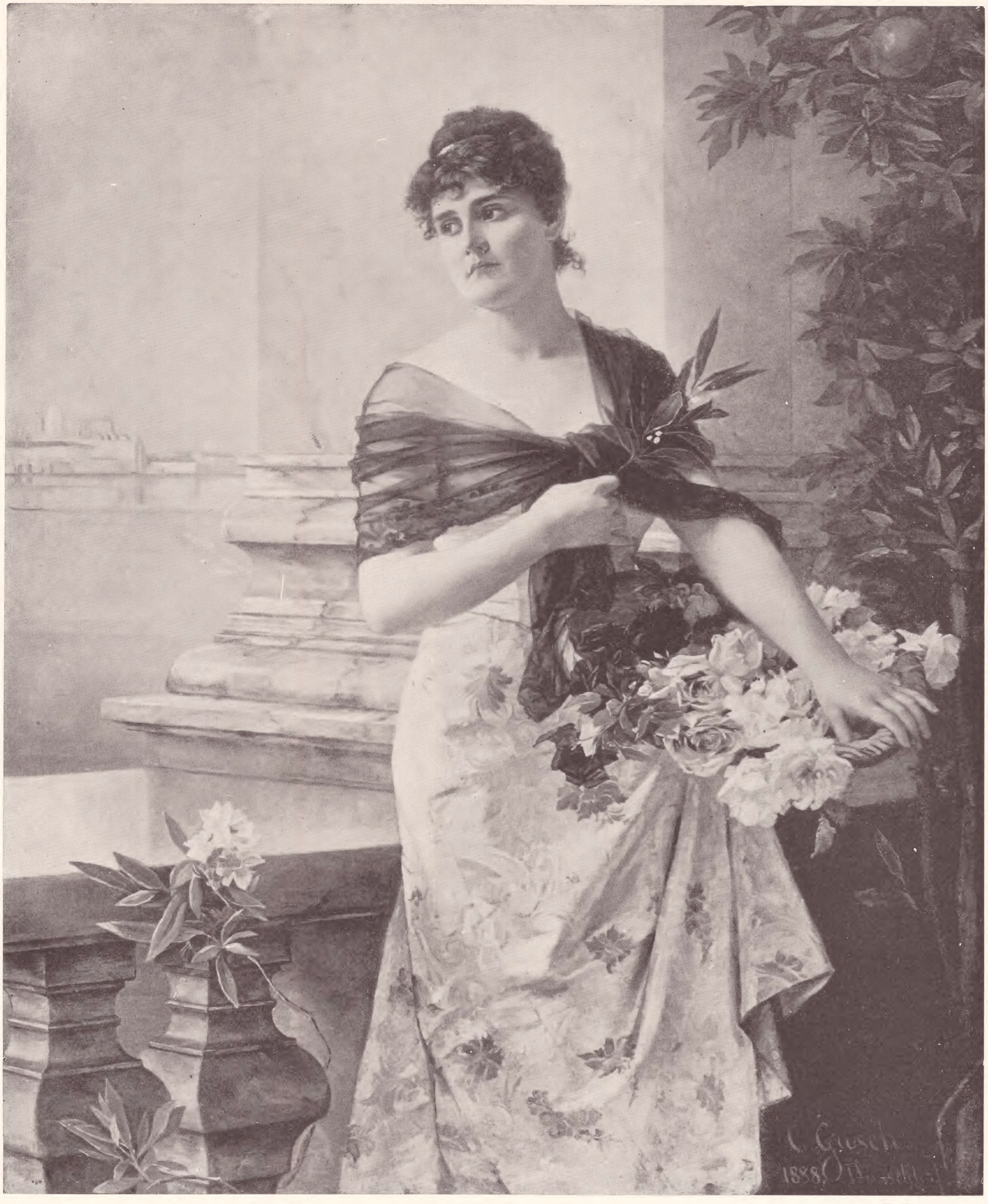




A SIOUX CAMP; AND GOT HIM!

HENRY F. FARNY

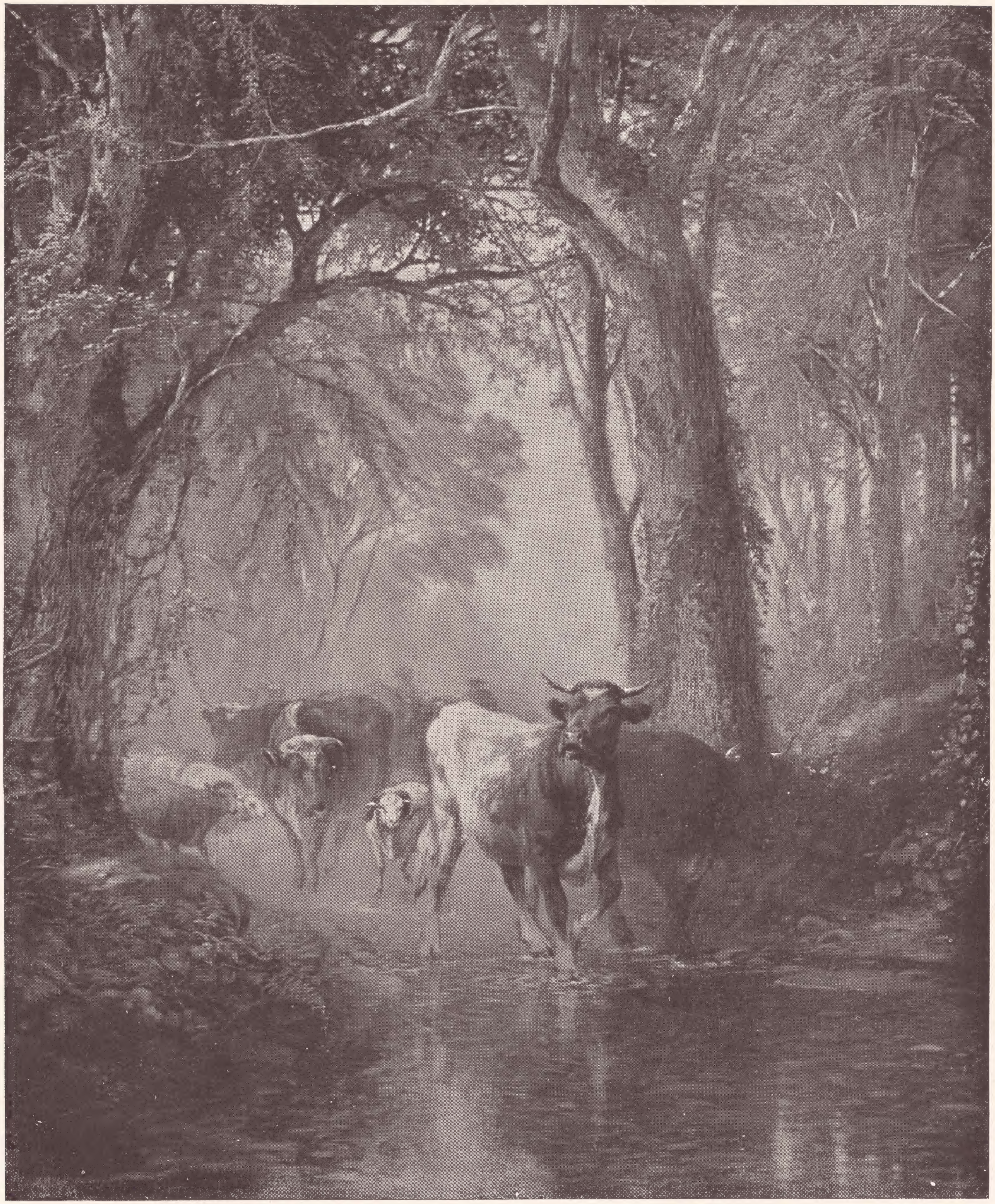
ADMIRATION for Mr. Farny's work, as shown in these examples from the United States Exhibit at the World's Fair, may not stop with any one feature of it; for figures, animals and landscape, alike, are excellent. Artists who paint Indians in the studio often miss qualities and facts that Mr. Farny finds when he studies them on the plains, and to those who know the red-man, even his discriminations between Indians of different tribes are accurate and just. The same element of truthfulness is shown in his depiction of the two landscapes here given—one a peaceful oasis, hillbegirt, in the prairie country; and the other a correct view of the sandy, rocky foothills, where there is almost no vegetation. These scenes show us peace and war. There is quiet dignity in the dusky chief, surrounded by his horses and his squaws, while the ponies grazing by the water, and the tepees pleasantly nestled under the distant trees, lend interest to the picture. The other scene is a painful one, as real pictures of real war always must be, though, doubtless, the heavy-visaged rascal has deserved his fate over and over again. Even to the action of the figures in the distance, this painting is thoroughly true to nature.



FAREWELL

C. GROSCH

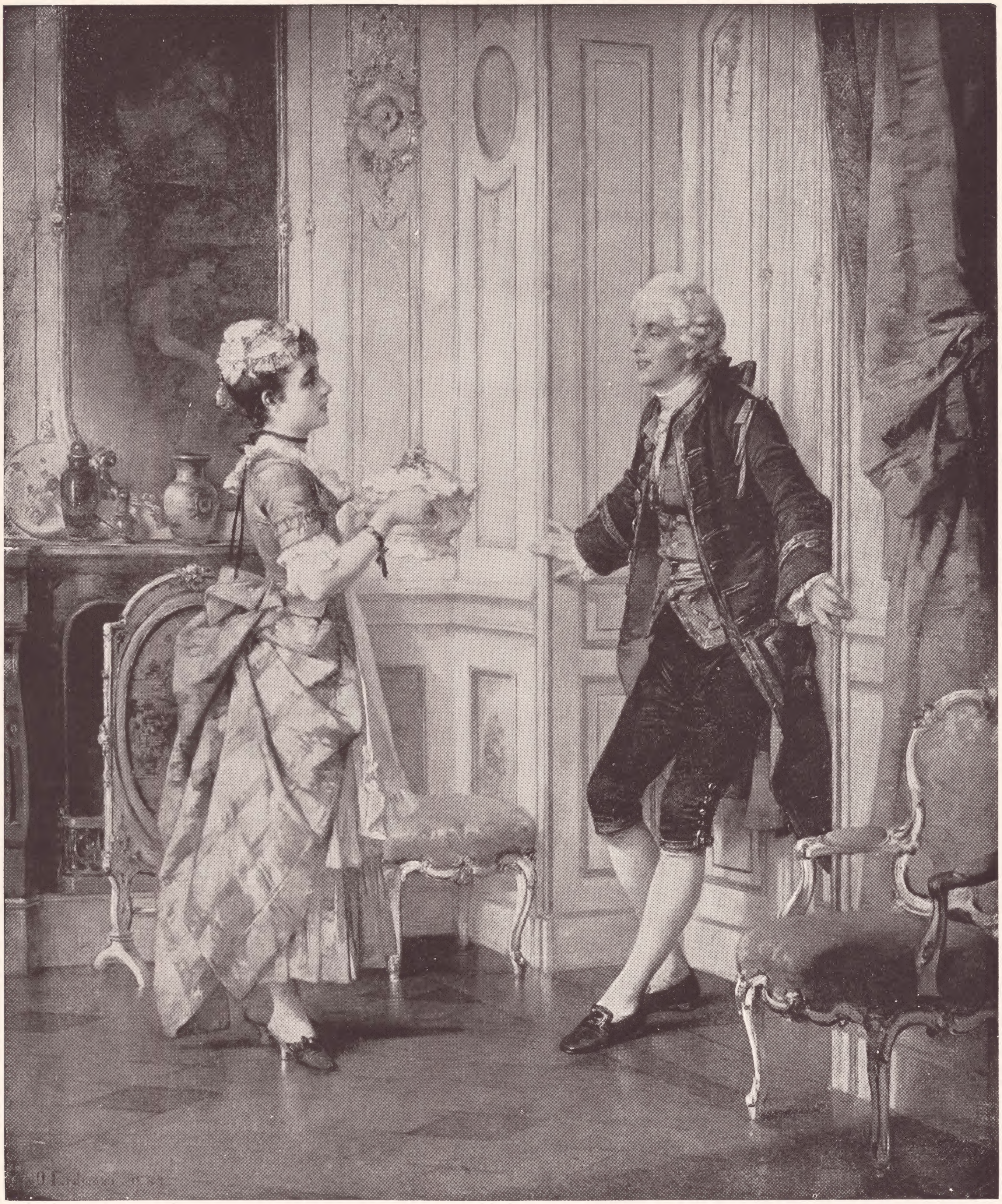
THE moment of farewell has been taken by many artists as the subject of paintings. In this picture a young and beautiful woman has parted from her lover, who, we think, has gone to sea. Possibly his boat has just passed from sight. He has left with his sweetheart a wealth of flowers which she is taking with her in her departure. But her face is turned to the sea. It is in this attitude that the artist has caught her as the inspiration of his brush. The picture is beautiful to the point of fascination. The figure of the young woman is queenly, majestic, and her features are full of spirit and fidelity. While there are no active manifestations of grief, there is, nevertheless, written in every feature the soul of longing and of devoted love. The firm closing of the lips is indicative of resolution that must carry her through long days of waiting ere his return. The fixed look of the eyes also betokens an earnestness and settled faith within which it would require much to shake. This is the kind of woman who endures; and there is mingled with all this gentleness and beauty a spirit of fire and hope that would brave all trial and disaster—brave everything except the infidelity of the one beloved.



James M. Hart

THE DROVE AT THE FORD

THIS painting bears evidence in every feature of the master hand which produced it. The reproduction here presented has been pronounced by competent critics one of the finest examples of photo-engraving in existence. The scene is sketched from an English woodland pasture. Perhaps it is one of the forests of Durham. Here are the heavy overhanging trees, famous in Britain since the days of Cæsar. Here is the deep shade and here the placid water. Through the rift of the forest the luminous air is fired with one of those flashes of sunshine which contend with the fogs and heavy mists that roll up their violet flanks into perpetual nimbus and thundercloud. But the picture is chiefly famous for the drove of well-bred and perfectly developed cattle and sheep. In the foreground comes the bull with uplifted head and bellowing that makes the forest ring. The cows of the herd have gentler mien, and are less boldly relieved from the shadows. In the distance may be seen the suggestions rather than the forms of the herdsmen The sheep are in full wool. The ram is here, as ever, the leader with his solemn visage, heavy coat, and down-curling horns that might be used for trumpets before some modern Jericho. The drove, impelled partly by thirst and partly by the urgency of the herdsmen, rushes down from the sedgy pasture land to the cool waters of the sylvan stream. The foremost animals already splash the margin with their heavy feet.



Otto Erdmann

TRYING TO STEAL A KISS

THE painting from which this reproduction was taken, shows our artist in his best mood. The subject is one which he delights to treat—namely, the caprices of love. Erdmann nearly always introduces into his pieces some whimsicality. Many of his best pictures, such as "The Secret Message," "He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not," "The Rejected Suitor," etc., are in this vein. Here the elegant perfumed fop, out of high life, is willing to avail himself of the pretty face of the rather dainty waiting maid. He may not well make love to her in the open fashion, so he falls to stratagem. He will take what he can, and plants himself against the door. The pretty maid must go out that way, and both of her hands are occupied with the dish. Is she ignorant of his purpose? She seems to be, but a profounder look will show that she is not. She will lure him on that way to the gate of heaven, and then shut it in his face. The study is full of suggestions. The dandy is dressed to kill; and as for the maid, her costume, for one of her station, is not to be despised. The furnishings of the room, in the Louis XVth style, are highly elegant. The main interest turns on the adventure. The question is, will he succeed in taking the coveted kiss? Many have ventured and some—have won.

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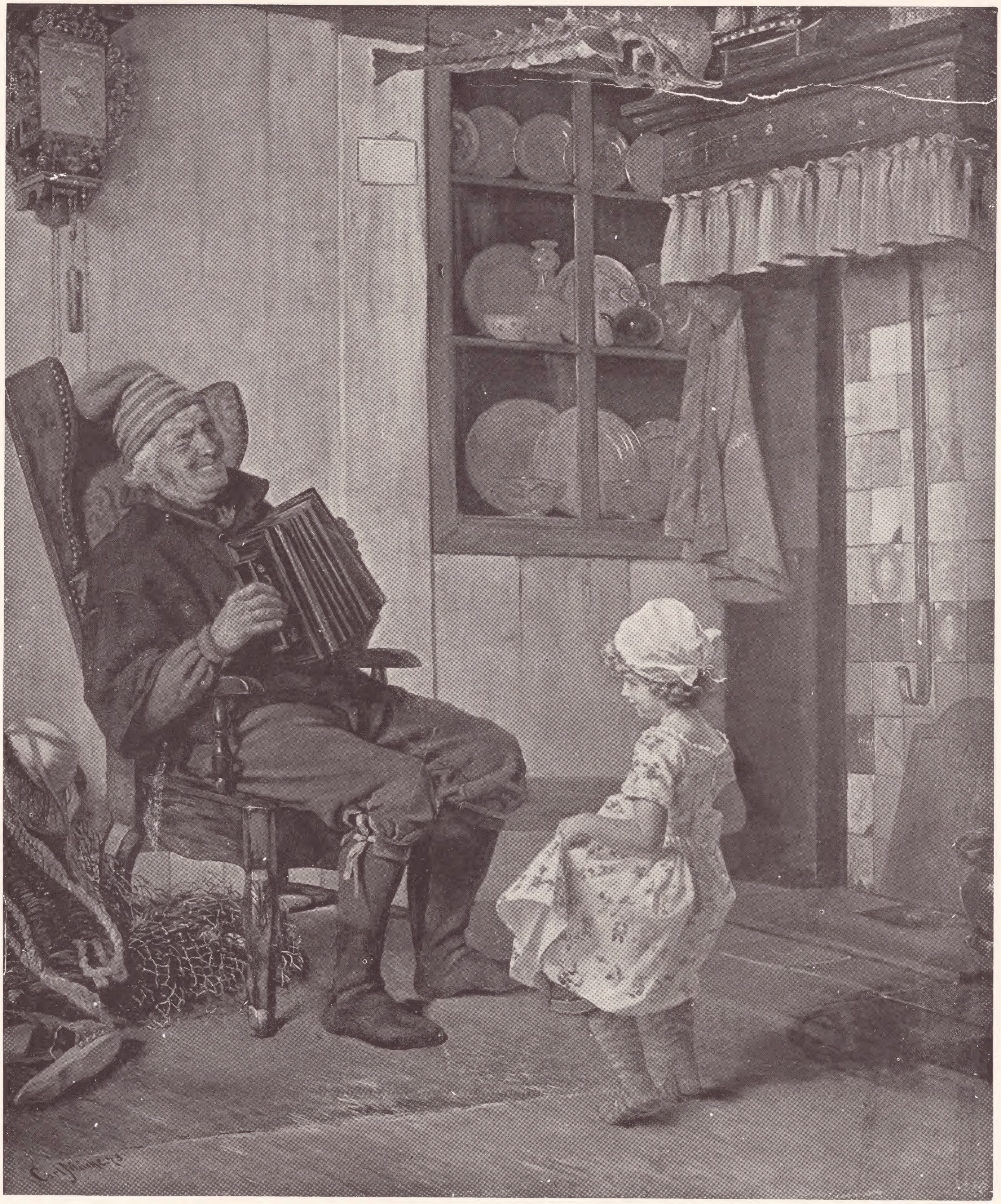
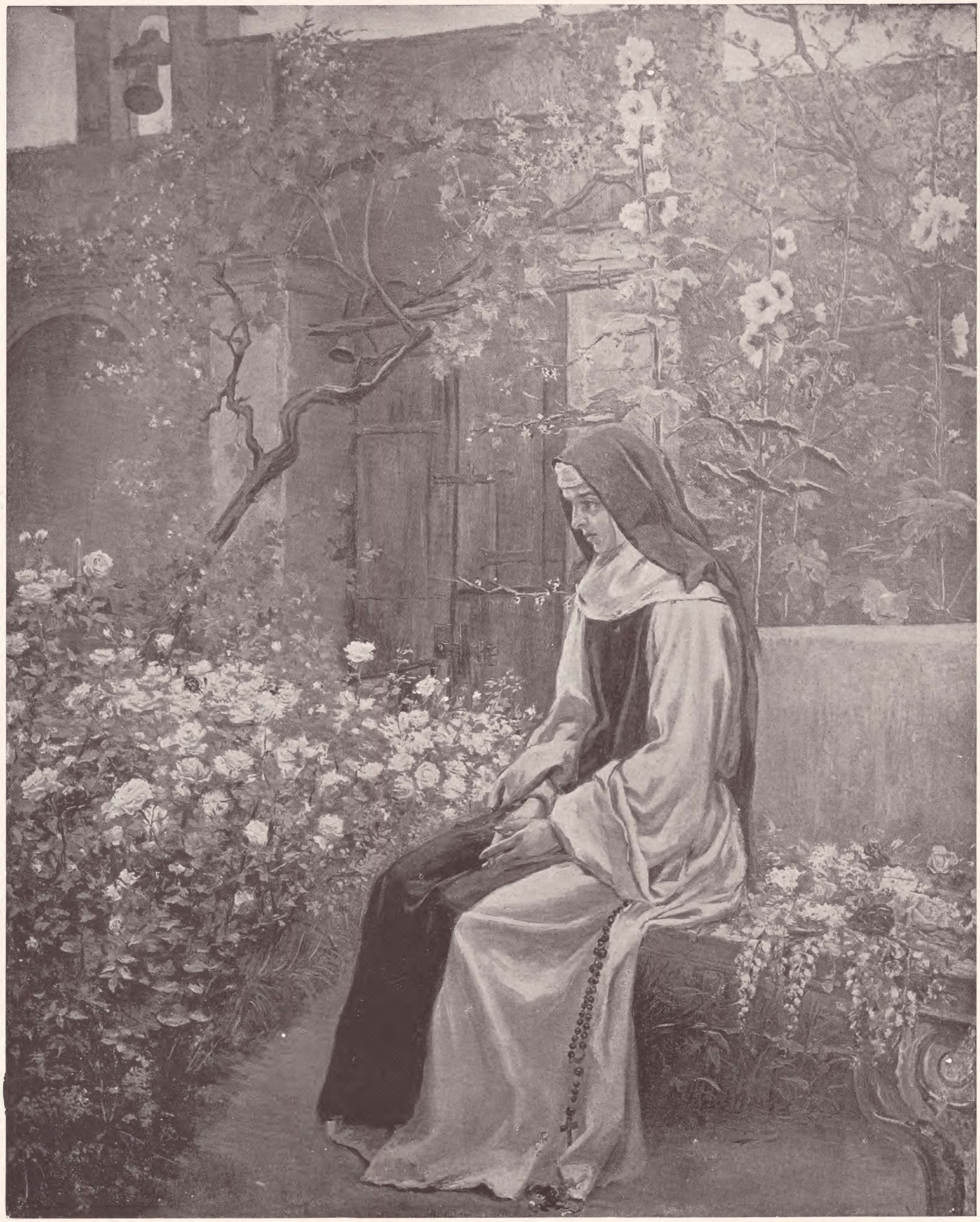


LITTLE PEPETA.

CARL MÜCKE.

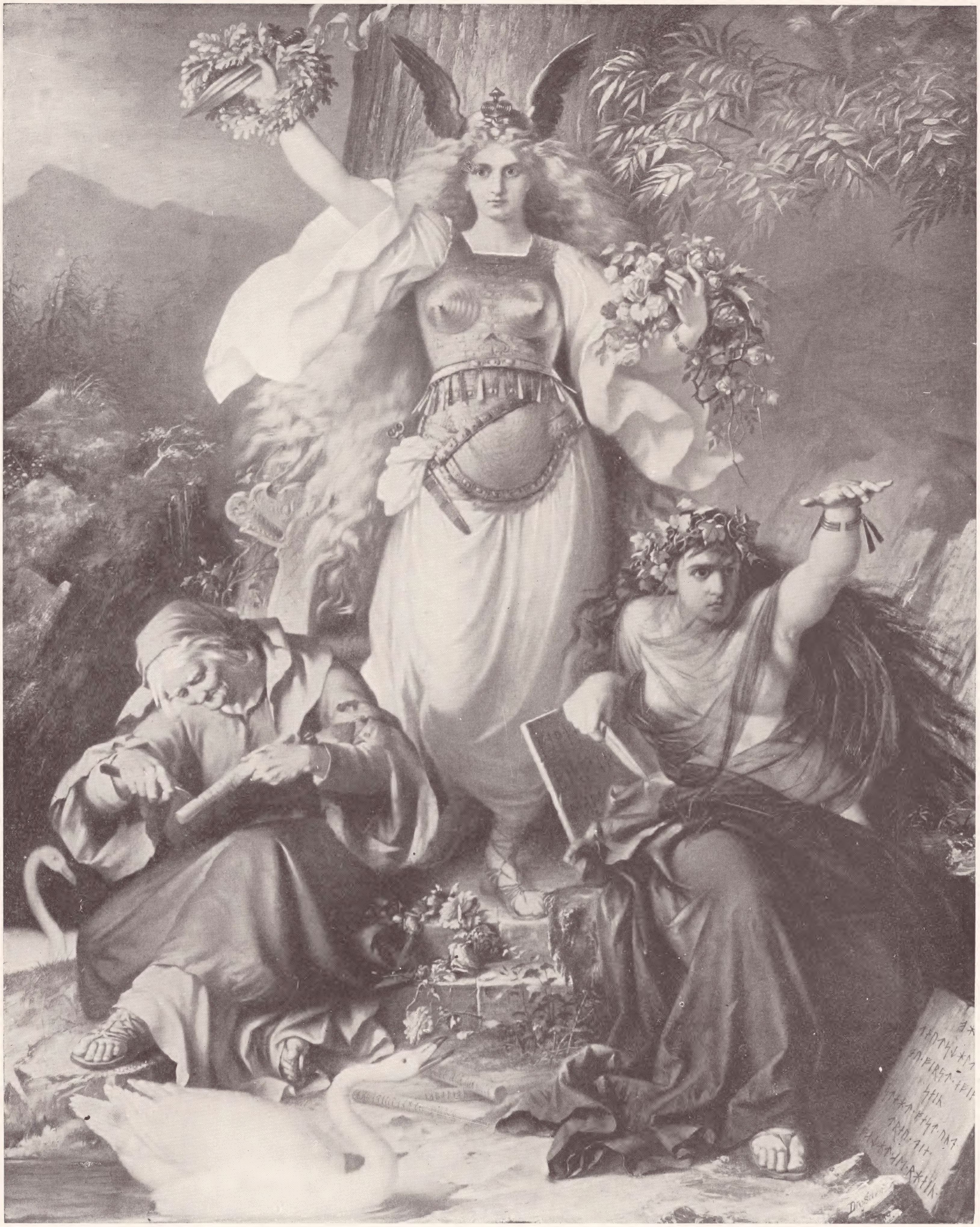
THIS is one of the quaintest pieces of art in the whole series here presented to the public. Character sketching can hardly go further than in the drawing and details of these two figures. The old man sits half drowsing, half dreaming in his easy-chair playing the accordion. One might think that the instrument has as much to do with the automatic movement of his fingers, as his fingers have to do with the instrument. Alongside of the chair, the old accordion-player has thrown down his baggage. Here is where the old man lives. The clock is at his back; the dishes are there in the cupboard. But, greater than clock and dishes, is little Pepeta, granddaughter of the octogenarian, who has come into his apartment, and is essaying to dance to his music. Through his squinting eyes, he looks at the little apparition, and his music gets a new inspiration. Pepeta is dancing, but it is not one of those fancy dances, which come with so much difficulty by what is called high art. Pepeta is not an artist; neither is she artful; and yet, she has all the artless art of little girlhood. The position of her figure, her look at the old man, and the holding of her skirts are inimitable. In drawing the little creature, the artist has surpassed himself.



MEMORIES.

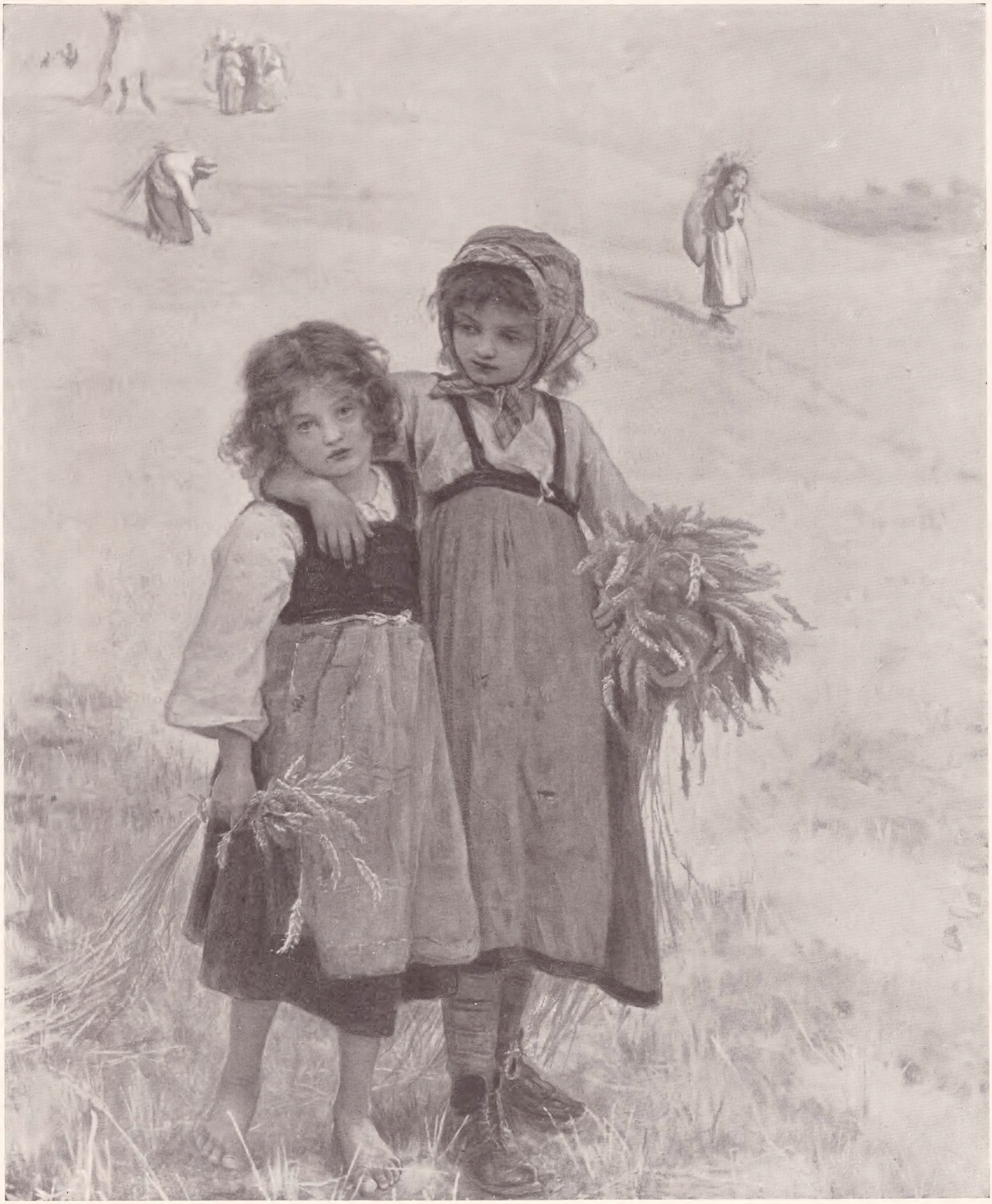
Manuel Villegas-Briera.

An interesting picture from the Spanish section of the Art Exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition. A youthful nun, who has been led, by her devotion to a life of religious seclusion, to renounce the world and all its vanities, sits at eventide in the garden of the convent, taking a brief respite from her pious duties. Surrounded by the glorious beauty of the rich and fragrant flowers, she has breathed in the soft summer-air with a fresh sense of its freedom; she has, perhaps, looked beyond the garden, where, in the distance, she has seen the spires of her native village; and without intending any infidelity to her vows of renunciation, she has unconsciously dwelt on the memories of the free and happy past, when she, like others, enjoyed the harmless pleasures of life among her companions. If it did not make her just a little pensive to recall these there would have been little merit in her having sacrificed them to the holy life to which she has devoted herself. The vesper-bell, in the convent tower, is already summoning her away from her memories, and her duties will soon absorb her once more, while the precepts and encouragement of her Superior will reconcile her again to the life which promises a brighter crown in the life eternal.



THE DESTINIES. C EHRENBERG.

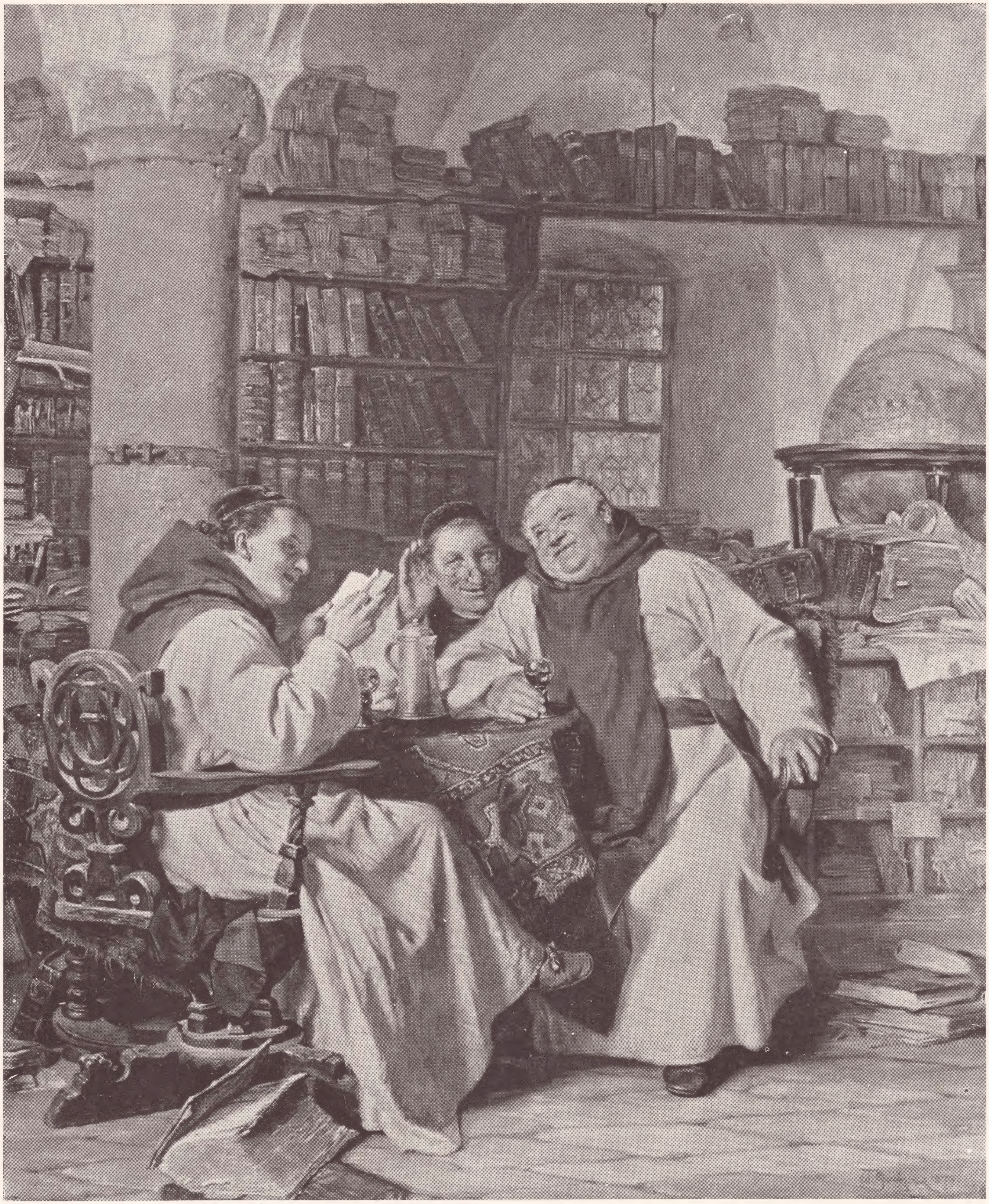
According to the conception of this artist, three destinies prevail over human life—the Present, the Past, and the Future. The idea is analogous to that of the old Greeks who invented the fiction of the Three Fates: Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos—one holding the distaff, the second drawing the thread of life, and the third cutting it with the shears of death. The German concept has departed by much from the original, and yet preserves its outlines. Here the Present, impersonated in the central figure, rises sublimely over the Past and the Future. She sees the things that are, and rejoices in her conquest over them. The spirit of the Past, represented by the old woman crouching at the left, sees only the things gone. She has carved on each of the three sticks thrown down a score of rings to typify as many years. The fourth score is almost completed on the stick in her hand. On the right the spirit of Prophecy looks into the future. See sees afar the forms of things to be She is carving her prophetic visions in Runes on the tablets. On the head of the Present rise the outspread wings of victory. Her face flushes with triumph. Her flood of auburn hair falls around her even to her feet; she holds aloft the symbol of reward and glory—the crown of laurel.



THE TIRED GLEANERS.

FRED. MORGAN.

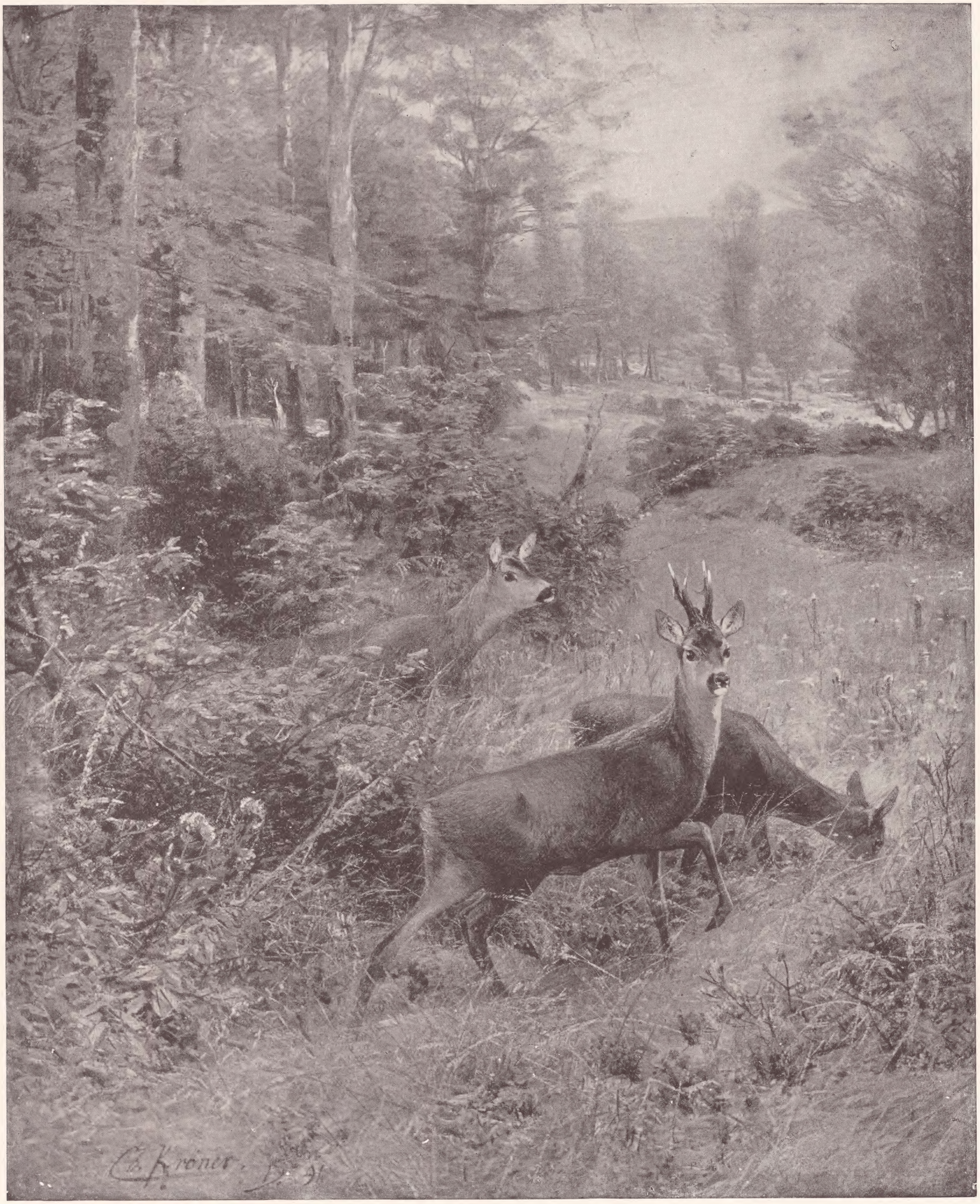
THE scene here represented is as old as the early civilization of mankind. References to gleaning in the harvest fields are found in the poems and traditions of the oldest races. The house-people of ancient Arya, who founded the civilized life in the Valley of the Indus before the hymns of the Veda were sung, had their fields of wheat and barley, which were reaped and gleaned in the manner here depicted. The Semitic races also, of Mesopotamia, and Palestine, and Arabia, had their harvest fields, and the idyl of the gleaner was repeated in song and sacred story. The artist has, in this picture, drawn a wide expanse of wheat-field from which the grain has been reaped and borne away. But the sickle and the scythe always leave behind a portion of wasted grain. This the people of the common lot follow and gather for themselves. It is one of the touching traits of human nature that the usage of free gleaning has always been conceded by the owners of the harvest fields. The chief interest in this picture centers in the two little girls standing in the foreground, and showing, by face and attitude, every sign of childish weariness. The smaller girl is almost gone from her excursion in the field. The older sister holds her about the neck, and supports her on the way home. Each has a little bunch of wheat-heads gathered from the stubble.



AN AMUSING STORY.

EDÜARD GRÜTZNER.

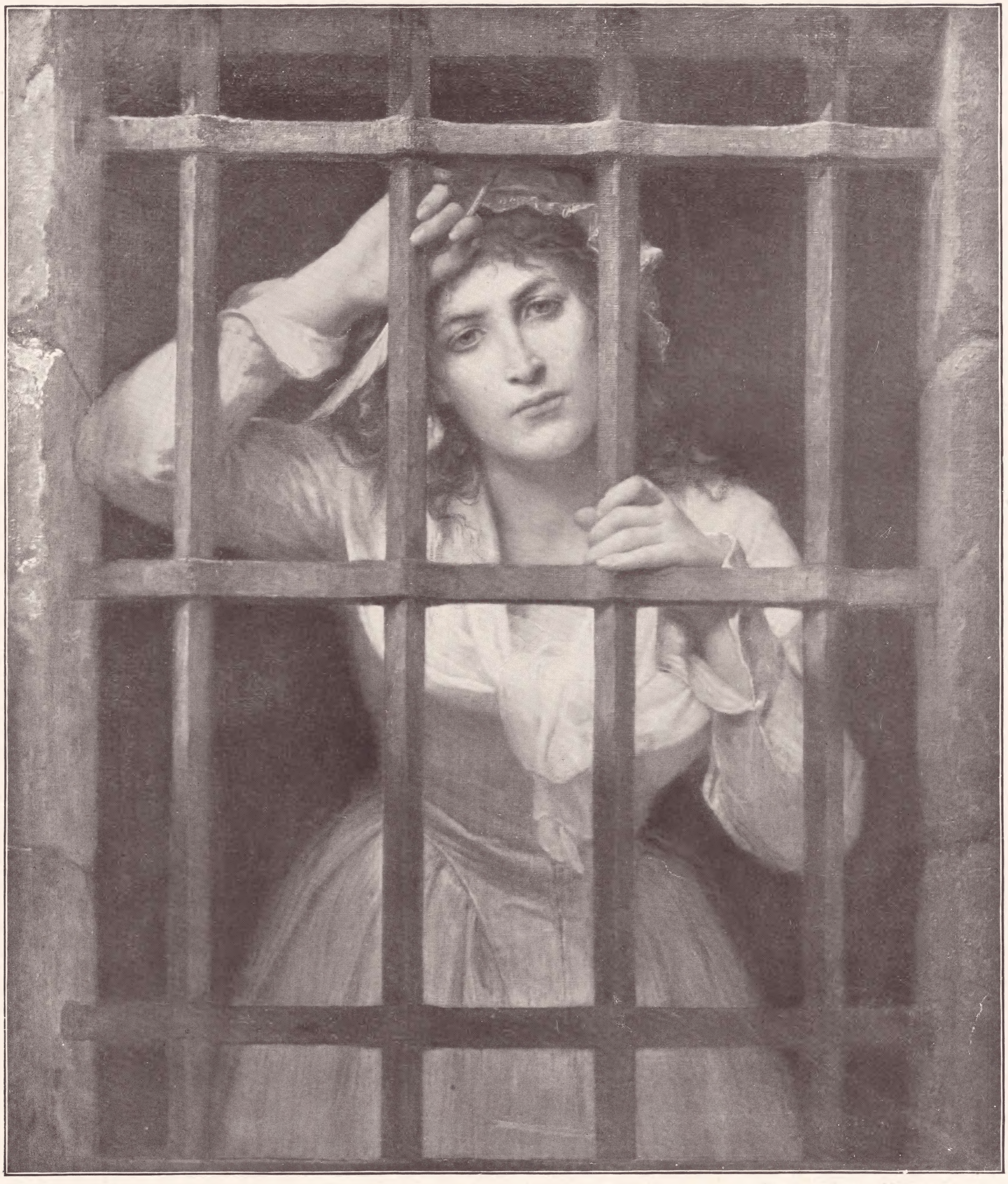
THE human face is never so attractive as when lit up by pleasant emotions. Laughter belongs alone to the human family, and is the sweetest music ever heard in the grand concert of life. The picture before us is charming in conception, and, to a thoughtful mind, very suggestive. These three priests, shut in from the outer world as it goes roaring by, alone in their plain room, consecrated and set apart to religious devotion, still show by their genial faces that human nature never entirely leaves the human heart. It is pleasant to see that austerity and gloom have given way, for the time being at least, to a choice morsel of fun. In fact, the religion of love can never be in a bad humor. "Peace on earth and good-will towards men" were never promoted by embittered spirits and scowling faces. One other suggestion occurs in looking at this little group. They are soldiers of the cross, enlisted for life, and though they are now listening to "an amusing story," as other soldiers have so often done on the eve of battle, yet they may in the next hour have an order to take up their march to distant lands, to fever-laden jungles, plague-stricken cities, and to certain death. They will go without a murmur on a moment's delay. They owe their obedience to a church discipline more powerful, more exacting, and more enduring than the mightiest armies of the earth ever knew. The history of the world is full of heroic deeds performed by such as these.



STAGS FEEDING.

Christian Kröner

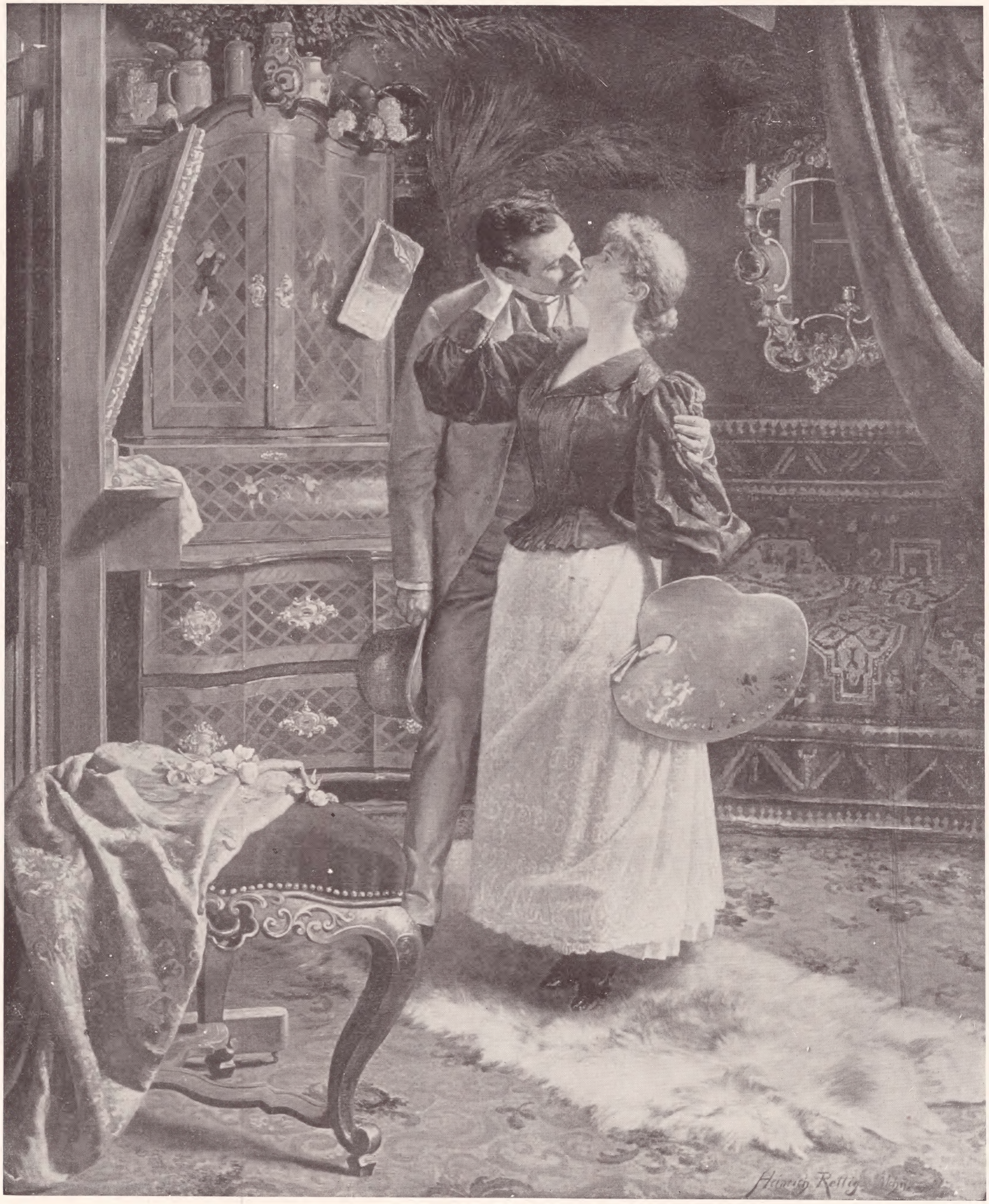
In this picture Kröner has drawn an Eden-like landscape, stretching away from a foreground of wild flowers to a horizon of dreamy hills. The living interest of the scene is the three deer, sleek and timid, lithe and keenly alert, nipping the flowery herbage. This is their native place. The nature of the gentle, fleet creatures is depicted to the life. The dread of wild beast and of still more dangerous man has awakened all the senses of the stag and his two roes, and brought them to a state of nervous tension which in any moment may be converted into the swiftest flight. The head is thrown up, as if to catch the faintest note of danger, and the big, gazelle like eyes are wide and luminous. The light, uplifted foot pauses while the stag listens to real or imagianry sounds afar. The bodies of the animals and their attitude are drawn with the skill of a Landseer. The wildwood, flower-decked and verdant, harmonizes perfectly with the timidity and beauty of the gentle creatures that give thereto its charm and interest.



CHARLOTTE CORDAY IN PRISON.

CHARLES LOUIS MULLER.

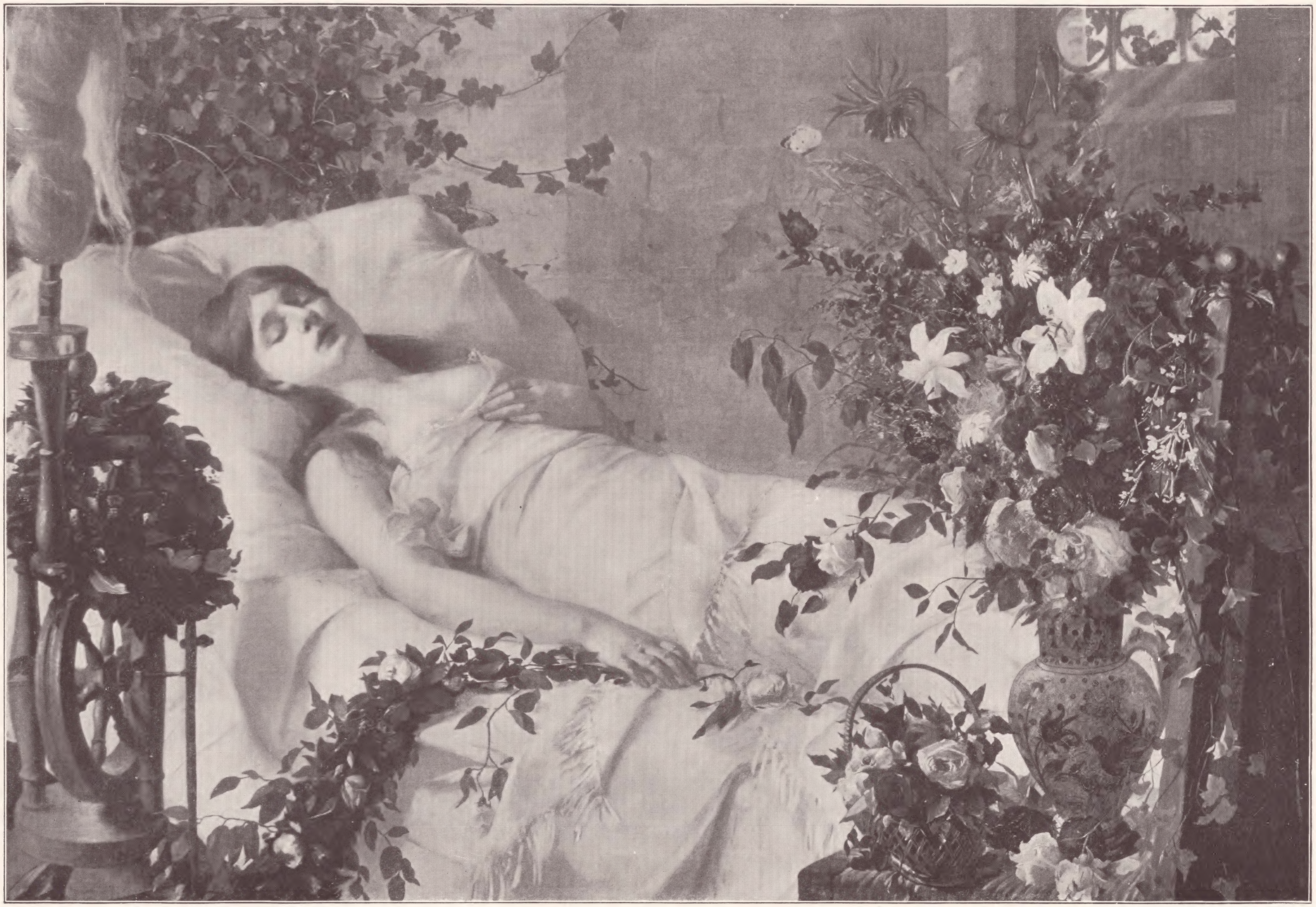
CHARLOTTE CORDAY, born July 28, 1768, was intellectual, vehement, enthusiastic, a republican in feeling, and entertained the most exalted ideas of the duties of patriotism. Her lover having been assassinated, she vowed revenge, deciding that Marat—who, after sending many to the scaffold, had said 200,000 more heads must be lopped off in order to secure the success of the Revolution—should be the one to suffer at her hands. After much difficulty, and under pretense of giving him the names of certain Girondists, she succeeded in gaining an audience, which was acceded her while he was in the bath, where, while he was engaged in making note of these names, she plunged a knife to the hilt in his heart. She was immediately arrested, transferred to the nearest prison, tried the following morning, July 17, 1793, when she was sentenced to death, and guillotined the evening of the same day. Her remarkable beauty and her lofty bearing on her way to the guillotine, sent a thrill even through the hearts of her executioners. The pale but noble-looking face looking through the bars is a touching picture of mournfulness. There is no sign of remorse, no regret, except perhaps over the seeming necessity of the act she has committed.



CALLED TO HER CALLING.

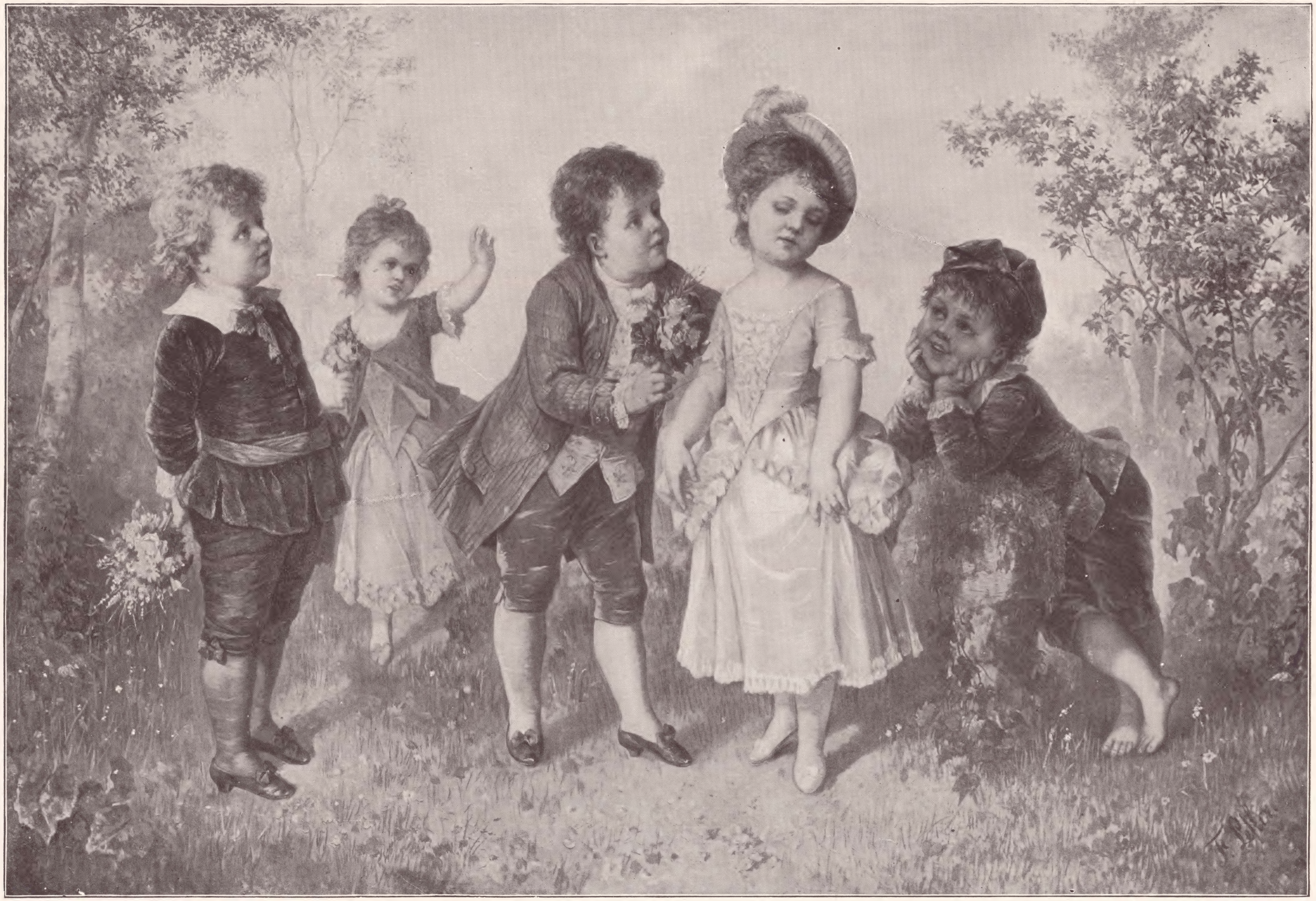
HEINRICH RETTIG.

THIS picture represents a phase of woman's life which is peculiar to our own century. Becoming the equal of man, she aspires to do many things, particularly those things which are artistic and beautiful. Underlying it all, however, are those undisturbed womanly instincts which in the long run will express themselves and dominate all the rest. This young artist has been busy with her easel. She has been in her studio making a great picture. A voice came from the parlor, and she has hastened out, easel and all, to see what the disturbance is. We think she knew the cause of it before leaving the studio. The effect is a little too fine to have been accidental. At all events, her lover was awaiting her, and he has suddenly called her to her own calling—that is, he has called her away from the calling of the brush to the calling of love. The artist means that this is the supreme vocation of womanhood, and that all the rest is merely incidental and subordinate thereto. If she paint, well and good, provided she does not forget or neglect the supreme thing. These ideas are the inspiration of this beautiful picture. The young lover has easily triumphed over the artistic infatuation of the girl, and she is quite ready to abandon the studio forever and to be recalled to her calling.



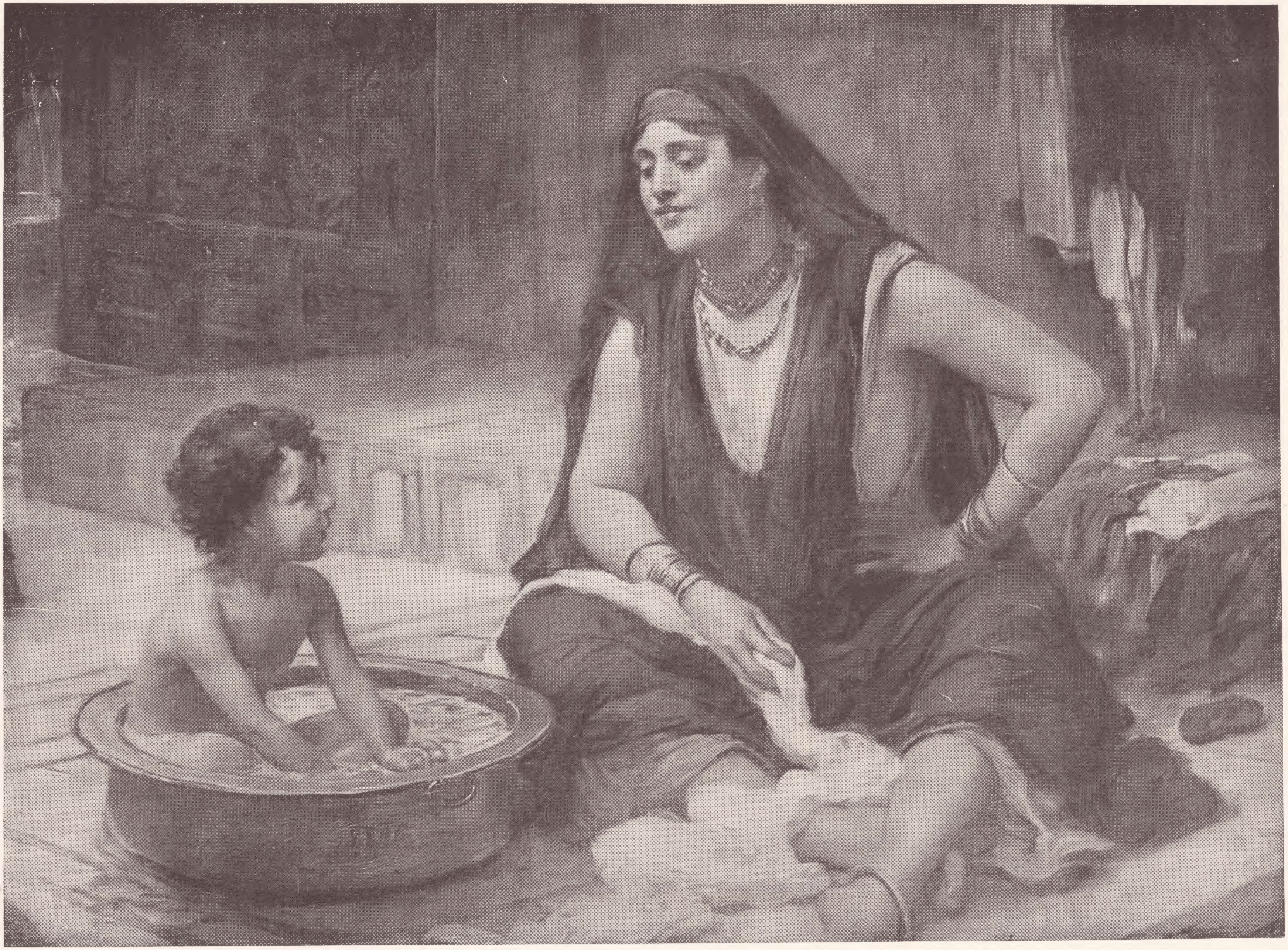
THE REVENGE OF THE FLOWERS.

IN the folk-lore of many peoples there are superstitions attributing personality to flowers. Strange to say, instead of partaking of the beauty, the fragrance, the delicacy of the blossoms, these superstitions have a gloomy, even a deathly, cast. Most of them are associated with the odor of the flowers. There are "death-scented" flowers. The gilliflower has been said to have a grave-like smell; the gorse, the hawthorn, and many others are connected in the popular mind with the charnel-house. Joining to these thoughts the idea of life in the flowering plant, which even when cut continues to develop, and the well-founded notion that it is not wise to keep plants in a sleeping-room, the transition is easy to the superstition that the plague-laden blossoms will wreak vengeance on the person who has torn them from the stem. Such a fancy obtains in Germany, whose poets have given it permanent form in the legend of the young girl who, lying down to sleep surrounded by the many-hued plunder of the garden, is overcome by the influence of the air surcharged with their baneful odor, and passes from the slumber of perfect health into the endless sleep of death. The garlands that were woven for her bridal become the funeral decorations of her bier. Her distaff still bears the flax she was spinning, emblem of an industrious, fruitful life. The flowers seem to lean towards her in triumph, only they and the sunshine suggesting life within the little chamber where she lies dead, a victim to their revenge.



BIRTHDAY GREETINGS. F. LEFLER.

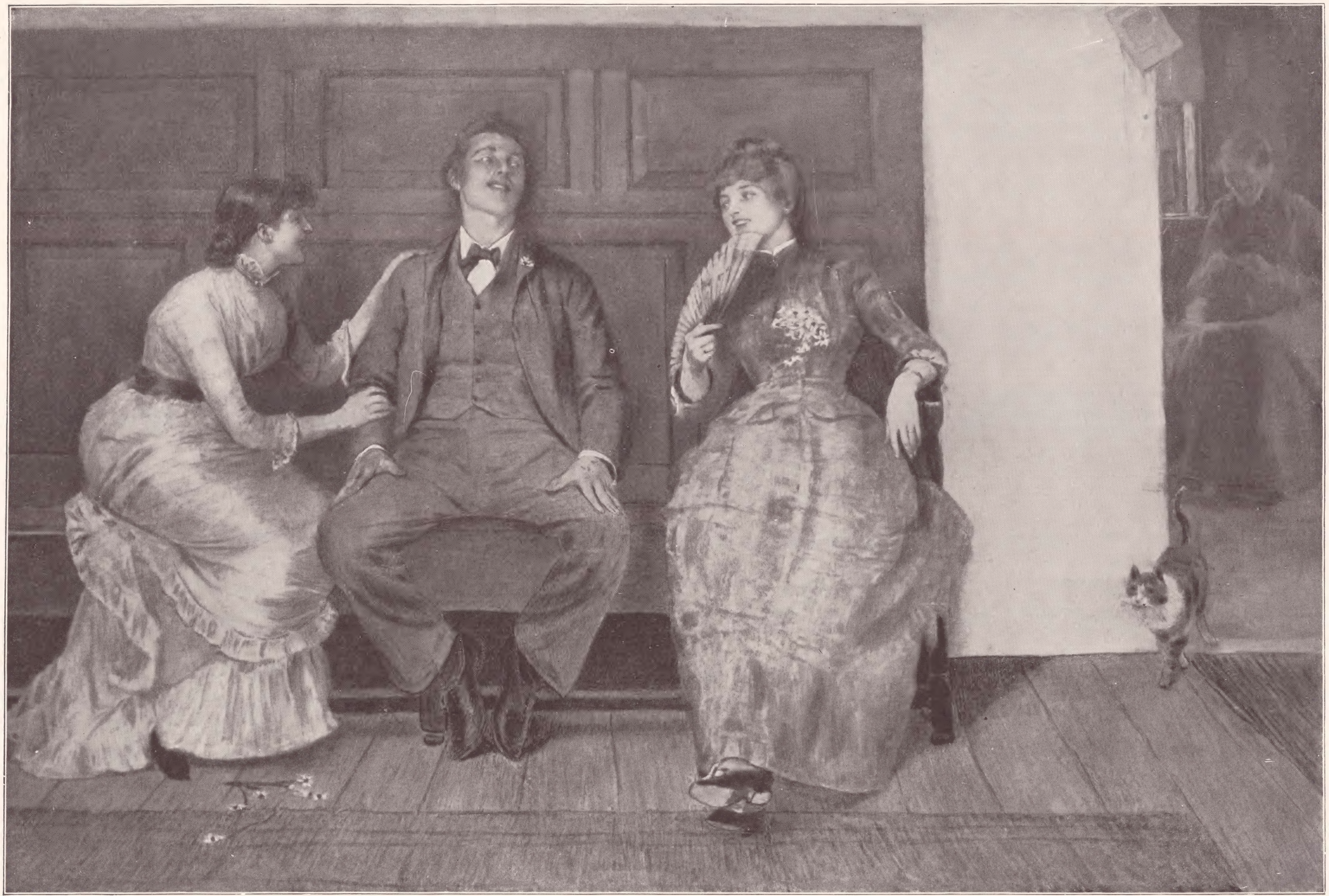
HERR LEFLER proves his possession of a full share of the sympathy with child-life which is characteristic of so many German *genre* painters. Their pictures, as a rule, are more homely, more domestic, than the paintings of their French brethren. There is a certain relationship to the aim of English painters, although the latter's art is more literary, and there is a closer insistence upon the complete "story." In the charming picture before us the artist has idealized a motive which has been treated with unrelieved boldness. We might have had a conventional birthday party in an interior of Philistine ugliness. On the contrary, he has chosen a natural background, which seems to share the festal spirit of the day, and against this he has placed the queen of the *fete*, daintily attired in a shepherdess costume which is like a reminiscence of Watteau. Her sweet, half-proud, half-shy embarrassment contrasts finely with the eager gallantry of the little knight, also masquerading in old-time costume, who bows before her charms as he offers his bunch of flowers. A merry elf in the background waves her greeting, while on either side we are recalled to the modern days by the suits of the two boys—one a roguish onlooker, the other a tiny would-be swain who envies the assurance of the small courtier in the foreground. It is a pretty scene of youth, beauty and innocence; of flowers and sunshine, and good wishes for the future.



F. A. Bridgman.

FELLAHIN AND CHILD—THE BATH.

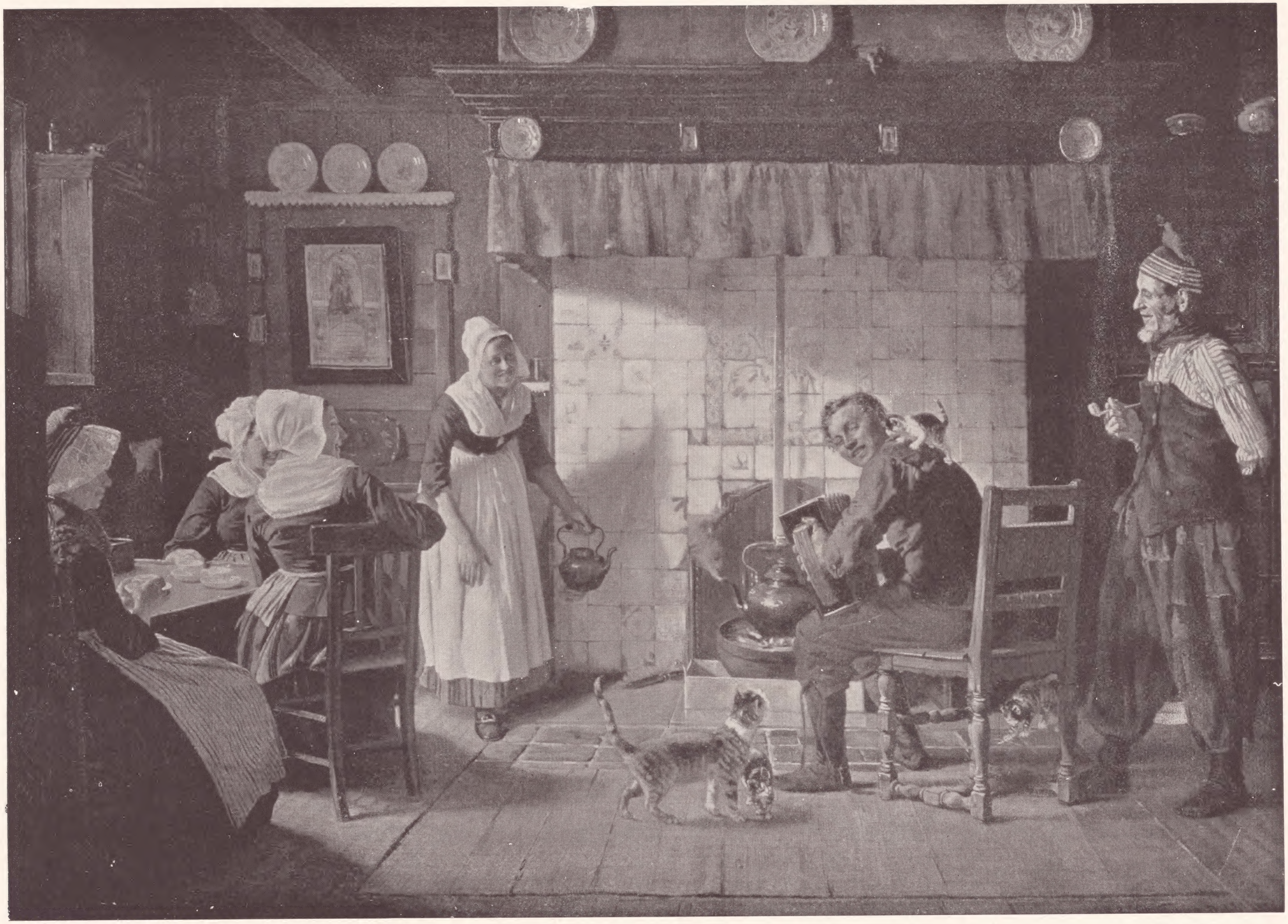
THIS reproduction is from an original which was exhibited in the United States section, Department of Fine Arts, at the World's Columbian Exposition. In it the artist, Bridgman, has made a profound study of a figure which can be seen in only one country of the world—Egypt. The Fellahs constitute the lowest class of the modern Egyptians. They are a degraded race, and yet they have preserved something of the physical characteristics and much of the restful expression of their remote ancestors. The Fellahin is the wife of a Fellah. This is she, and a child in the bath. Islam exacts cleanliness. The Koran insists on many bathings of the person, and the modern Mohammedans, whatever may be said of their other virtues or the lack thereof, obey the Koranic injunction. This bathing scene differs little or not at all in its main features from what may be witnessed in every civilized country. The manner of the thing is common to all. The body and features of the child are such as might belong to the curly-headed urchin in Europe or America. But the Fellah, with her long eyelashes and retreating brow, and sphinx-like mouth and neckchains and bracelets, with background of black hair—she is of Egypt, and Egypt only.



EMBARRASSMENT.

W. T. Smedley.

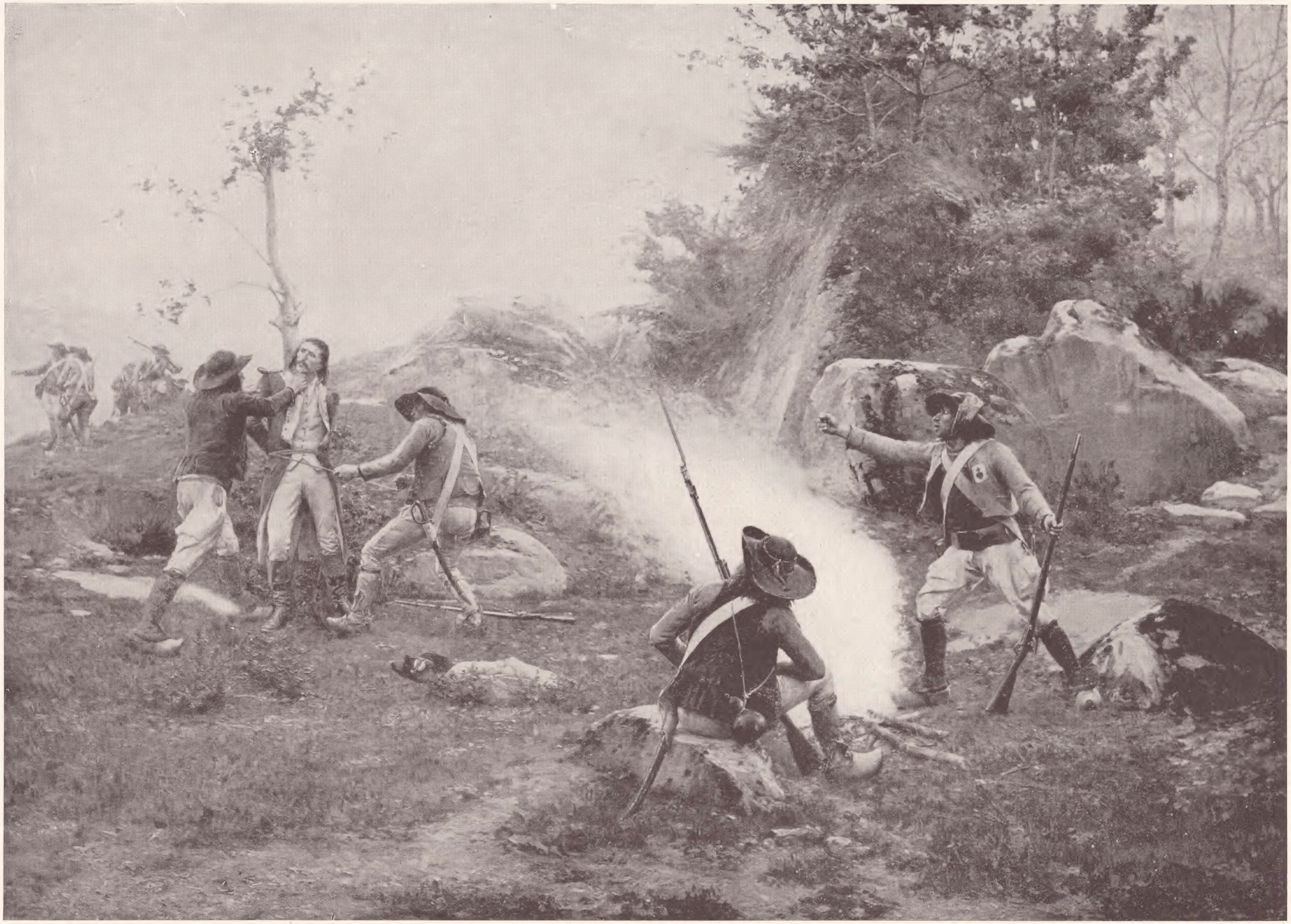
TWO sportive girls, American to the heart, have caught an inexperienced beau between them, and are giving him all the mingled emotions of ecstasy and fear. These beauties are well up in their parts; they understand each other completely, and are amused from head to foot. She with the daisies on her breast is the one on whom the swain has fixed his affections. To her he would fain say and do the sweetest of things. She has made a little game with her friend, however, to torment the bashful beau out of his senses. It is difficult to discover what she will do with him by and by. Perhaps nothing. The other girl would make the fellow believe that he is supreme in her own esteem and hopes. She is pressing her cause with face and hands and knees. She tries to draw his attention with her well enacted caresses; but he turns the other way. Where a silly young man's treasure is, there his heart is also. The principal humor of the scene is in the bashful and constrained attitude of the beau, and his ill-fitting clothes. In this respect the picture is almost a caricature; still the exaggeration is not beyond the limits of the real. Note the position of the fellow's hands, and his hard attempt to put himself in an easy and gallant position. In this respect, the preposterous in art can hardly go further. Meanwhile *ma mere* sews steadily in the distant room at the right, and pussy, always on the alert when the sweet things of life are done or promised, comes lightly peeping through the door.



KIRBERG.

THE INTERRUPTED MUSICIAN.

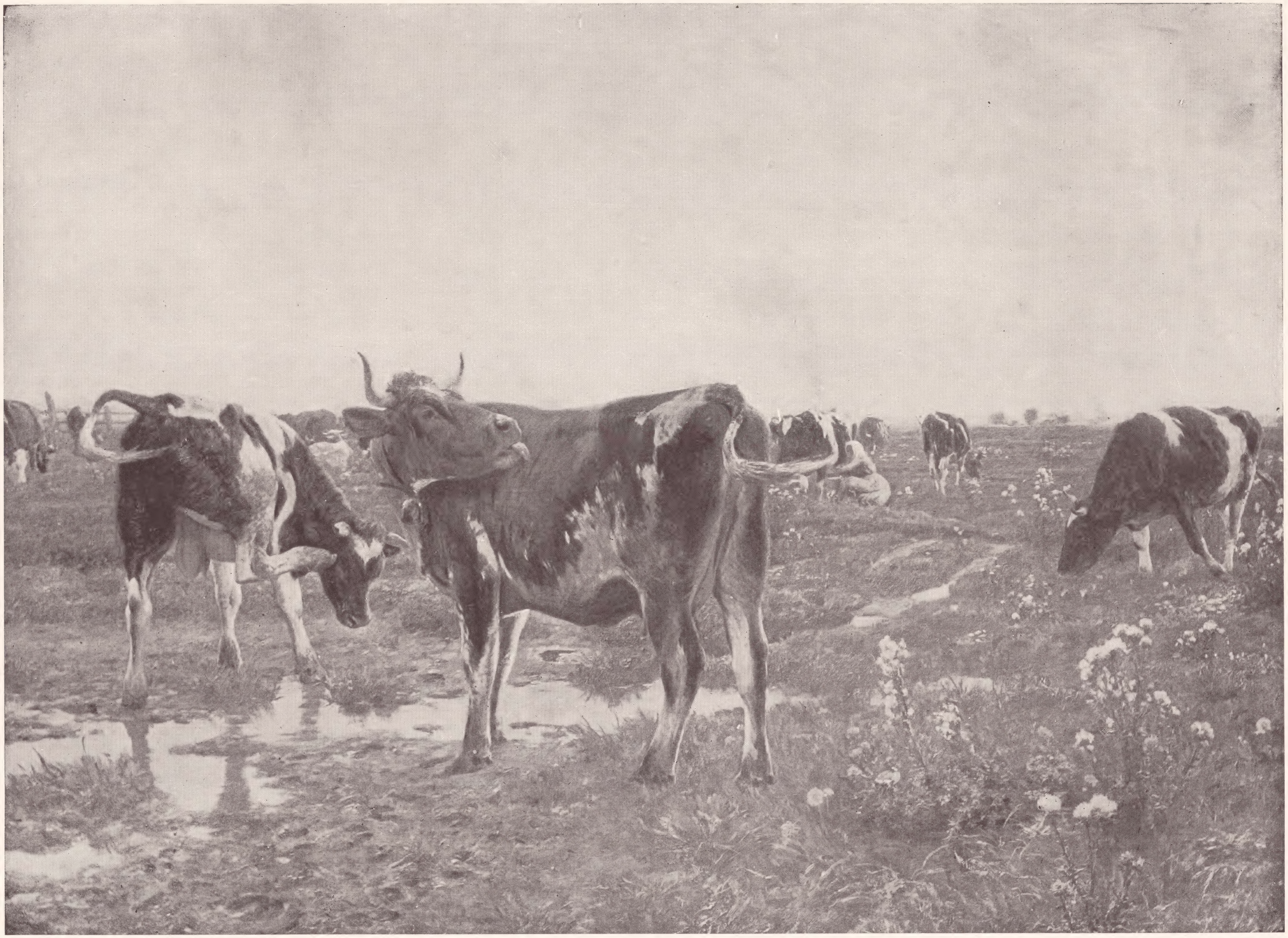
NOT only the musician but everybody else is interrupted when the kitten climbs upon the accordion player's back. The gossips had been exchanging verbal notes to the accompaniment of the music, and the good old mother was just about to draw the boiling water into the teapot. The old man with the pipe in his hand knows how the kitten got upon the musician's back, and he pauses in his smoke to watch the results. There is an air of anxiety about the maternal tabby cat. Her venturesome offspring monopolizes her attention, though another member of the family appears to be seeking recognition. There is an expression of amused wonder on the face of the musician as he looks around over his shoulder at the little climber, which gazes down upon the accordion as if inquiring how it can make so much and so many varied sounds. The old man wonders how the kitten will get out of it. He would like to see it get down without help, but the musician will fondle it and place it on the floor, the women will interrupt the caresses of the mother cat and fondle it in turn; and then, while the cats go off to a corner to enjoy the saucer of milk that the motherly old woman sets before them, the musician will resume his playing the gossips will renew their discussion of the neighbors, and the old man will finish his smoke, and the tea will be served.



A CAPTURE IN 1793.

PAUL GROLLERON.

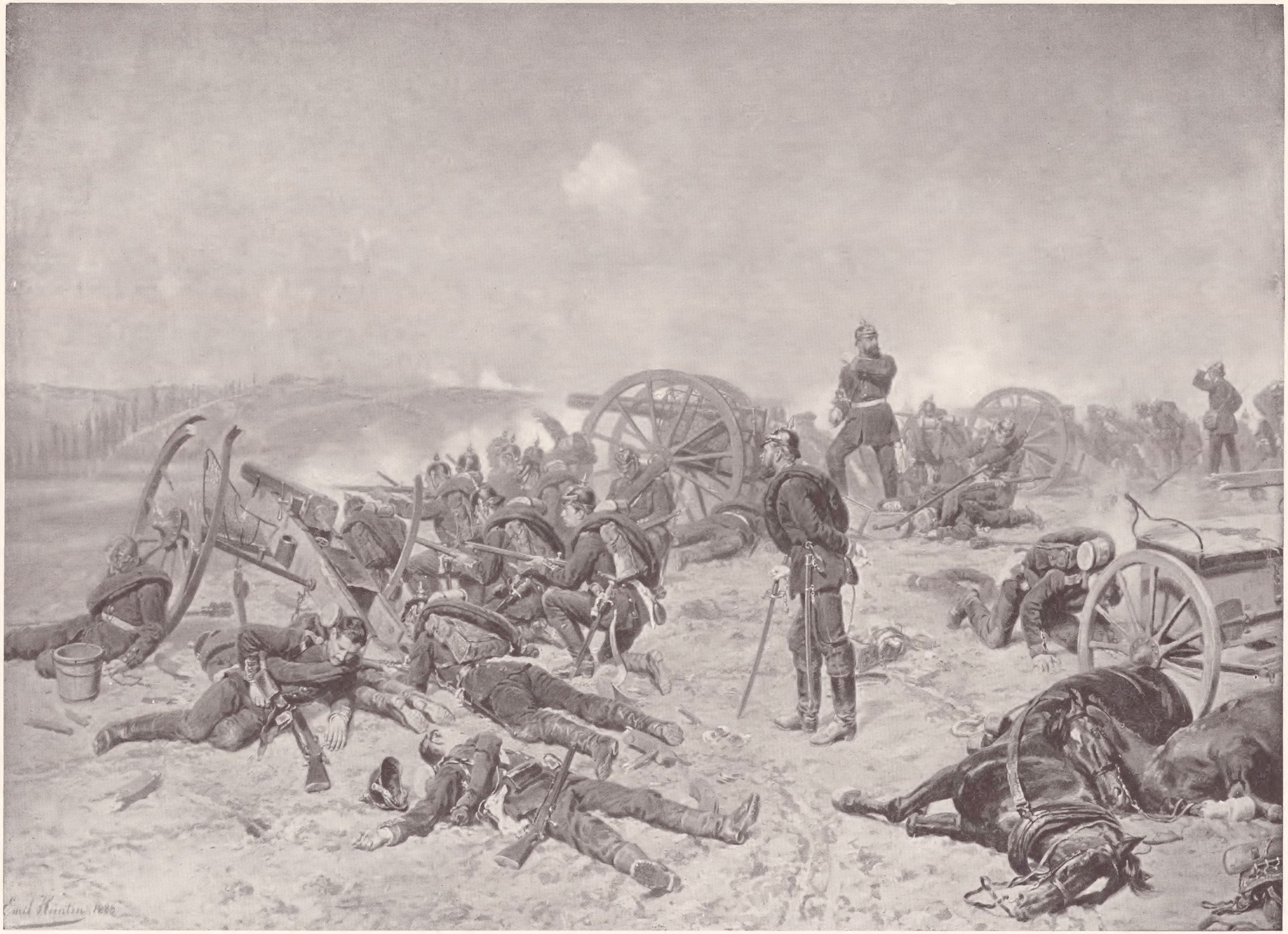
THE scene here delineated may have been taken from Hugo's "Ninety-three." In the time of the French Revolution, certain of the provinces of the South remained loyal to the fortunes of the Bourbon. Meanwhile, the young Republic planted itself in Paris, and put on garments of fire. The nations were startled at the apparition. The Republic must save itself by war and devastation. To such a creature all enemies became the impersonation of devils. To destroy such, seemed not only necessary, but good. The Revolutionists killed and burned with enthusiasm, and with no qualm of conscience. In the province of La Vendee the Royalists rose in favor of the Monarchy. Upon these the fiery Republic let loose the dogs of war. Such devastation of life, such butcheries and burnings have hardly elsewhere been witnessed in the world. This picture shows a single incident in the drama which was repeated with every variation of atrocity through a wide range of beautiful country. Here the democratic brigands have caught a royalist on his own estate and are binding him to a tree for execution. The killers are ready with their guns. As soon as he is bound there will be a report of muskets, and the body of a dead nobleman will be left to the kites.



CATTLE IN THE MARSHLANDS OF THE RIVER ELBE.

Oscar Frenzel.

THERE is much originality displayed in this picture. The landscape departs, in several peculiarities, from the conventional outline and manner. It is marshland, with an abundance or rich grass and a profusion of wild flowers. A rambling stream, small but welcome, winds along to the foreground. The farmhouse, though unseen, is not far away. On the left is the fence, and in this direction lies the home. It is the milking-hour, and the woman in the right-center is at her task. More striking still is the originality of the drawing in the matter of the cattle. These are thrown, in every case, into characteristic attitudes. One of them is licking her side; another is using a foot grotesquely to remedy some trouble about the eye. The other animals are drawn in characteristic attitudes. The sky has the luminous quality of midsummer. Here and there, as far as the eye can reach across the open champaign, stand clusters of wild flowers. Very rarely has a cattle scene been done more acceptably than this. The artist has taken his own method, and thrown into the picture the force and peculiarities of his national genius. The cows are of the Holstein breed and have evidently been drawn from life.



THE 39th FUSILEER REGIMENT OF THE LOWER RHINE AT GRAVELOTTE, AUGUST 18, 1870.

EMIL HUNTEN.

THE pomp of war as seen in parades and ceremonials, and the glory of war as beheld in national and personal triumphs, are very different matters from the horrors of war as seen by those present on the battlefield, of which a great German artist has given us a thrillingly truthful view in this painting. The attack on this point has been so severe as to drive back the artillerymen from their guns, and the 39th Fusileers have been ordered up to hold it against the advancing column. They are making the abandoned pieces serve as well as they can for shelter. The destructive work of the enemy's batteries is indicated by the shattered piece in the left foreground, and that the attack is still hot is shown by the number of dead and wounded Fusileers. The officer can give no attention to them, however, while the foe is before him. The moment is a critical one, and the officer in command is calling up reinforcements. The Germans won the day at Gravelotte, which was one of a series of engagements during August, 1870, in the Franco-German war, which drove Napoleon III back upon Marshal MacMahon's camp at Chalons, and shut up Bazaine in the fortress of Metz. The painter of this scene visited the principal battlefields of this famous war, to secure accuracy in his work.

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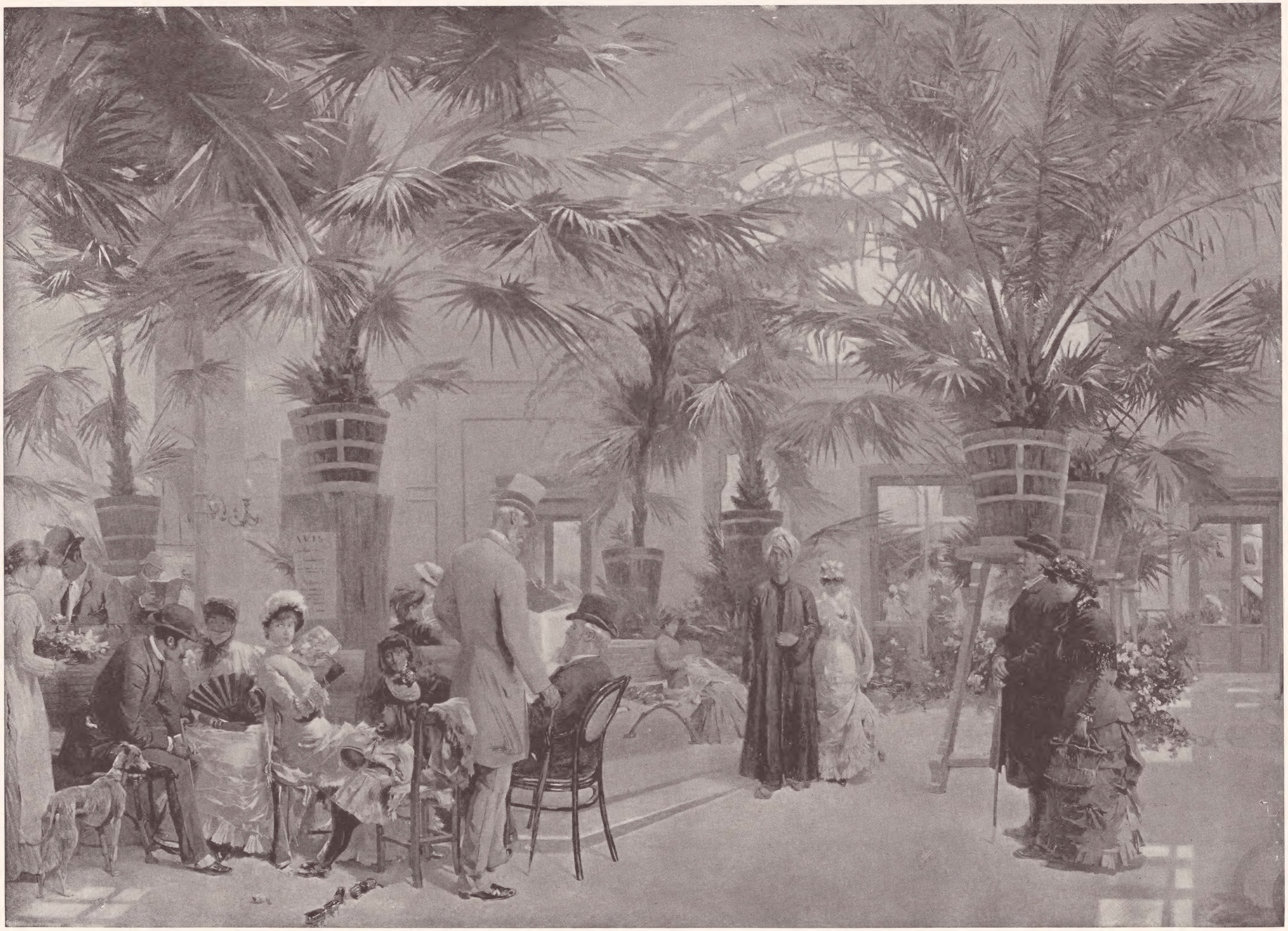
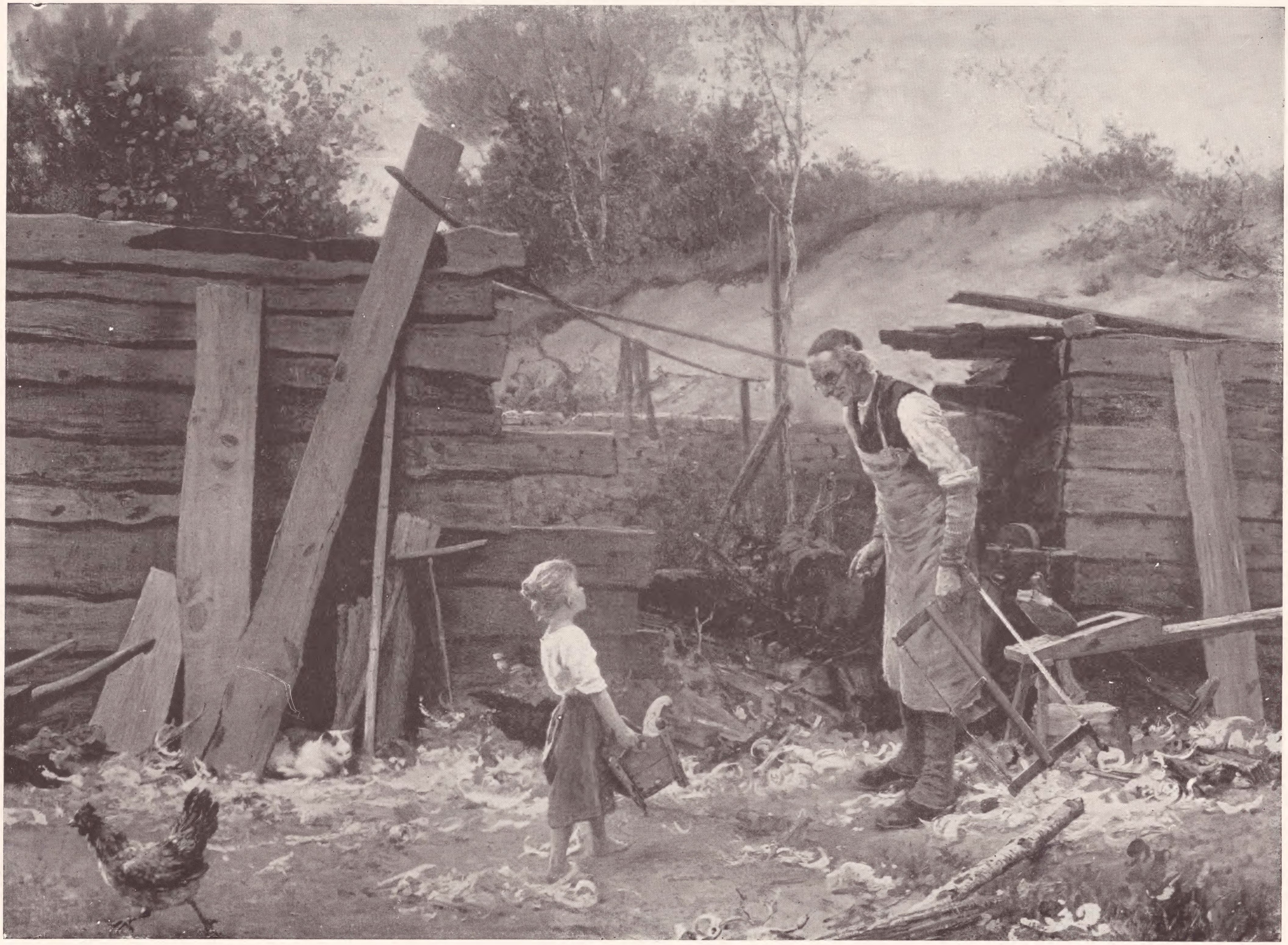


Nicolet.

IN THE PALM GARDEN AT SPA.

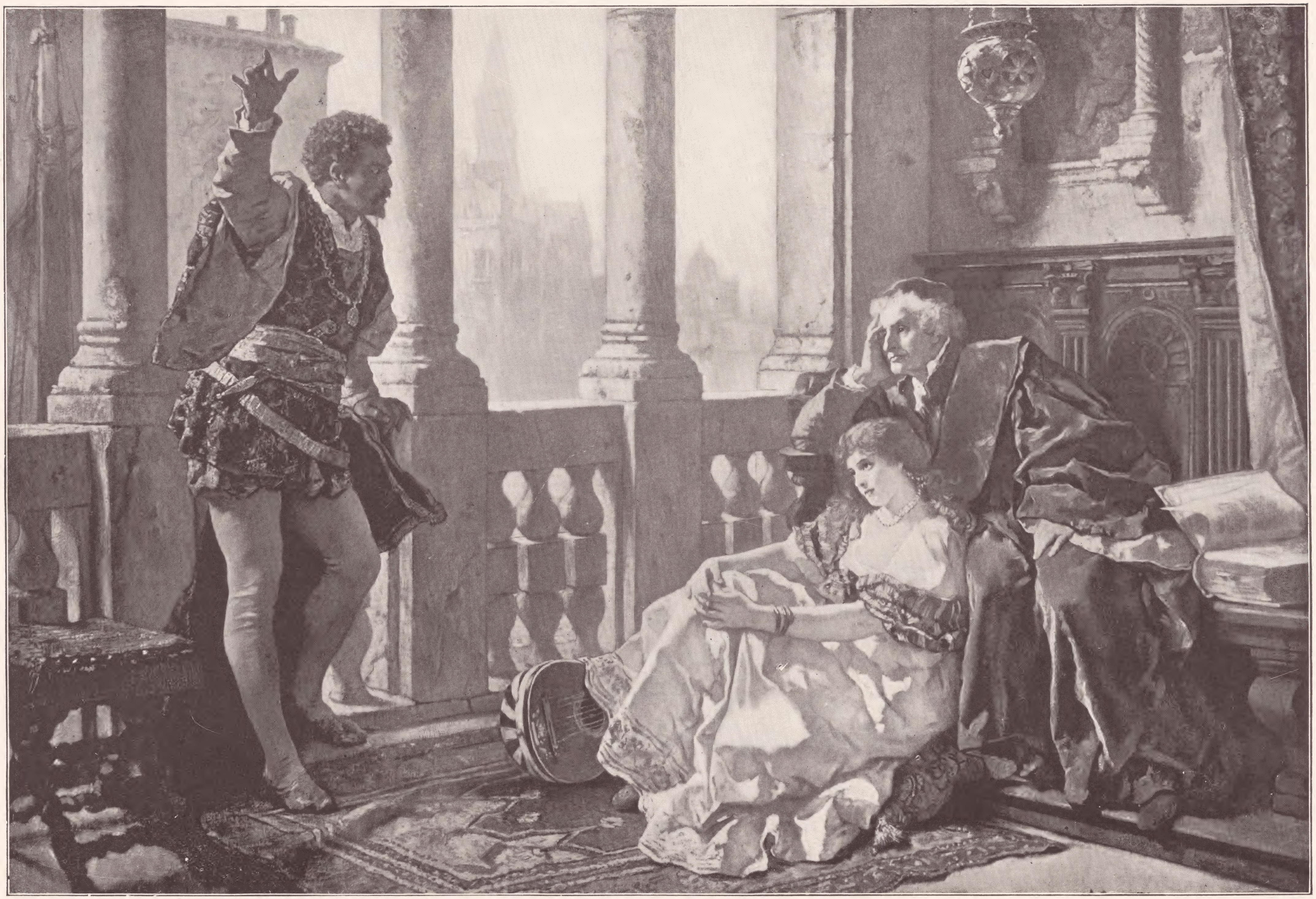
SPA is one of the most famous watering-places and fashionable resorts in Europe. Its fame is international. Thither resort the *elite* people of many countries. Strangers from the Orient may be seen there in juxtaposition with the aristocracy of the Western Kingdoms and Republics. The place is essentially German; but the associations which have accumulated around it, make it not only European, but universal in reputation and attractions. Perhaps the prevailing feature of the great resort is its fashionableness. In this picture, Nicolet introduces us to the famous Palm Garden, in which is assembled a group of visitors of several nationalities. The setting of the scene is one of extreme elegance. The immense palms spread their branches high and wide through the apartment, interrupting and diffusing the light. Some of the guests are met for pleasure and admiration. The two elderly men converse as aged *dilettante* may do in the after October of life. On the right two visitors—man and woman—have just entered with the air of those that inspect a conservatory of human and other plants. One of the most striking features is that of a turbaned and gowned Islamite, bearing on his arm a lady in elegant attire, who to all seeming and against all fitness, human and divine, looks as though she might be his bride. The scene as a whole introduces us to one of the most elegant and at the same time cosmopolitan aspects of modern society.



THE COUNTRY JOINER.

Wilhelm Amberg.

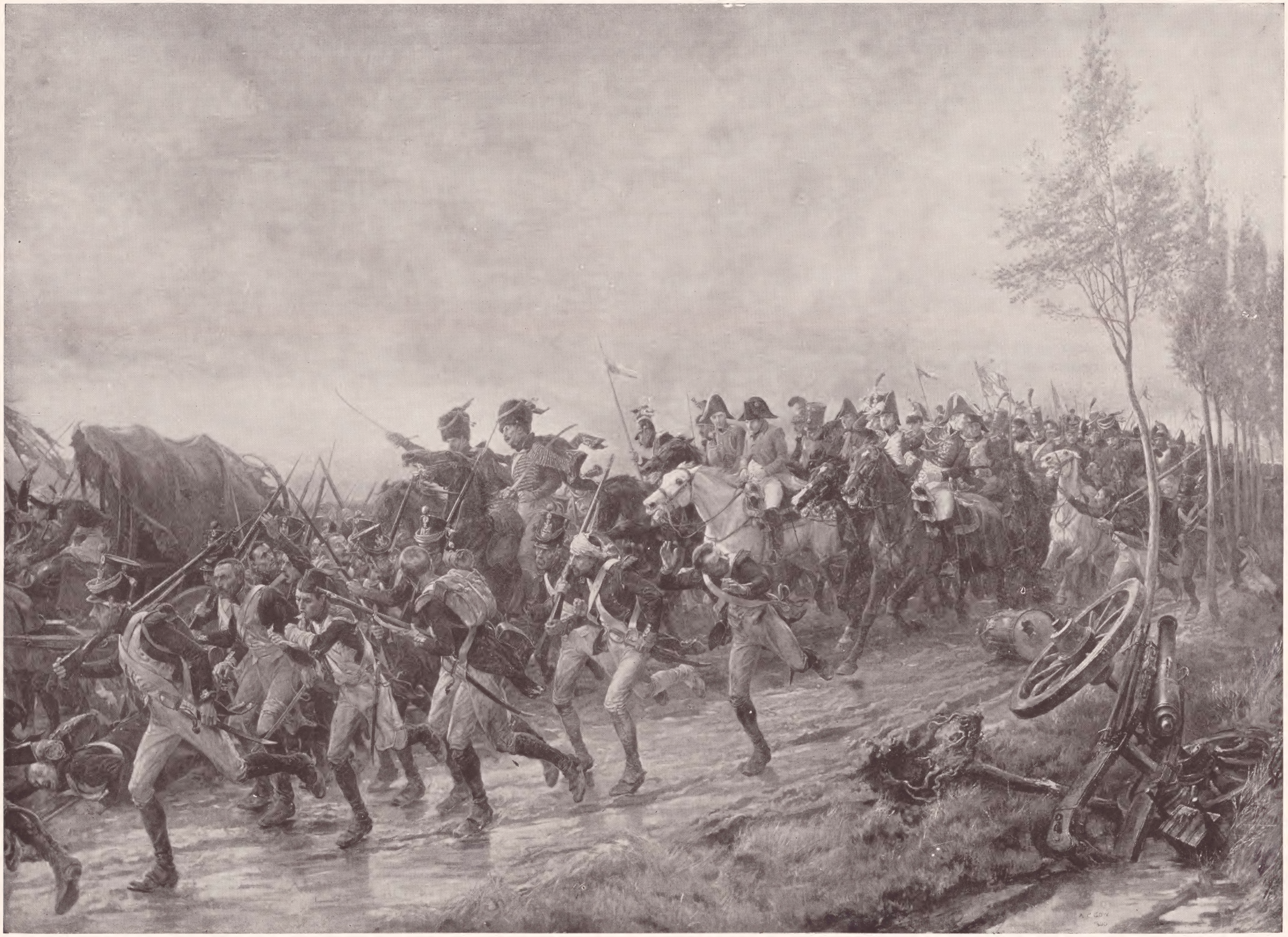
THIS might well be an American picture. The scene is familiar to all country people of our States. The progress of civilization westward required the head of the house to be a man of many professions. The rude skill of the frontiersman in making all things that were requisite for the house and the family was admirable in its kind. The backwoodsman could make chairs, and shoes, and ropes and harness, and nearly all the other commodities demanded by his manner of living. He was specially skilled in making things out of wood. The old turning lathe, shaving horse, and grindstone, and rude saws and planes, were found in hundreds of frontier homes. This picture represents a scene of dilapidation. The old carpenter is late in the afternoon of life. Prosperity has not attended him, but only a measure of content. He has been busy with his work here by the wall of the old shed. His grand-daughter—representative of a new age—has come with dolly's cradle for repairs. The old man has risen from his work and is all attention to the appeal of the little one. Of a certainty the cradle will be repaired, and all of Maggie's other cares will be affectionately heeded as long as grandpa remains on this side of the shadows.



CARL BECKER.

OTHELLO.

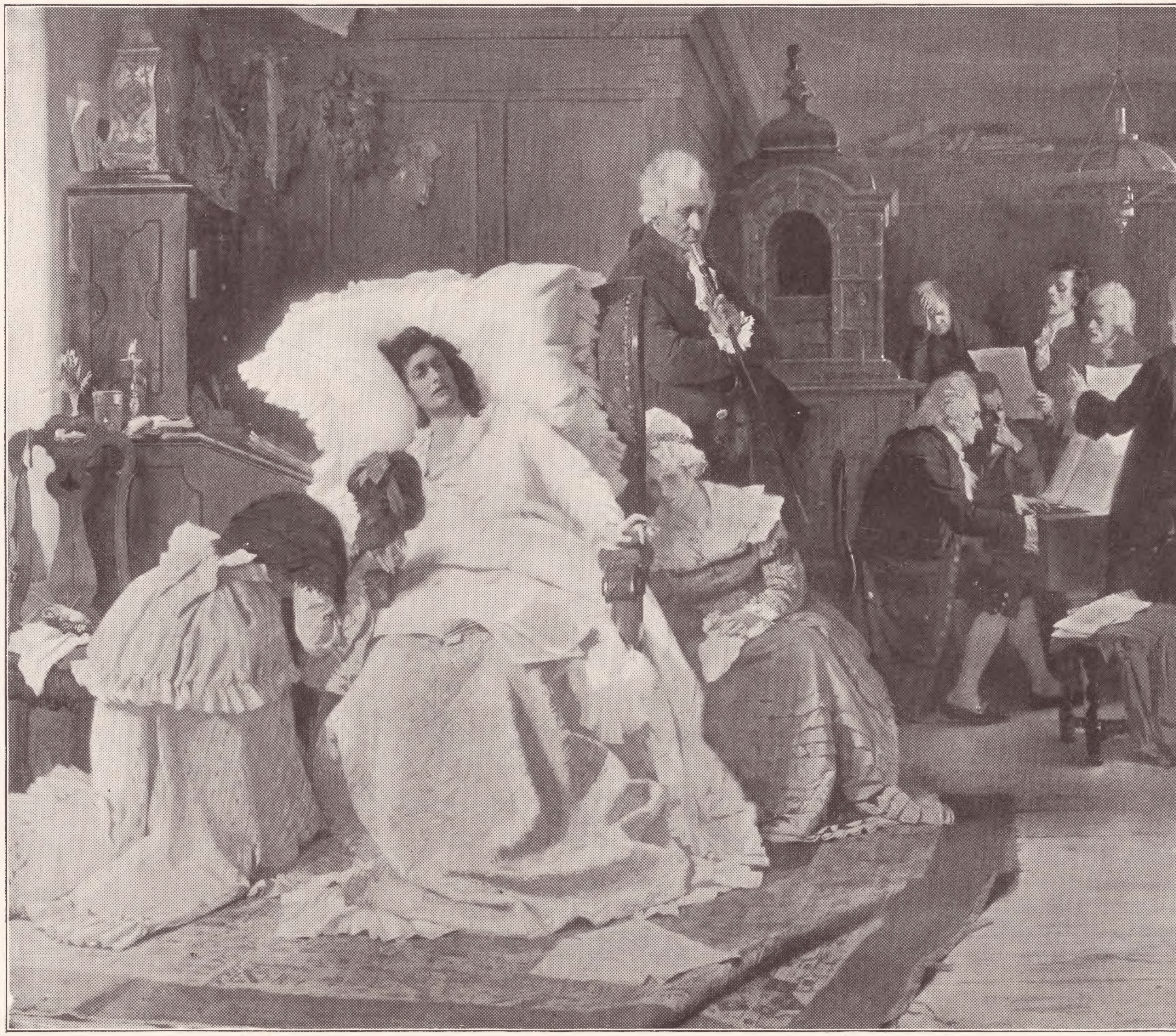
THE fruits of Carl Becker's long and careful study of Venetian subjects are preserved in this depiction of Shakespeare's Moor recounting to Desdemona and her stately old father his "moving accidents by flood and field." The elements of picturesqueness and beauty are almost superabundant here—the rich Venetian interior, with its outlook upon a characteristic view; the gorgeous costumes of ancient Venice; the many contrasts, as between the dusky warrior and the fair creatures of another race, between youth and age, between sturdy manhood and gentle girlhood; the skillful grouping; and, above all, the directness of the story told in the picture, which fitly claims the first place in the interest of the beholder. Such an Othello, under the spell of the tears, the sighs, and the still more open hints of such a Desdemona, might well defend himself before the "most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors" of the Venetian senate, against the charge of having carried her off unencouraged. "She loved me for the dangers I had passed, and I loved her that she did pity them. This is the only witchcraft I have used." The story is eloquently told in the picture, descriptive of the narrative of the Moor as he speaks of "hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach." One may dwell with delight on this episode, so richly set forth, and almost forget the tragedy that followed it in the immortal drama of passion and jealousy.



AFTER WATERLOO.

ANDREW C. GOW.

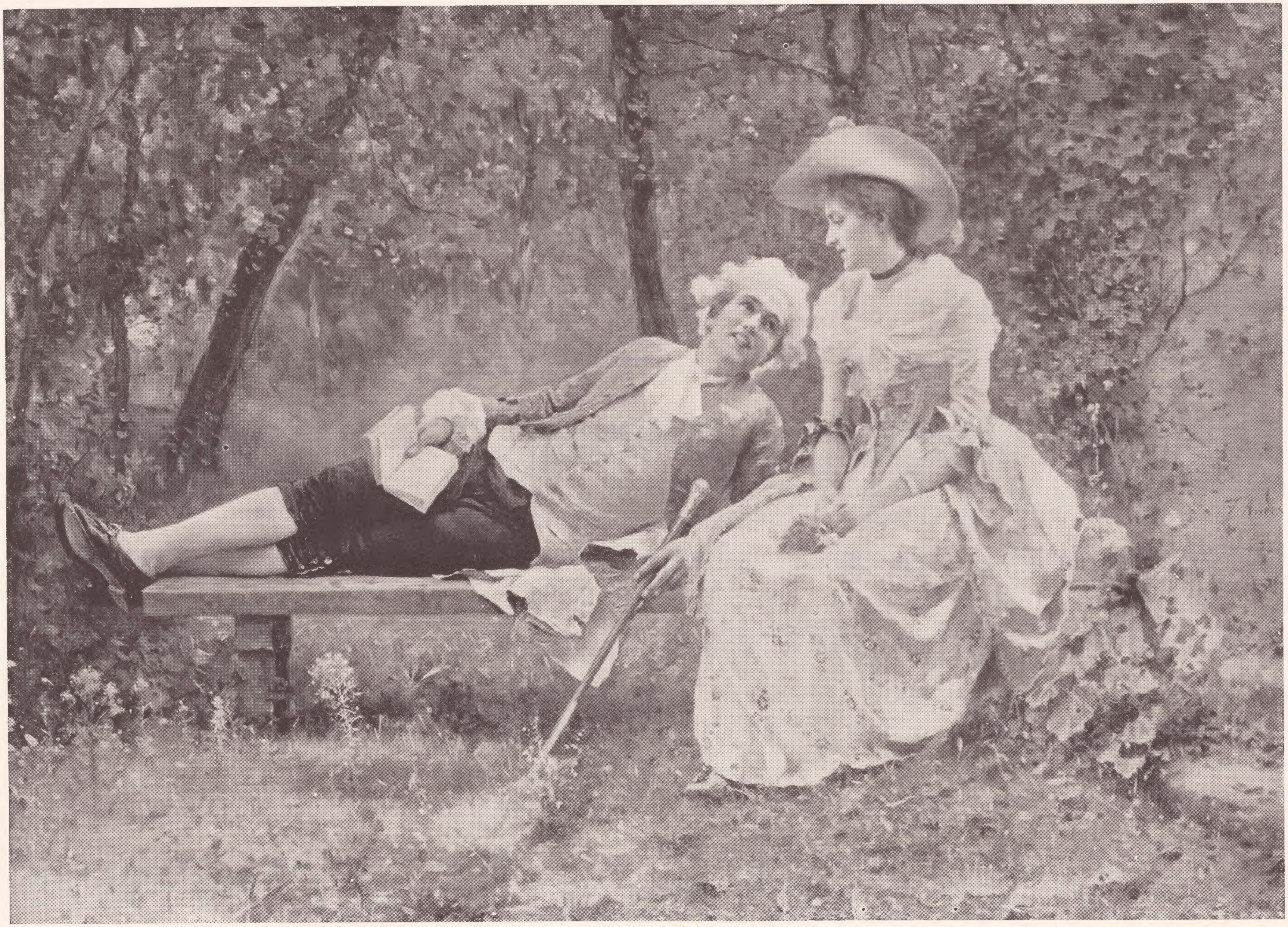
THE scene here depicted is one of the most famous in the annals of modern times. It is the wreck and rout of Waterloo. Mont St. Jean and the hollow way of Ohain are behind them. Desolation and despair are before. This is the last column of the Old Guard. In the center, on the white horse, is the man of destiny, child of the republic, smiter of kings and dynasties, going down the fatal way to irremediable eclipse and exile. Napoleon had planted himself near where the stone lion now stands at Waterloo, with the determination of dying there, and thus making an end of all things together. The cry of "Sauve qui peut" (save himself who can) rose everywhere around him. There can be little doubt that he preferred to die with the remnants of the Old Guard that had upheld his glory on more than a hundred battlefields. But his officers gathered around him and forced him on horseback and away with the melee of fugitives, blown into death and obscuration by the powers of banded Europe behind them. The artist has seized this moment of leaving the field where Imperial France was buried, and has faithfully drawn or imagined the scene. The June sun has gone down, and hopeless panic has supervened with the oncoming of night.



THE LAST DAYS OF MOZART.

HERMANN KAULBACH.

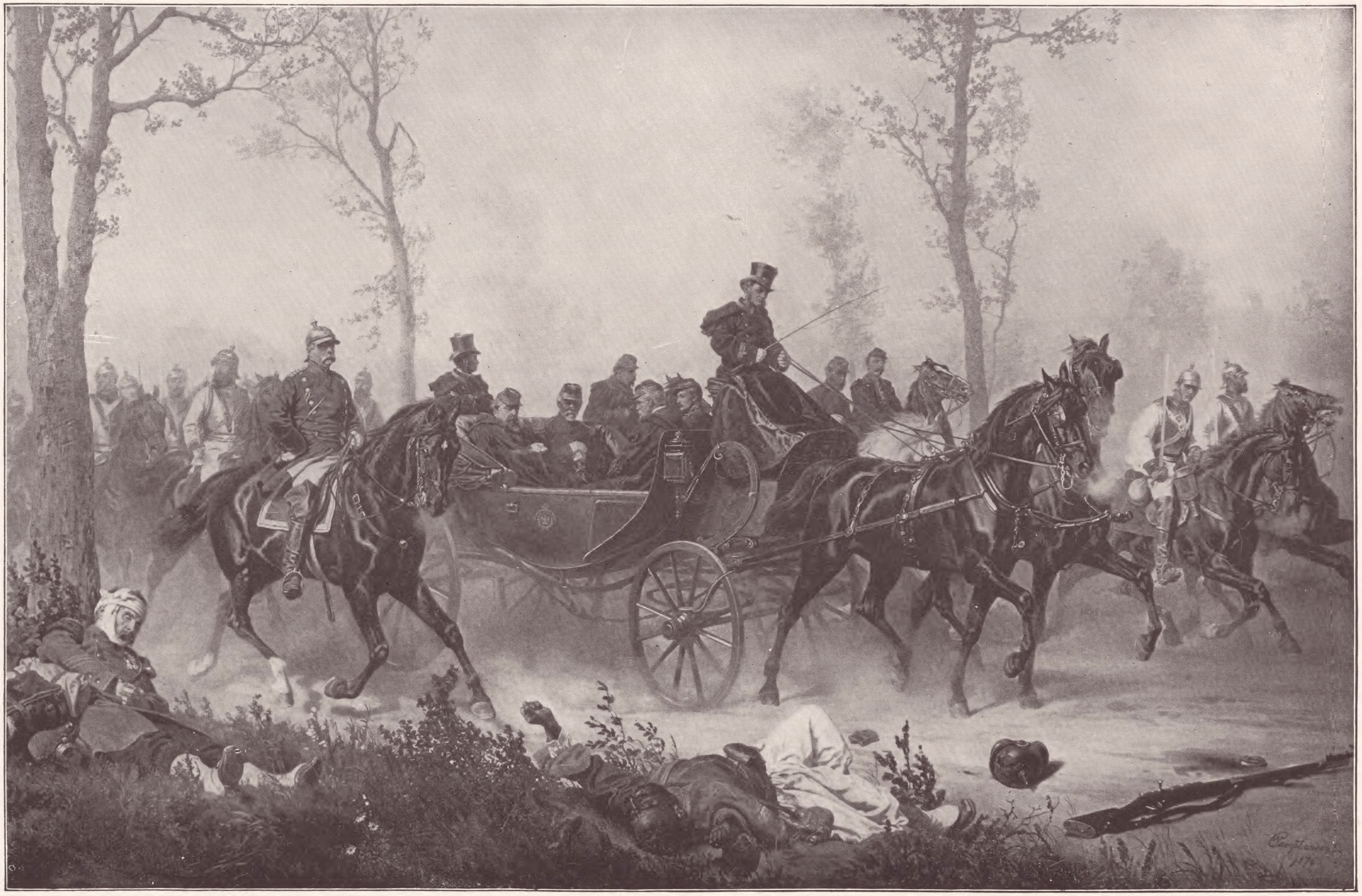
AN episode in the life of a great German composer, represented by the brush of one of a talented family of German painters, chronicles, in one effort, German supremacy in two departments of art. The death of Mozart, near the end of the last century, was felt as a national grief, so conspicuous was he as a representative composer, and so popular personally throughout his all too short life. At that time he filled the post of imperial composer to the Emperor of Austria, and had but recently given proof of his loyalty by refusing the position of kapellmeister to the King of Prussia at nearly six times the salary. During the year that preceded his demise, he had received a mysterious commission to compose a requiem for an unknown patron, who accompanied his order with a liberal payment in advance. He began the task under a superstitious dread lest the messenger had been sent from the other world to warn him of his own approaching death. When the final summons came the requiem was still unfinished, and it troubled him to leave his work incomplete. The afternoon before he died, he called for his requiem, and while sorrowing friends played and sang it from the manuscript, he joined with feeble voice in the alto part. At length, just after they had begun to sing the "Lacrimosa," suddenly overcome with the realization of the fact that the requiem never could be finished by him, he burst into tears, and the music ceased. "Did I not tell you," he said to his friend and pupil Sussmayr, who afterwards completed the requiem on the lines laid down by Mozart on his death-bed, "that I was writing my own requiem?"



F. Andreotti.

A SHADY NOOK.

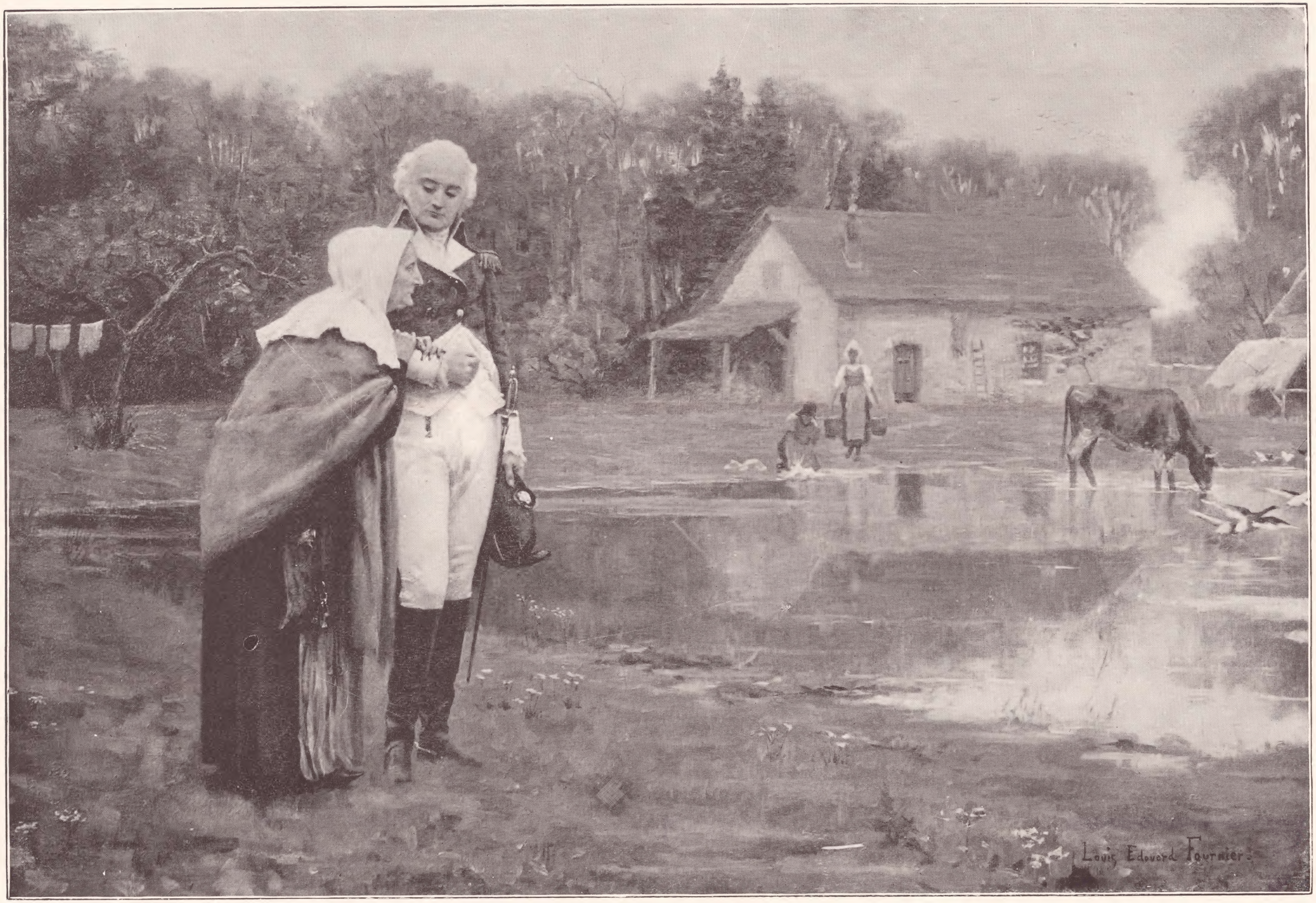
HOW often it happens that the sentiments expressed in the pages of some book bring to two people the realization of the existence of a bond of sympathy between them, which in time grows into love. It may be a mere trifle of a thought, but it is the spark which kindles the flame. The artist must have had this in mind when he painted this "Shady Nook," to which these lovers have found their way, under that mysterious guidance which always leads lovers to the most secluded and beautiful spots. The beautiful young girl looks down into the face of her handsome lover, reclining on the seat beside her. His eyes are speaking to her of love while his lips speak of the lines of the book he has been reading. The quiet solitude of the place, the murmur of faint breezes passing through the trees, and the fragrance of the flowers which grow wild and untrained, all contribute to inspire a certain sense of loneliness which brings them close together. Surely this lover will not have to press his suit, for the heart which he seeks has been granted before he has asked it.



CAMPHAUSEN.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND NAPOLEON III. AT SEDAN.

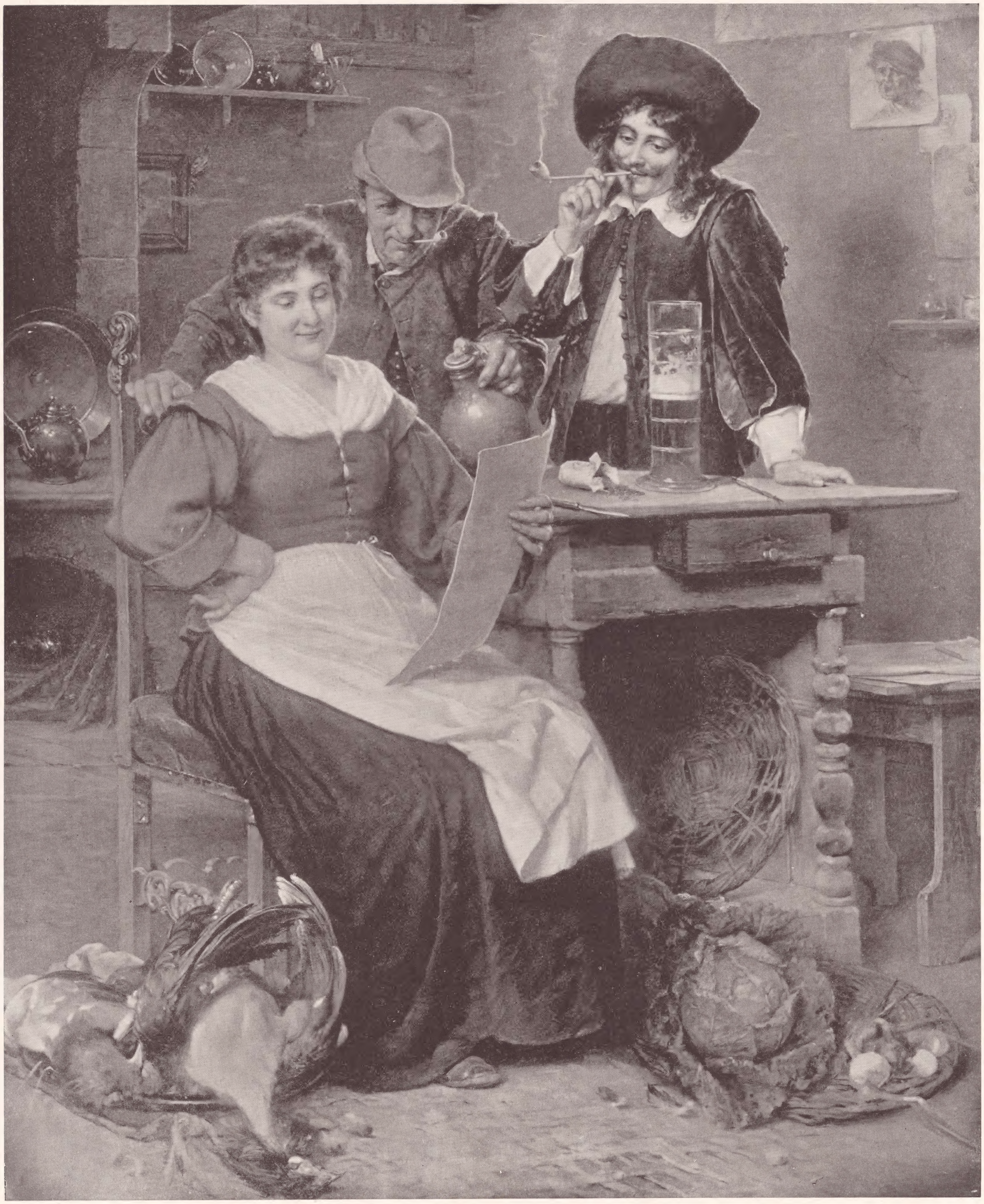
THE fall of Sedan, in September, 1870, marked the close of the few but terrible weeks of fighting between the armies in the field of Napoleon III. and the invading forces led by King William I. of Prussia. The contest about Sedan soon revealed to the French emperor that before the Germans he was powerless, and in the early morning of September 2d he set forth, accompanied by Reille, Castelnau and Vaubert, of his generals, to seek the Prussian king, and make terms for a surrender. Wasted by disease, he could not mount a horse, and made the journey in his carriage. Word of his approach was brought to Prince Bismarck, who rose and dressed hastily, and rode off to receive the emperor, whom he met on the road, and accompanied to the little village of Donchery. Here they were joined by Von Moltke, the Prussian chief, and here the unhappy, deceived, and beaten emperor yielded to the hard terms of the unconditional surrender as prisoners of war of his entire command. To Bismarck, whose diplomacy had forced the issues of the war, it was a proud opportunity thus to accompany Napoleon to his discomfiture. The German prince says that on this occasion he showed to the emperor the same deference that he would have shown him in the latter's palace at St. Cloud. Some part of the "revenge" which France wants from Germany is thought to have been secured by the war pictures of the French military artists; but in this imperishable record of the triumph of the grim Chancellor, the emphasis of final victory has been expressed with telling effect.



LOUIS EDOUARD FOURNIER.

WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER.

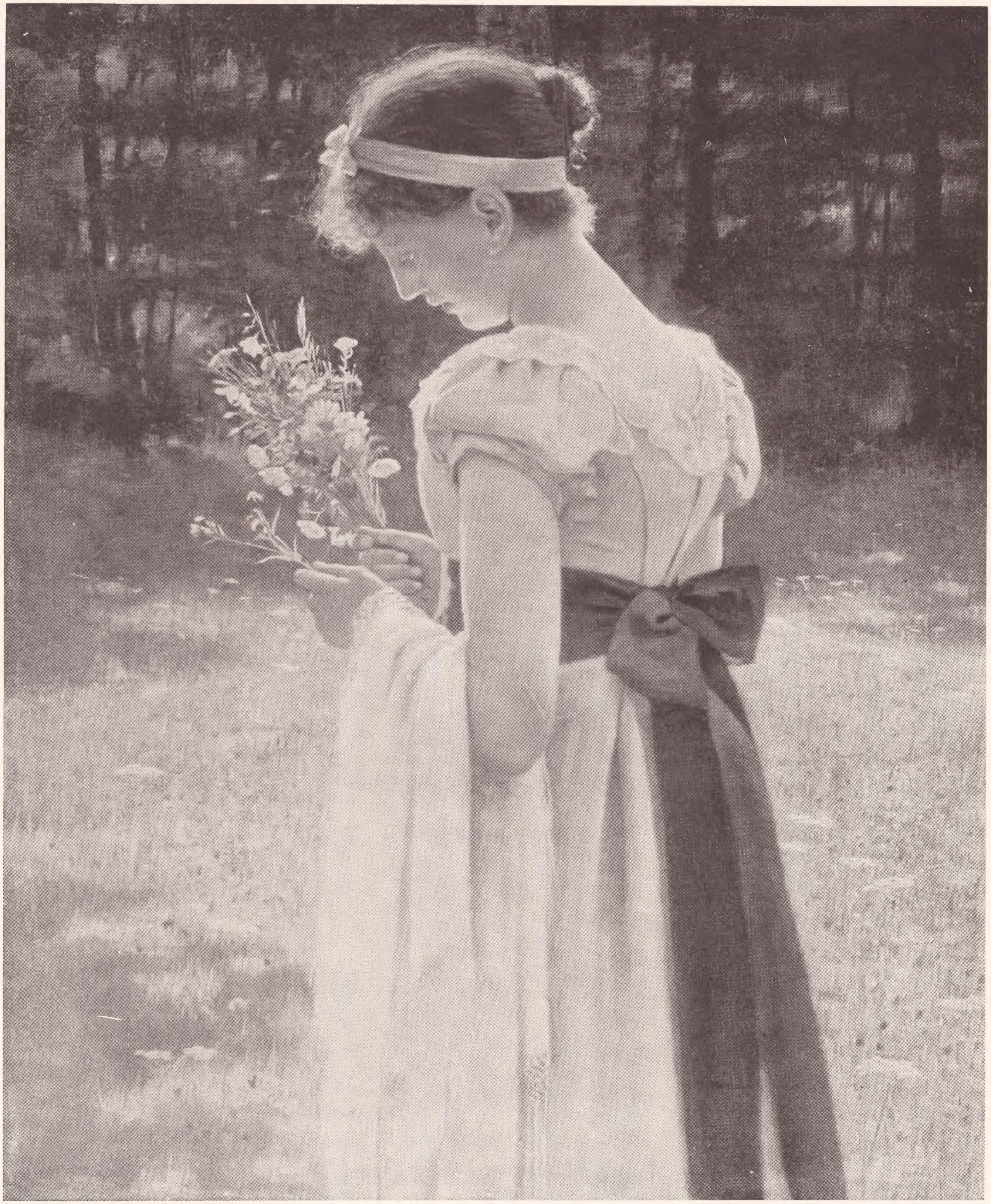
RARELY has a great man and a man of action been so profoundly influenced by a mother as was George Washington. It was his mother who formed his character and directed his education, and it was her wise counsel that decided him against the naval career by which he was tempted after a brief service in the expedition against Carthagena, under Admiral Vernon, after whom Mount Vernon was named; and his filial devotion to her throughout his glorious career is one of the tenderest legends of American history. When the Revolutionary war broke out, Washington made a new and safer home for his mother at Fredericksburg; there she spent the remainder of her days, and there he parted with her for the last time, when, in 1789, he assumed the Presidency of the United States. This parting has been a favorite subject for American artists, and now we have it depicted by a Frenchman—for, since the brother-like friendship between Washington and Lafayette, the Father of his Country has been a hero in France as well as in America. This representation of the scene differs from that usually given, in its being shown out-of-doors, where the surroundings of the humble Virginia homestead lend a fresh interest to the familiar subject. The manly tenderness of the devoted son, and the feebleness and dignity of the aged mother, are admirably portrayed.



Gustav Papperitz.

ADRIAN BROUWER AND HIS MODELS.

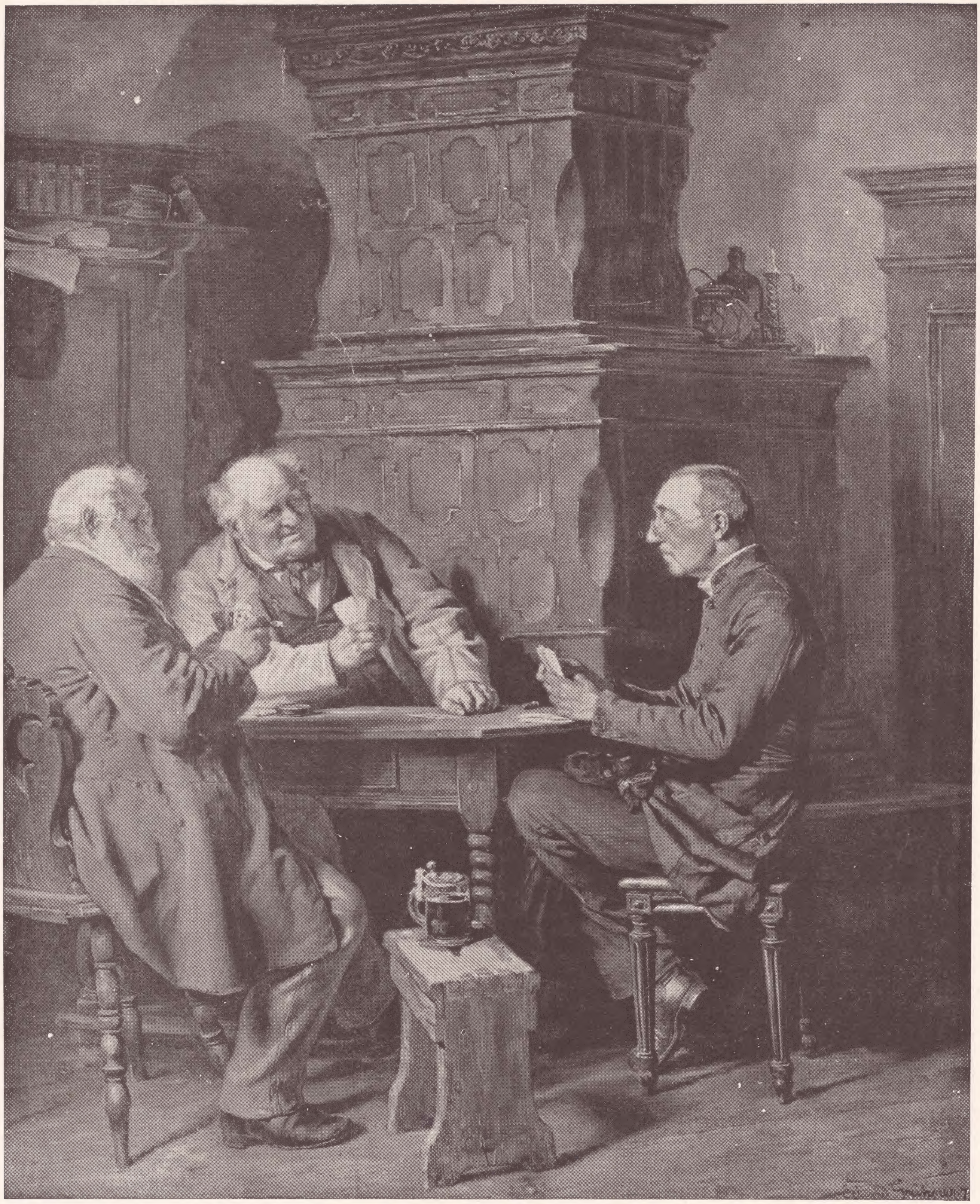
In this picture we have an artist's notion of an artist. It were hard to say at what time in the past the use of models was introduced. Certain it is that the Greek artists availed themselves of living forms as a guide to the imagination in drawing. The sense of this picture is the interest which the two rustic models find in the drawings of themselves. The man's look is that of sheer curiosity and wonder; but the woman looks at herself with all critical pride and a troop of secondary reflections half hidden in the folds of consciousness. The artist smokes his pipe and is satisfied. For him it suffices that he has made adequate drawings of his subjects; but the woman perceives, under her peasant's garb, that she is beautiful, and the notion of it has sent her thoughts afar from her rude surroundings. Meanwhile, the fowl lying on the floor goes unpicked, and the cabbage on the other side unchopped. In fact, the whole process of life in this abode has suddenly stopped in the interest of art and admiration. The ambition which the model may feel to be transferred by the immemorial prerogative of beauty to the imperishable canvas, and be thus transmitted to after times, is without doubt a more worthy passion than is usually conceded by the over-severe and often cynical judgment.



M. NONNENBRUCH.

SPRING BLOSSOMS.

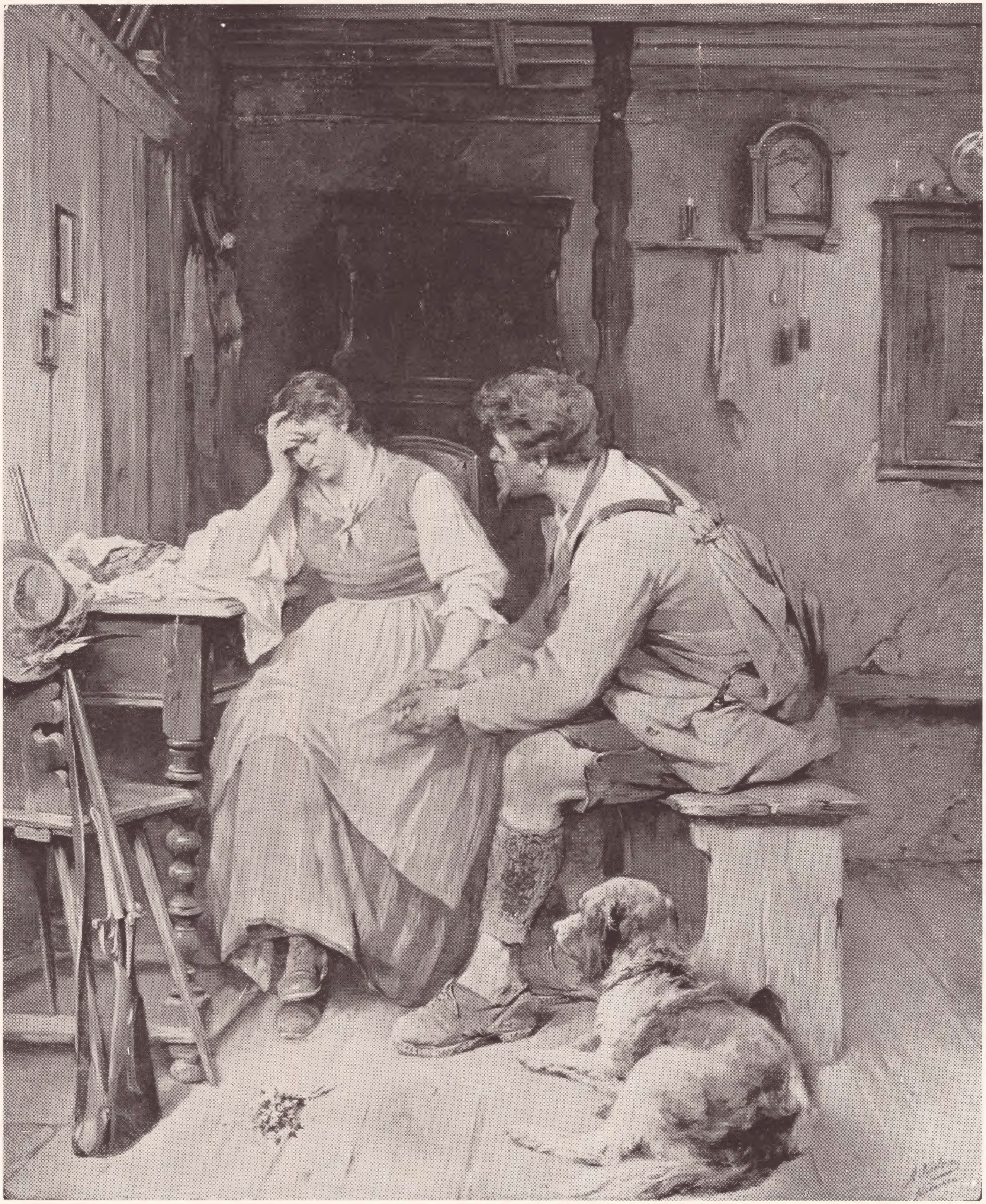
THE artist of keen sympathy with nature never tires of catching and depicting her analogies. True art is nearly always a poem in its expression. It is a thing of sentiment, of thought, of suggestion. What it suggests is generally more than what it delineates. The hidden meaning of the picture is of greater interest and value than the visible features of the scene. In this picture the artist has delineated spring blossoms, but he has put the blossoms into the hand of a Spring Blossom, more beautiful than they and as innocent. She belongs to the same scene with the flowers. Her costume is as airy as theirs. Her smiles and her tears have the same sweetness and pathos as the smile and crystal dews of the blossoms. The figure of the young girl is finely drawn against the background of dark foliage. The trees, with their thick branches, make a perfect relief for the shapely figure of her who represents Spring Blossoms. Around her the meadow is thick with grasses and flowers. She walks on them as over an exquisite carpet which yields its blossoms as she goes. The artist has shown in her manner and expression that, while she places each flower in the cluster, her thoughts go from them to other beautiful things which she has dreamed and which she may well hope will become realities in her life.



THE CARD PLAYERS.

EDÜARD GRÜTZNER.

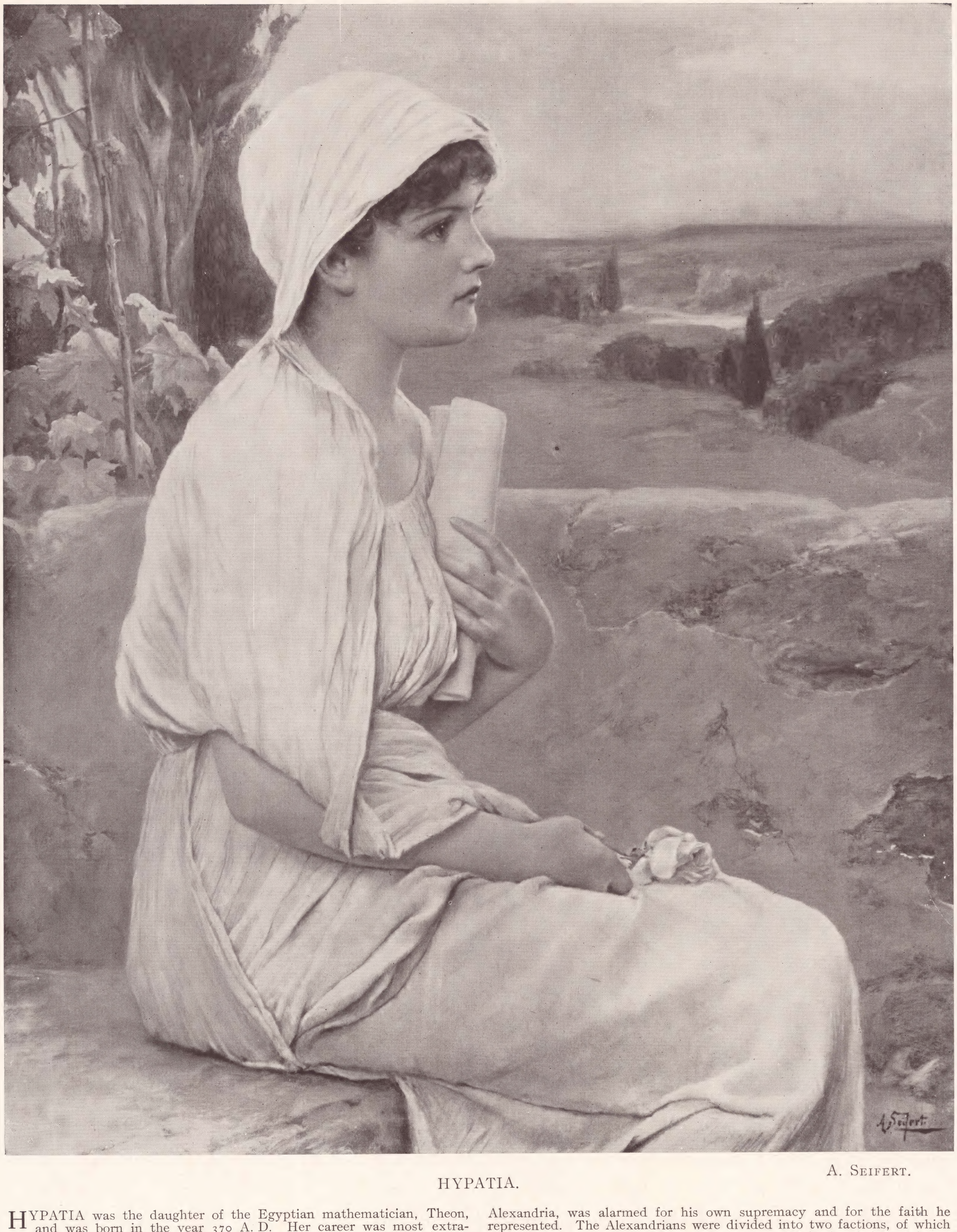
THE trio here represented are deeply absorbed in their game. Character is strongly depicted on the face of each. The slender and peculiar genius who sits at the end of the table is sniffing cold comfort out of his doubtful hand. The two fat men, as may well become their constitution, are jolly over the situation. They sit confidently in a sort of defenso-offensive attitude, as much as to say, "Let him play anything; we are ready." The night is well advanced. The quiet of the place is undisturbed. The ancient furniture of the room stands solemnly in its place. Against such background the figures of the players are clearly defined. A single mug of beer, sitting within reach of one of the fat men, hints at the conviviality that has prevailed. The two characters at the left are already aged, but they are rubicund and well supplied with spirits and blood. The attenuated member is of less happy constitution. The artist, in sketching him has a happy conceit of the caprice of the human countenance and form. For the moment there is a crisis. The play has suspended, itself awaiting the issue of the thin man's hand. It were possible that out of his combinations he may still make a play that will bring back some measure of seriousness to the faces of his competitors.



TRYING TO MAKE HIS PEACE.

A. LUBEN

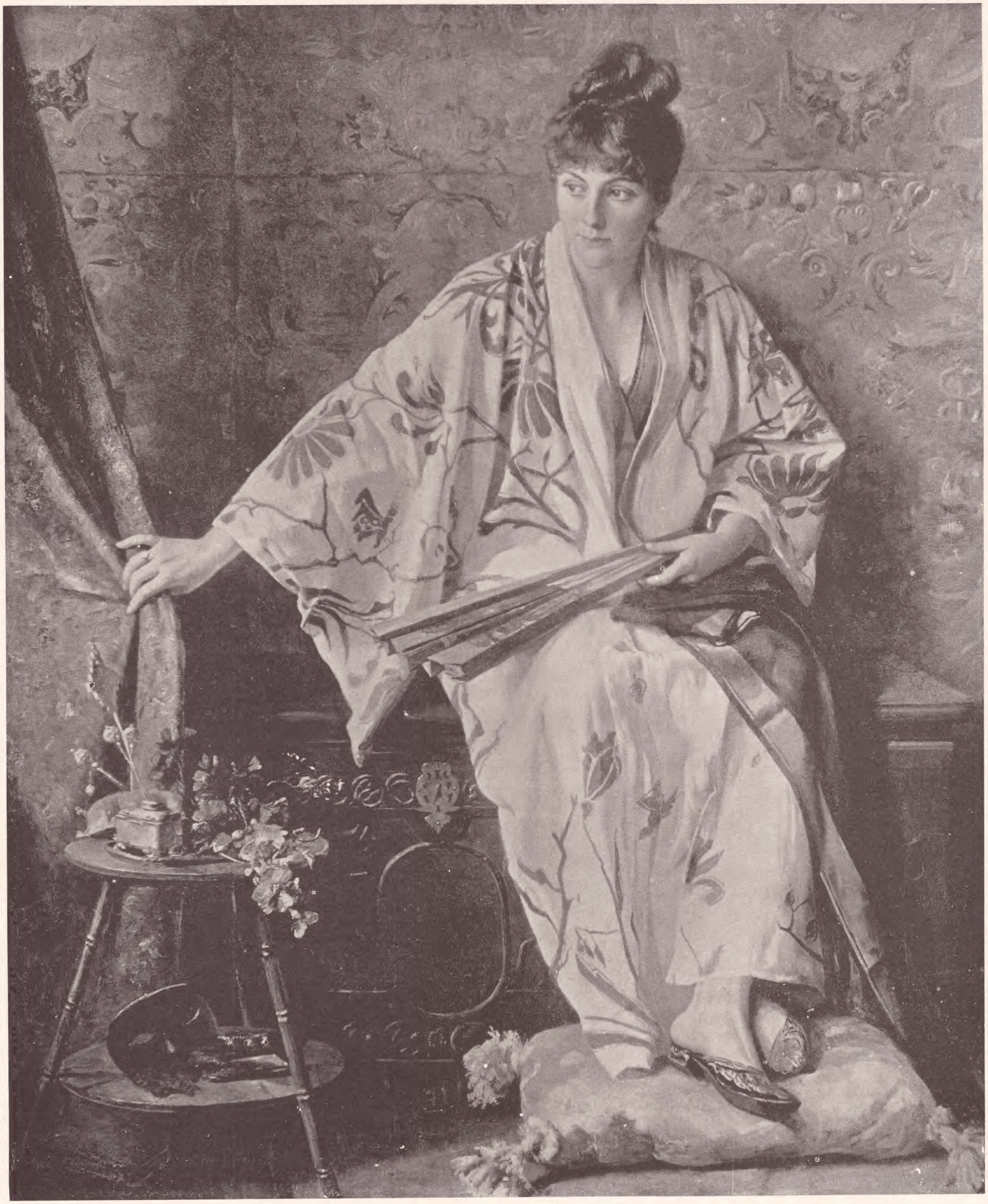
THIS is a picture of unhappiness in one of its acutest forms. Behind the scene here delineated lies a long history extending into youth and the happy days of courtship. That this home is not what it should be is clearly indicated by the surroundings. There is a mark of desolation on every wall. The artist has succeeded in transferring the sorrow of these sufferers to every crack and crevice The dog is a full participant in the grief of his master and mistress. They are man and wife, but have been estranged. The fault is clearly his. He is an easy-going spirit who has no thrift or energy. His is not the crime of unfaithfulness, but of neglect. Instead of devoting himself industriously to work and enterprise, he has gone off, like Rip Van Winkle, to hunt in the hills. This has been his daily vocation. Indeed, he has hunted until his gun is falling to pieces, and his dog dying of starvation. As for himself he has kept up spirit by means of his pipe and cheerful indolence. At last, however, he has come back to a neglected home. His sincerity of reform cannot be doubted. The hearts of all will be with him in his suit for forgiveness. Mark well the exquisite touch of sentiment expressed in the bunch of wild flowers which he has brought her, and which has fallen unheeded from her lap. The woman will forgive him, but she has no hope.



A. SEIFERT.

HYPATIA.

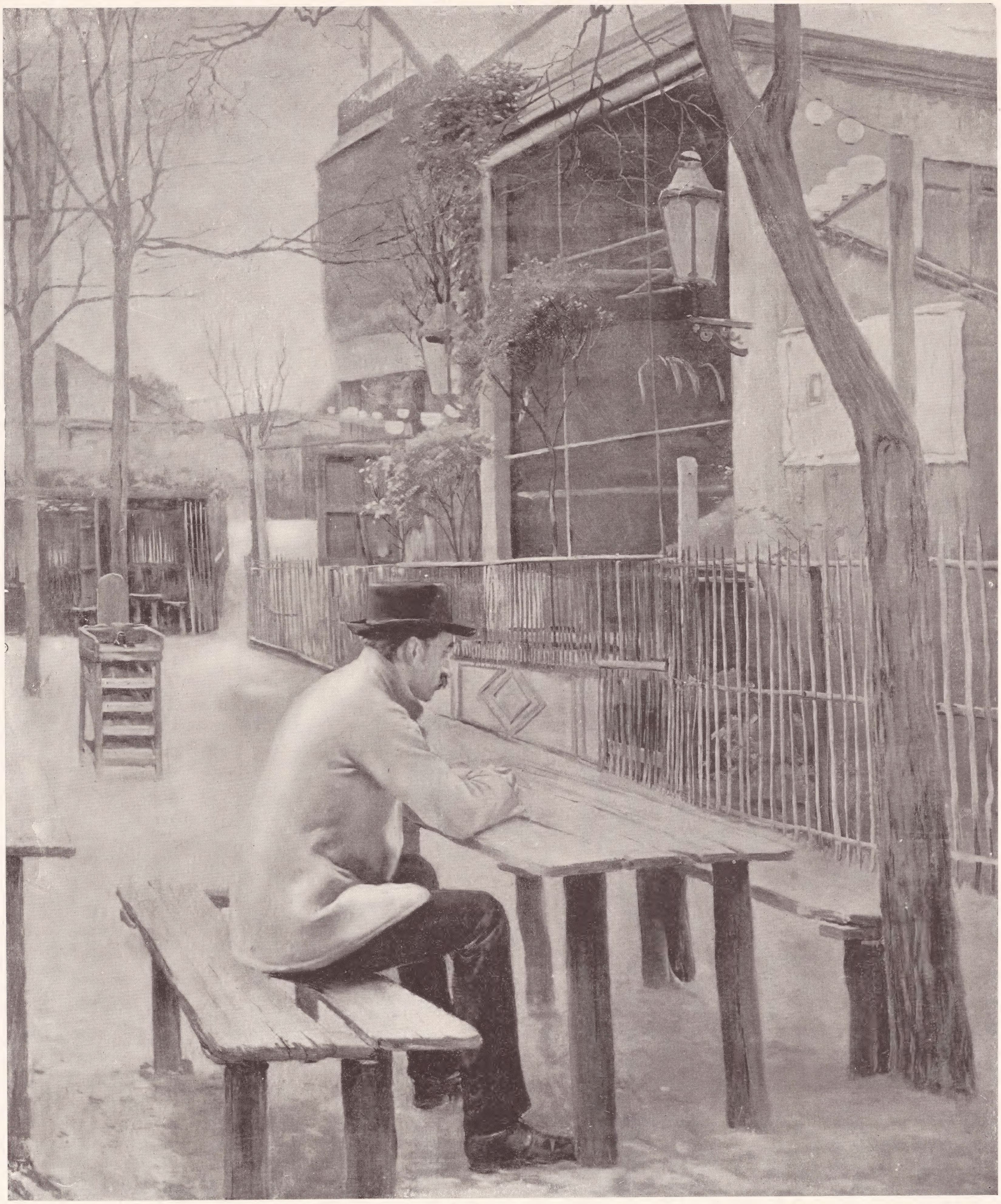
HYPATIA was the daughter of the Egyptian mathematician, Theon, and was born in the year 370 A. D. Her career was most extraordinary. She was educated first in Alexandria, and afterwards in Athens. It was in the latter city that she learned the rudiments of Greek philosophy, in its pure form, as expounded by Plato. Such was the breadth and profundity of her genius that she became proficient, not only as a student, but as a teacher of the sublime principles which she had accepted as the basis of all truth. Returning to her own country, she became the expositor of the new learning and its recognized evangel. Throngs of the most brilliant of her countrymen flocked to her lectures. St. Cyril, bishop of Alexandria, was alarmed for his own supremacy and for the faith he represented. The Alexandrians were divided into two factions, of which St. Cyril headed one and Hypatia the other. The feud ended in violence. In the year 415, Hypatia's carriage was waylaid by a mob, and the beautiful creature was dragged forth and slain. Her body was torn literally limb from limb, and the fragments were burned in a heap. The artist has here delineated Hypatia sitting in repose—in contemplative mood—against the background of an Egyptian landscape and a horizon of cloudless sky.



C. SOHN.

AT THE MASQUERADE.

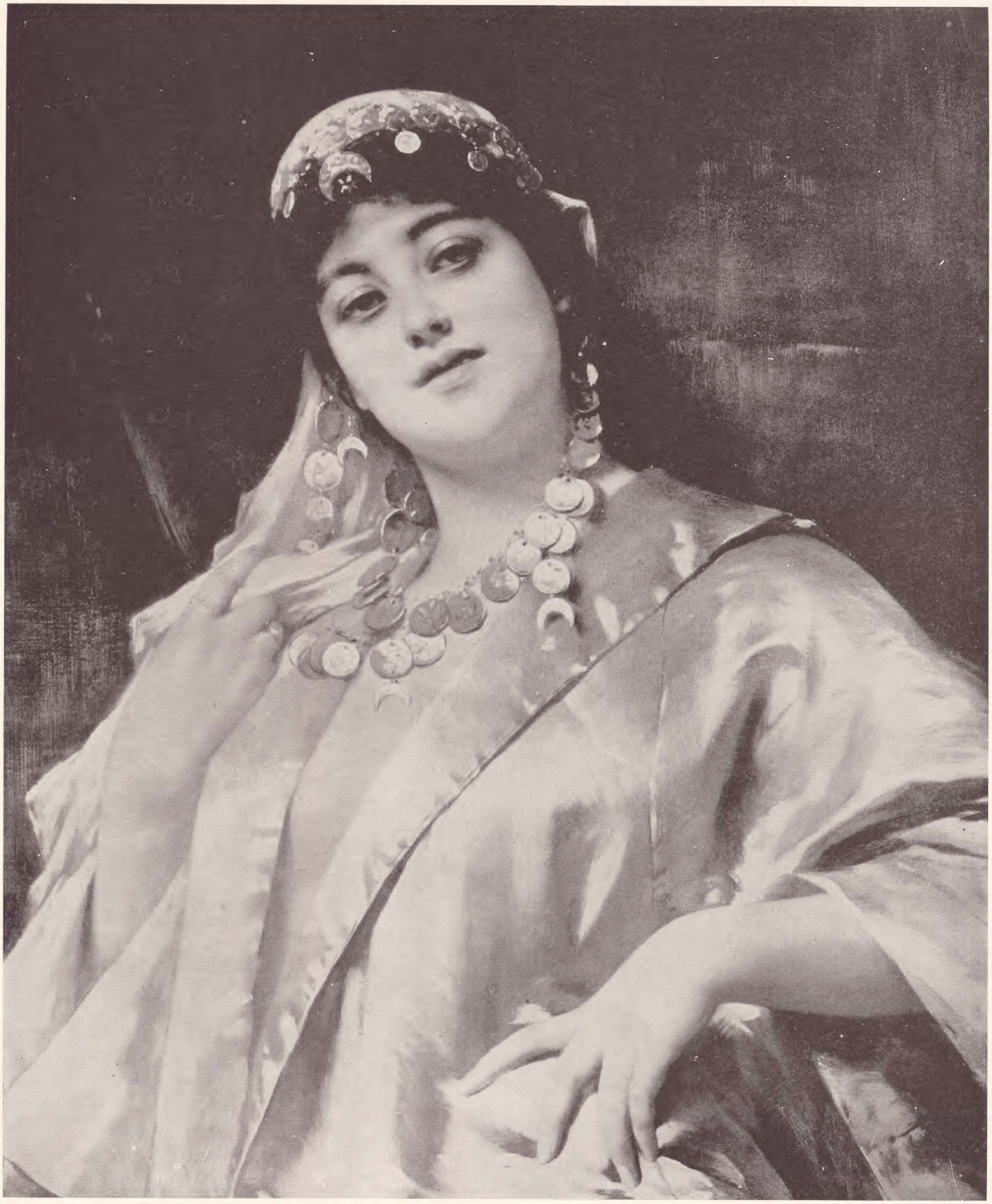
MASKS and masquerading were invented in the earliest ages. It may not be denied that there is something peculiarly pleasurable in the sense of being concealed in public—in seeing and being seen without recognition of others. Hence the masquerade. This beautiful lady is in the dressing-room, where she has prepared herself for her appearance at the ball. She has completed her paraphernalia, and the disguise is perfected, all except the visage, which she will put on just before going forth. This last article—that is, the mask of the face—lies on the desk under the table. She chooses to leave it there until the moment of her appearance outside the curtain. She is in a high state of nervous expectancy. Will her own disguise seem elegant? Will other disguises surpass her own? Will her costume be praised and admired? Will any of her friends succeed in recognizing her in this garb? In particular, will *he* be able, as he has so often declared himself to be, to recognize her in any garb whatsoever? She will gladly deceive him if she can—but not wholly and finally. By some slight touch or other sign she will let him know before the dance is done that it is indeed she; for at heart she is anxious that no mistakes shall be made in this delicate particular.



S. Russinol.

A BOHEMIAN.

THE type of character presented in this picture is modern. At least, if such character existed in antiquity, the evidence of it has not been transmitted in literature or art. The Bohemian is a product of the nineteenth century society. The type is sufficiently well established, and yet is difficult to define. The Bohemian is a man of the peopled solitude. His being is bounded by personal purposes and personal will. He is *in* society without being *of* it. Bohemian life manifests itself in several ways. He is not a man without a profession or without resources, else he might be a tramp. The literary type shows him in abandonment among his books, and the artistic type shows him abandoned to his studio or his quarters. The present Bohemian is taking life out of doors. It is winter, and he has sat down on a bench by what was in summer a fruit-stand in the street. The place is desolate enough, and the Bohemian is in a brown study about himself and the environment. It is a lonesome place in the outskirts of the city. The trees are stripped, and the ground is covered with snow. The artist has succeeded in depicting the solitary life of his subject with admirable fidelity to the facts. This wanderer has few connections with any human interest, and perhaps there is not one member of his own race to whom he is bound by any strong or lasting tie.



FATIMA. N. SICHEL.

WOMAN in every country approaches the ideal of what she should be existing in the minds of the male portion of the society of which she forms a part. In Christian lands she strives to please not only by her physical beauty but through the higher beauties of the mind and heart as well. In the Orient it is through the charm of her person alone that she endeavors to win the admiration of men. Every effort is made to preserve the freshness and charm of her youthful beauty, and every artifice of the toilet is employed to enhance it. In Fatima the artist has presented a most perfect type of an odalisque. She possesses that beauty which has ever been a subject for the poet's lines and the painter's brush. Her dark hair falls in profusion about her shoulders, her eyebrows are delicately penciled, and her large, dreamy eyes are shaded by long, dark lashes. The parted lips, curved like Cupid's bow, give a glimpse of the pearly teeth between, and a faint smile as of conscious power plays about the corners of her mouth; and as she draws aside a veil, as if to display her many charms, she recalls to the beholder the lines of Tennyson: "A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold, black eyes, brow bound with burning gold."

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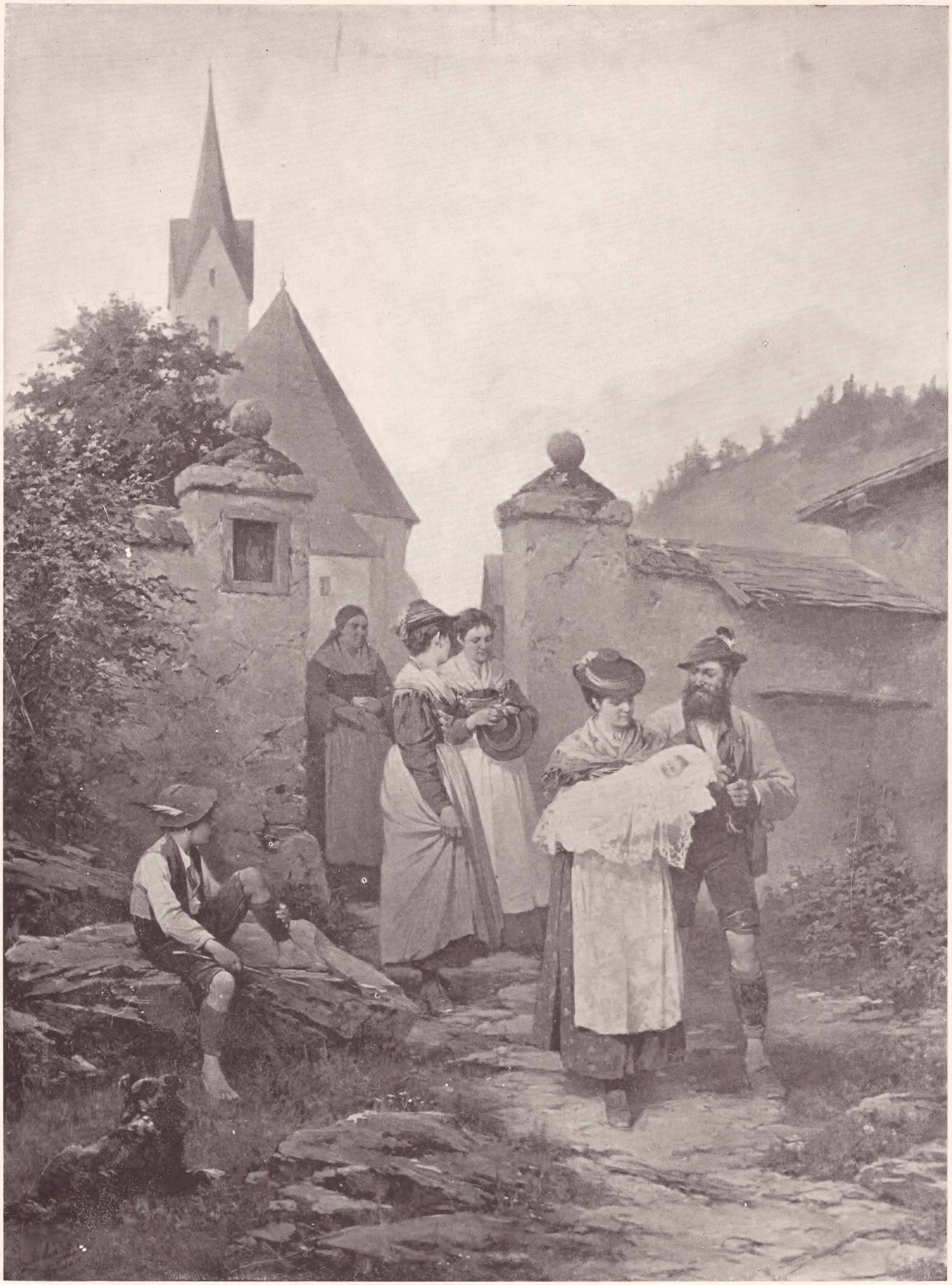
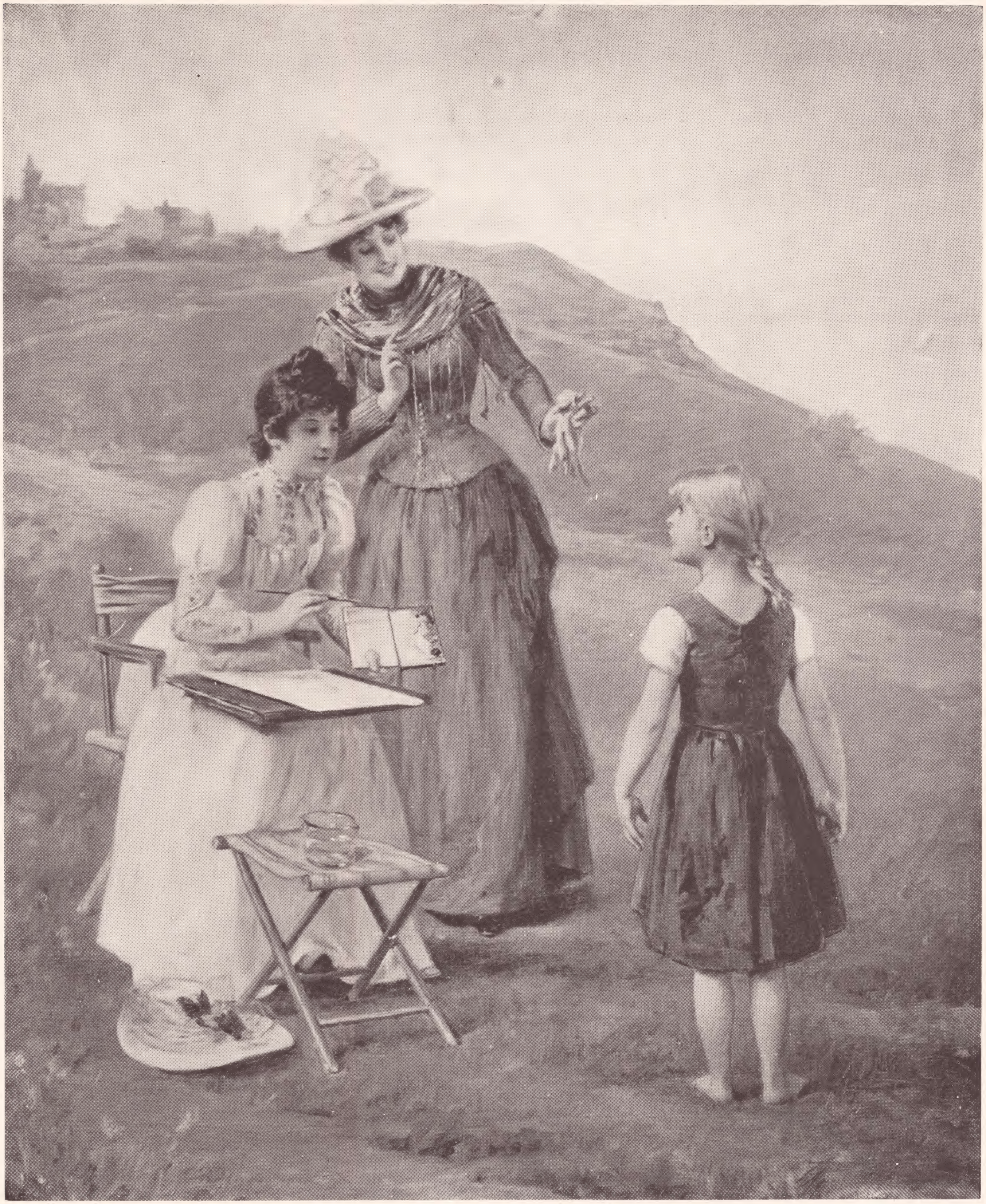


Adolf Lüben.

AFTER THE CHRISTENING.

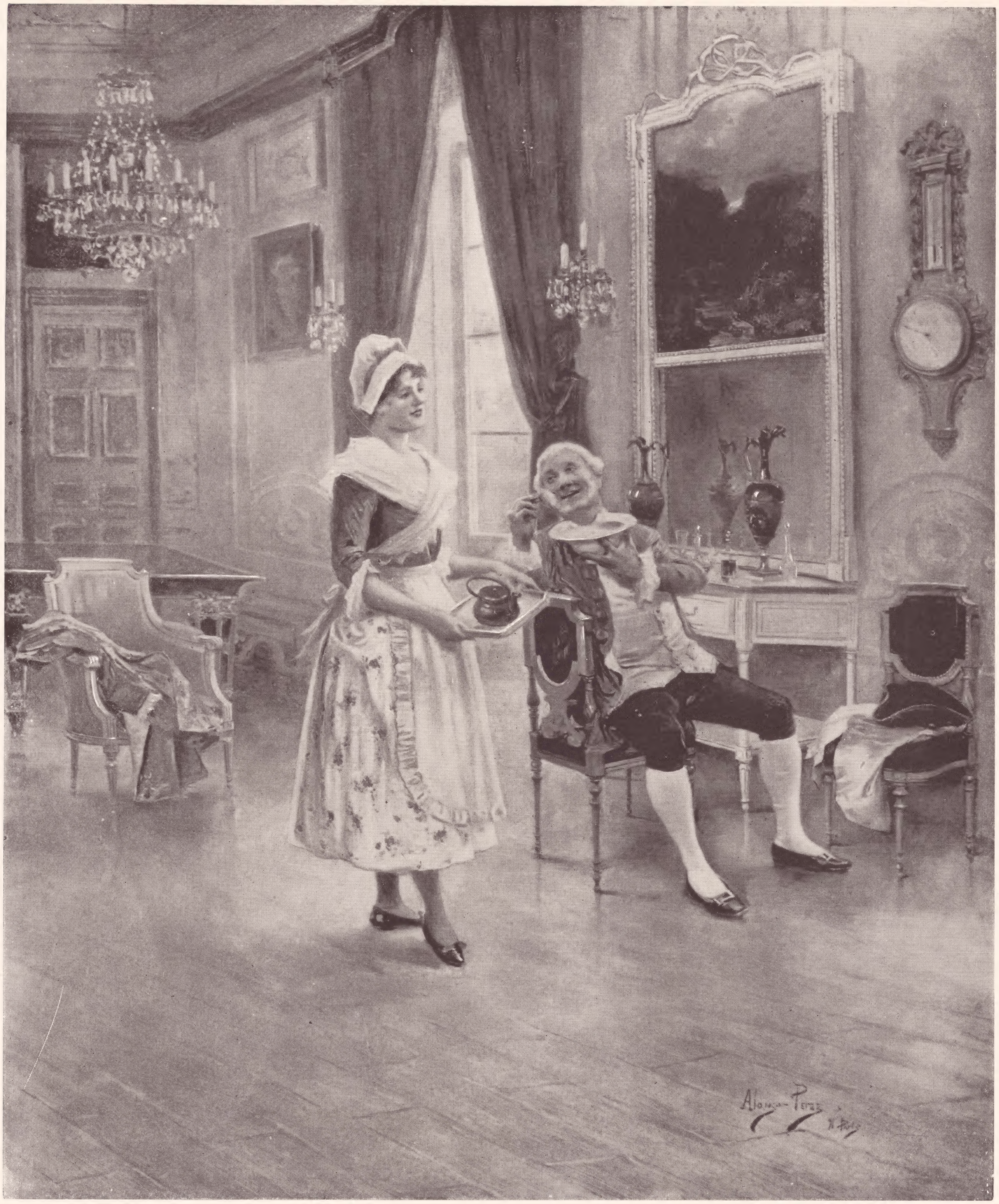
HERE we have a little party of happy people leaving the church where baby has just been christened. The scene is Slavic in its character and settings. In front walks the Russian father, unconsciously filling his pipe and consciously proud of his child. As for the young mother, she bears the little one tenderly on a pillow in her arms. They are only peasants, humble people; yet what a world of gentle love is in the face of the young wife and mother. Back of the parents are a few friends and relatives belonging to the same class. One is intent on readjusting the bow on her hat, while her companion looks on approvingly. An elderly dame watches the scene from the gateway. On the rocks just outside of the stone walls of the chapel sits the ubiquitous boy, with his dog by his side. He is a happy lad, in careless attitude and feather stuck in the ragged felt which covers his head. The little one is the embodiment of sweetness as it lies covered with soft white lace. The angels might well be not far away. The boy wonders if he was ever so little as that. The artist is a native of St. Petersburg, and is mostly known for his humorous paintings; but in this picture he has substituted pathos and love for humor.



THE NEW MODEL.

A. WEISS.

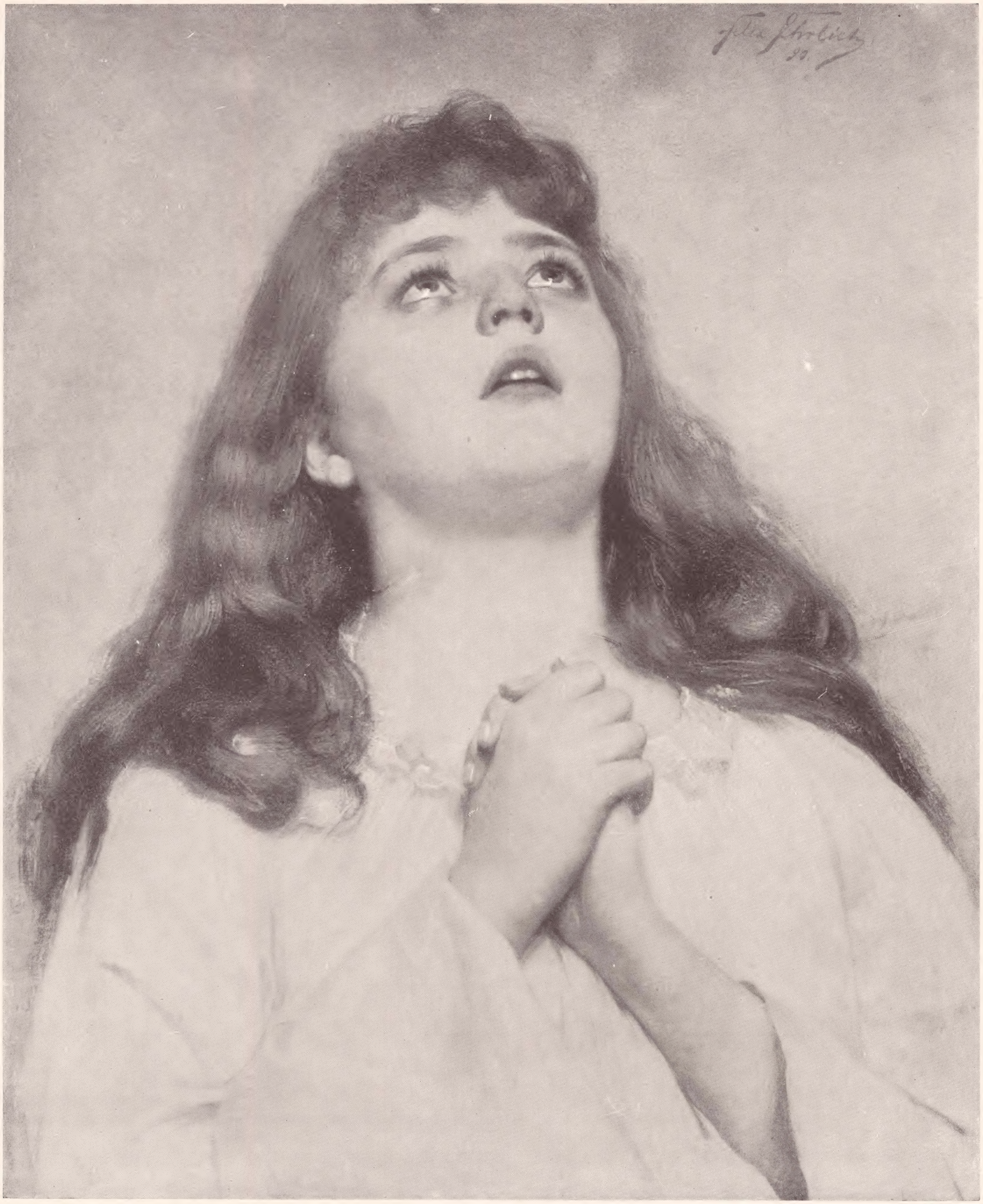
IN this picture the artist has introduced a scene from art. The smaller idea is set like a cameo in the larger. The two young artists have gone abroad in the summer morning to make sketches. The country is rough here and picturesque, though unadorned with trees. The artist in white has her drawing materials and is doing a piece "from nature." The nature in this case has been brought by the two girls to be used as a model, and she is taking her first lesson in pose. It is really a beautiful conceit to draw the little one, who has suddenly become conscious that she is to stand for her picture, in this attitude of childish constraint. If she were not told to do this, she would stand more naturally than any professional model of Florence, but being told, the charming creature has lost herself in the effort. The two ladies are trying hard to entice her, with sympathy and interesting sayings, into a look and posture of childish ease. But the little one has fallen under the dominion of an idea—most tyrannical things—and has put out her round arms as awkwardly as though she were a boy. Her inclination toward her tormentors, and the look of fixedness, which she is giving them in her trial, are almost pathetic; but the artists are greatly amused.



THE TOILET.

ALONZO PEREZ.

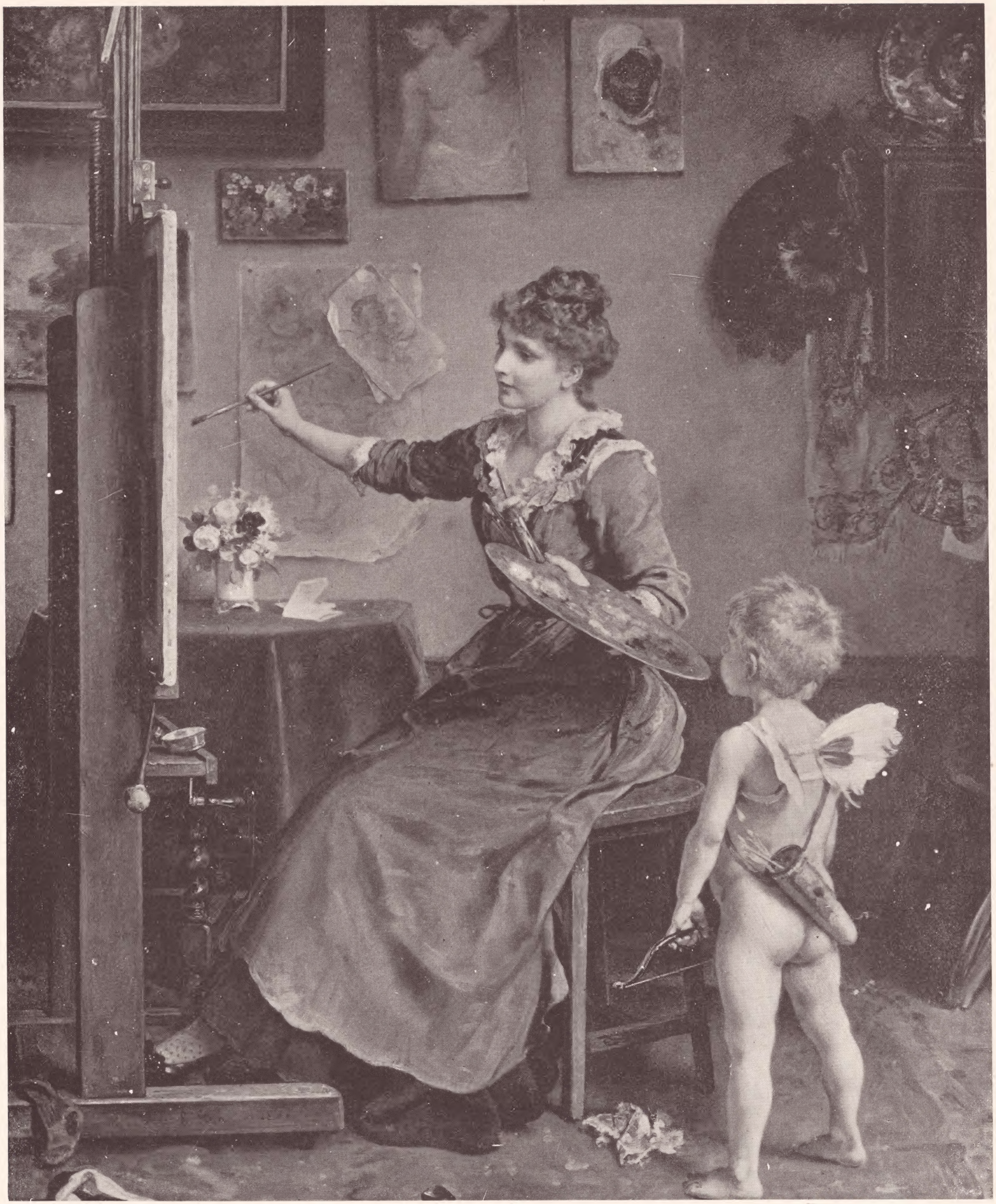
THIS picture introduces us to a manner of life quite prevalent in the middle and after part of the eighteenth century. The evolution of dress is one of the most important concomitant circumstances of civilization. Costume has varied its form and materials with every age and race, conforming to the spirit of the given people and the prevailing society. In France, beginning with the age of the grand monarch, elegance of dress and manner became prevalent to a degree never hitherto known. In the time of Louis XV, and extending to the age of the Revolution, dress and manners prevailed over everything. This picture by Perez introduces us to the dressing-room of one of the gay and refined members of the French aristocracy. He has been a beau for more than forty years without intermission. He has cultivated the art of adorning himself, until the grace of it has become grotesque in the sight of reason. The artist has here caught him in the act. He is preparing himself for the forthcoming reception and for an added conquest. The passion of frivolity and insincere love-making is so strong upon him that he is obliged to pause in his toilet and flirt with the waiting-maid. He is a type greatly prevalent of the age to which he belonged, but now, happily, almost extinct.



PRAYING.

FELIX EHRLICH.

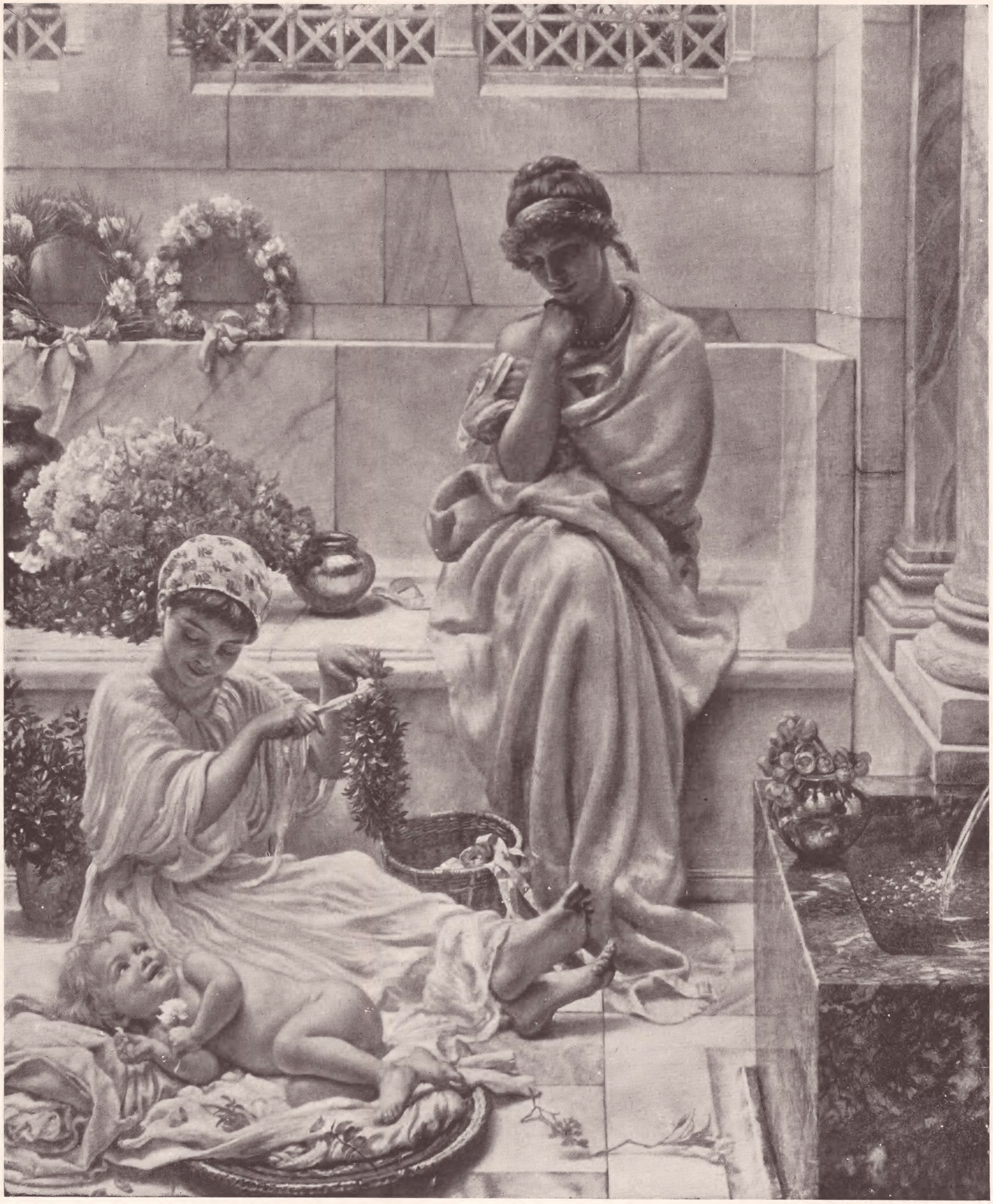
SINCE the earliest ages of art, painters and sculptors have sought to express in color and form the sentiment of prayer. How many upturned faces and clasped hands may be seen in the galleries of the world. The fate of life has been so sorrowful, that the spirit of the sufferers have been ever crying out to the supernal power for help. This sentiment, perhaps, is most beautiful in the young; they who have really least need to pray, pray most easily, and in truest faith. Rarely has the attitude and expression of prayer been better portrayed than in the face and manner of this beautiful girl. Her life has not yet been sufficiently obscured to close her eyes and bend down her head in her petition. So she looks up, and utters her plea with hands gently clasped at her breast, and open lips, breathing such thoughts as rise in her young spirit for utterance. The picture, considered as a portrait, is admirable; but the quality of the portraiture is unnoticed under the spell of the prayer. The artist has happily caught the difference between the sentiment which expresses itself in the faces of children calling for their parents, and the profounder murmur of the soul appealing to the power on high.



THE ARTIST AND HER MODEL.

LUDWIG KNAUS.

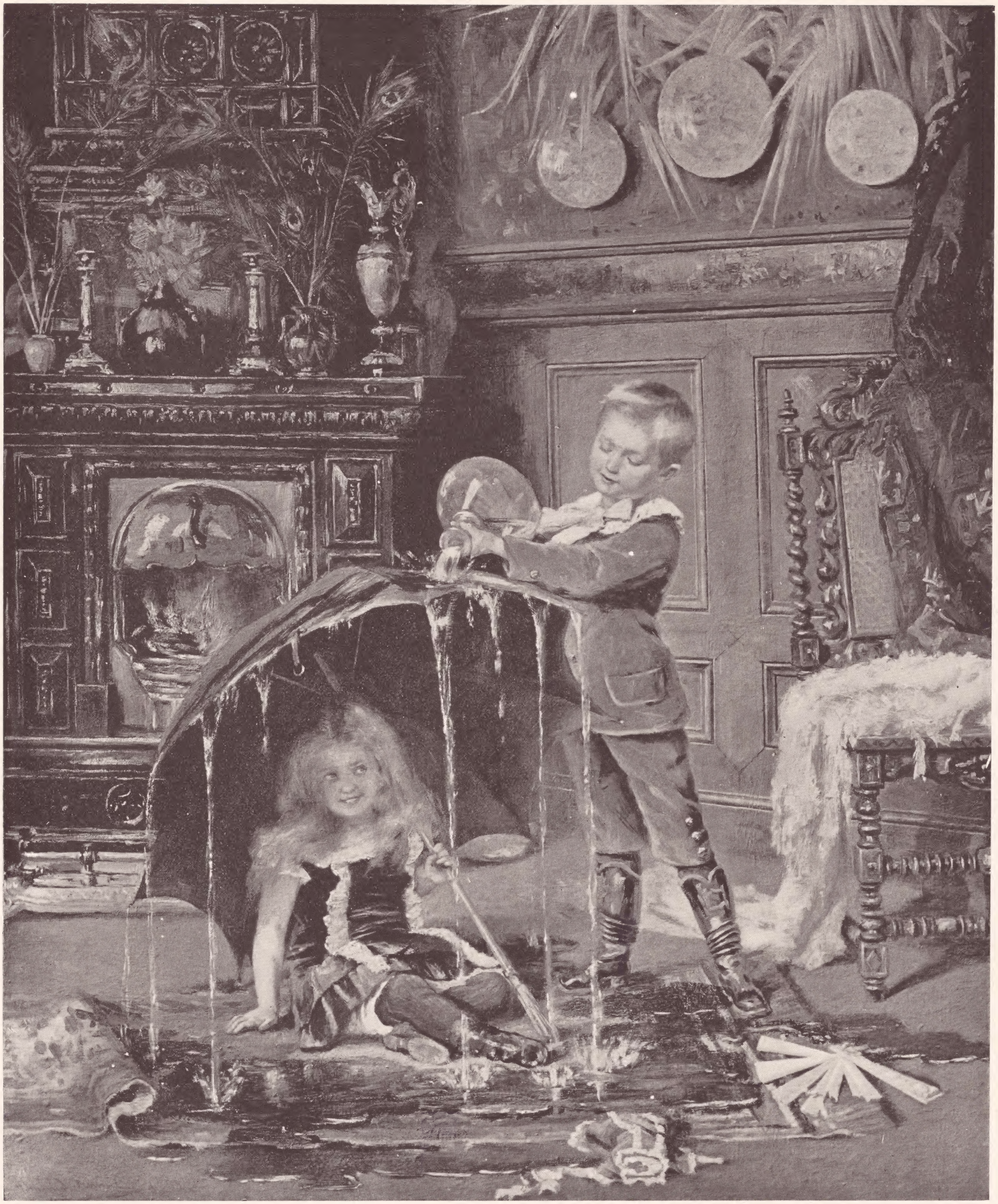
THE sense of this beautiful picture is, first of all, that the model standing ever before the woman soul, is love. Here we have an aspiring young artist in her studio. Of her skill and genius there may be as little doubt as of her beauty. She is still in girlhood. Her canvas is before her, and her fine face is lighted with the concept of the picture which she is painting. She fixes her rapt attention on the canvas, and the touch of her pencil is delicate and airy. There is a material as well as a spiritual sense in this work. The girl is painting a Cupid, and has taken one of nature's natural cupids for her model. She has tricked him out with bow and quiver, and wings, after the style of all cupids whatsoever. As for Master thus mythologized, he is doing his part to perfection. He gazes at the artist much as the original Cupid looked at his mother, Venus. But above all this little play there is the spiritual sense in the scene. The young woman is painting Love, and in so doing is transferring her own soul to the canvas. Love is her dream, not yet realized, but already an imminent possibility.



A CORNER IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

EDWARD JOHN POYNTER.

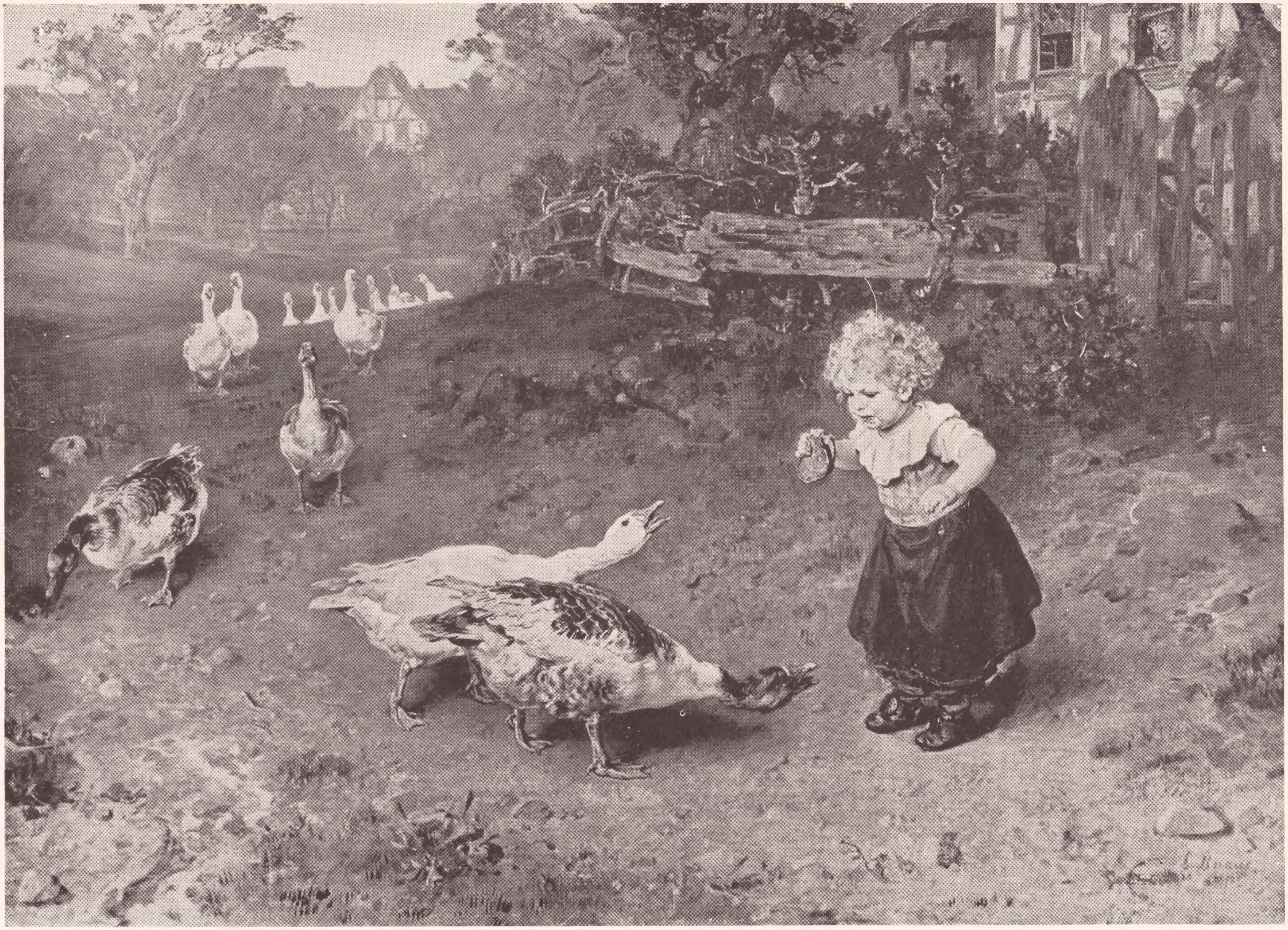
THE theme of this picture is wholly classical. The Greek market was one of the centers of Greek life. The market of Athens, instead of being thrust away in a corner and converted by its uses into a place offensive to the sense and taste of man, was made most elegant in all particulars. The market was of marble. The citizens—men and women—came there in fine apparel. They entered a place of sunshine, and of fruits and flowers heaped up on every hand. The scene depicted in Poynter's painting is a nook in the market-place. A woman and a girl are there with flowers and fruits to sell. The woman, we think, is the mother of the new comer. He holds a flower and looks mirthfully into the face of the girl, who responds with smiles and pleasure. This comer in the market-place may well be Cupid himself. Indeed, we believe that to have been the thought of the painter. Love has stolen into this place of fruits and flowers, and if the woman be not the mother of the child, then the ideality is clear; that is, love has come and smiles in her face. Round about, everything is marble, cut in elegant manner. The figures are drawn from classical models, and the raiment is of that simple yet elegant form in which the beautiful women of Hellas so much delighted.



L. Blume-Siebert.

RAIN IN THE PARLOR.

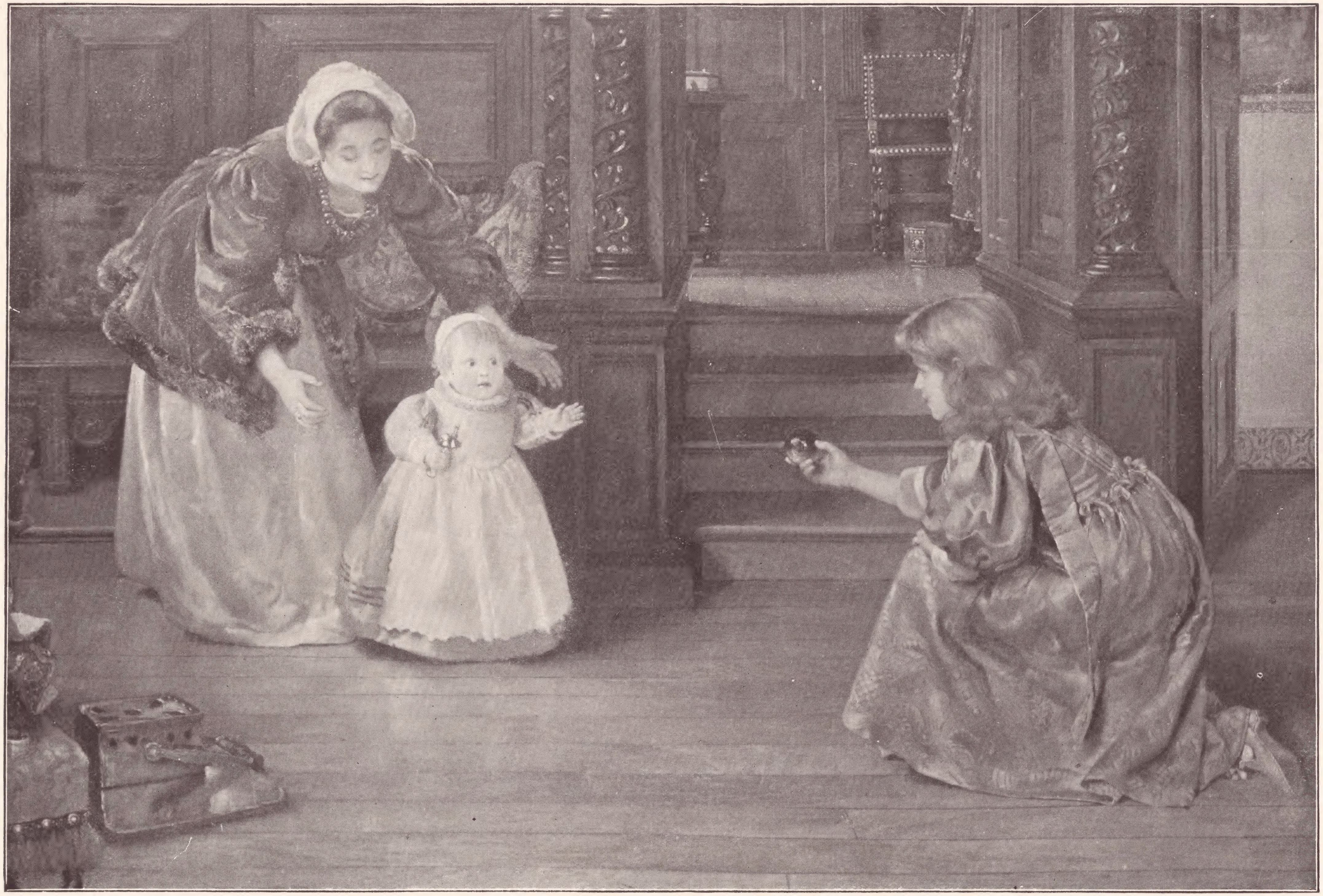
CHILDREN on pleasure bent never count the cost, and the zest of pleasurable mischief is seldom abated by thought of what damage may be done, or what disagreeable consequences ensue. The little ones live only for the moment that is passing, and even though they find that the rose of enjoyment is associated with the sting of punishment, the scent of pleasure remains when the sting of the thorn is scarcely remembered. Here is a picture of self-sought discomfort in the midst of luxury, and the faces of the two children betray no anticipation of the thunderstorm which will probably follow their make-believe rainstorm. The boy, who is personating Jupiter Pluvius, has a most satisfied smirk on his countenance, while the little girl feels perfectly secure under the shelter of the umbrella. She looks like a laughing nymph in a dripping grotto. Her pathway in life is evidently a bright one, and stormy weather, even in semblance, adds variety to her existence. The picture is a reversal of actualities, there is nothing more apparent than the sunshine amid the shower. It gleams on her face and is tangled in her golden tresses. It seems inevitable that when the mischief is discovered, the missing clouds will gather on the parental brow and the tears will rain from the eyes that are now laughing.



KNAÜS.

IN GREAT DISTRESS.

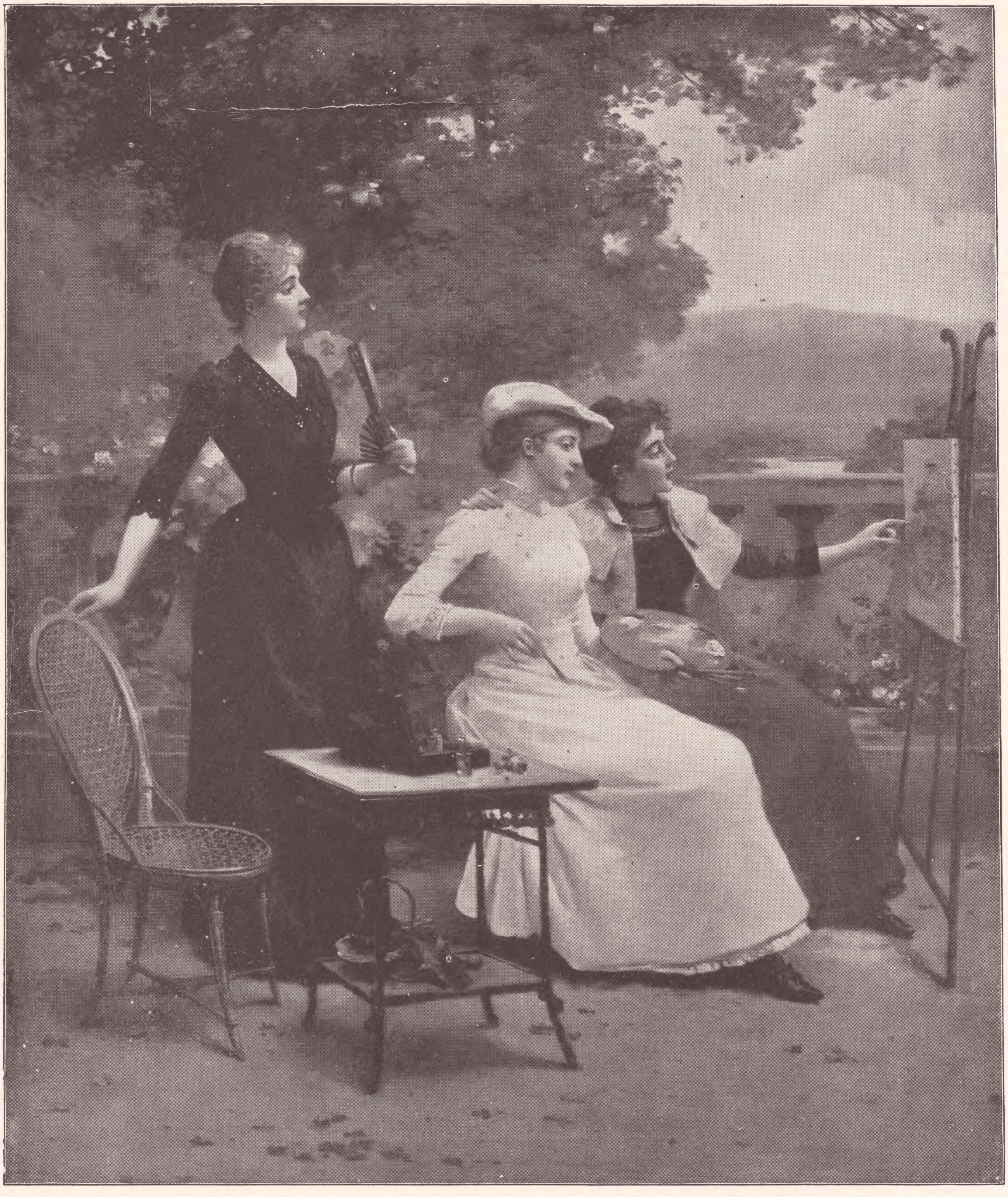
THE canvas here preserves for us a country scene full of that beauty which the artist's eye is so quick to catch. Foliage and flowers speak to us of summer. In the foreground stands a chubby little urchin, whose face and attitude show dire distress. His plans are spoiled, his happiness is gone. With lunch in hand, he has slipped through the gate and bravely started down the path. His right of way is soon disputed by a hostile band. In dignified procession the geese approach, and the vanguard, with threatening hiss, throws down the gauge of battle. Hapless and hopeless he stands. He dares not advance, and the thought of retreat has not entered his little mind. The troubles of life have already begun, and he knows not which way to turn. Poet and philosopher have joined in declaring childhood free from care; but the mingling of the bitter and the sweet begins in earliest infancy. The little cloud, which to us seems no larger than a man's hand, shuts out the sun in the sky of childhood as completely as do the storms which sometimes darken the horizon of later life. True, with the child the trial is sooner forgotten, but for the moment the anguish is none the less real. Knaüs, whose brush has given us this touch of nature, proves by it that he has justly earned his reputation as the foremost *genre* painter of Germany.



LAURA ALMA-TADEMA.

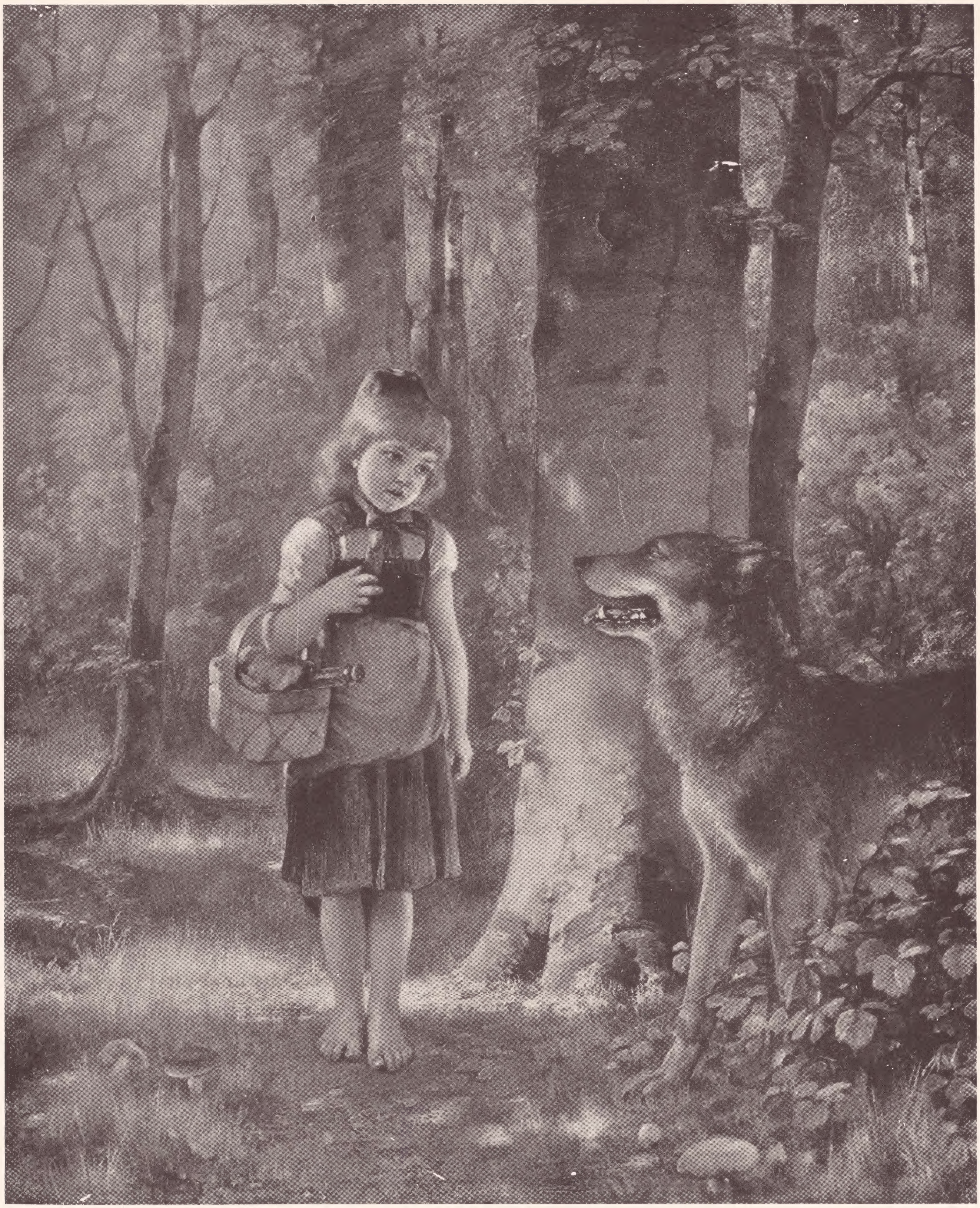
NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE.

THE wife and art-pupil of her celebrated husband, Mrs. Alma-Tadema has her own individuality as a painter, which is distinctly recognized and highly esteemed by connoisseurs. A love of historical facts characterizes her as well as her husband, and in the domestic life of Holland in the seventeenth century she has found a field for the exercise of her undoubted genius as a painter. So successfully did she exploit this field that she was one of only three women artists who were invited to exhibit at the French International Exposition of 1878. She is especially felicitous in her representations of children and of children's dress. Indeed, the perfect illusions of texture and textiles which proceed from her brush are only secondary in interest and importance to the truthful portrayal of character in her pretty scenes of domesticity. She endows inanimate things with a kind of vitality, and the fabrics seem almost to rustle as the people who wear them move. Here is a picture for which, in its essential truth to nature, one need not go to Holland nor to the seventeenth century—though the quaint costumes and characteristic Dutch interior lend their own interest to the scene. A little tot just learning to walk is tempted to a longer flight than she has yet taken alone, by the apple held out to her by her older sister, at which she gazes with an eager longing that may induce her to make the perilous attempt to reach it. The tottering poise of the little one, the tender solicitude of the mother, and the winning invitation of the sister, are well suggested.



THE AMATEUR ARTIST. JULES FREDERICK BALLAVOINE.

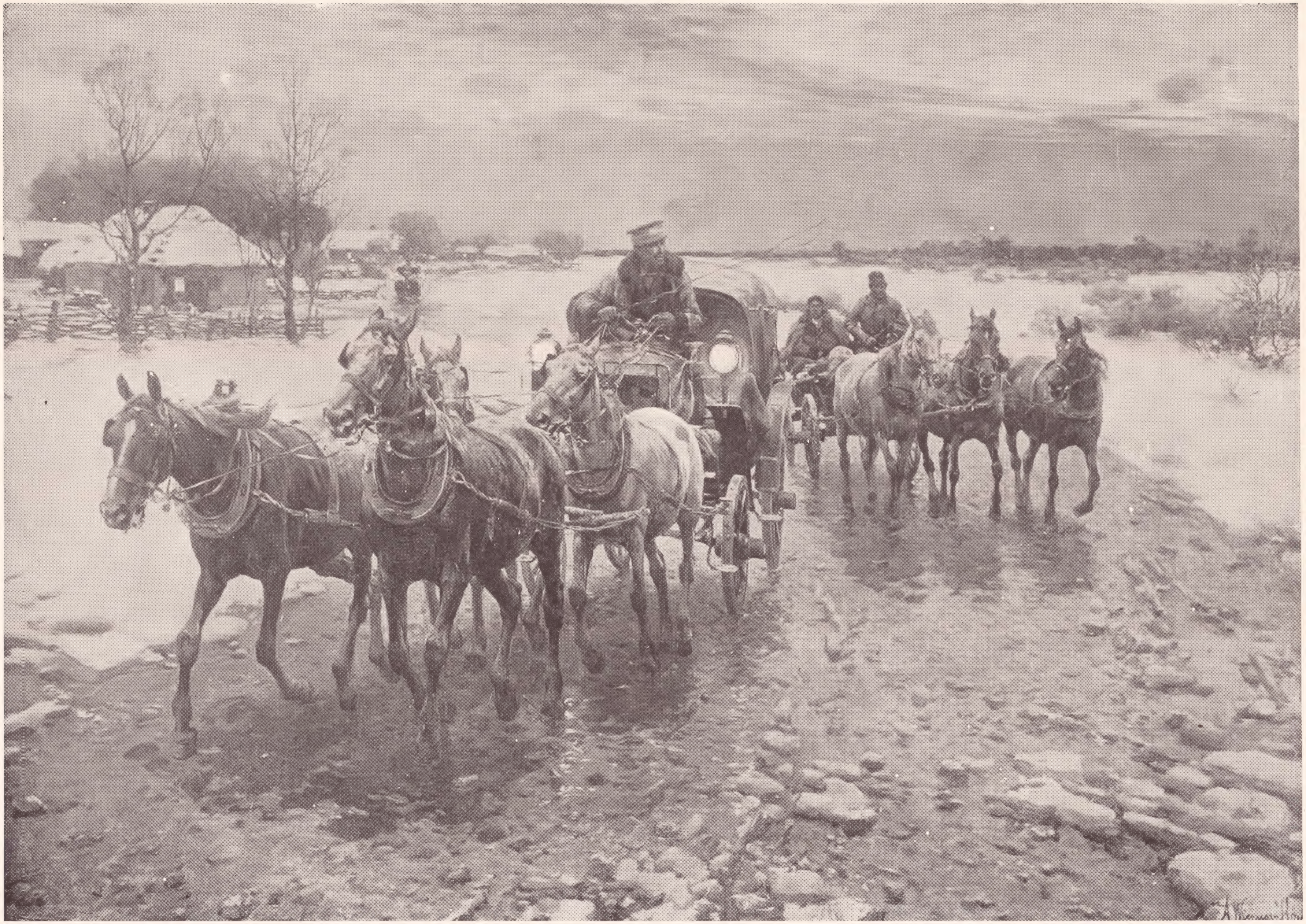
WE have in this charming picture a refined young lady, of high social accomplishments, painting for pleasure. She rests with the canvas before her to hear the opinions of two friends as they survey and criticise her work. The young artist is only an amateur, and many faults and errors are no doubt easily discovered. These are pointed out by the friends, as well as the merit of the picture. The lady in black, standing with open fan and white hand resting lightly on the back of the cane chair, is herself a beautiful study in ''black and white.'' She regards the picture as if from a distance, and from the expression of her handsome features one might judge that she would be a considerate critic with the faults of the work under consideration. The other of the three, whose fingers point to the canvas and lightly touch it, is on the most intimate terms with the young artist, and with one arm caresses as she criticises. Ballavoine is a native of Paris. He is a *genre* painter, whose fame has been wholly won in the last two decades. He is a pupil of Pils, and won his first medal in 1880. Besides the present piece, his principal works are, ''Interrupted Seance,'' ''Surprise,'' ''Little Bohemienne.'' The style of art presented in this picture is a result of the strong social spirit of our age, which tends strongly to make all people—women as well as men—artists in intent if not in fact.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

F. Hiddemann.

POSSIBLY the legend of Little Red Riding Hood is the most widely diffused of any existing in the English language. Notwithstanding its improbability, not to say absurdity, it exists everywhere and is accepted as the climax of child-tragedy in half the world. The story has been done into all forms of art. It has been repeated to the little folks and memorized by them until it has become a part of the common tradition of our race. In this picture the touching but improbable myth is represented to perfection. Hiddemann has drawn the little girl with the utmost truth to the fiction. Her childish innocence and simplicity are expressed in every line of her face and figure. In like manner the artist has given perfect character to the wolf. The beast has a smiling visage, but it is easy to see under his flat skull and in his malevolent eyes, the plot and purpose of his villainy. Both the figures are set perfectly in the forest landscape. Everything is quiet and solitary. His lying visage and the innocent child-face are looking, the one into the other. Note the sweet innocence of the one expressed in every lineament, from her sweet child-eyes to the toes softly pressing the ground. Contrast these with the claws of the wolf, and the tension of his iron muscles.

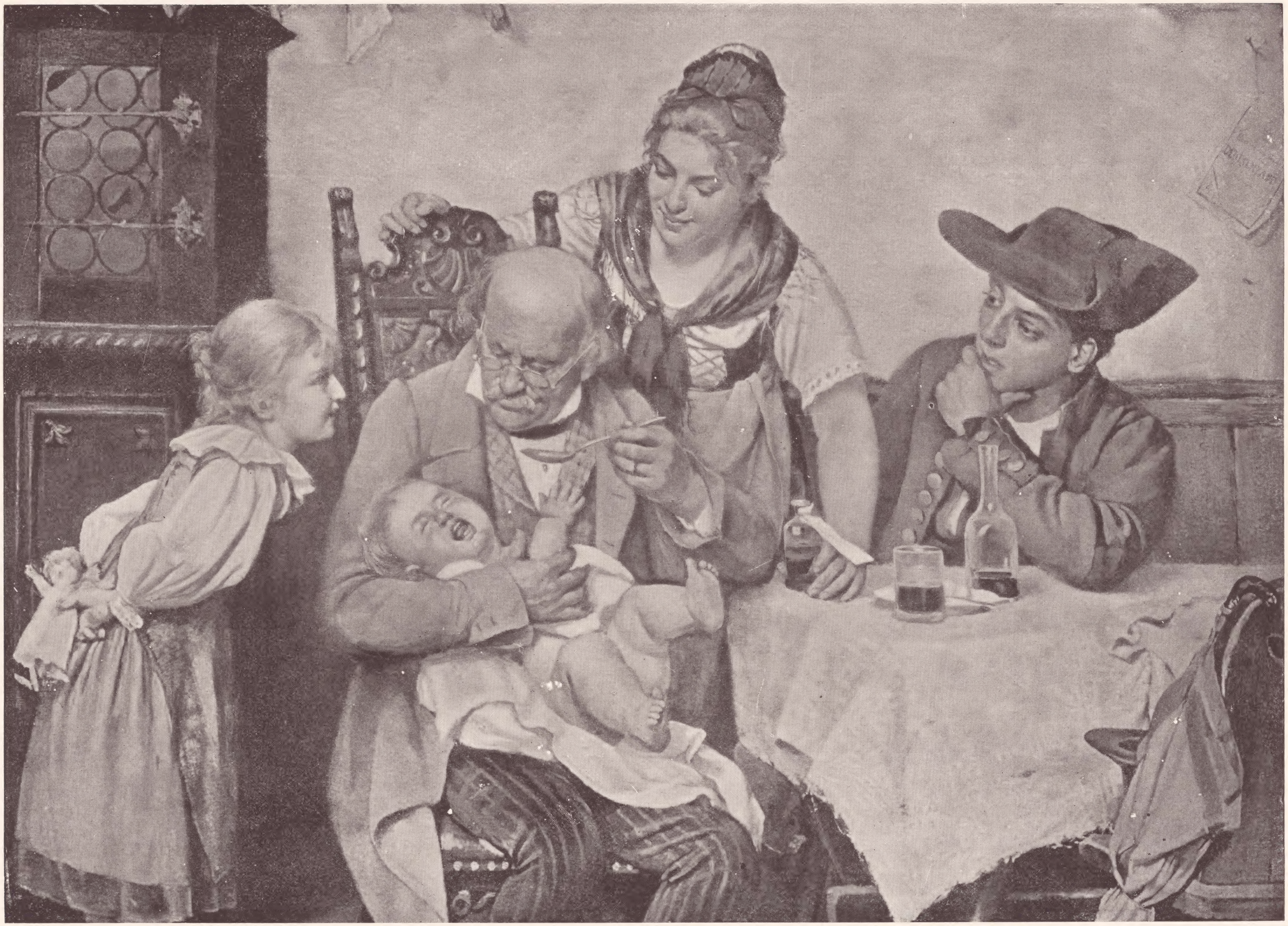


A. Von Wierusz-Kowalski.

COMING OF THE GUESTS.

THIS is a far-reaching landscape, and is thoroughly French. The sketch has been made from some of the open country of Provence or Languedoc. There is a wide expanse of earth and sky. It is a winter scene, but there is a suggestion of mildness about the winter which removes it from the rigor of the north. Only a few flashes of sunshine are needed to change all this into verdure and fragrance. For the time the house roofs and a large part of the landscape are covered with snow. Some guests are traveling by the highway across the country from one village to the next. They are going to enjoy the Christmas festivities or some other holiday with their friends. Fine steeds have been harnessed and commodious equipages have been secured for the journey. The artist has caught the travelers *en route*. The horses and carriages and drivers, with glimpses of the guests, are set against the background of snow. The picture may contain a poem or a romance, according to the fancy of the writer. It is such by suggestion rather than by positive delineation. One of the travelers sits in the open carriage; deep in the recesses of the other there is the suggestion of a lady's face. The night may overtake them before the cavalcade reaches its destination, but there is not a hint of care or anxiety. The confident and well-contented travelers know that with the open road and their gentle steeds they shall arrive in safety, and that warm welcome will meet them at the door.

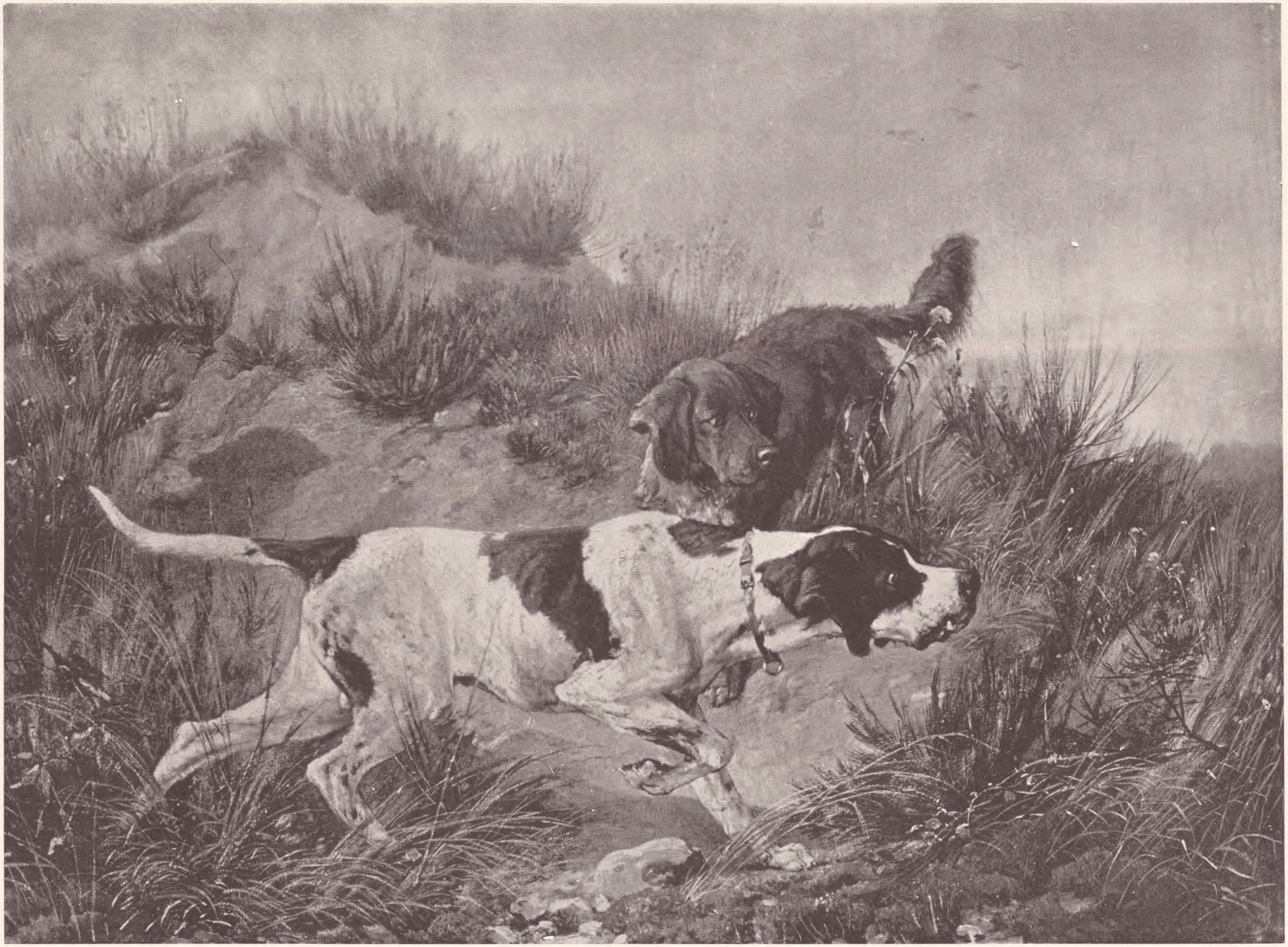
ADJ



BITTER MEDICINE.

FLEISCHER.

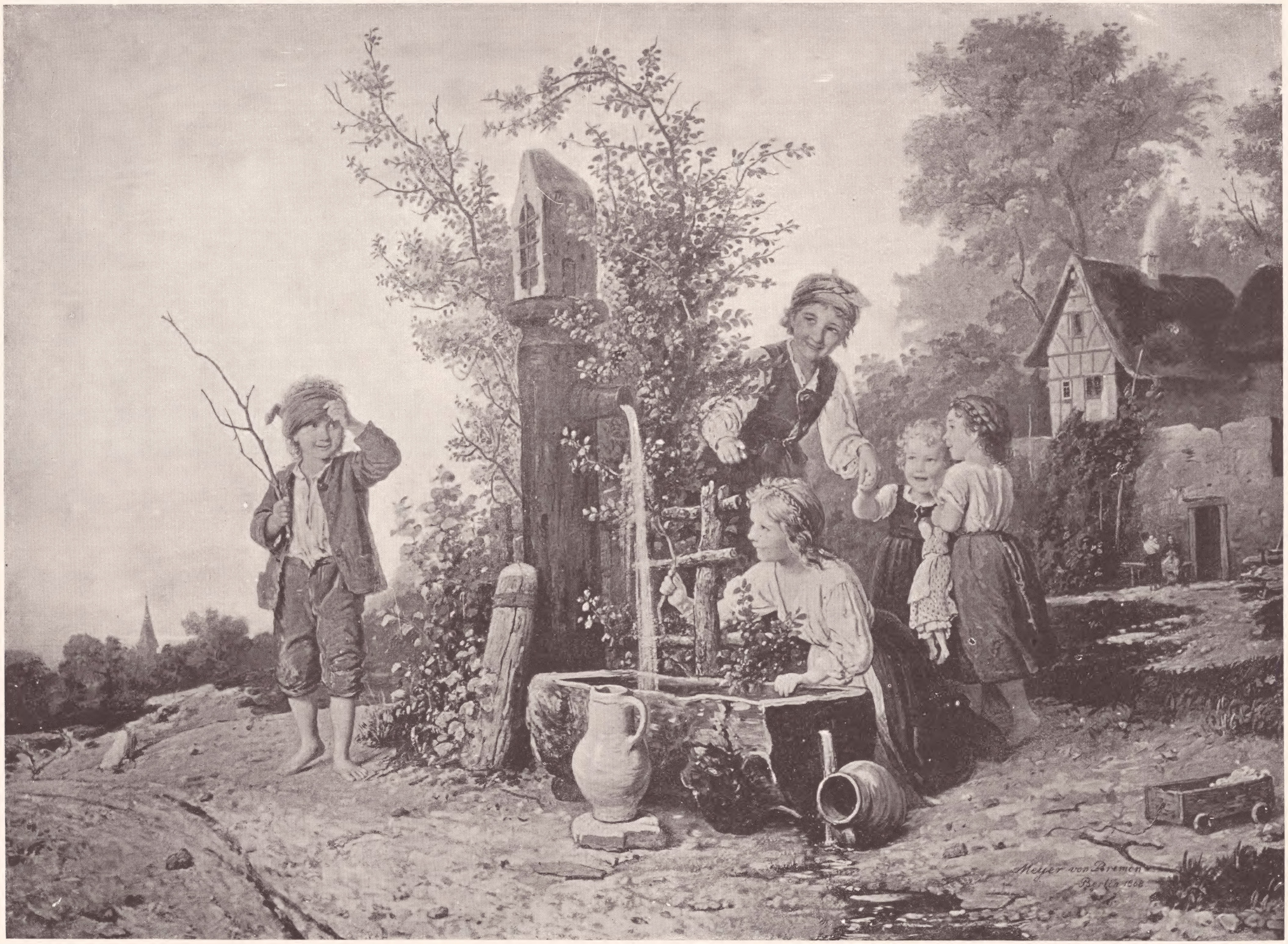
THE scene here delineated is one familiar in some form in almost every home. The baby is sick and the medicine must be administered. The young fellow at the right has just returned from the apothecary, bringing the nauseous drug. The potion has been fixed up and paterfamilias is in the act of administering it. At this point, however, the usual insurrection has broken out with extreme violence. Mamma has tried her persuasion, and Jennie has coaxed the baby until it was believed that he would take the spoonful without opposition. But the sight of it has kindled memory, and a sudden outbreak has made force necessary. The father has constrained the insurgent into such a position as to make the administration possible, but the uproar is great, and the scene is amusing. The artist has done full justice to the expression on the different faces. The baby's visage needs no interpretation. The father, severe and kind, is watching his opportunity. The moment the orifice is opened, down will go the drug. The mother is kind and sympathetic. John is not wholly indifferent to the baby's struggles, and is considering the question how he would do it. Jennie appeals to papa to be gentle with the little one. For her part, she would never compel the little one to do anything



POINTER AND SETTER.

C. F. DEIKER.

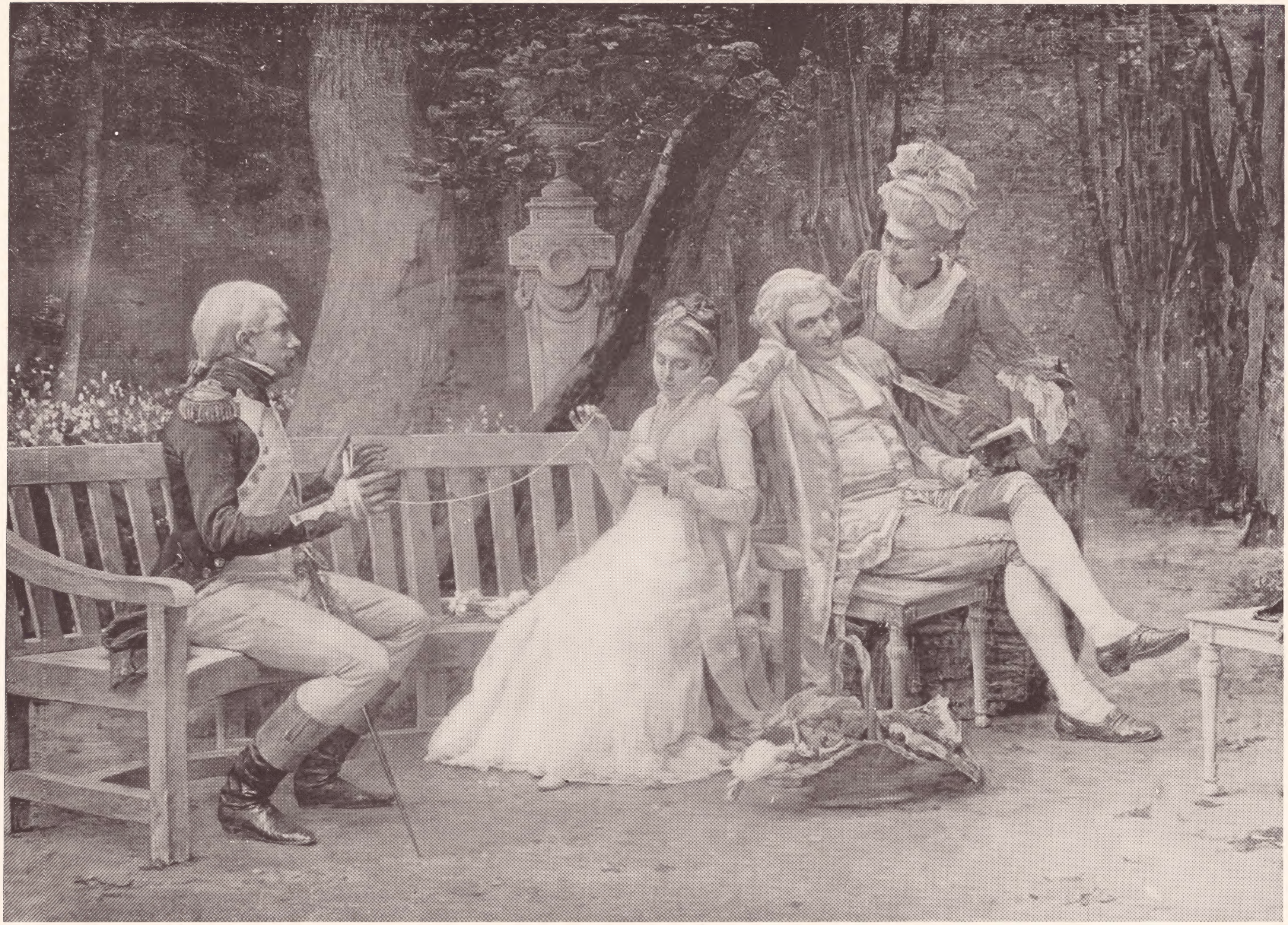
IN sagacity and intelligence the dog is next to man in that department of nature which the old Suabian epic of Reynard the Fox designates as the "Kingdom of the Beasts." Byron declared that his dog possessed all the virtues of man without his vices. In this picture the artist has delineated two of our faithful companions in which, or more properly in whom, culture has reached the highest stage. In these, evolution has done its perfect work. A certain instinct has been whetted into preternatural activity and has dominated all the other faculties of the dog mind, becoming an unquenchable passion. Note well how the splendid pointer is under the power of his prevailing instinct; how his foot is lifted and motionless; how his fine head is set in the direction of the game, and his tail projected as steadily and truly as the sight-pole of a steamer. Rarely, if ever, has a dog been better drawn or painted. So also of the setter. In him the passion is more gentle but not less unerring. The landscape is a wide heath, unbroken by trees, but varied in surface, covered with rough grasses and endless coverts—the native place of the partridge and grouse.



BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

MEYER VON BREMEN.

SO we all played once on a time—Blind Man's Buff was one of the games I loved best. Indeed I think I must have been one of these boys in the picture, the fellow who "is seeing," as we used to cry. That was about my build, and how I did love to go barefoot in the summer-time, trousers tucked up to the knee, to race over the pasture and wade in the brook that came down from the moors. It is a good sixty years ago. The old pump has gone with the boys and girls, and the green valley among the moors is four thousand miles away. The life in this great city roars and rushes all about me, but as I look at this transcript from the hand of the good artist, I am there as he was once, or he could not have painted the picture. I know one of those girls—she was the miller's daughter. Her eyes were like sunny violets. I can hear her voice the best. She died years ago they say, but she still lives for me, and as I sit here and think, dear Charles Lamb steals in and whispers, "Why should everything be mannish? Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead? Is there not some child heart left in us all to respond to our earliest enchantments?" Surely, surely, I answer; and when boys make me wonder whether I could ever be so heedless as they are or where they got that yell—quaint old Master Fuller comes in and whispers, "You are one of them. They are chips from the old block! Wait on the Lord and believe in the boys!"



E. BERNE-BELLECOUR.

THE INTENDED.

THAT this picture is French goes without saying. The costumes and manners are those of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. There was much of elegance and dignity in the powdered wigs and queues and satin waistcoats and side-arms and shoebuckles of this age of expiring chivalry. It seemed to be the aim to preserve romance in the highest circles of society This scene shows one of the customs of the times. The accepted beau might join the family-group and aid his sweetheart in winding her ball of thread. It was his part to hold the hank on his hands. Sometimes he was able to do this gracefully; in other instances, not so well. In this case there is a fair measure of success. The young woman is a queen of beauty and modesty. She conceals in her downcast eyes the pleasure which she experiences in having her lover near. The father and mother are rehearsing certain memories of their own, and looking with smiles askance at the repetition of the little play in which they were themselves, not so many years ago, the principal actors. The picture may also be considered allegorically; for life has many times been likened to a thread. The two lovers each hold a common thread; they wind it and unwind it together.

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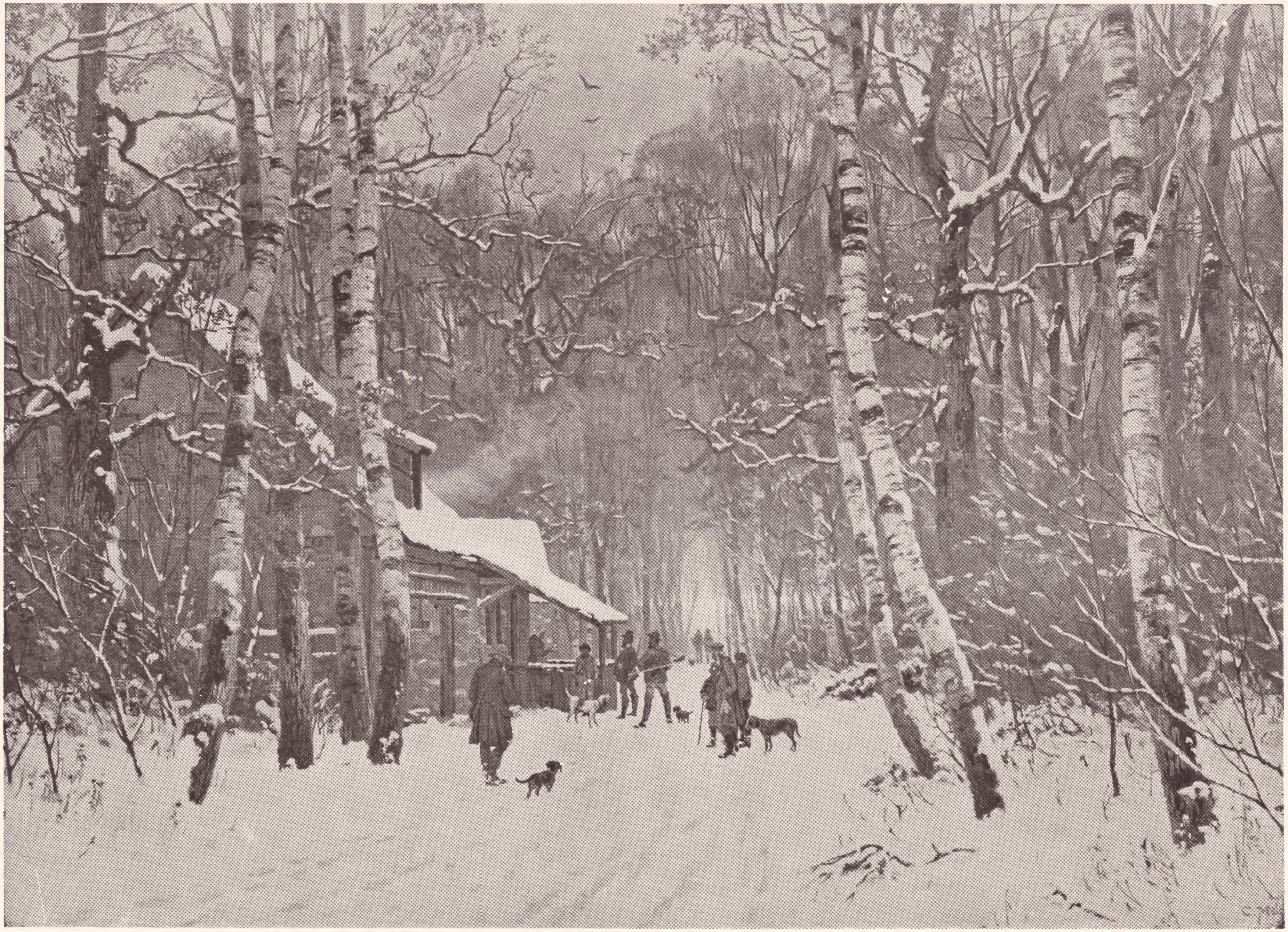
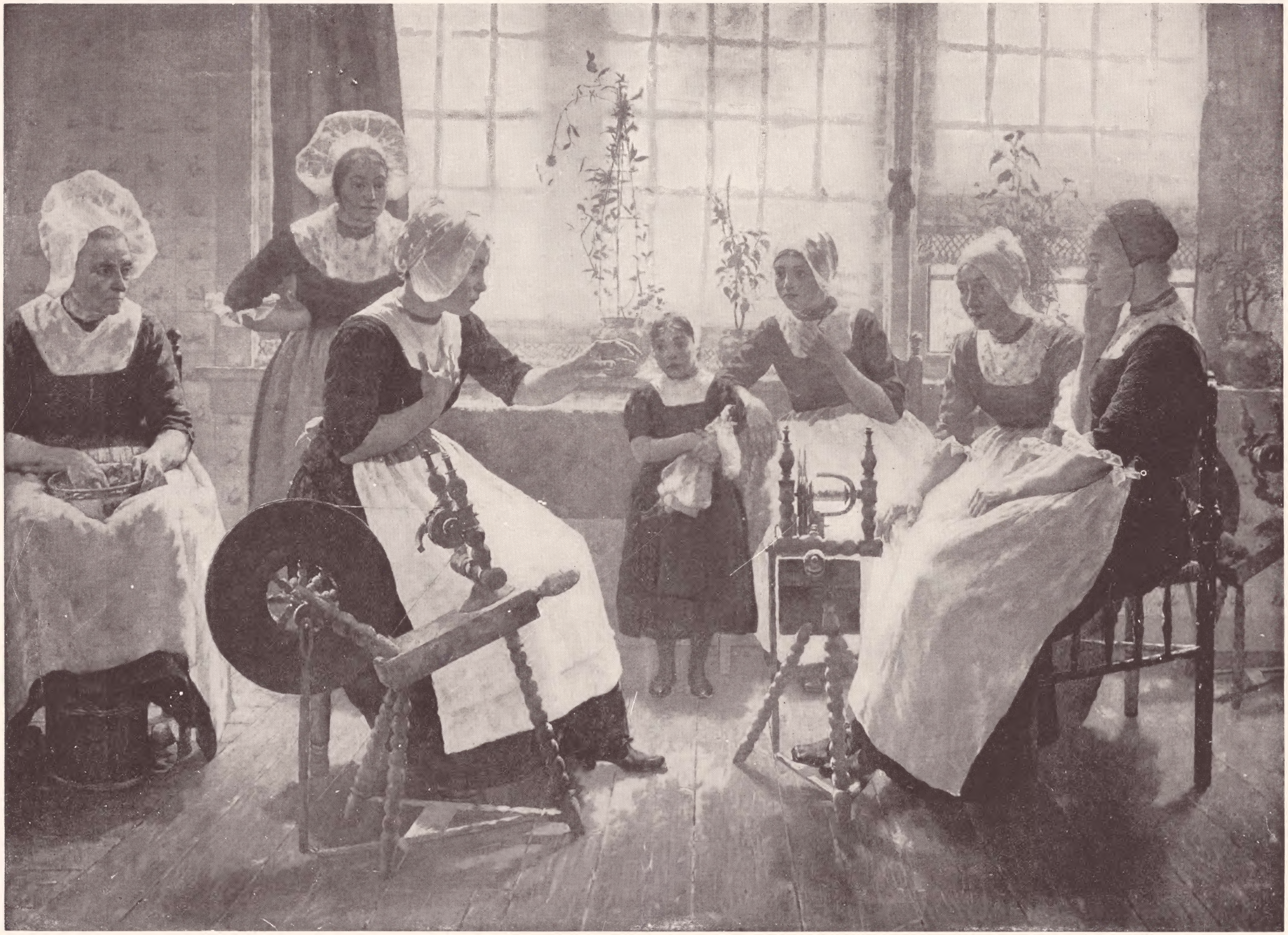


KARL MALCHIN.

WINTER LANDSCAPE.

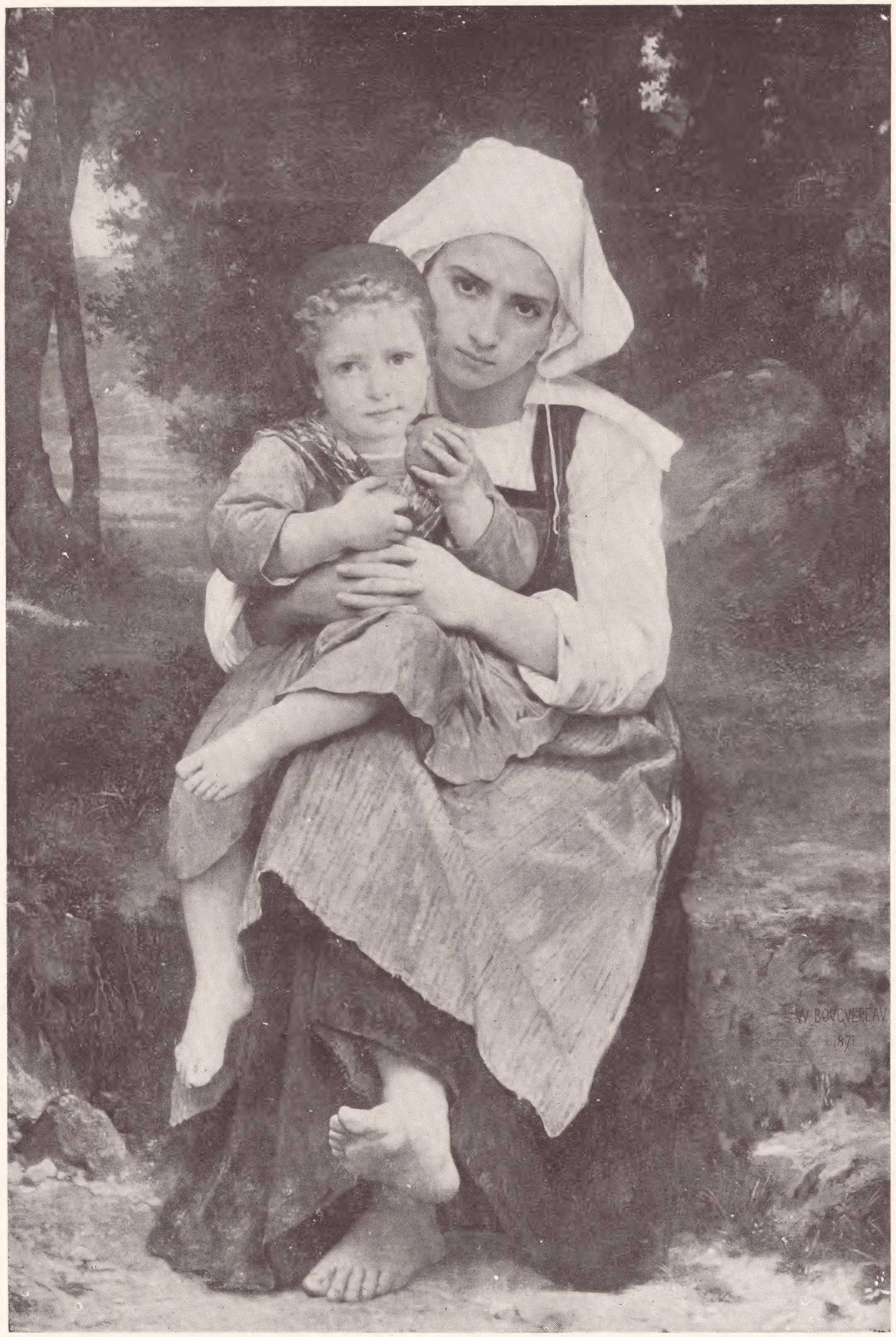
MALCHIN is famous as the painter of landscapes. He prefers winter scenes for his subjects. There are perhaps few places in Europe more likely to furnish suitable studies for his genius than the Thuringian forest. This vast wood was originally one of the famous things in the natural features of Germany. To the present time large areas of the forest remain in the native condition. Others are merely cut through and partly reclaimed by foresters who enter and build therein their houses. A scene of this kind is delineated in the picture above. The woods have been invaded by man, but not conquered. The snow-covered house is hardly discoverable through the trees, by the winter roadside. A company of hunters with their dogs have stopped at the rustic porch where the woman of the house is standing and dispensing coffee or beer to the visitors. Though the scene suggests the deepest chill of winter, it is, nevertheless, warmed by human sympathies and the companionship of man with man.



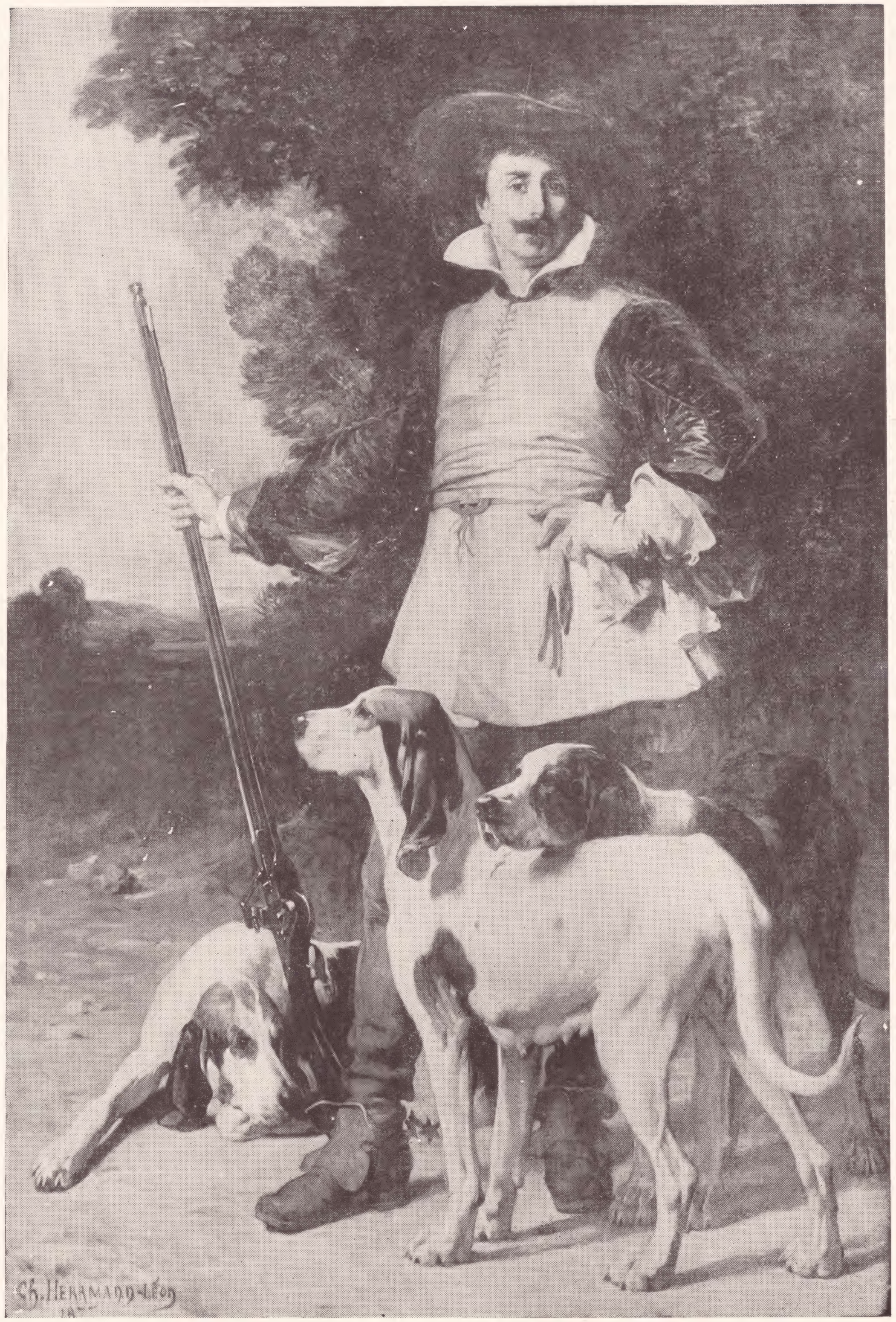
WALTER MACEWEN.

THE GHOST-STORY.

THIS is a reproduction from an original painting exhibited in the department of Fine Arts of the United States at the World's Fair. It is conceded that the woman mind is, more than the man mind, haunted with the shadows of superstition. Physically weaker than man, and incapacitated somewhat by her sex from a vigorous battle with the environment, she becomes in a measure subjective and traditional. Specters affright her, and find lodgment in her imagination. Here we have a company of women of varying ages, graded down through girlhood to a little miss of ten with her doll. It is a sort of spinning party, though the old lady at the left is busy with her pan of potatoes. The two spinning-wheels, however, have ceased to hum. One of the spinners, knowing the tale by heart, is reciting a ghost-story for the company. The recital has struck home, and the sensations which it has inspired range all the way from the mild interest of the woman at the right to the absolute terror of her two companions. As for the little girl, a crime is done against her tender fancy. This story of the ghost will haunt her as long as she lives. It seems strange with the well-known results of superstition, the people of civilized countries still continue to practice and perpetuate it.

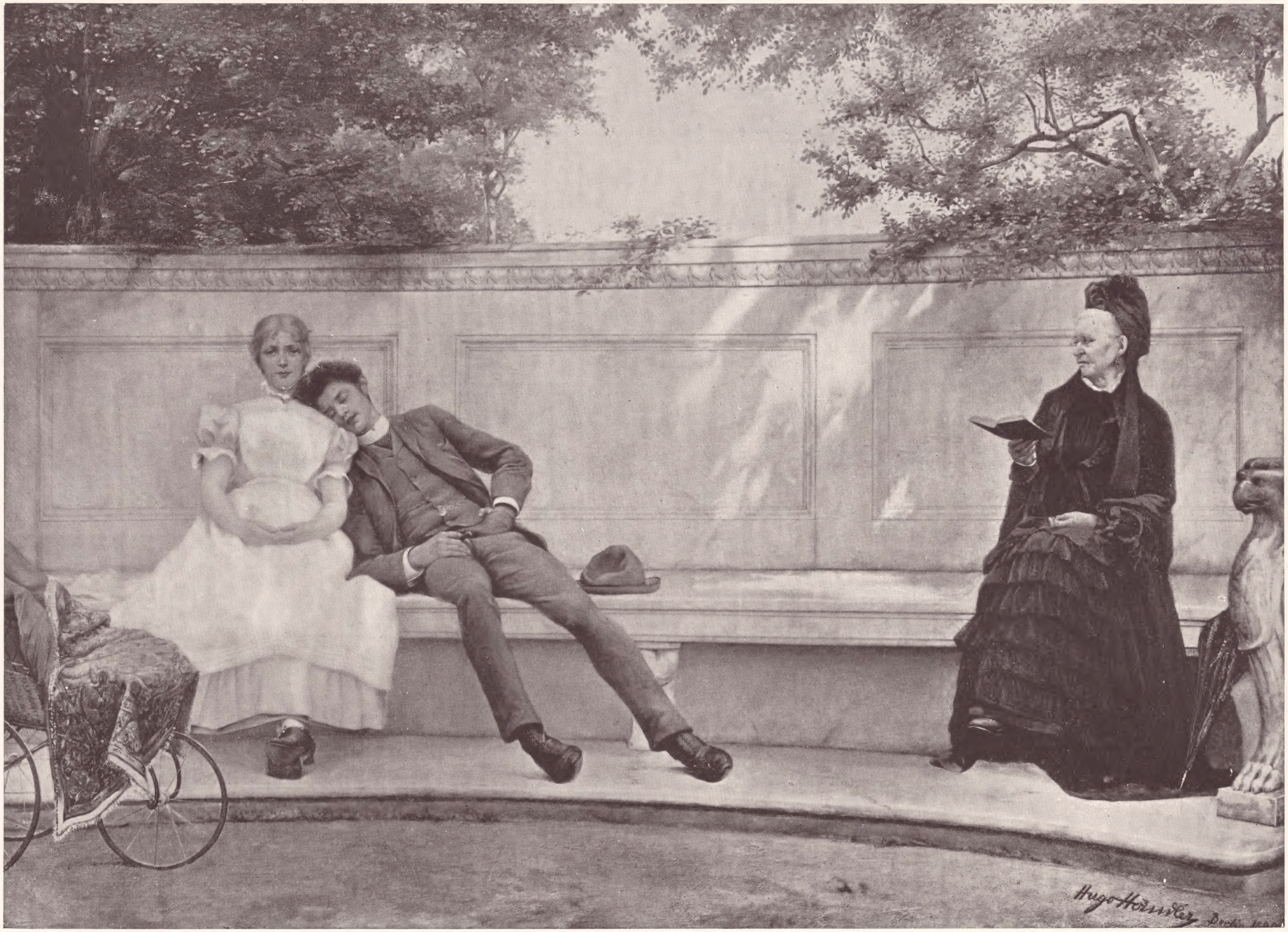


BROTHER AND SISTER. W. BOUGUEREAU.



CHARLES THE HUNTER. CH. HERRMANN.

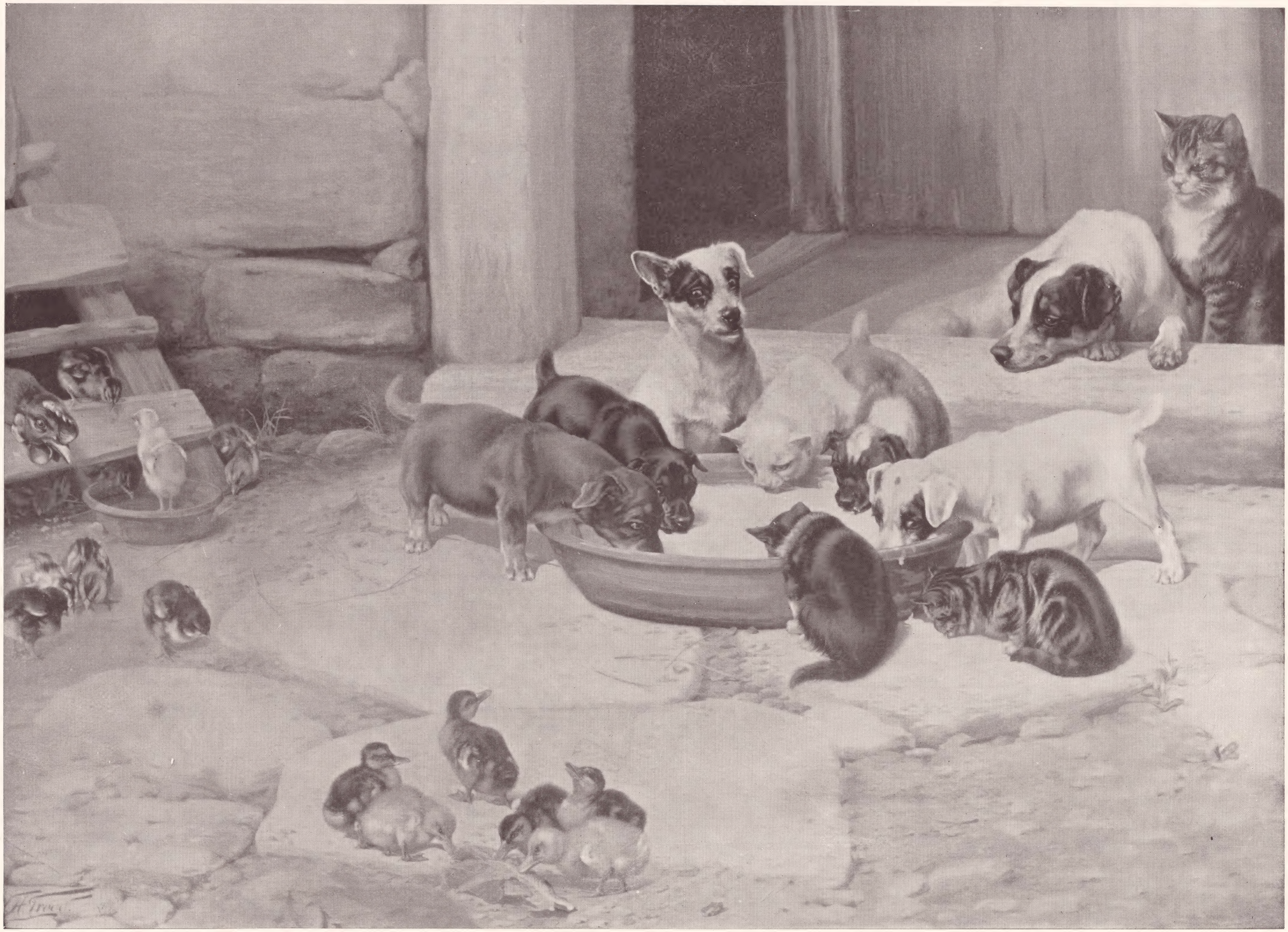
THE first panel of this picture, the original of which belongs to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City, represents a brother and sister; the first hardly out of babyhood, and the second old enough to think and to love. The boy is in charge of the girl. She has led him abroad into the woods, and, tired with rambling, has sat down on the edge of a rock, taking the curly-headed urchin on her lap. We may suppose that they are in search of a brook, in whose clear water they may wade and splash at will. The loving sister holds him close, and gazes steadily with her Madonna face, as if she saw in the distance the vision of things unspeakable. The filial tie is the master sentiment of the piece. The second panel is somewhat in the manner of Van Dyke. It shows young Charles Stuart while he was still Prince Charles, before his father's fate had driven him into exile. By common consent he possesses as goodly a person as royalty is often favored with. Here he is painted in his character as hunter. During his whole life he surrounded himself with dogs. Sir John Evelyn declares that there was a multitude of them in his death chamber. We may note in the picture, not without pleasure, the glow of health and spirit which the prince possessed, and which in after life, he succeeded with so much difficulty in quenching by his dissipations.



BETWEEN LOVE AND DUTY.

H. HANDLER.

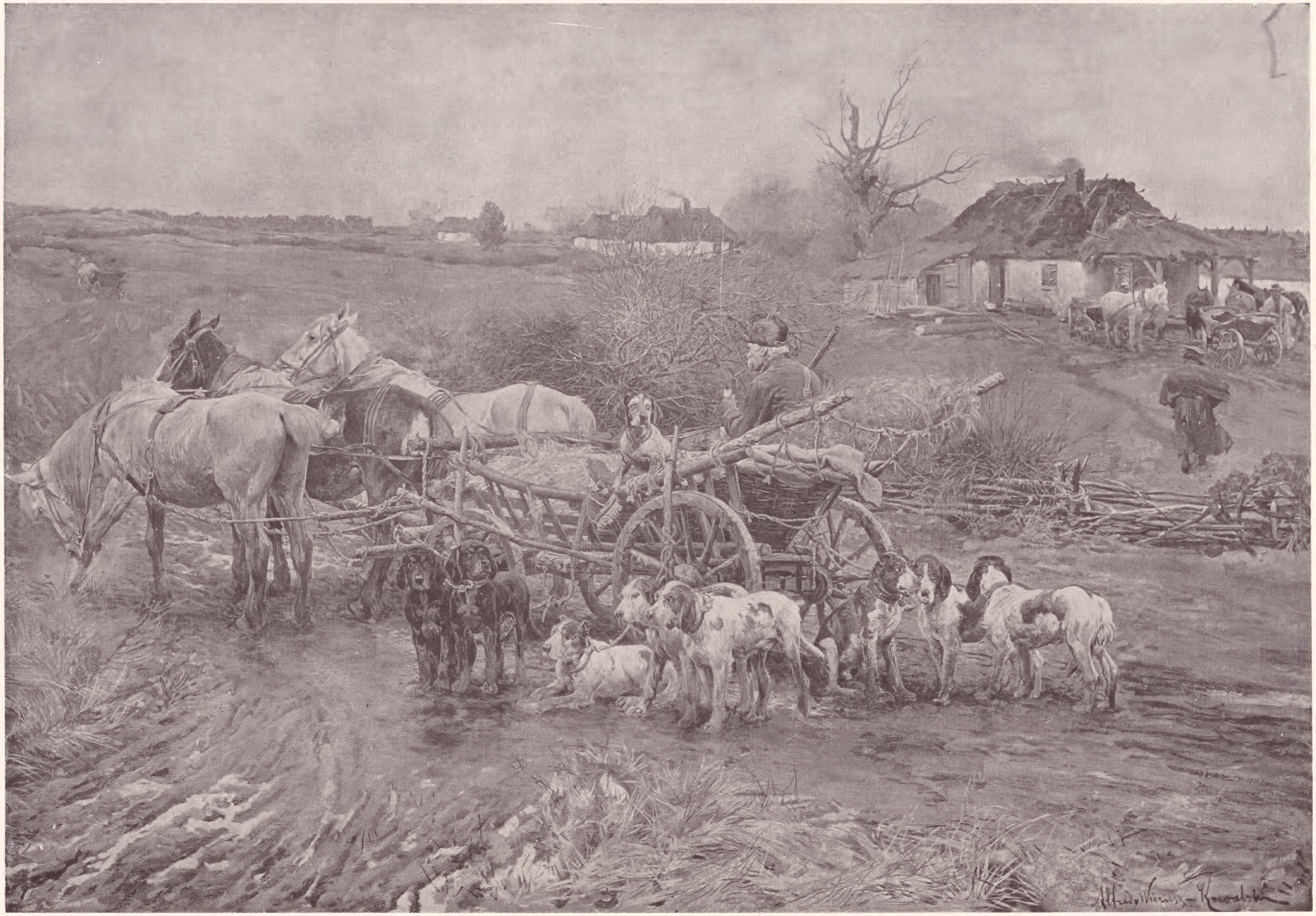
THE young man, Frank, has gone to sleep with his head on the shoulder of his sweetheart. It is an elegant place, a sort of marble semicircle in an outdoor situation under the trees. The young man is an alleged student. He has of late been engaged in the preliminaries of French. The gray aunt has come out to review him in the last few lessons. Gradually his answers have become indistinct and have finally ceased altogether. Hildah has not been studying French, but has made some progress in the study of life. She has taken the first lesson, and has made a good record. She and Frank are friends. She has been listening to his French, and has not resisted the gradual relaxation of his slender frame against her shoulder. She knows well enough that he is fast asleep; but she is in no mood to disturb him. If she should look around to where the severe and scornful aunt is contemplating the scene, then her lover would be disturbed only to receive a scolding. The young man has become oblivious of all earthly care He is a youth of the period, as indicated by his style, and in particular by the cigar, which second nature still preserves against accident. The whole group is *fin de siecle*, and the scene is provocative of mirth. The demure expression on the girl's face; the utter somnolency of the young man, and the mingled despair and contempt of the teacher, are happily blended as warp and woof in the humorous conceit of the artist.



W. H. Trood.

DINNER.

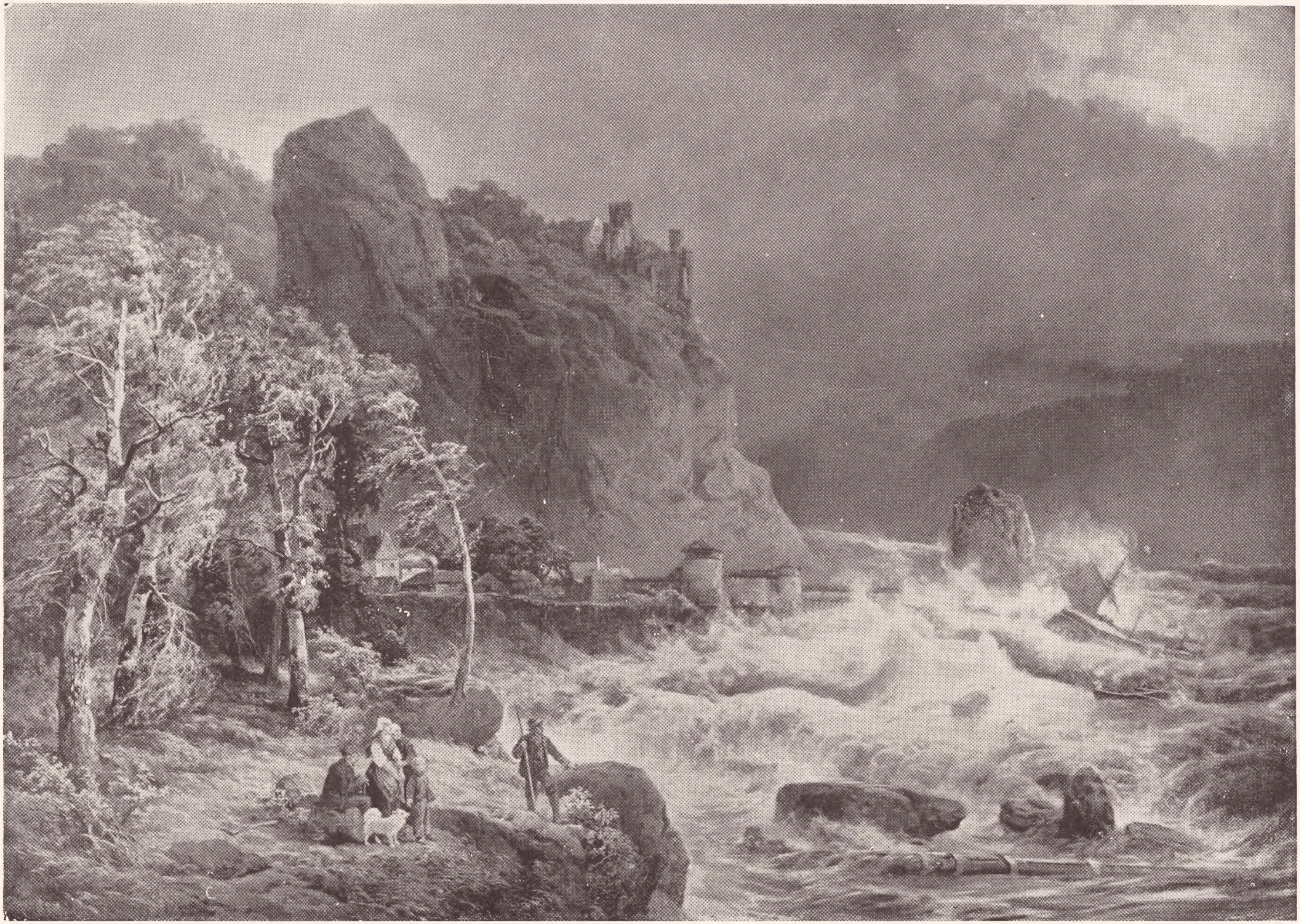
THIS artist is noted for his ability as a delineator of the more delicate forms of animal life. He has the genius to express the spirit of beasts and birds—a gift not always possessed by artists who have essayed this style of work. The kittens and puppies are here at dinner, as are also the goslings, in the foreground. The chicks are feeding on what things they can pick from the sand. In this work the cooped-up mother helps them as much as she can. The main interest is in the milk basin, in the center of the picture, and with the fat and satisfied creatures that are helping themselves to the contents. The attitude and manner of the puppy-dogs and kittens is delineated to perfection. The main charm is in the expression of the faces of these creatures as they lap the milk. The father and mother are near by, watching with parental satisfaction and interest the table manners of their family. So also pussy, the matron, who sits in perfect complacency on the sill above. Not often has a cat been more correctly and elegantly sketched than in this instance. The drawing is faultless. The artist has succeeded in transferring to Tabby all the motherly solicitude of her kind—a solicitude gentle enough in its undisturbed expression, but tempestuous when crossed with any trouble or danger to her kittens. These she will defend with tooth and claw and all the feline savagery of her nature.



STARTING FOR THE BOAR HUNT.

ALFRED VON WIERUSZ-KOWALSKI.

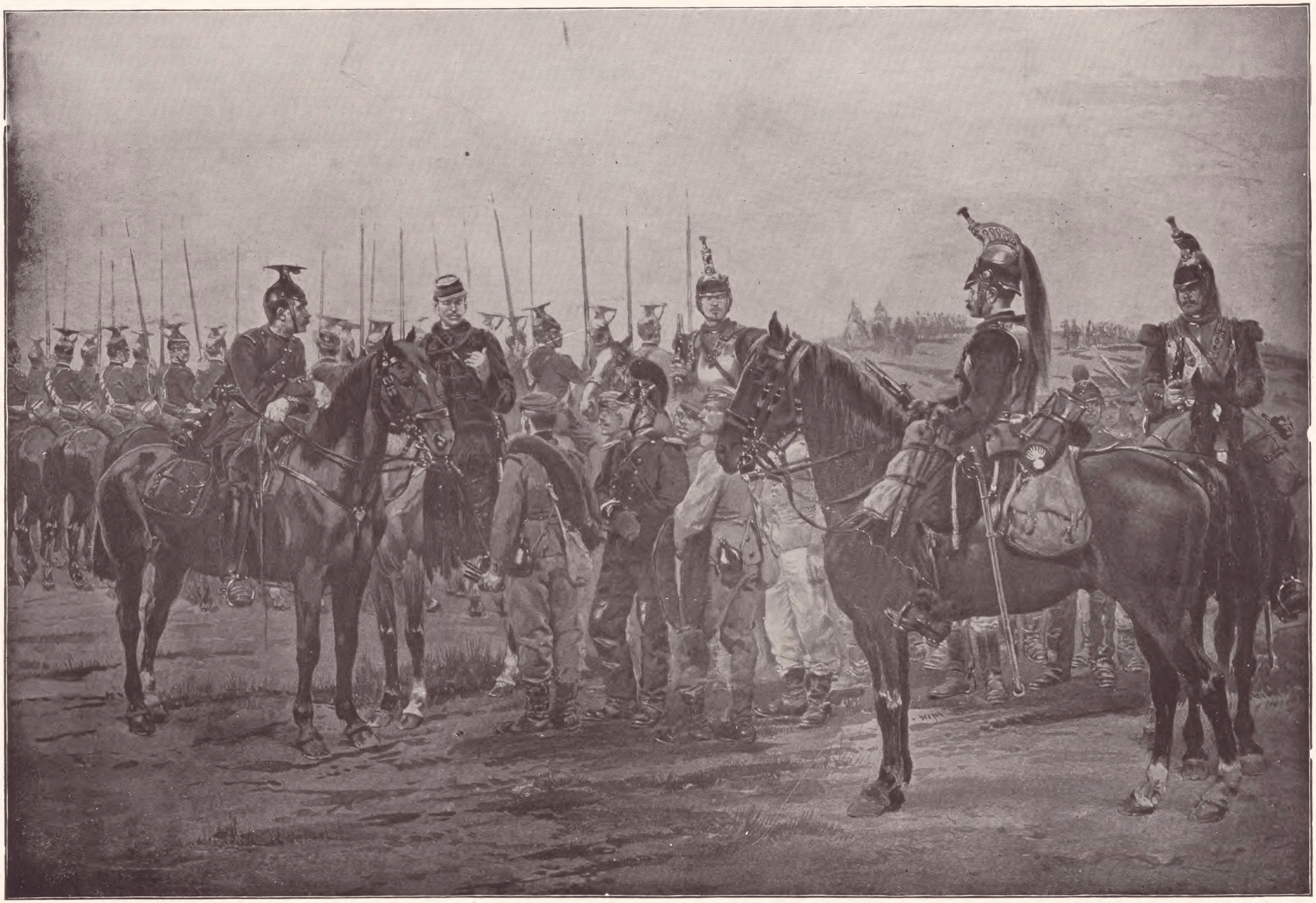
TAINE remarks that of all hunts the man-hunt is the most noble and exciting. After the man-hunt the hunt of the wild boar may take precedence over all other forms of the chase. There are reasons for regarding it as superior to the bear-hunt, or even to the tiger-hunt. It has in it the excitement and peril of both pursuit and battle. The chase itself is like the pursuit of the stag for swiftness and duration, and the battle at the end is as bloody and dangerous as the final struggle with the bear or tiger. Among the Germans, since the earlier centuries of our era, boar hunting has been the sport in chief of the strong nobility of that race. This sport has been refined into a savage art, lacking nothing in its details. In this picture the artist has shown a company of hunters in the act of starting with their horses and wagons and dogs for the distant lair of the boar. Every creature in this scene, whether brute or human, knows well what is just before. The most striking feature is the leashes of dogs here and there around the wagon. These are trained for the savage business of the day and are stoically indifferent to the results. The landscape is done in Kowalski's well-known manner, showing a great reach of the country with bleak earth and cheerless sky. The artist's Slavic imagination is seen in every touch of the picture, from the rough grasses in the foreground, the rude wagon and pole fence, to the houses scattered here and there along the horizon.



Von Hafften.

THE COAST OF IRELAND AND DUNRAVEN CASTLE.

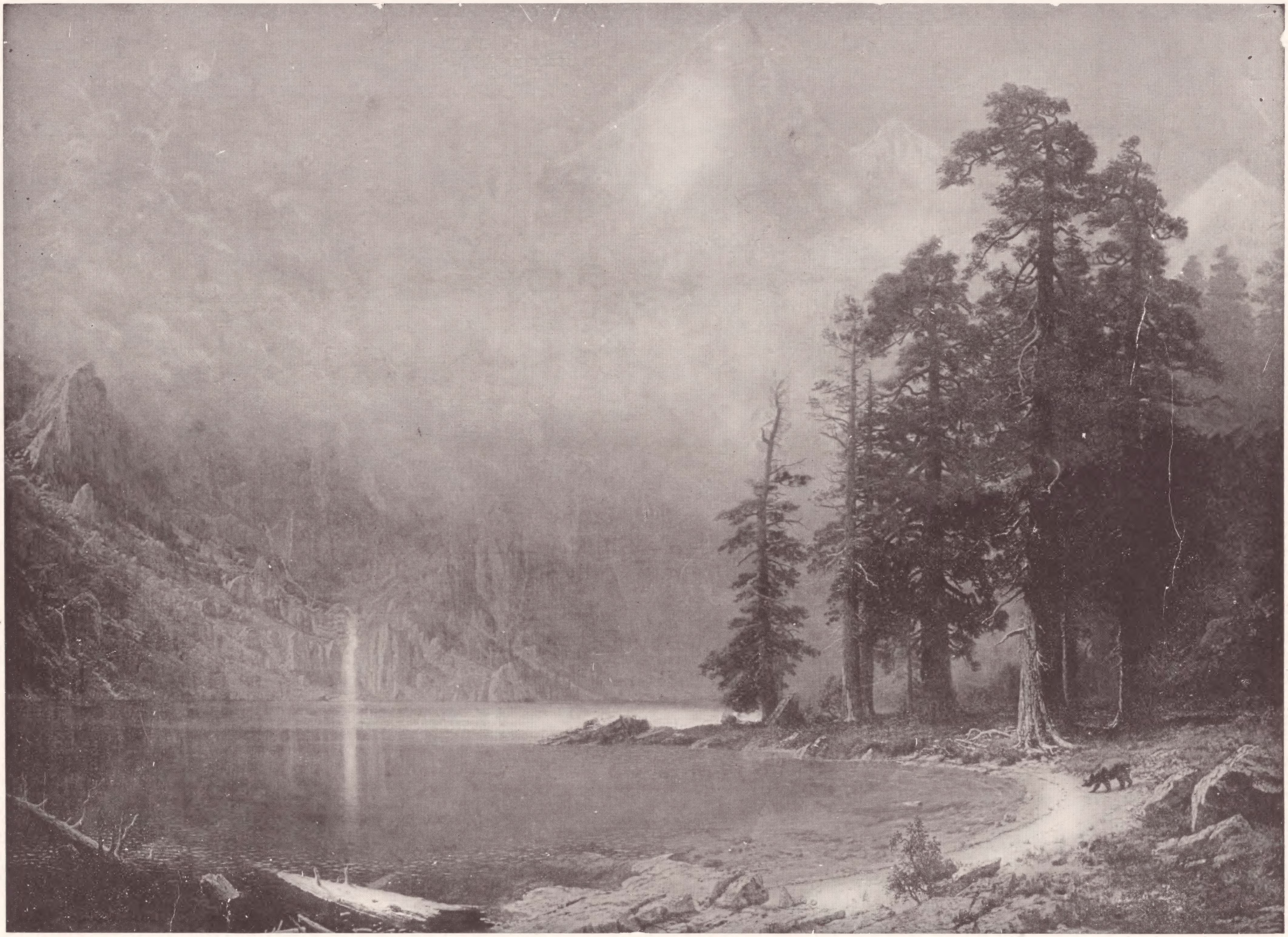
IRELAND is rich in magnificent scenery. Not only her inland regions, but her coasts are abundant in the sublime aspects of nature. Perhaps no part of the shore of the Emerald Isle is more lavish in its suggestions of beauty and sublimity than in that section which the artist has thrown into his picture. Here historical interest combines with the natural landscape and the tossing of the sea to produce one of the finest effects in the repertoire of nature. To this magnificent scene the brush of Von Hafften has done a full measure of justice. It were, perhaps, too much to expect that art can transfer the nobler aspects of cliff and sky, or the glorious warfare of the sea, to a voiceless and perishable canvas; but the imagination of the beholder assists the devices of art, and the pictured scene rises to the mind as the counterpart of the beauty and warfare of the natural world. The scene here depicted is caught from one of the storm days on the Irish coast. It suggests the mightiness of the ocean, the impotency of man, and the eternal resistance of the shore. The huge precipice that bears Dunraven Castle upon its immovable shoulders is exposed to the ocean's rage. The sea hurtles against the rockbound coast. Neither does the one yield, nor the other cease its warfare. It is a contest in which the puniness of man is strangely contrasted with the almightiness of the material world.



FRENCH CUIRASSIERS BRINGING IN BAVARIAN PRISONERS.

EDOUARD DETAILLE.

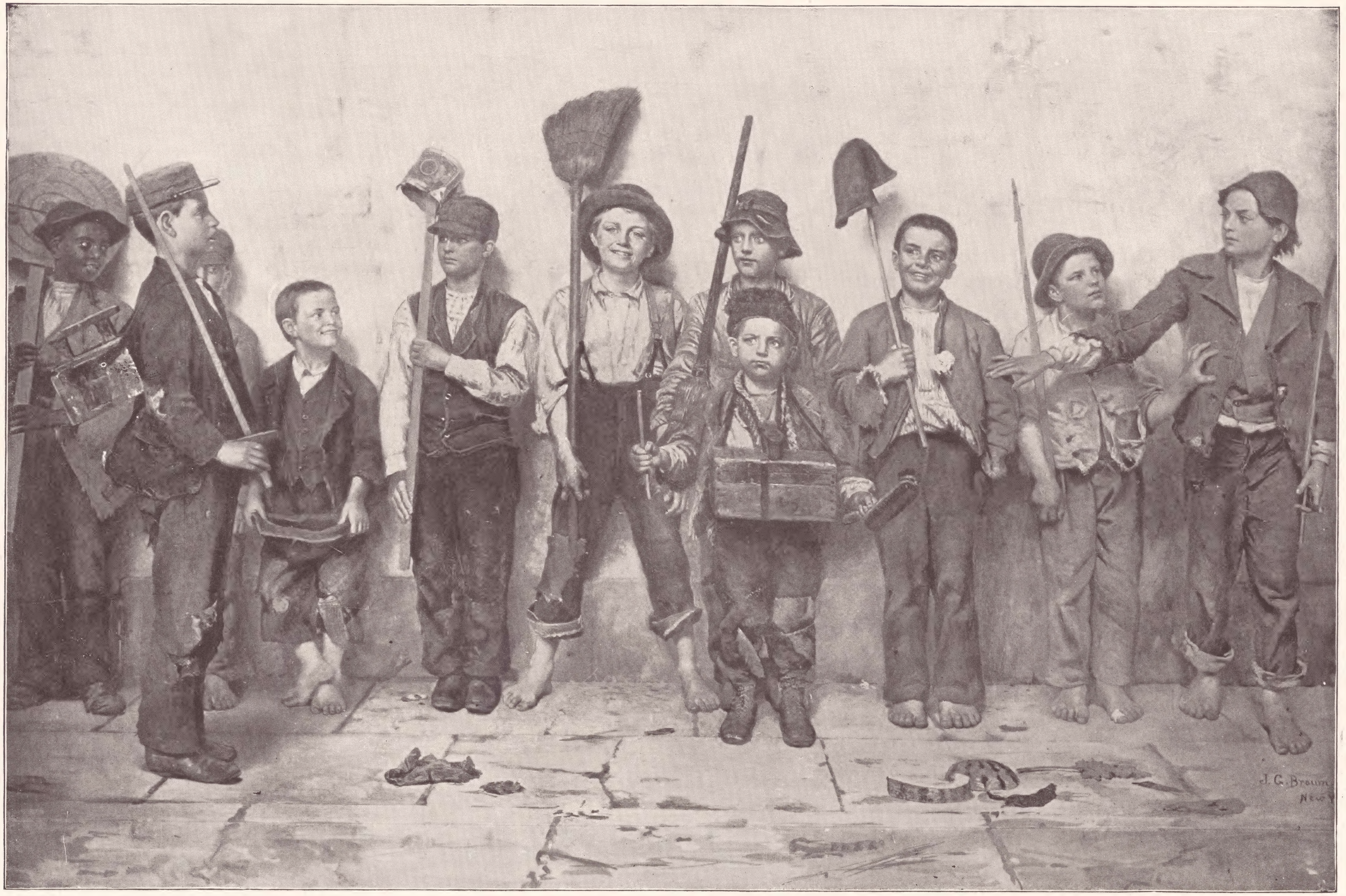
THIS picture in water colors is one of the gems of the Corcoran Gallery of Art at Washington and was painted by Edouard Detaille in 1875. The artist was born in Paris in 1848, first established his reputation in France as one of the most popular military painters of the day, by his "Rest During Drill at St. Maur," and has since been the recipient of many medals of honor for works exhibited in the Salon. He is known in the United States not only by this and other smaller works, but by his now famous "Le Regiment qui Passe," also in the Corcoran Gallery. This picture is a scene after a battle at Orleans, in which the French had the advantage. The national characteristics and dress of the officers and men, contrasted with those of the prisoners, are most graphically depicted. The careless pose of the officers, one resting with folded arms upon the pommel of the saddle, the other in the lazy enjoyment of a cigarette; the soldiery and watchful attitude of the troopers; with the stolid indifference of the captives, one of whom holds in affectionate grasp the huge china pipe, which beloved companion has no doubt been his solace upon many a weary march or bivouac, are all admirably rendered. The chief trooper in the foreground was painted from a cuirassier who with his horse stood for days as a model in the yard of the artist's studio.



MOUNT CORCORAN (SOUTHERN SIERRA NEVADA).

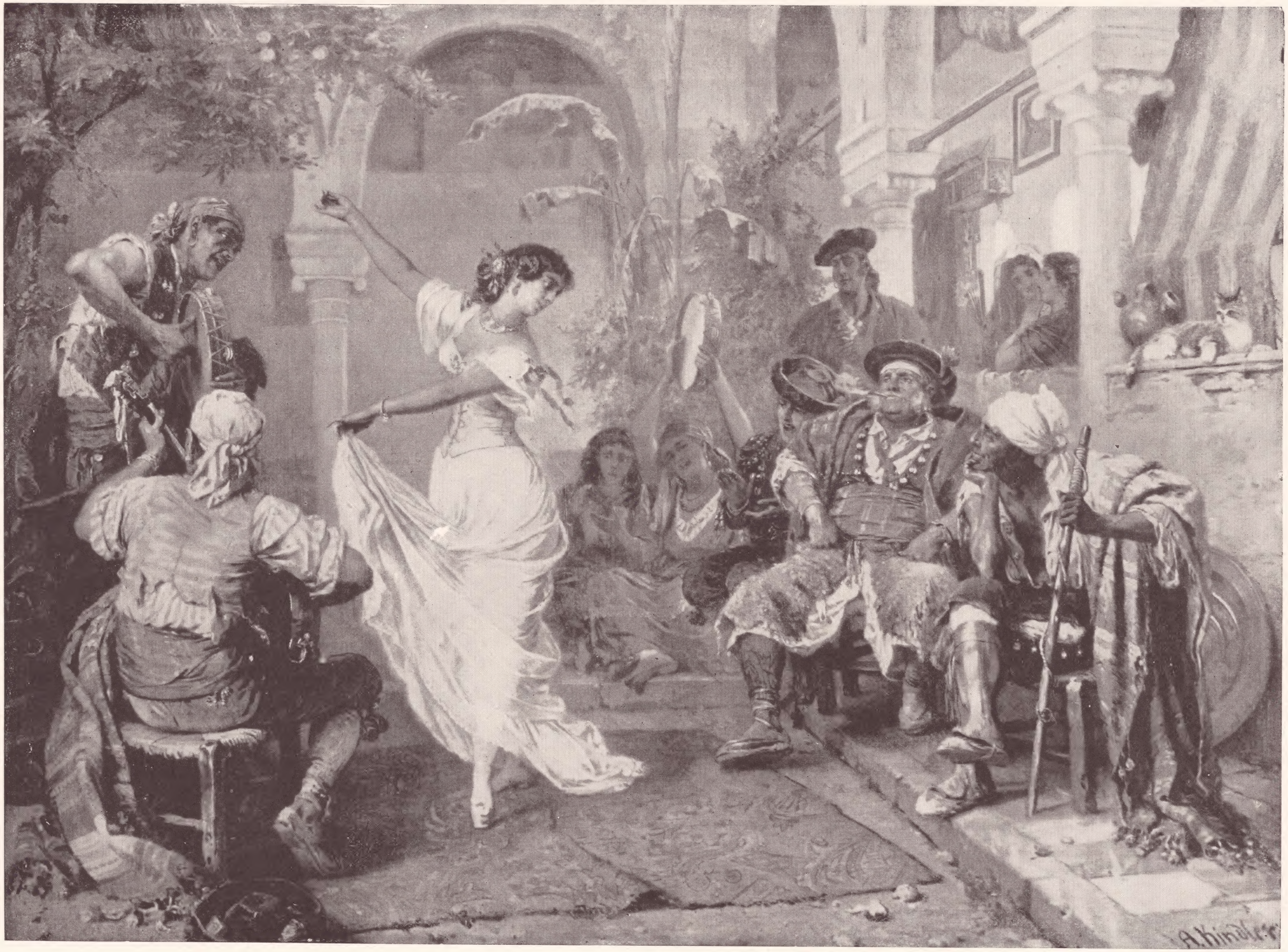
Albert Bierstadt.

THE first among American landscape painters to depict the rugged splendors of our Western mountain lands, Albert Bierstadt, was in a double sense a pioneer. As a painter of towering peaks and cloud-capped eminences, this artist stands alone. This superb work hangs in the Corcoran Art Gallery, in Washington, D. C. There is no object more impressive in all nature than a lofty mountain. Whether the traveler in his search for the picturesque climbs to the summit of Mount Blanc or views from below the grand outlines of the Burnese Alps, the frowning altitudes of the Ivra, the lowlier Adirondacks, or the peaceful Catskills, his eye beholds a combination of beauty and sublimity never presented in the level regions of the globe. Our country is rich in great mountains. New York and New Hampshire abound in vast natural elevations; Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina are but little less distinguished. Mount Whitney in California and Mount Rainier in the State of Washington are of colossal height, single peaks soaring some 15,000 feet above sea level. It is not strange that mountains have always exercised a powerful influence on the imagination. Glimpses amid the ever-changing conditions of the atmosphere—glotted with sunlight, crossed by soft cloud-shadows, enveloped in a genial haze, anon bathed in purple twilight, or asleep beneath the moon's mild radiance, the multiple charms of a mighty mountain defy description.



ON DRESS PARADE. J. G. BROWN.

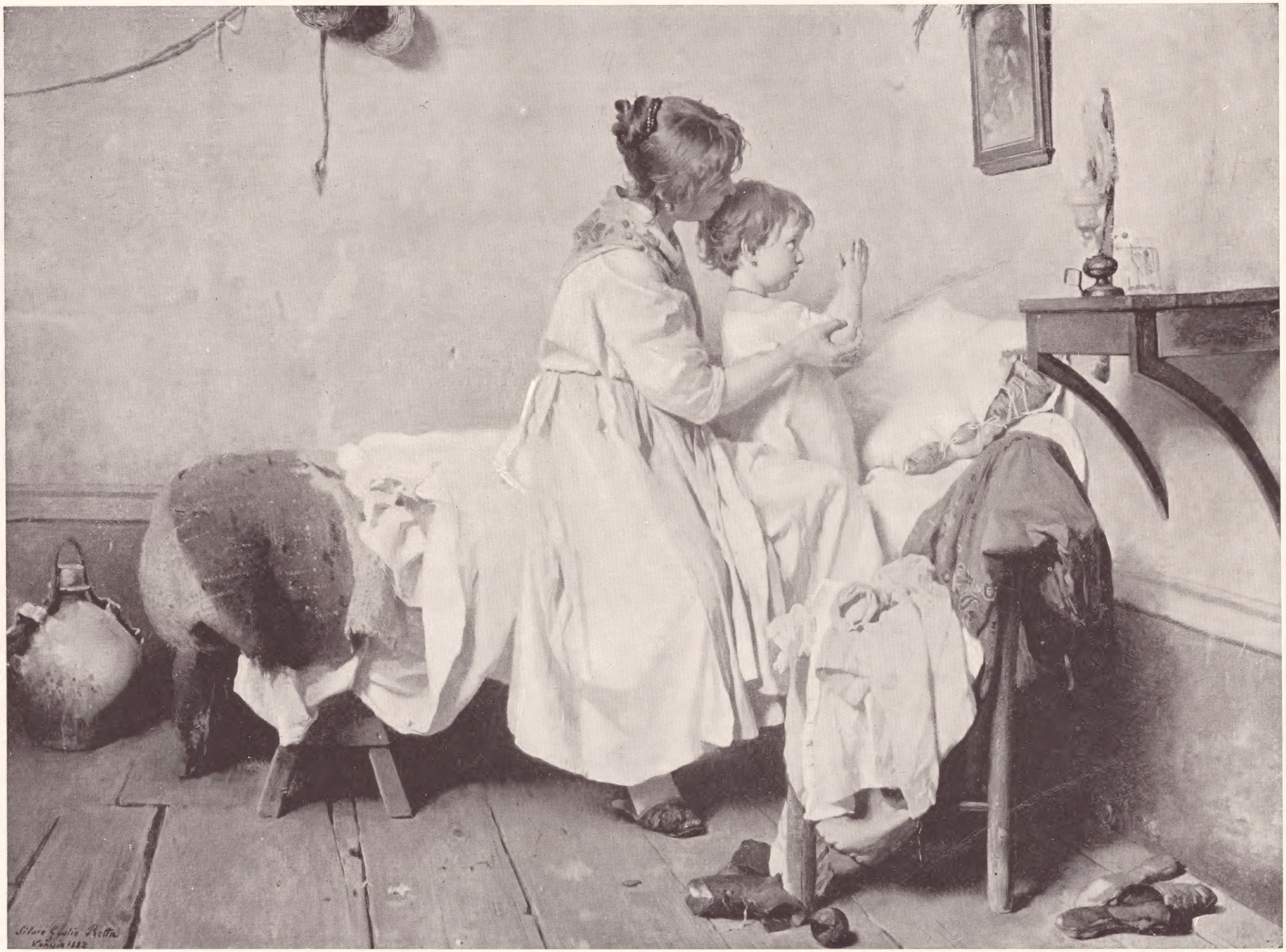
WHAT Bréton has done for the Brittany peasant, Howard Pyle for the Colonial dames and gentry, and A. B. Frost for the contemporary villager, J. G. Brown has done for the street arab of New York—painted him as he is, and made him a picturesque factor in the world's art. Indeed, there is sometimes a telling realism in art, that is of itself picturesque, and the more directly one paints exactly what he sees, the more certain he is to get a picture better worth looking at than if he obviously strained for effect. Yet a certain range of selection must be granted to the realistic artist, and Mr. Brown has avoided the darker side of city street life, and has presented these interesting embryo citizens in their pleasanter aspects. The New York boy has long been credited with a high quality of ready wit; he is, moreover, a very jolly youth, and it is his jollity that has attracted this artist. What boys, however well provided with toys, bicycles, or even ponies, ever had a better time than this platoon of bootblacks and newsboys, with their improvised "dress parade"? They are not particular about uniform or equipments, and the discipline is not that of the United States Military Academy; but "fun," to which a philosopher has said that every boy has an inalienable right, reigns supreme. Sticks for swords, brooms for guns, and a blacking-box for a drum, will not stand in the way of fun, if only there is the spirit of fun at the bottom of it, and a real live darky to carry the target.



THE FANDANGO.

ALBERT KINDLER.

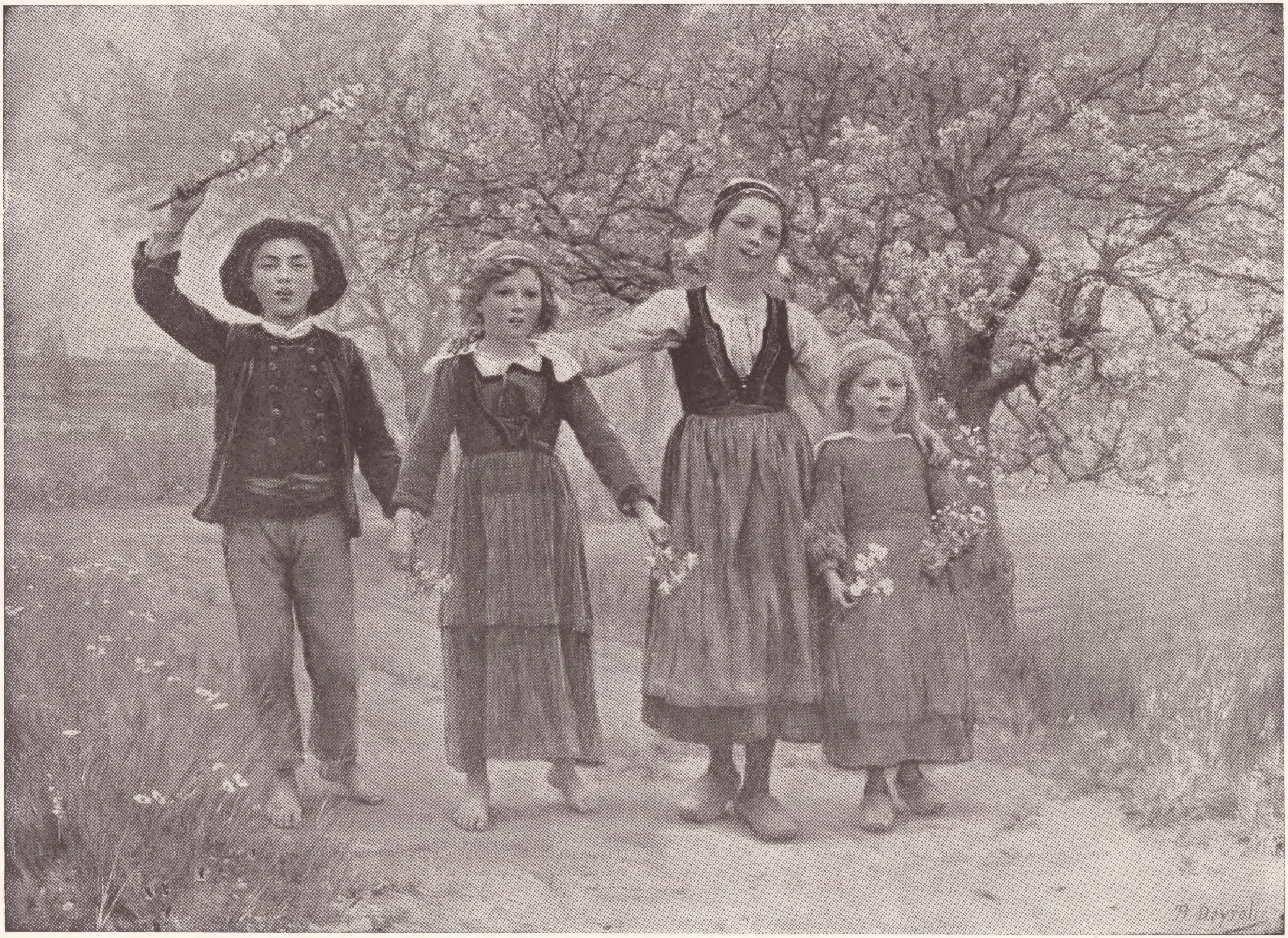
THE scene here is in the open court of a Spanish villa. The beautiful and graceful Spaniard is doing the fandango for the swarthy nabobs of her race. One of the latter is evidently of Moorish extraction. There is a clatter of tambourines and the twanging of the banjo. A rich oriental rug is spread for the dainty feet. All are absorbed in the scene. Two of the neighboring duennas look enviously through the opening between the pillars on the right. Even the cat is an interested spectator. The dancer is in filmy costume, which accentuates the rhythm of her movements, and dimly outlines her form. The beautiful neck and arms are bared and ornamented. A profusion of flowers are in the jetty hair. Delight is in the face of the younger spectators. Approval enlivens the countenance of the chief nabob, and admiration sits on his, who may be her lover, over by the marble pillar. The strolling players in their tattered garb accompany and lead the movements of the splendid creature who is the center of the composition. The scene is tropical and oriental. Albert Kindler was a Swiss artist who died in the Tyrol in 1876. His first fame was won in 1859. Some of his principal pieces are "The Bridal Procession on the Rhine," "Poaching," "Opening of the Dance," etc. The particular elegance of the "Fandango" is the grace, beauty and passion of the dancer, which have rarely been more beautifully portrayed.



THE FIRST PRAYER.

Silvio Rotta.

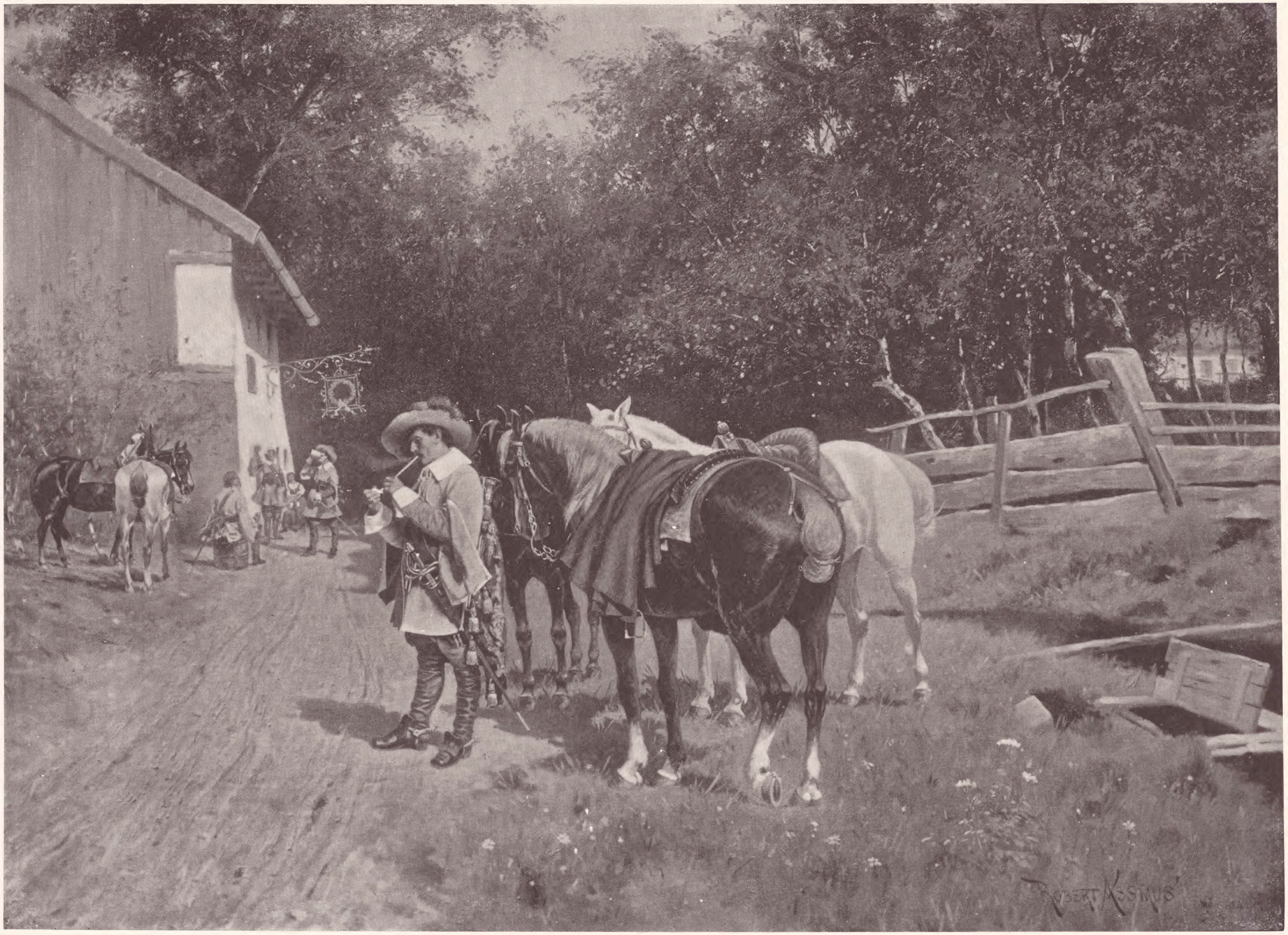
TO the mother belongs the holy task of first turning the thoughts of children to prayer. Nor can the world furnish devotion more heart-felt than that which rises from infant lips. The artist beautifully portrays this truth in the scene before us. The home is rude and bare. A bunch of modest daisies alone tell us of a love for the beautiful. The day of busy play is done. The ball is dropped, the garments laid aside, and with chubby hands raised with painstaking exactness, the little one kneels. Awe and reverence are written in the earnest face and upturned eye. And though the surroundings are poor and the shrine an humble one, the petition is none the less fervent and acceptable. Years may bring change of life and scene; the old home be far away; the mother gone and few memories of childhood remain. But among the lasting impressions, more distinct perhaps than any, is the vision of a patient mother and the evening prayer. Early training does not always lead to a noble life; for often the stubborn will overpowers the timid monitor and takes for itself a wholly different path. But, however sullied with sin, however hardened to all outside influences for good one may become, memory does not desert her post. For years she may seem to sleep, but when a fitting time arrives, she wakes again and with faithful persistence brings back the early lesson. History holds many a life reclaimed by the persuasive recollections of the first prayer.



SONG OF SPRING.

A. Deyrolle.

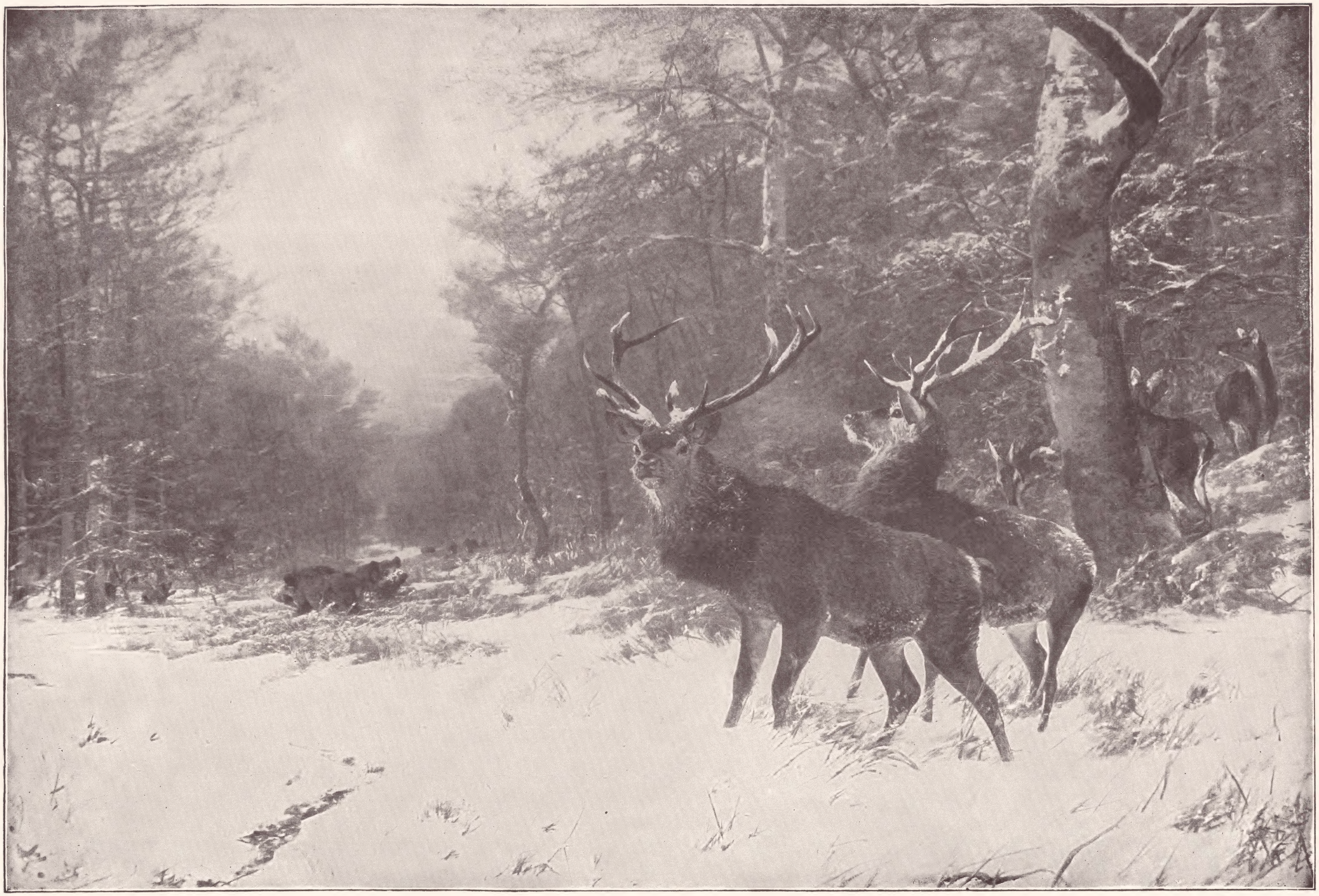
THE living part of this picture harmonizes perfectly with the inanimate landscape. The natural spring is painted with as much fidelity as is the allegory. The season has brought forth its wealth of flowers. Blossoms are everywhere. The earth rejoices in her new mantle of grasses and flowers. The big tree, holding out his arms in benediction as if saying, ''grace, mercy, and peace,'' has been converted into one great bouquet by the sweet air and warm sunshine of May. Under his branches the four children, standing in the road with their hands full of flowers, are singing some pleasing song of the season. Perhaps it is ''June, lovely June, now beautify the ground.'' The little singers have given themselves up to the spell of the day, and their carol is as the song of the birds. The boy, not less inspired than the little girls, has surrendered himself with the enthusiasm of his age to the joyousness of the May morning. He swings his bough of blossoms and holds his sister by the hand. The little one at the other side of the choir sings modestly, with her two bouquets, her mass of white hair, and her wooden shoes too large for the tiny feet. The other two, also, are in the heyday of girlish glee. It is said that old age is a second childhood, but it is not like the first; that comes but once. This picture was exhibited at the Salon of 1893.



ROBERT ASSMUS.

THE FIRST STOP.

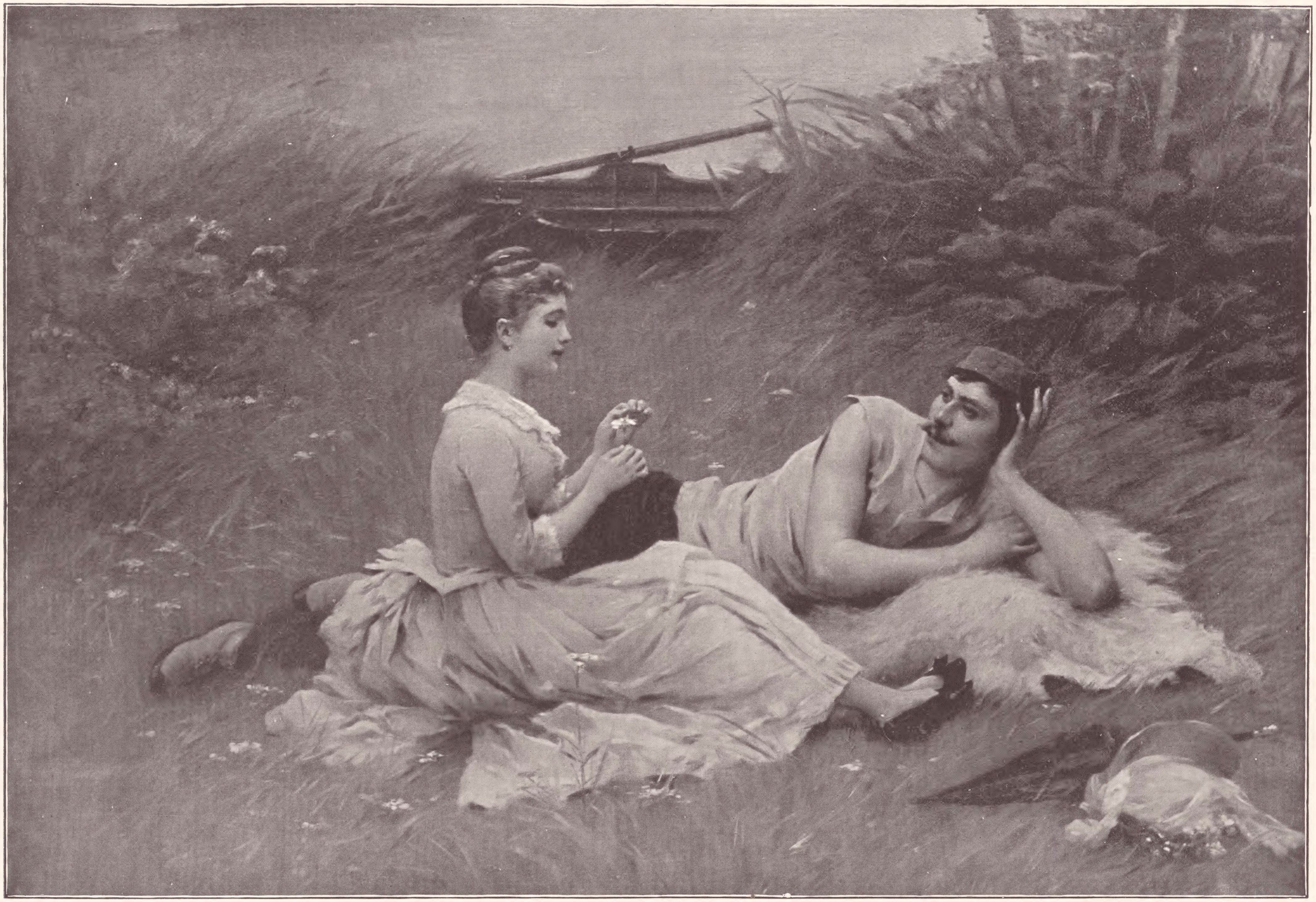
IN this picture the artist has shown a German highway leading through the forest where a country inn has been built as a station for travelers. The scene represents the arrival of a company at the tavern, and their entertainment by the wayside. The horses that have borne them hither are heavy, well-kept steeds, gentle, and capable of enduring fatigue. The travelers are refreshing themselves with pipes and beer. They are soldiers, as indicated by their trappings and arms. But they are off on leave, and are ready to enjoy themselves at this forest hostelry. The drawing of the picture is remarkably good. The perspective of the road shows perfectly, and the light falls easily through the opening in the dense woods upon the humble tavern and on the royal arms and guests in the highway. The scene is strongly Teutonic in its spirit. The costume of the principal figures appears to belong to the close of the seventeenth century, though the trappings of the horses would indicate a more recent date. It is the summer season, and there is a suggestion of the mountain resort in the trees and atmosphere.



EARLY MORNING.

CH. KRÖNER.

IT is a curious fact, that in regions where the deer are much hunted they never venture forth from cover by daylight, but feed altogether at night. When "the glow-worm shows the matin to be near" they are off again for their forest lair, and are hidden deep in its leafy depths before the first streaks of dawn begin to lace the eastern sky. We may therefore conclude that these white-tailed bucks in the picture are unfamiliar with the crack of the rifle, and that the timidity with which they glance fearfully about while the does still linger in the borders of the thicket, is due only to the natural caution of their race. The wild boars are of a more stolid sort, and have no apprehensions whatsoever; they seem to have been rooting on the snowy ground even before the sky turned gray and the stars went out. It would be a rare treat if we could only see what these bucks and their mild-eyed companions will be at next. It is said that in these forests, where no hunters come, the early morning hour is the time not only for feeding, but also for merry-making. There is a story of a famous naturalist who had his bed so built at the window of his woodland cabin that he could watch the gambols of the unsuspecting deer at dawn. From some such vantage ground, perhaps, the artist saw the scene he pictures here.



J. Scalbert.

"HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT."

THIS is a rustic scene in which the modest meadow Marguerite figures and plays an important part. The strong young lover rests his head on his hand. His admiring black eyes are fixed on his sweetheart as she tells her fortune in that manner, old as the daisy itself, of "He loves me, he loves me not." Her eyes are downcast, and she seems intent on the task of plucking away each separate petal. Hat and parasol are thrown aside, and the happy twain have abandoned themselves to indolent repose. It is a secluded spot in the field, and behind them is the old stone fence overgrown with grasses and moss. The white flowers, with their great yellow hearts and slender stalks, grow in profusion all around. One bold blossom appears to stand up straight by the side of the girl, as if eager to hear the termination of her monologue. The supple figure of the young man stretched at ease on the rug, is a work of art. The picture represents a summer scene, and both the figures are clad in light garments, tennis shoes and be-ribboned slippers. The profile of the young woman's face is charming, and the attitude of both, as they rest in the shade, the personification of grace and contentment. These are the halcyon days of their youth. Perhaps it would be well could the whole of life be as careless and free from sorrow.

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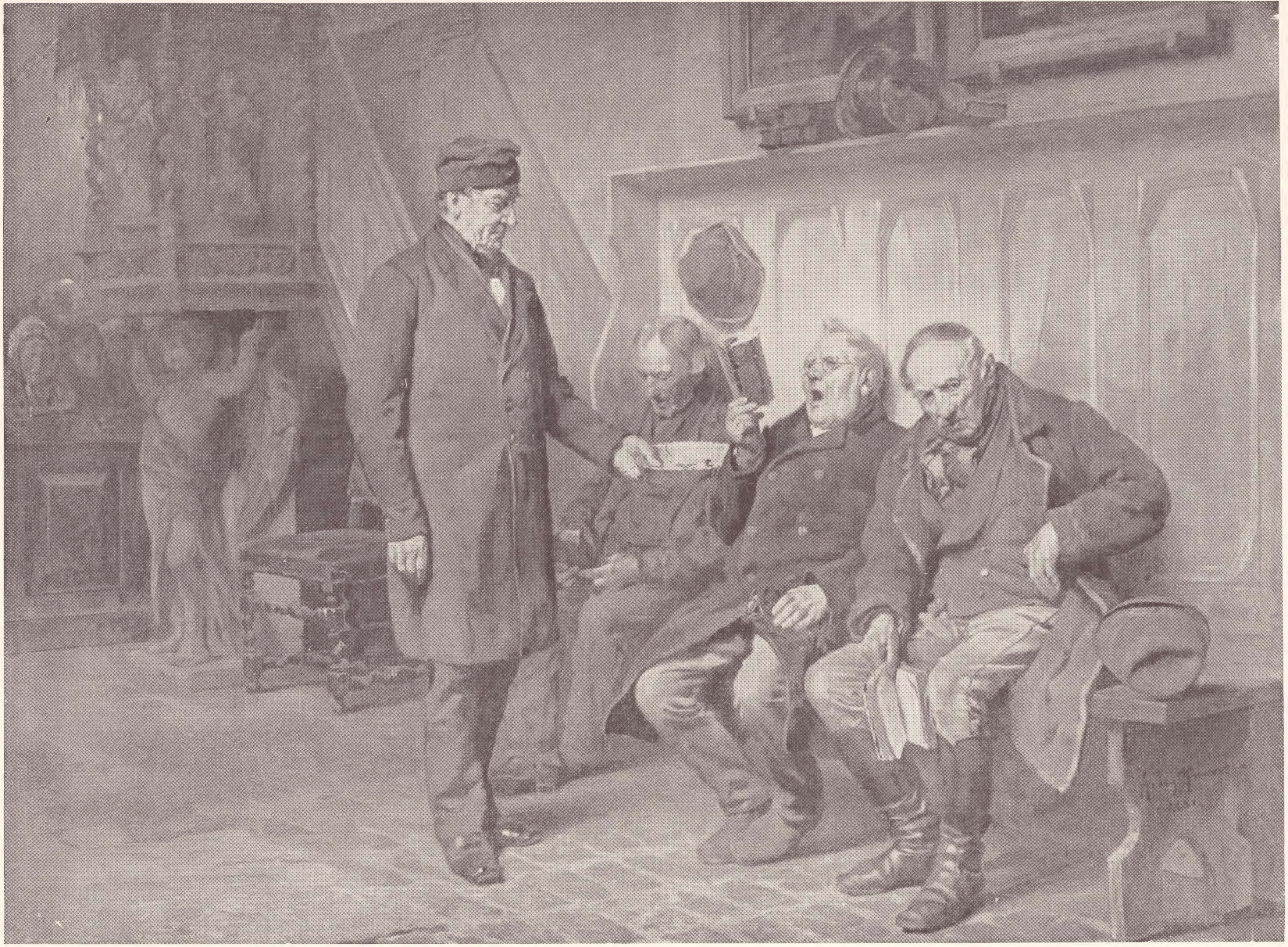
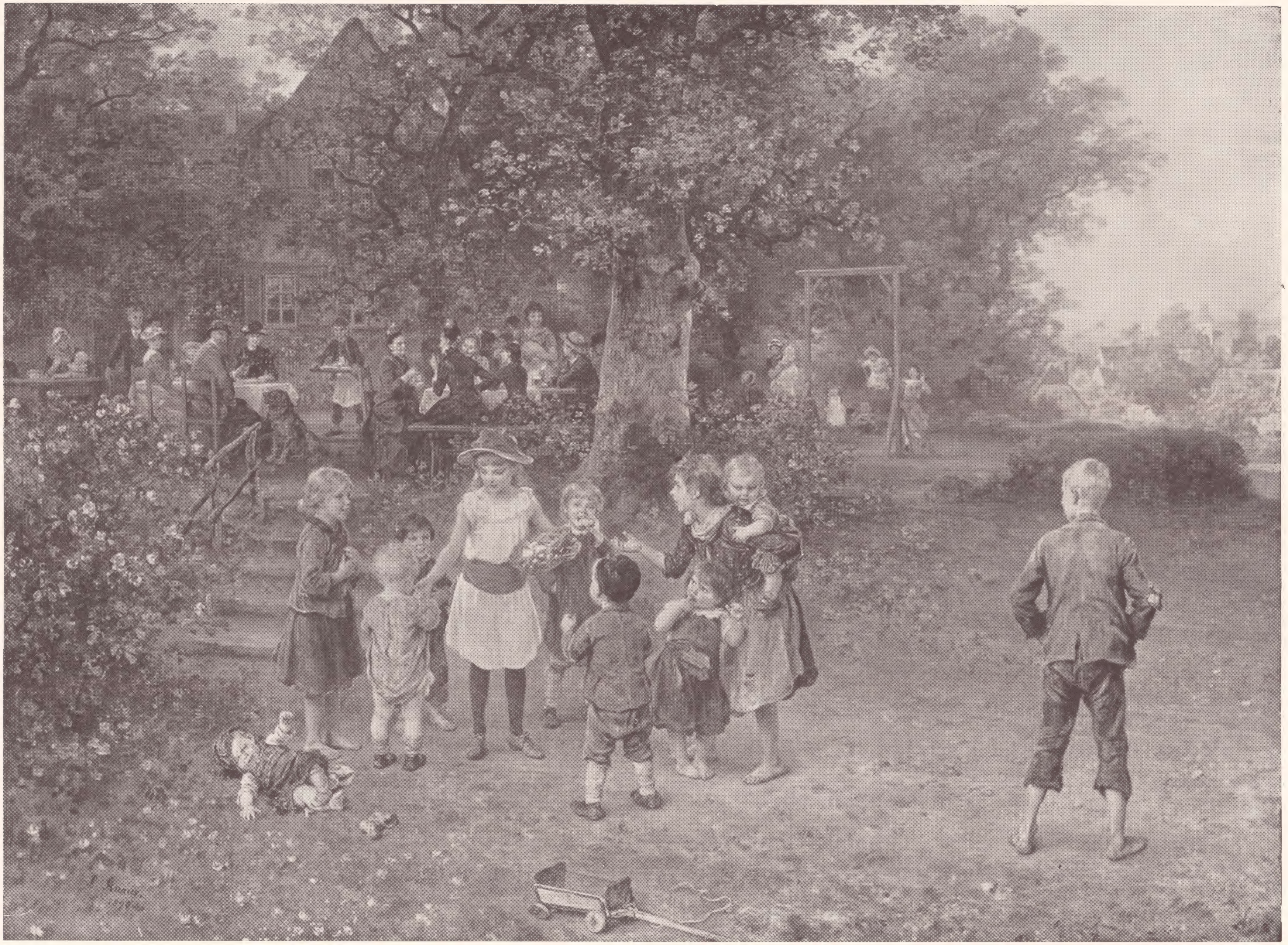


KNORR.

CHURCH COLLECTION.

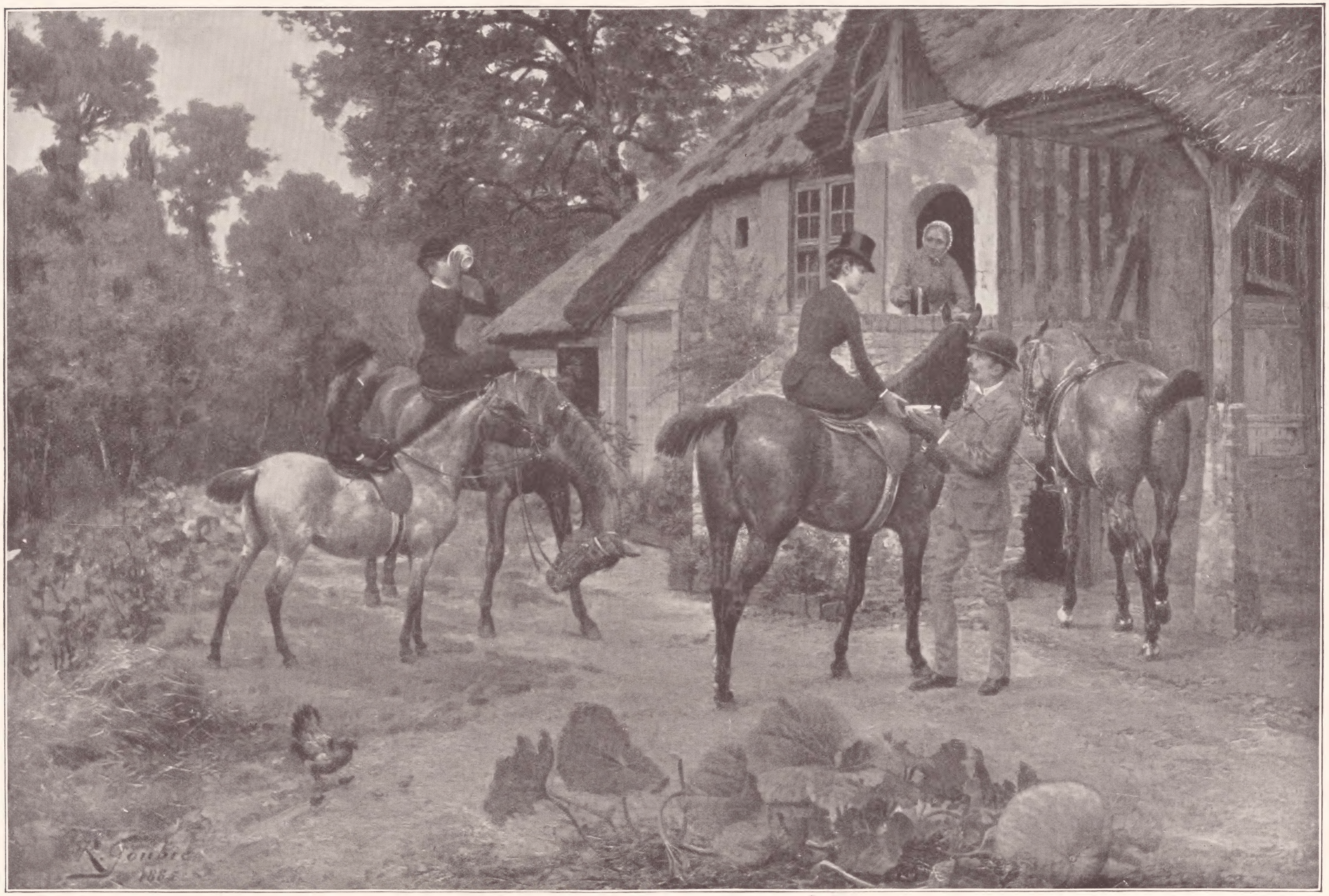
IT is Sunday morning in the fine old village church, and the collection basket is being passed by a dignified deacon among the assembled worshipers. The basket-bearer has come to a bench where three old fellows, in their Sabbath habiliments, are singing lustily the song of praise. Since they were shoeless youngsters have these three old cronies occupied this identical bench in the old church Sabbath after Sabbath. Here they shocked their elders with untimely mirth when rheumatism was unknown to their rugged limbs. Here they doze through the minister's prosy discourse, now that their eyes are heavy with the weight of age and their movements are hampered by aching bones. The old fellow in the farther corner has affected complete absorption in his hymn book, and stubbornly ignored the alms receptacle, while his companion is unmoved by the presence of the basket directly under his chin, and bawls the hymn behind his book with a vigor that helps him forget so worldly a thing as money. Nearest the spectator is the most conscientious man of the amusing trio. He will give of his meagre store for the enlightenment of the heathen—a bit reluctantly. But, fearful thought! he has come to church with empty pockets, and his search for alms is a fruitless one. Embarrassing position, this! But, never mind, he will fall to singing like his comrades, and when the basket reaches him, he too will be above the sordid thought of money—a good thing for his soul and pocketbook.


L. Knaus. 1890.

A PICNIC PARTY.

LUDWIG KNAUS.

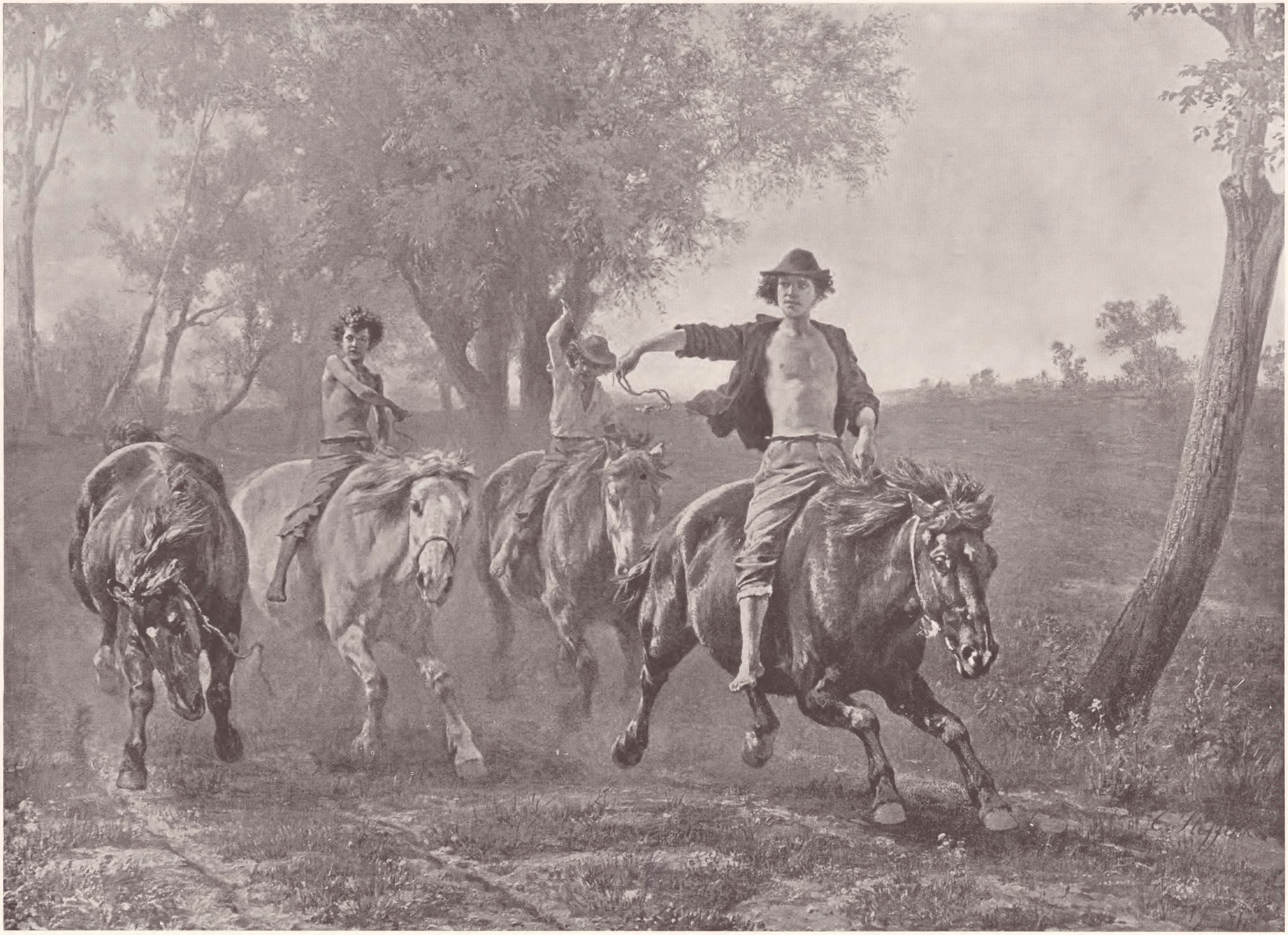
THIS is a scene of midsummer, full of joyous life. The trees are darkly laden with their dense foliage, and flowers are blooming everywhere. The people at the big house are having a picnic out of doors. Friends have been invited, and luncheon is served on the shady lawn. One sweet and thoughtful little maiden has left the table and her parents to take a basket of good things to the poor little gamins from the village across the stream. These have come to the outskirts of the picnic to watch and wish. The ragged children of the poor are eager for a share in the viands of the rich. One little creature, with her finger in her mouth in true baby fashion, is shy. The larger boy, too, is bashful, and stands a little way off with bare feet and elbow out and hands a-pocket, hoping, but afraid to venture. He casts longing side glances at the little girl's basket. The baby on the ground tumbles over and cries after the manner of all children whatsoever. The scene is almost double. The little charity idyl in the foreground almost carries the interest of the beholder away from the principal feature—that is, the picnic under the trees. To the right, and in the background, some happy little girls are swinging. All parts of this fine picture show the characteristic abilities of the artist, who is a German by birth, but a favorite in the United States.



A BOWL OF MILK.

R. Goubie.

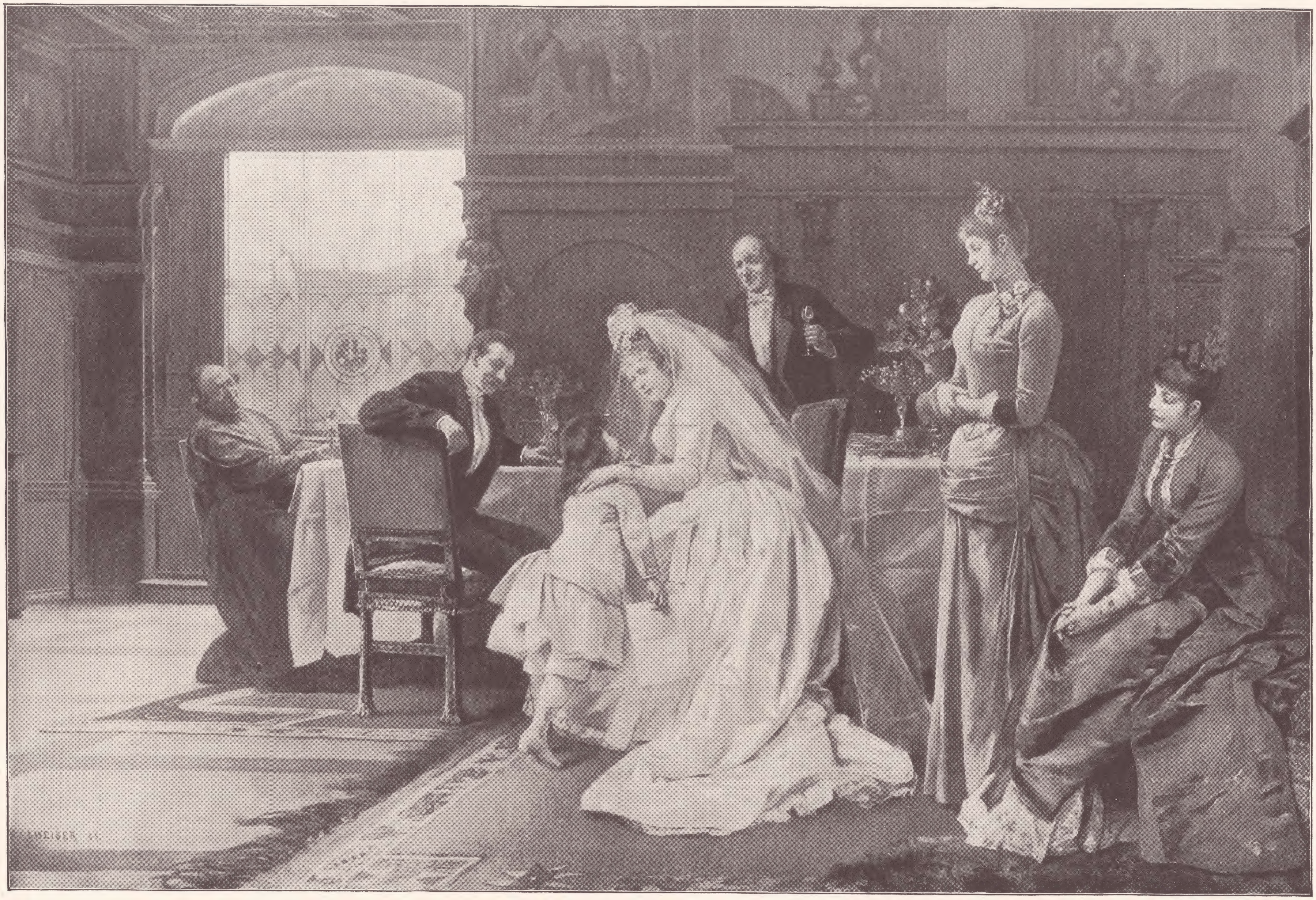
A COMPANY of gay riders, dashing along the highway on their morning excursion of health and pleasure, have come to an old French hamlet, where the keepers are wont to serve passers-by with refreshments. In this case the bowl is of a kind which cheers but does not intoxicate. An old woman is serving her visitors with bowls of milk, taken cool and fresh from the spring-house. One of the charming riders is in the act of lifting her bowl to her lips; the other is receiving from her escort the exquisite beverage. There is in many of these pictures, as in the present instance, a suggestion that the sketch has been produced by instantaneous photography. The extreme naturalness of the situation would indicate that the sunlight, as well as the eye and hand of an artist, had aided in the production of the outline. The picture is pervaded with a quiet charm. The girls in their riding habits sit gracefully in their saddles. The action of the young man in giving his charming companion the bowl of milk is marked with much sincere respect. His manner is more that of an American than of the gallant Frenchman. In the foreground the hen with her chicks is busy with her maternal duties, little regardful of the human scene with its by-plays of interest and pleasure.



KARL STEFFECK.

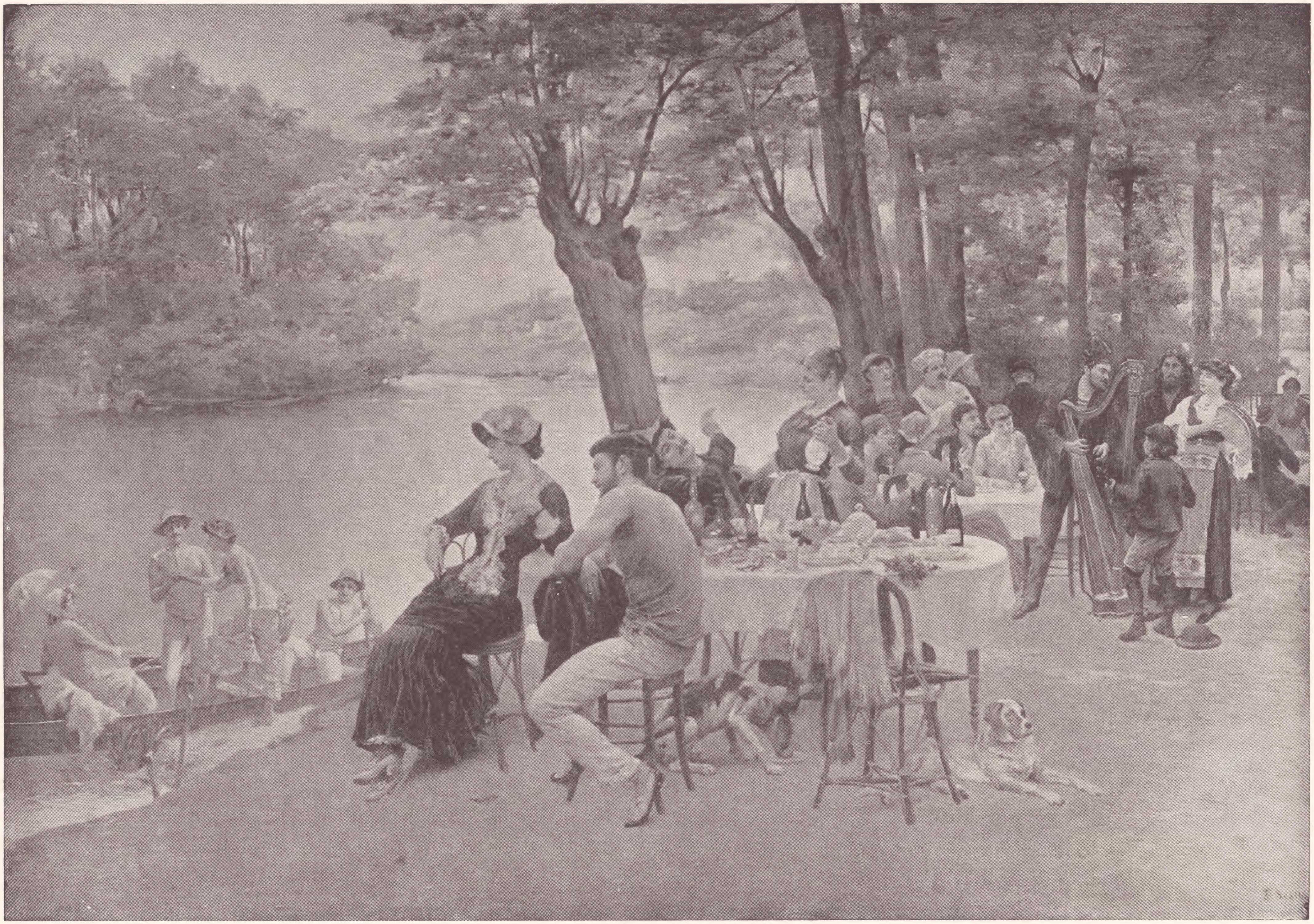
GIPSY BOYS ON HORSEBACK.

THIS picture reveals the German brush. The spirit of it is Teuto-Slavonic. Steffeck is a native of Berlin. His subjects and landscapes nearly all show a strong personality and a touch of his ethnic descent. In this picture he has taken as his subjects the progeny of another race. The Gipsies are the Ishmaelites of the whole world. How they live and survive is one of the marvels of modern times. Whence they came is the puzzle of history. They are the vagabonds-in-chief of modern civilization. Horses are always a conspicuous feature of the Gipsy camp. In what manner these are obtained, by their alleged owners, may not be inquired too diligently. It is not improbable that the four steeds in this picture are in the act of changing owners without the usual formalities of law. The countenances and style of the beasts, as well as the looks of the riders, indicate most clearly some irregularity in the manner by which the creatures were taken and mounted. The three Gipsy boys are a study in natural history. They are thoroughly nondescript in character. The first is a brigand par excellence. He has one virtue—courage. The qualities of the second boy are somewhat obscured by the concealment of his face, and by his position under the tree. The third has equal audacity with the first; but he adds a genius and character which might have been developed, under culture, into an artist or a philosopher. How they ride!



THE NEW MAMMA. J. WEISER.

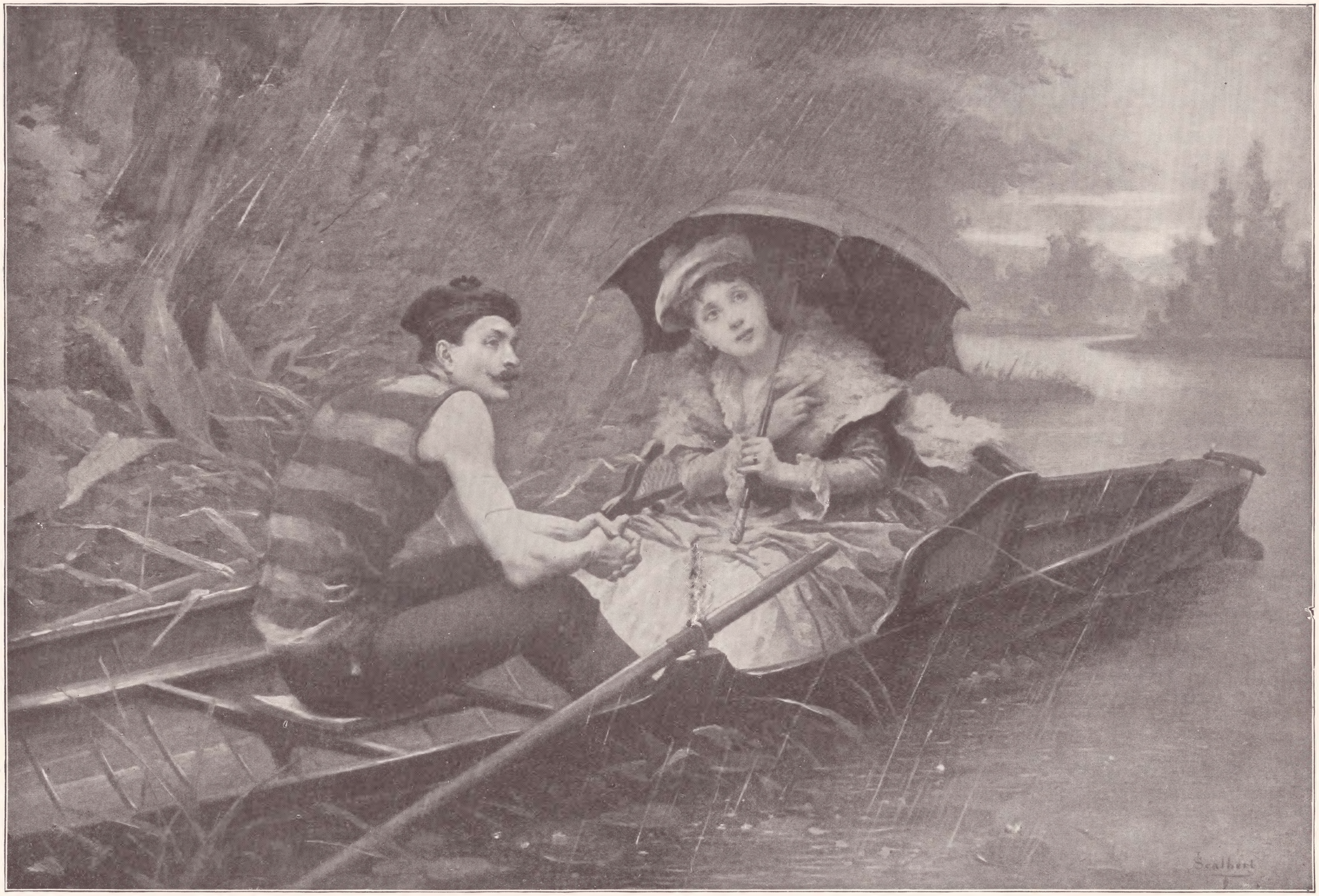
THE funny man of the newspapers has made such havoc with the reputation of the stepmother that it is well for an occasional defender of her to come forward, as the painter of this picture has done. The wedding breakfast is nearing its close. At the table there are the bride and groom, the middle-aged "best man" of the groom, the friends of the new bride, and the good priest who has made them one. The door is opened, and the little motherless daughter of the groom comes in to greet her new mamma. Much depends on the meeting of these two important members of the new family about to be set up, and there is augury of happy days to come in the friendship that is immediately established between them. There is much curious interest on the part of the wedding guests as to how these two will take to one another. The father watches the meeting with solicitous anxiety; the best man pauses in his toast to the happiness of the pair to see if the newcomer is likely to jeopardize it; the bride's friends note with satisfaction what a dainty little lady it is that will call her mother; and the old priest smiles a benediction on the new family relations to which he has lent his ecclesiastical benediction. The little one sees in the gracious lady in bride's attire one that she can love and obey most willingly, and the new mother finds her mother-heart going out already to this sweet and interesting child.



THE BANKS OF THE MARNE.

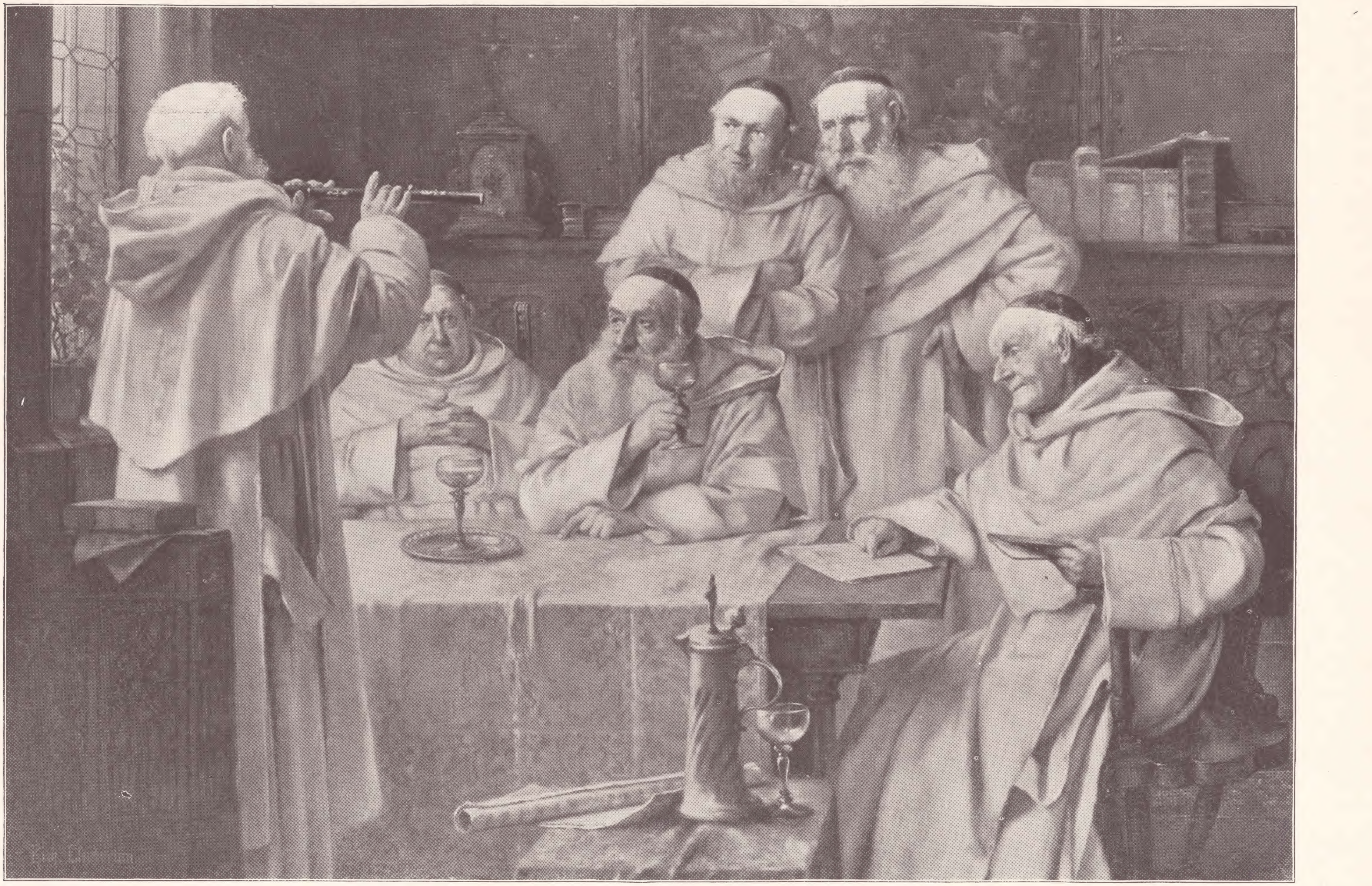
J. SCALBERT.

THIS picture combines life and landscape in beautiful proportions. The scene is from midsummer. A gay and happy throng have gathered on the banks of the river and have spread a table under the trees. The harper is present to enliven the scene with music. The boat has just received a company of young people and is putting off from the shore. The ground is as smooth as the floor of a dancing hall, and without doubt there will presently be dancing there. The happy usage and manners of the French are seen in every costume, every attitude, every grace. The gaiety is quite unmeasured. One company has crossed to the other side of the stream and is seeking pleasure among the trees of the border. The two dogs have found perfect content, the one in the dish and the other in his repose. In the distance, under the trees, are seen the outlines of houses nestling among the foliage and bathed in the summer air. The oarsmen are stripped for their duty. One of these, with the body of an athlete, sits in the foreground ready to embark with his sweetheart for a boating excursion as soon as the outgoing company have returned. The fellow leaning against the tree has had his full share of wine and has become rather reckless in his protestation. The tambourine girl and the little fiddler are doing their part for the enlivenment of the company, and have attracted to themselves considerable attention. The foliage in every part is touched with the warmth and radiance of summer.



A SHOWER. J. SCALBERT.

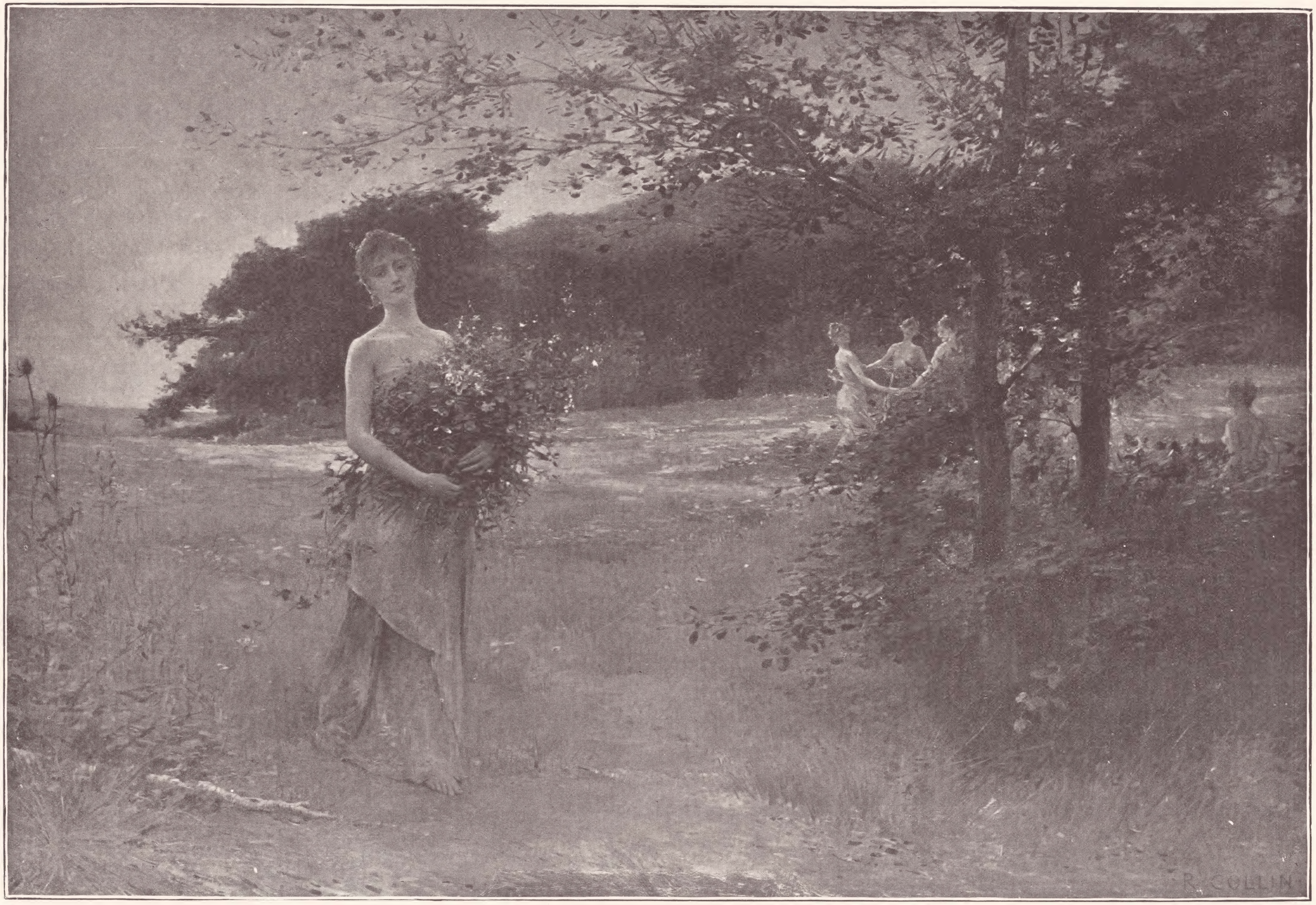
IT is rather difficult to be very sorry for these young people, even if their afternoon on the river does seem to be spoiled by the rain. For, in spite of all the annoyance resulting from this interruption, they are off by themselves, and may even find excuse in this unexpected shower for prolonging their outing beyond the time set for their return. We can tell from the light in the distant sky that the shower is likely to be over soon; and, obviously, they expect it to end shortly, too, for they are scanning the heavens for the break in the clouds they hope for. An idyllic scene is painted for us here. The vague suggestion of a rarely beautiful wooded stream is exceedingly attractive. The young, girlish, and decidedly pretty maiden is fair and sweet to look upon; and the tall and slender youth has a manly look about him that prevents our being too envious of his good fortune, for he seems to deserve it. The boat is of a type not common in this country, though it is quite the usual sort in use for pleasure rowing in France. It has been run among the sedges to wait till the storm passes; and if the rain lasts long, there must be many a sheltered spot under the trees of one of these picturesque promontories, where the row on the river may be turned into an improvised picnic on shore. It will only prolong their *tête-à-tête*, for in any case they have to make their way home again, over the waters of this most romantic stream.



THE CLOISTER VIRTUOSO.

RICHARD LINDERUM.

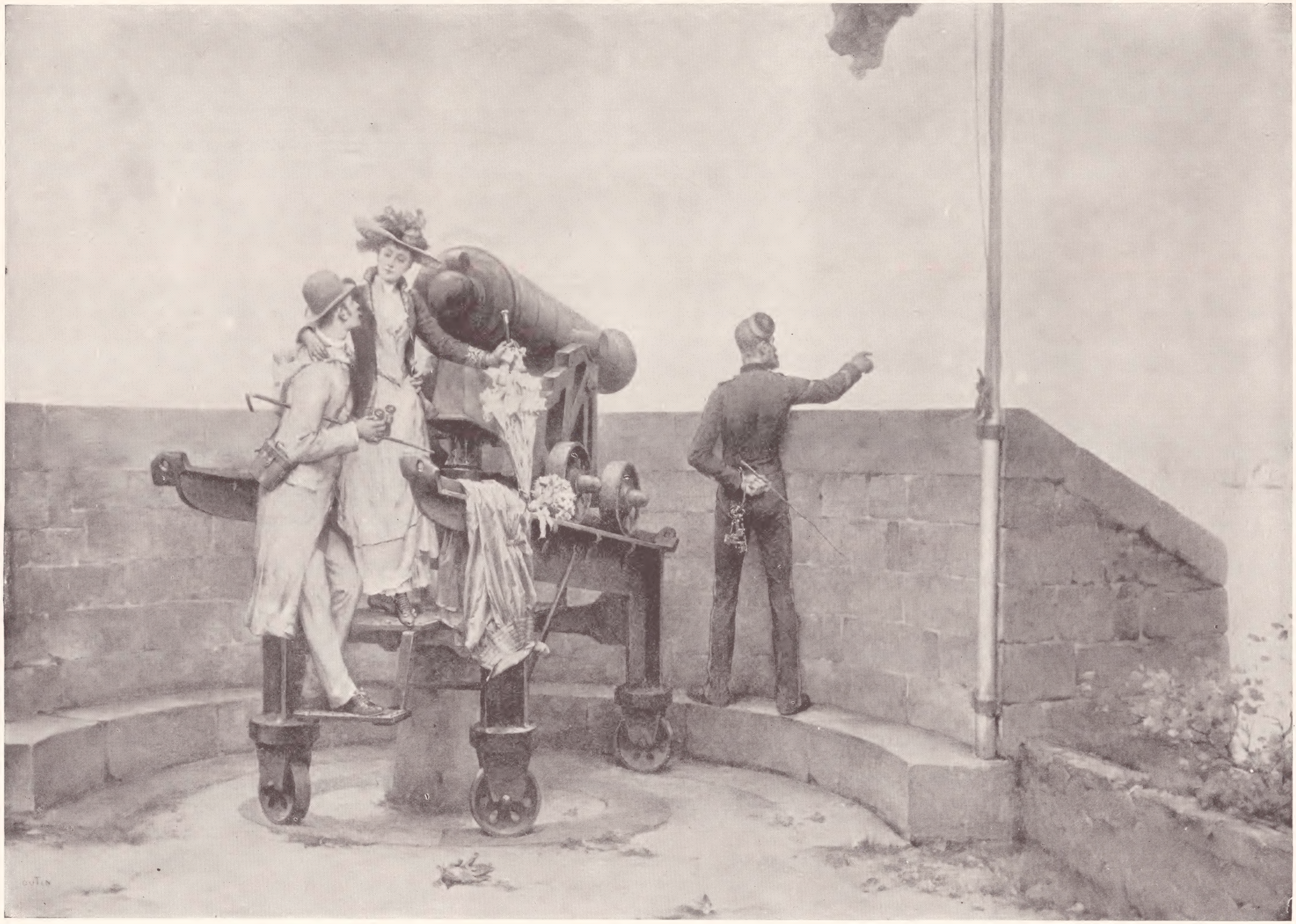
PERHAPS no kind of art work carries the thought of the observer more swiftly and certainly to the Middle Ages than does a picture such as this. Every element in it binds the present to the past. The monastic life appeared in the earlier centuries of our era, perhaps in the Thebais. It was a form of religious existence that sprang up in many parts of the world under conditions virtually identical. The history of the various monkish orders has many features in common, though the orders themselves were greatly diversified. Here we have a scene from the cloister in which five of the brothers are deeply interested in the flute-playing of the sixth. He is the virtuoso. It should be remembered that the monks have in some periods surpassed almost every other class of people in intelligence and attainments. Much of the rising literature, and a little of the reviving art, of the mediæval epoch sprang from such groups as the one here represented. We may not omit to observe the strength and variety displayed in the countenances of these men. It was in the brain of such that the forces of the ancient orthodoxy struggled with the healthful breezes of the new science that at length began to blow and scattered the blossoms of truth and hope among the nations.



END OF SUMMER

R. Collin.

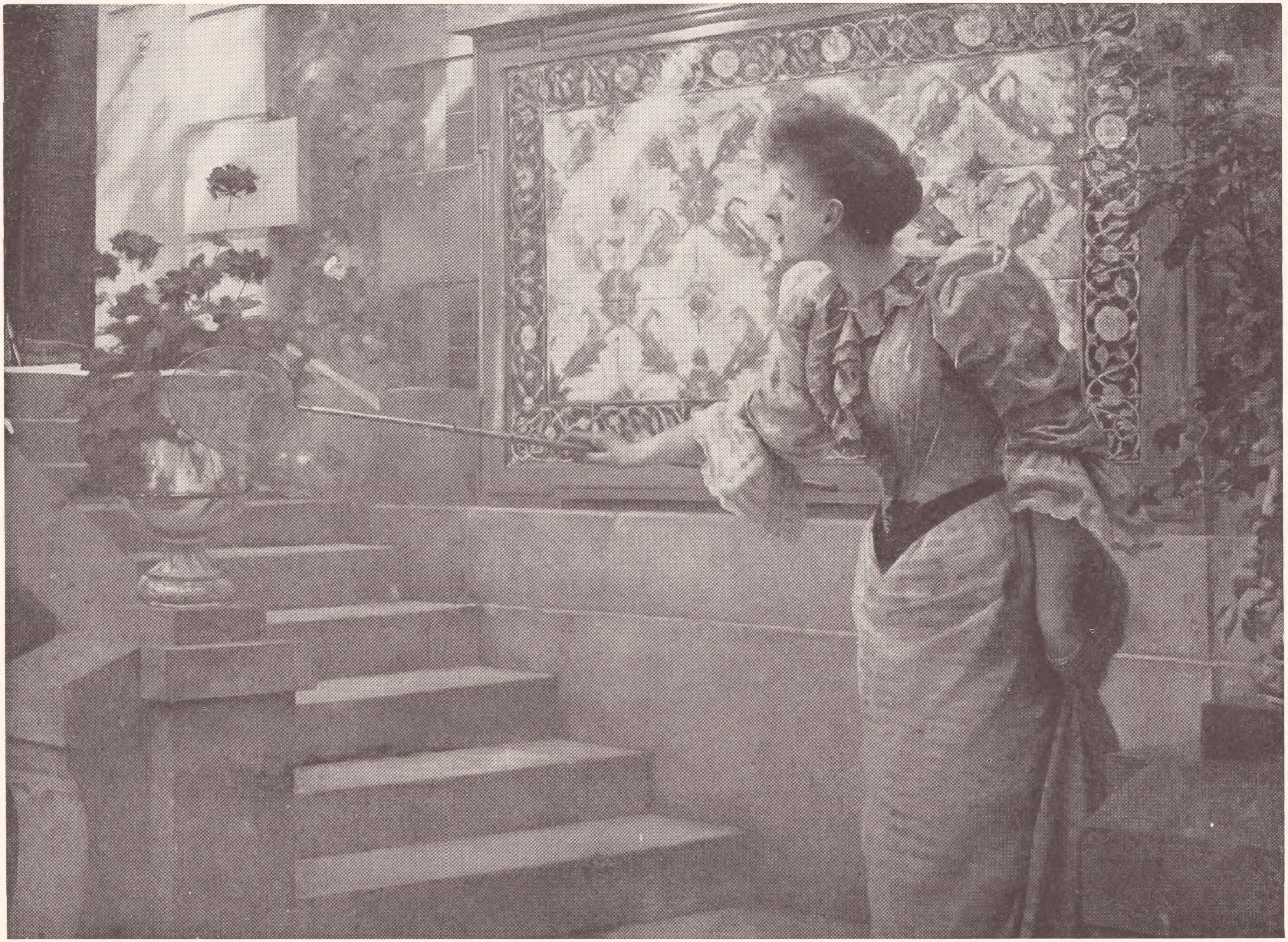
THIS fine allegorical picture is from a painting which was represented by a large etching exhibited in the French section of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition. It is another of the many attempts made by artists to convey, by means of color and design the sentiment and fact of the seasons. The method is generally to select some landscape and sketch it under favoring conditions at the season depicted. Into this, however, certain living features are put, and they are made, by a treatment to which they are subjected, to contribute to the subject of the painting. It may be said that such living figures are partly subordinated to the landscape, and in part subordinate that to themselves. Thus the old man, gray and snow-covered, set in a winter scene, typifies the season and at the same time his surroundings heighten the effects of his age and the suggestions of his early going forth. In this picture, Collin has drawn a summer landscape full of beauty. But the ideal summer is represented by the five women in the costumes of the season. One in particular, in the foreground, stands for summer. Her costume is scant and mostly classical, revealing her beautiful figure.



A WEDDING TOUR.

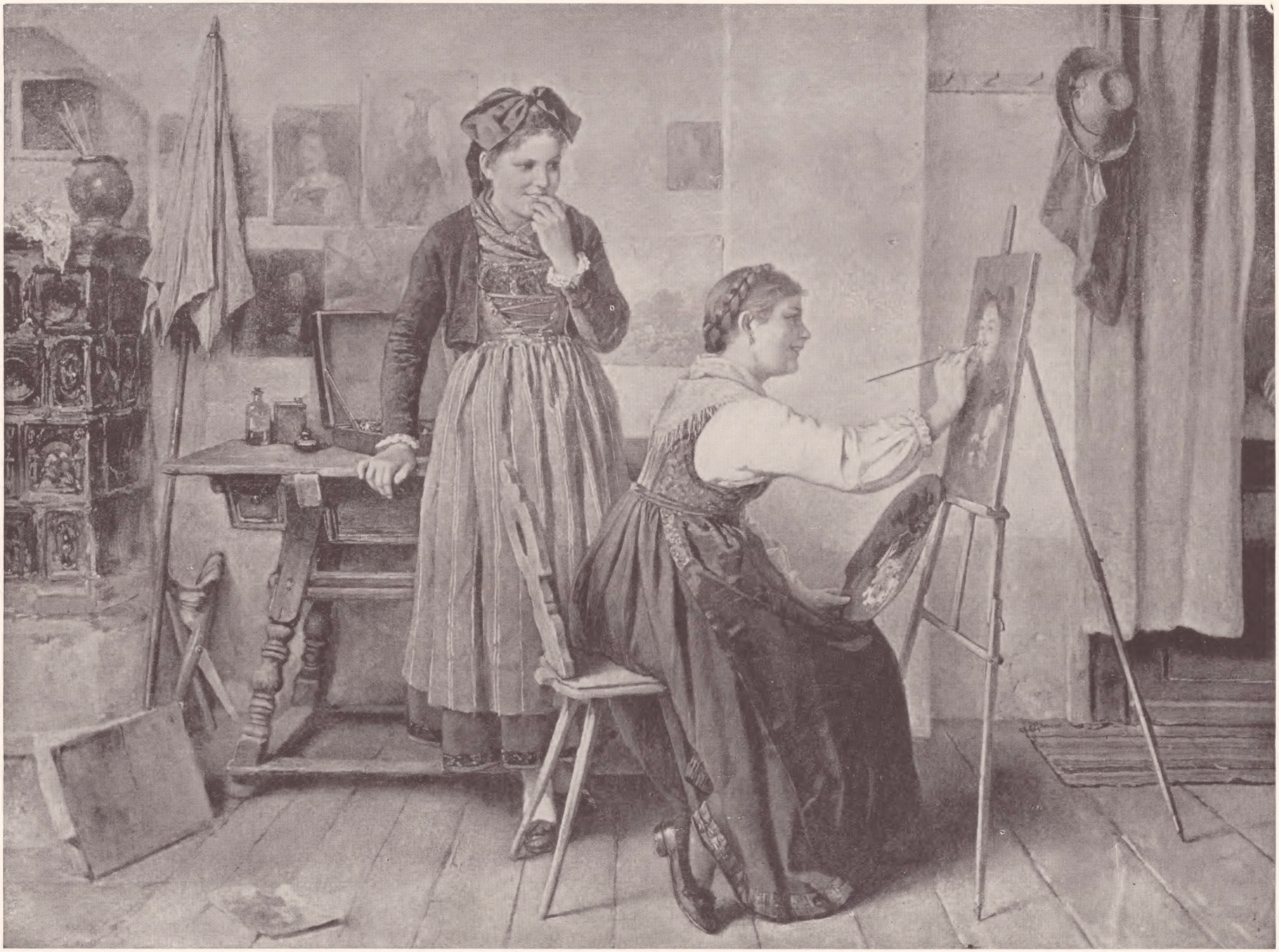
OUTIN.

A FORT, with its dull stone walls and fierce artillery does not suggest pleasant thoughts. Hostility, destruction, death, seem always lurking near; but, as the vine and flowers may cover and beautify an unsightly ruin, so does the presence of youth and love soften and brighten even these forbidding surroundings. The guard, with obliging dullness, is blind to all sights save the approaching vessel; deaf to all sounds, save the faint echo of her whistle. With the quick eye of a seaman he notes her course, her speed, and learnedly explains whence she came and whither bound. Even the cannon, with open mouth, is gazing toward the sea. Meanwhile the interest of the youth and maiden flags. The field-glass is lowered, and in each other's eyes they see a fairy vision of another voyage which they may make together. It is among young people, drawn together by congenial tastes and common interests—too artless to be mercenary, too inexperienced to be suspicious—that one finds ideal affection; and that affection laughs at guards as well as the proverbial locksmith. But "all's fair in love and war," and doubly fair when both combine as here, where love is set in the sombre frame of war's grim implements.



YOUNG GIRL CHASING BUTTERFLIES. ROSSET-GRANGER.

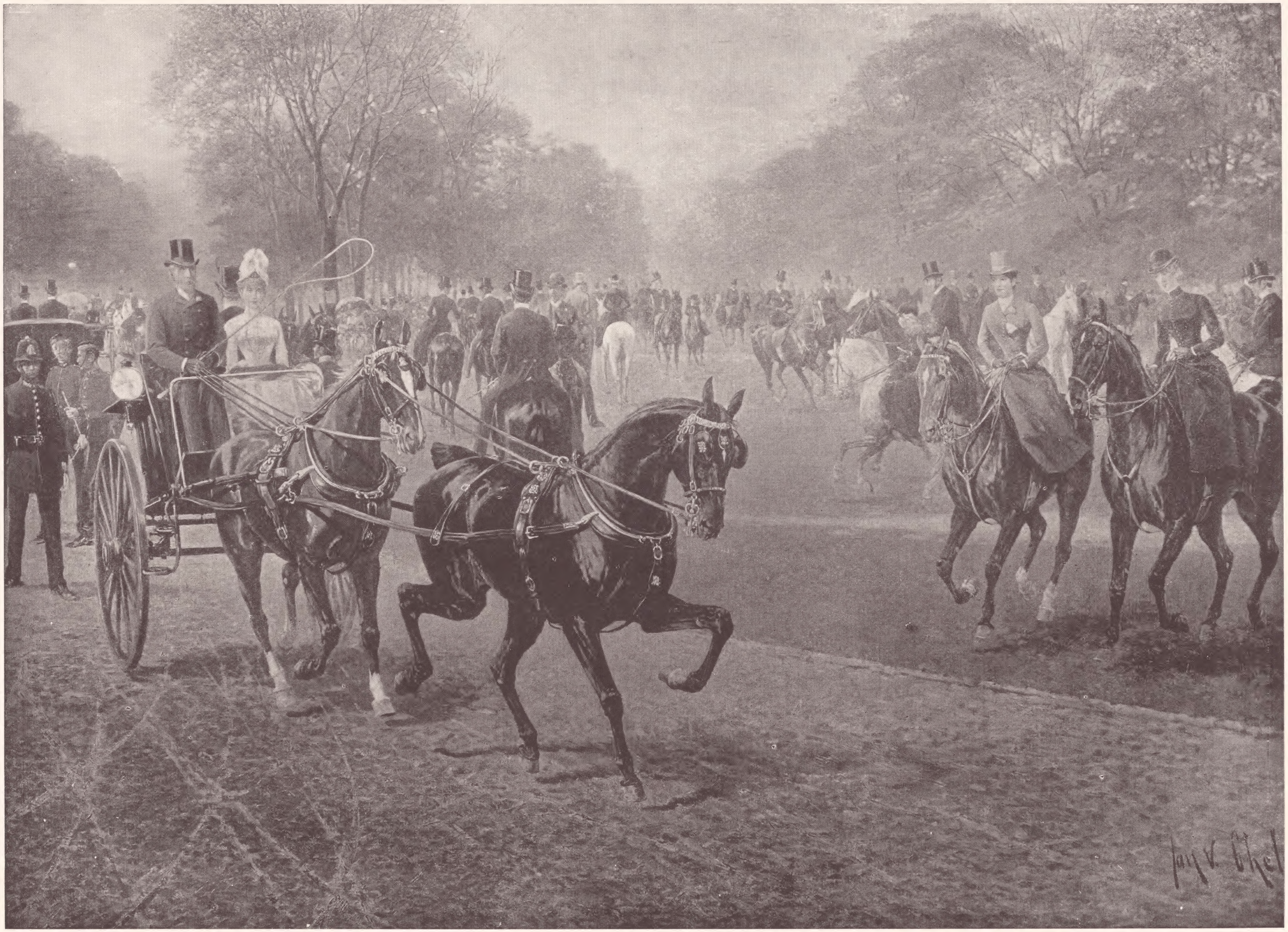
FOR the very rich there are few novel pleasures in life. Few enjoyments savor of genuine pleasure for him who can have all things for the mere asking. There is such a thing as the burden of wealth, and the women folks of a millionaire's household are under its depressing influences no less than are the male members, upon whom fall the care of the family riches. Born to such circumstances is the young woman of the picture, the original of which caused much comment when it hung in the French section of the Fine Arts Exhibit at the World's Fair Wearied of all pastimes purchasable with gold, this daughter of a modern Midas has taken to the free and gentle sport of chasing butterflies. She has perhaps become interested in the life of the insect world, and to her the wonders of the creatures lowest in the scale of life have been recently revealed. Be this as it may, she has found an occupation new and pleasing, with just enough excitement to bring the flush of health to her cheeks and arouse her mind to thoughts above the commonplace. The chasing of butterflies by a graceful woman is significant enough in a symbolical way. We all have had a turn with the frail net of fate, and many were the winged fancies after which we sought so vigorously but so often in vain. The greatly desired things of life frequently take wings and flit from our reach just at the moment when we are most certain of their possession.



BENJAMIN VAUTIER.

WITHOUT THE ARTIST'S PERMISSION.

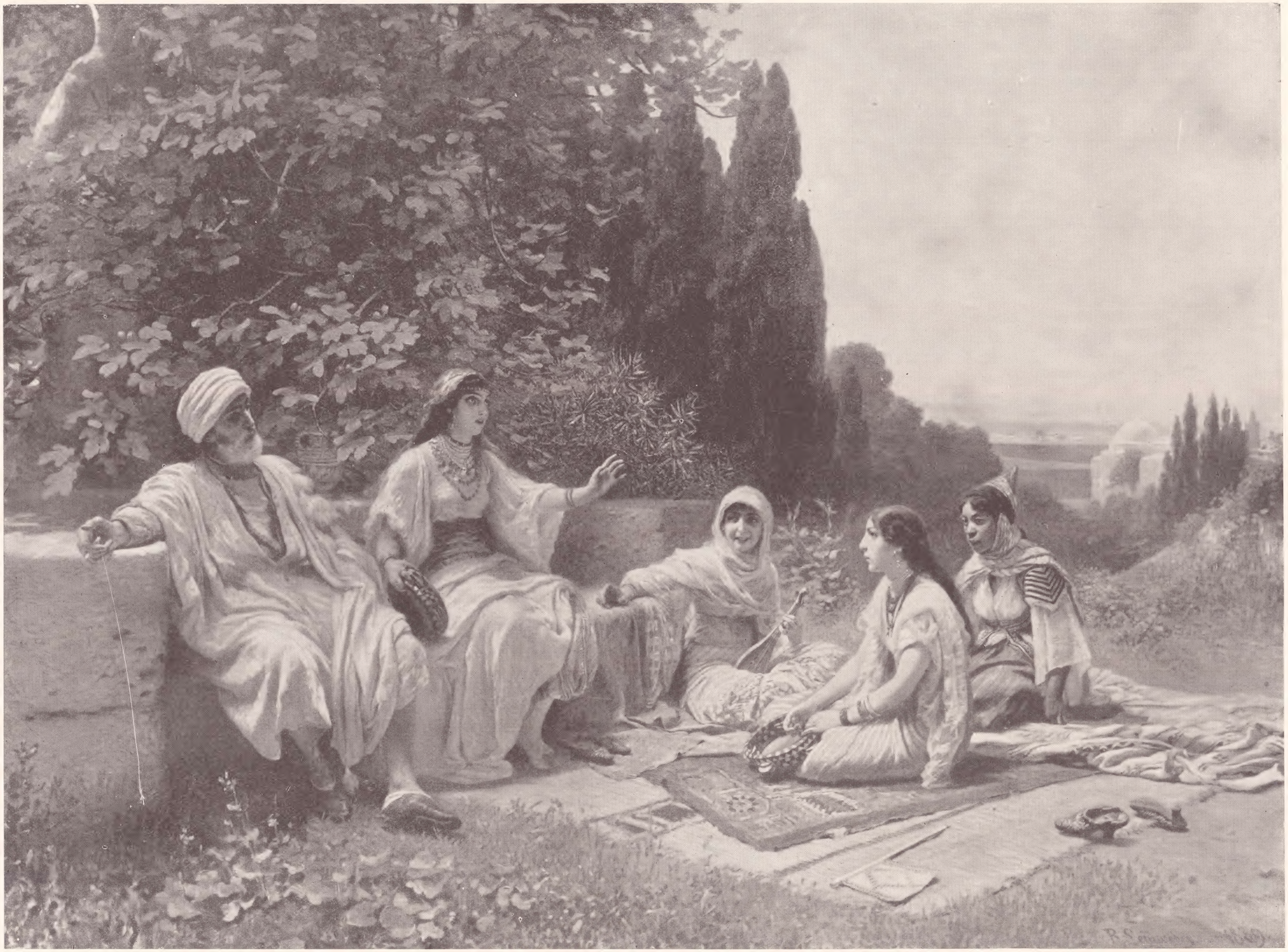
THE painter of this picture is one of the great artists of popular life. In early life he studied the peasant classes in the Black Forest, and in the Berne Highlands. The painting from which the present work is taken represents two peasant girls engaged in touching up the work of an artist during his absence. They have stolen into his studio in a spirit of mischief which gleams from every feature, and are ornamenting the half-finished portrait on the easel. One of the girls has discovered that a moustache is wanted to complete the picture. She has taken a brush, and is in the act of putting, as well as she may, her concept of amendment into the portrait. The other girl enters into the spirit of the performance. Both are thinking how great a joke it will be on the artist. The younger girl holds her finger to her lip as if a little timorous and doubtful whether this business is wholly right. The studio is typical, and is admirably drawn. There is a camp-stool which the artist carries with him when he goes out to sketch, also the table, the oils, the box of paints, etc. The walls are covered with unframed canvases out of which portraits begin to appear here and there. The humor of the girl's work consists largely in this—that she has invented a moustache for the solemn-visaged monk, whose expression of piety she has resolved to amend with a touch of foppishness on the upper lip.



AFTERNOON IN HYDE PARK.

Jan V. Chelminski.

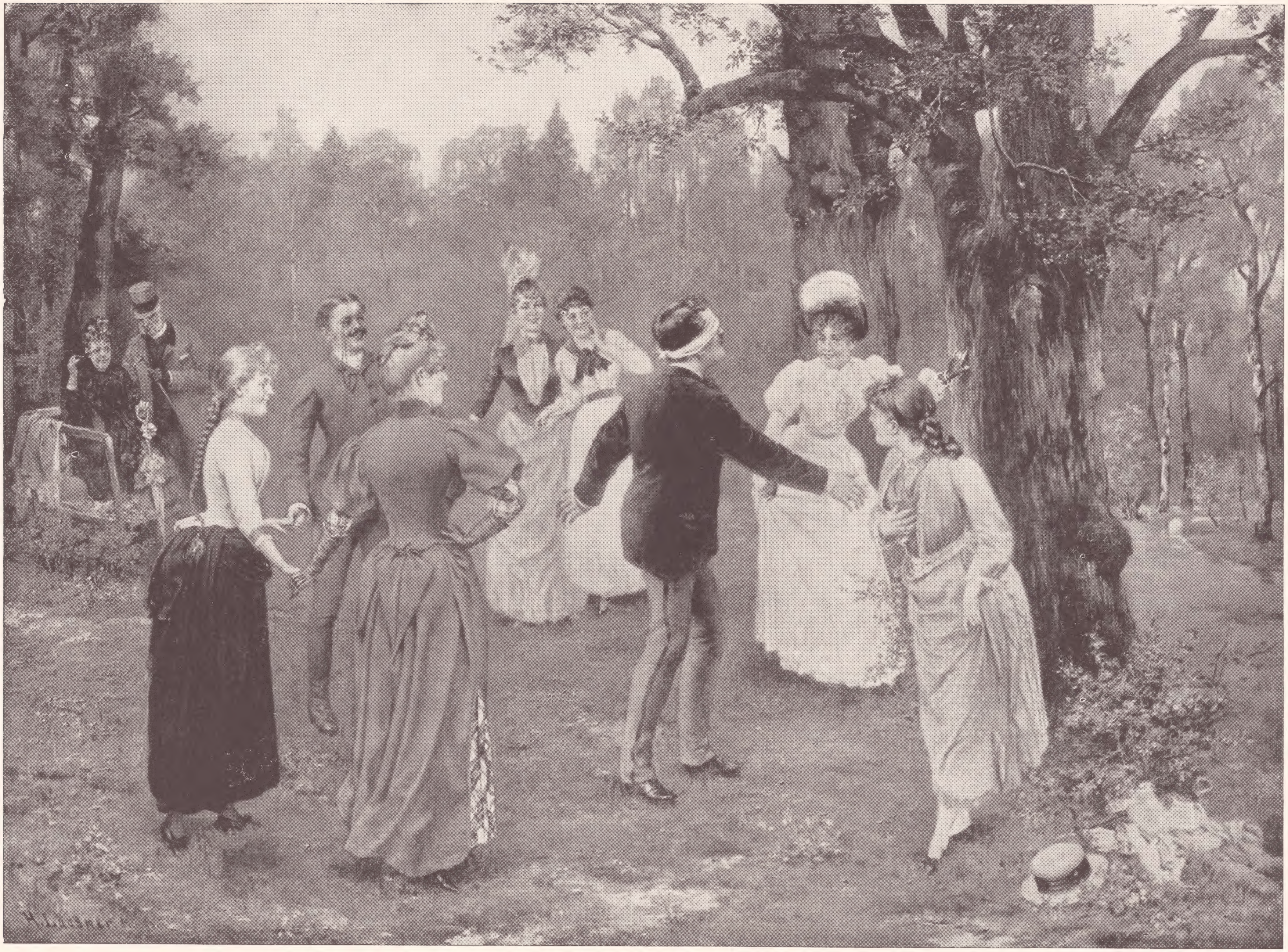
AMONG all the places on the earth which, in the present age, compete for the first rank in the exhibtion of human life in its most *elite* forms, Hyde Park, London, is one of the favorites. The Bois de Boulogne, at Paris, is another claiming precedence. In the present picture, the artist has attempted the delineation of a scene in Hyde Park, such as is witnessed there on pleasant afternoons. This is the great driving and riding boulevard, where the wealthy and the great go forth in equipage or on horseback to take the air and sun and salute their fellow votaries of fashion and high life. No finer horses, no nobler specimens of physical manhood, no women more beautiful may be seen anywhere else among the nations than in this great thoroughfare. Hundreds of thousands of such go forth in elegant riding-habits, and vie with each other as to skill in driving and horsemanship. Here the fairest of the fair may be seen, and, let us hope, the bravest of the brave. English character is here displayed in full force, marked with all of its strong traits and peculiarities. To ride in this assemblage is one of the acmes of human ambition, for to do so is to be fashionable, and to be fashionable is to be admired and followed. The picture, viewed with care, becomes its own interpreter. It exhibits at once a stretch of scenery, and a variety and multiplicity of human character quite unexampled in the fashionable public ways of the world.



R. Leinweber.

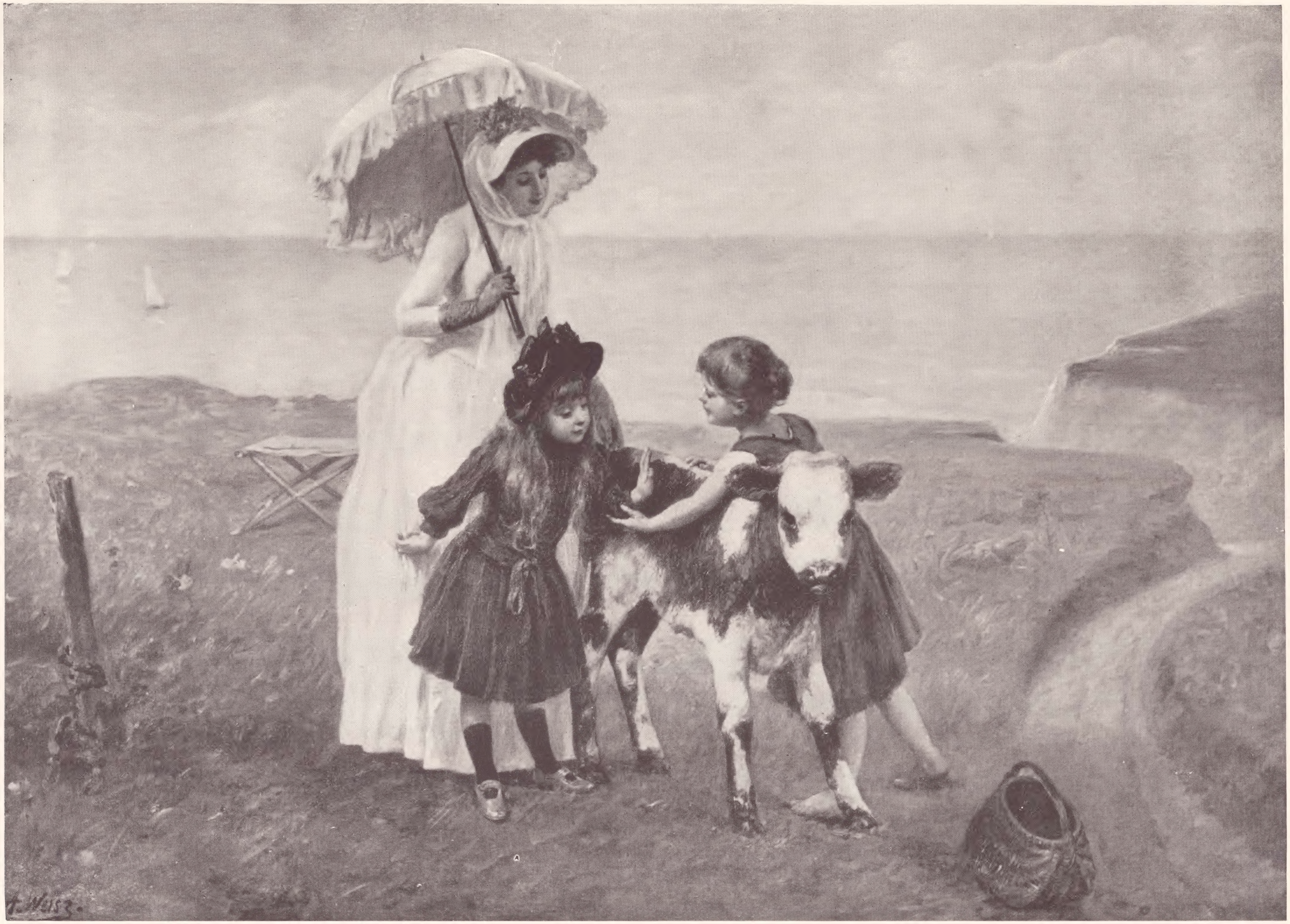
AN ARABIAN SONG.

THIS picture is wholly Semitic and Oriental. It is so in the landscape and in the figures and manners of the subjects. They who have been in Arabia, or they who have heard an Arabian woman sing, will be pleased with the portraiture, will recognize its truthfulness, and catch the spirit of the East. Here we have the stone bench in an open space under the trees. The party are all sitting. In the distance is the low white dome of the mosque or tomb peculiar to the Mohammedan countries. Still further on is one of those singularly shaped burial-towers, while in the nearer distance are cypress trees and tropical shrubs and bushes. Soft rugs are spread for the maidens to rest upon. None are so prone to indolent luxury as these Eastern nabobs and their families. Inaction and repose are in the very atmosphere. The four girls may be daughters of the old Sheik, or they may be his playthings. All have suspended their playing to listen to the song of the singer. The old man in his imposing Eastern garb has forgotten his cigarette, absorbed in the song of the beautiful maiden The pleased expression of the face of the pretty girl with the white drapery over her head, as well as her lustrous dark eyes, attract the attention. All of the positions and postures are full of easy grace. Back of the curious stone bench is seen the ever-present waterjug. Not at one glance will all of the beauties of this exquisite painting be discovered.



BLINDMAN'S BUFF. N. LAASNER.

THESE city folk have gone to the grove for the day, and are seeking to amuse themselves with the game of blindman's buff. This game is almost as old as the traditions of mankind. It has been repeated in one form or another from the earliest ages of civilization. It is a game adapted alike to childhood and maturity. There are few sports in which adults can so easily become children again as in this. There is an abandon about it, the charm of which appeals to all ages and conditions. In this picture the aristocratic old lady on the wooden seat, with her husband by her side, watches the game through her lorgnette with a pleased interest, remembering her own girlhood. Could she and the dignified papa be induced to try the sport once more? The young crowd are all deep in the game. The attitude and manner of the handsome young man in the blindfold are characteristic to a degree. Every eye is on him. The beautiful girls are full of merriment and wholly absorbed in the sport. Even the young dandy with the eyeglass and the middle-part in his hair smiles and swings his partner's hand in true schoolboy fashion. Observe how the blinded man raises his head, reminding us of the halcyon days when we tried to peep under the bandage. One can almost feel again the uncertain sensation which comes of blackness and groping The great trees furnish a charming background for this living poem, which will, no doubt, be repeated as long as the heart retains its love of cheerful and innocent sports.



A. Weisz.

AN ACT OF COURAGE.

MIDSUMMER is here. Driven from the heated city, a dainty little maid has come with mamma to the seashore. From their camp chairs they have watched the sailboats lazily gliding past and have listened to the gentle murmur of the waves. But inland sights prove far more interesting. They see a little country lass, and a childish heart gives an envious throb. How happy she must be! She wears no shoes, no sleeves, and has her hair pinned in a cool little knot. But, better than all, she has a pet calf—a real, live calf, with a silky coat, bright eyes and neat little hoofs. How far superior to all the toys she has ever seen! Quickly she runs, and, through the mysterious tie which binds all children, they are friends at once. With youthful curiosity she longs to touch the beautiful creature, but fear restrains her. "Wait till I set my basket down and I will hold it for you," says the proud little owner. Then, summoning her courage, with one hand she clings to her mother's skirts, and with the other strokes the glossy side of the pet. Truly, "an act of courage.' Thus does the painter, rising above the babel of tongues, present his story in a universal language—a book of a single page.

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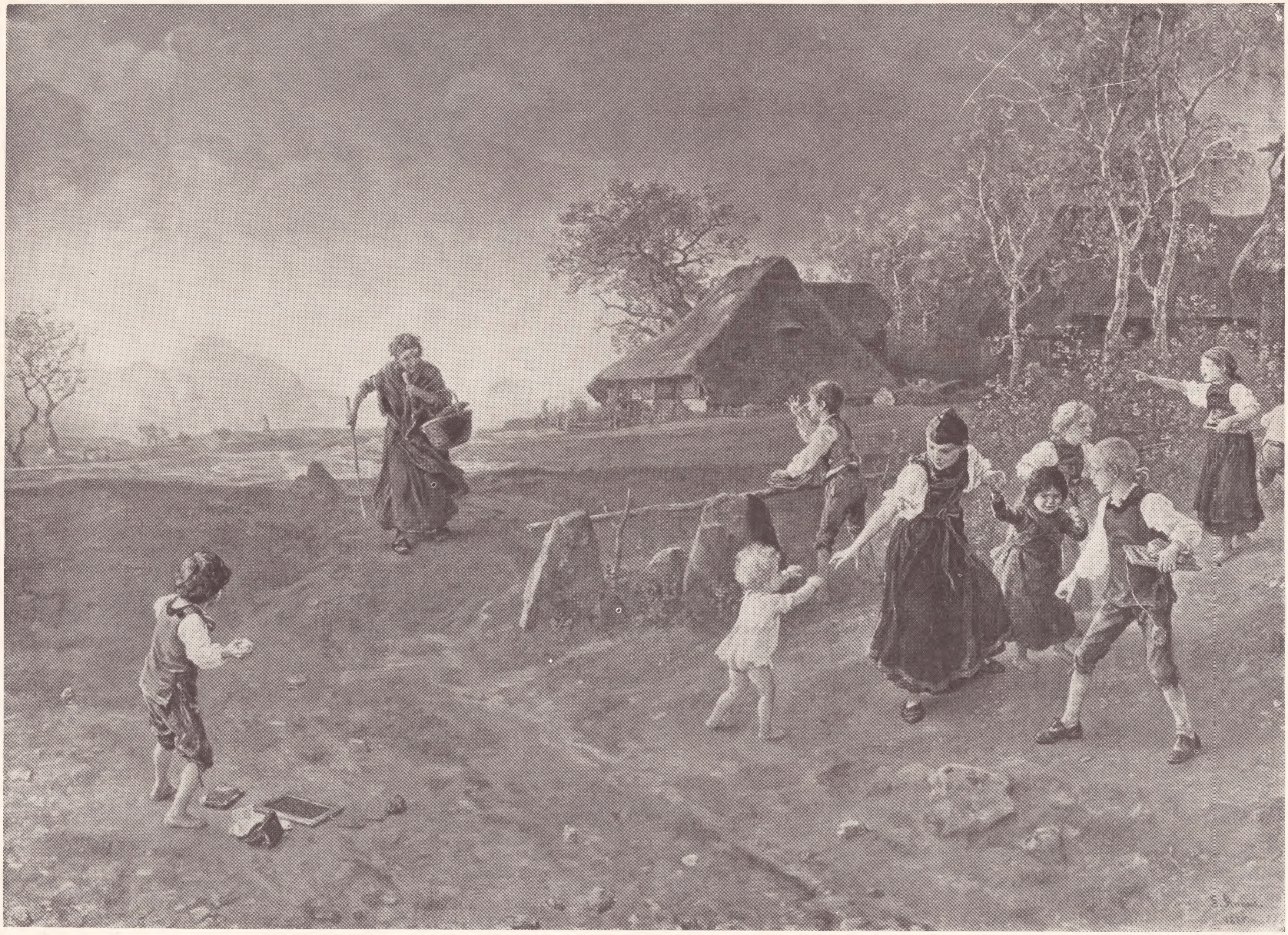
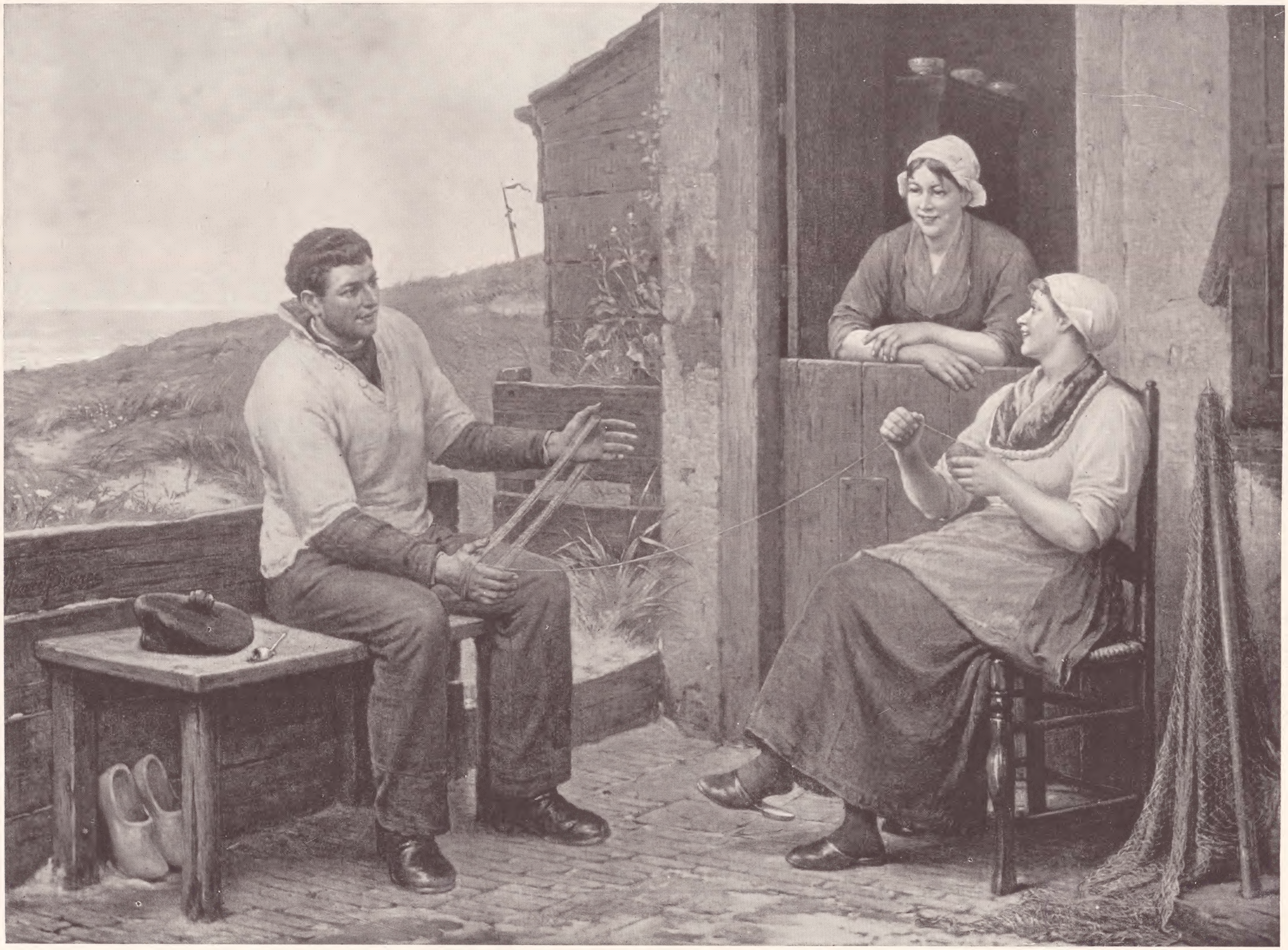


LUDWIG KNAUS.

THE VILLAGE WITCH.

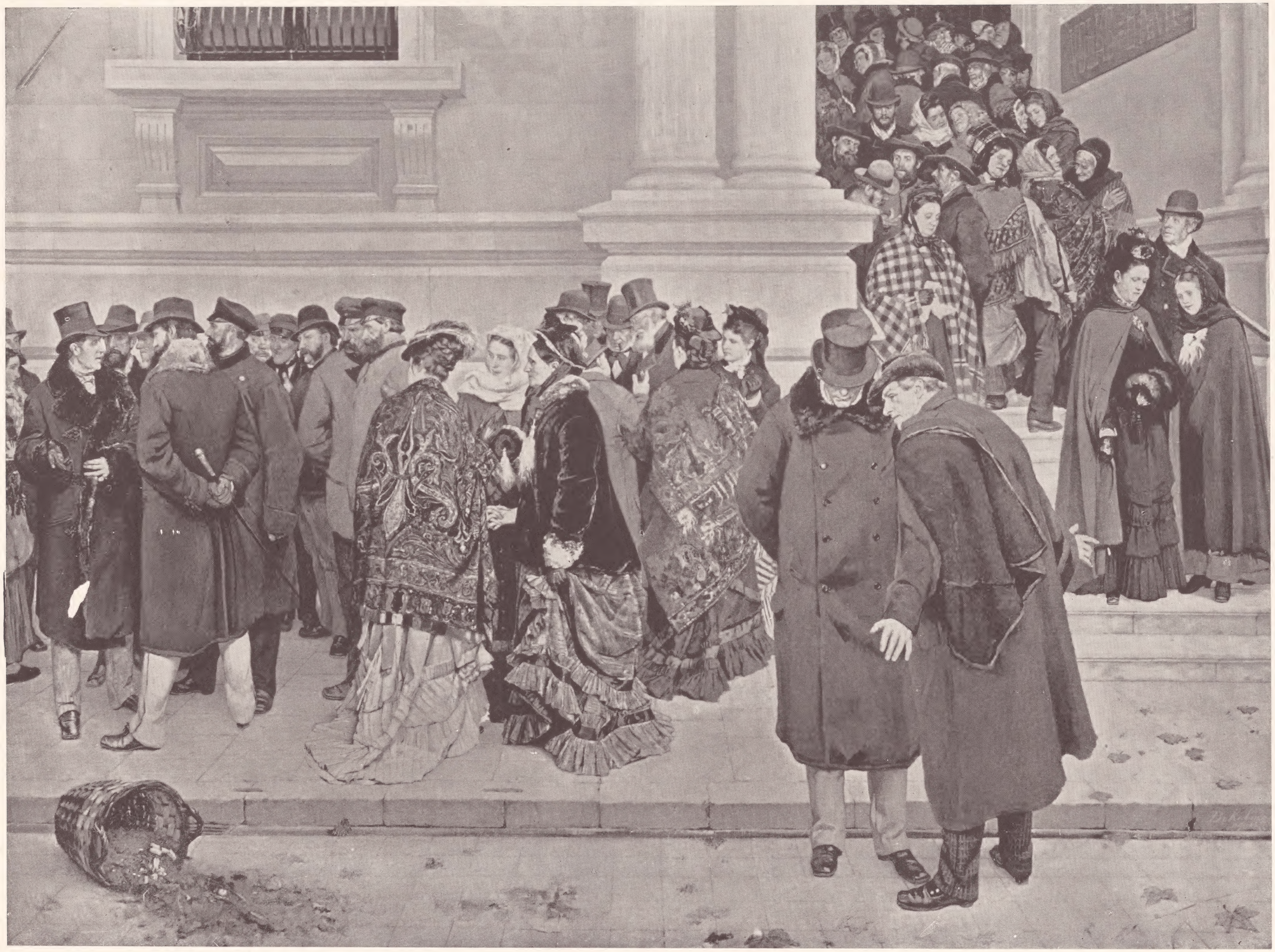
ONE of the most deplorable superstitions with which the human mind has been afflicted is that of witchcraft. The sorrowful consequences which have flowed from such belief can hardly be estimated or imagined. One of the circumstances which have added to the grief of this superstition has been that *woman* has been almost invariably believed to be the one possessed. The picture represents the remaining results of the ancient delusion. An old and (we may admit) unlovely woman is coming home from the village with her basket and cane. She has in this neighborhood a bad reputation. They say she is possessed of familiar spirits. She is, therefore, an object of dread and detestation. This might not matter if the delusion did not extend to the children. A group of urchins just let out from school are playing and loitering on the road when the old woman comes in sight. One rascal has laid down his slate and books and taken a stone, after the manner of his ancestors, to kill the witch. Another gamin is having his spite in satirical actions. One little girl is pointing derisively at the old woman, and most of them are crying out. The artist has well delineated the effects of this treatment on the cross-grained old lady. She would beat the children with her stick if she could get at them. One point of merit in the picture is the landscape. Although it is summer-time a certain gloom has been thrown into the painting as the background of the baleful superstition which he would represent.



HERCULES AND OMPHALE.

HENRI JACQUES BOURCE.

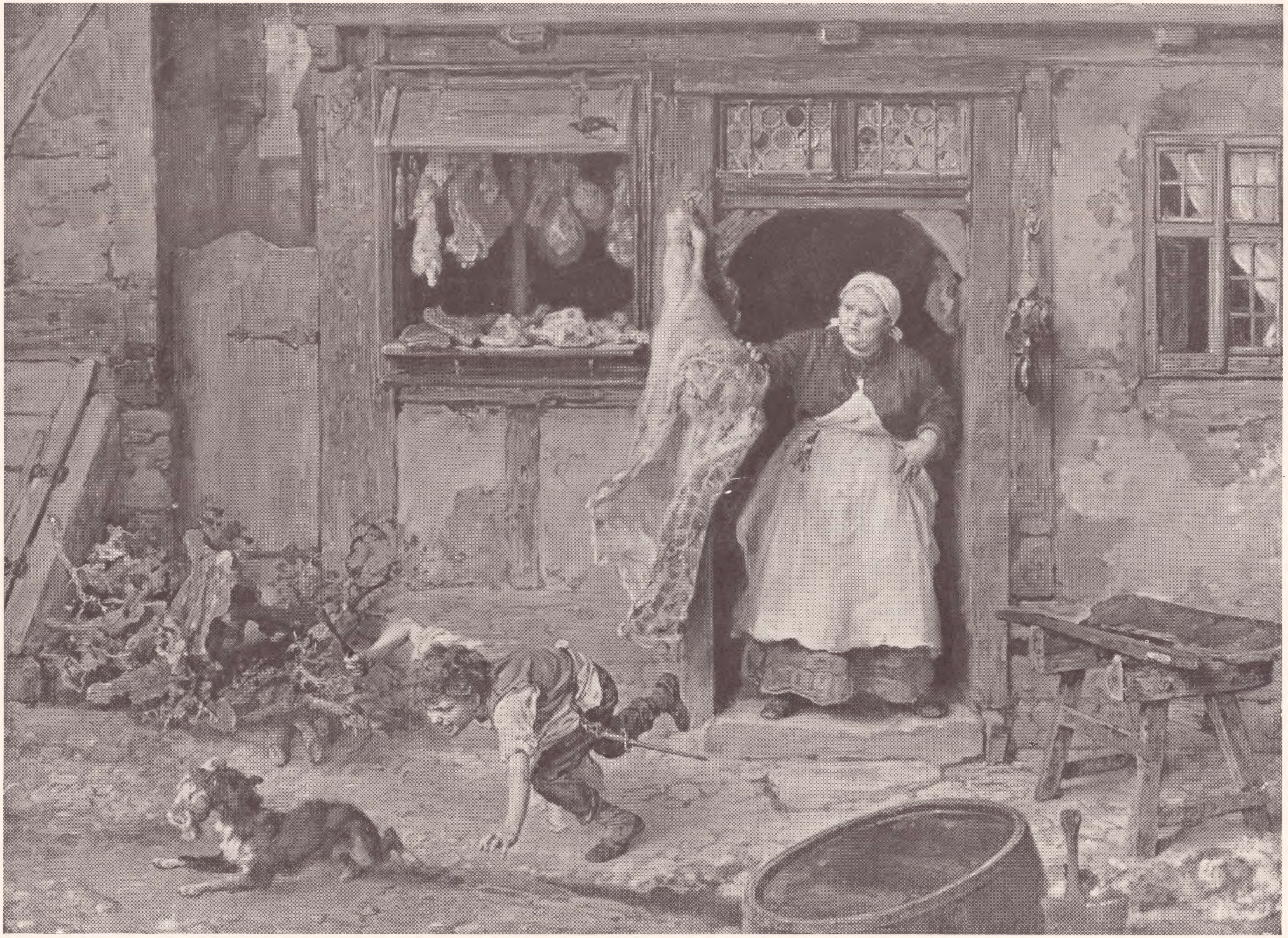
BRAVO, young Hercules! Love delights to serve, and your service, to judge by your expression, is the reverse of an unwilling one. Even the sailor's comfort—his pipe—while the soothing weed is yet burning, you have laid aside. What need of that just now. It will keep for foul nights on the North Sea when your Omphale will be a memory. And you have other need for your mouth today; for, while your hands are tied, it is easy to see that your tongue is free. To judge by the arrested motion of Omphale's hands, the skein you hold will take long to wind, and why not? The simple household cares are all attended to, the smack safely beached in the harbor, and a neighborly call after a week's rough cruise is not to be gotten through with in a few minutes. But caution, young Hercules. Never did the Lydian Queen forge a stronger chain for her slave than your Omphale will make for you out of those threads of yarn; but you follow your prototype. What an admirable bit of story-telling this picture is. Surely, if the mission of art is in any sense to amuse, to recreate, such a picture as this fills an important place, and the artist who paints it is a benefactor. We talk of art for art's sake, of technique, of artistry, of impressionism, of realism, and the rest of the studio jargon, and yet, whenever, as at Chicago lately, we find a throng around a picture, that picture is a painted story of some human joy or sorrow, some instinct or some passion of the human heart.



THE CRASH.

BOKELMANN.

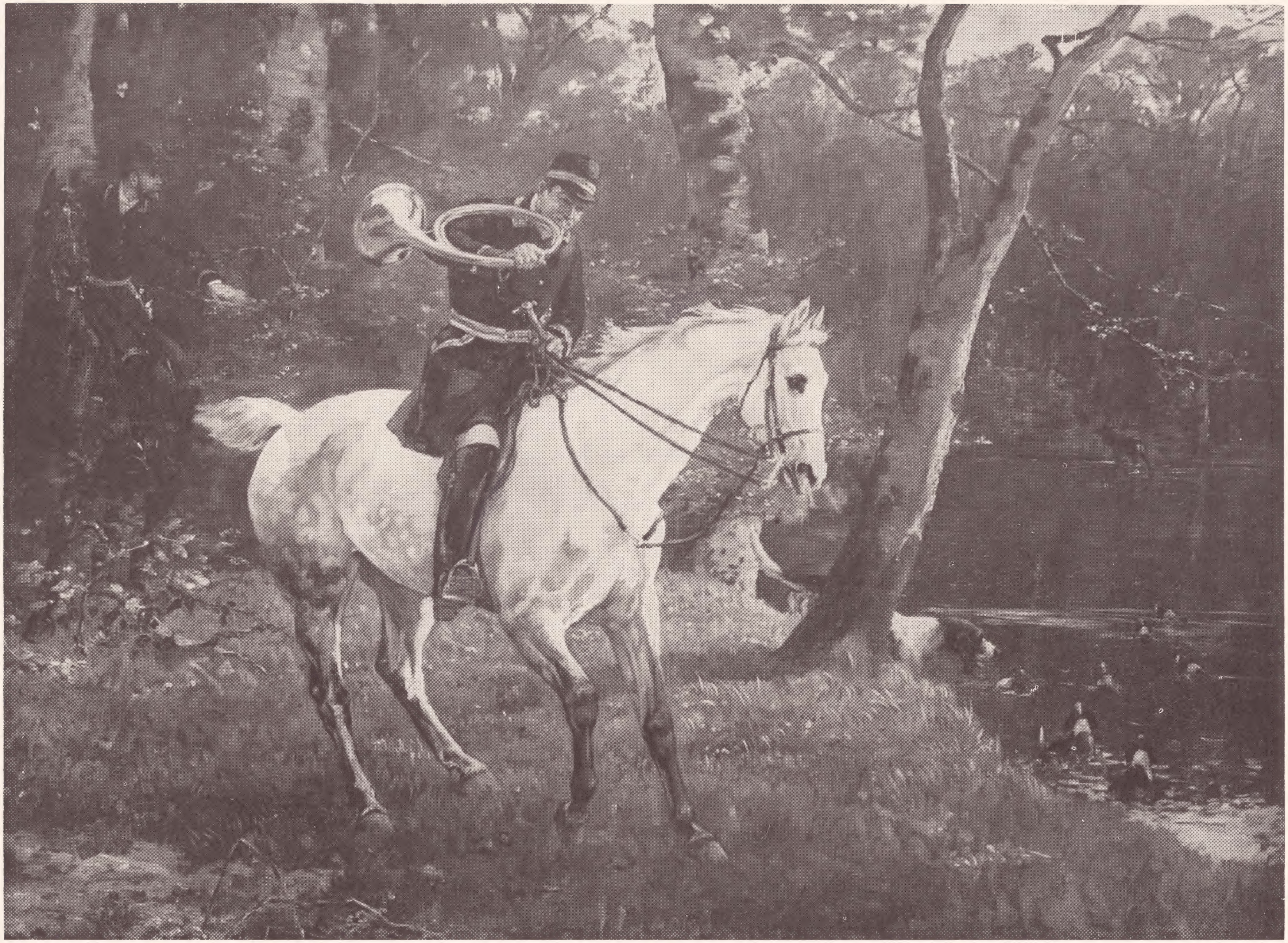
THE painter of this picture was born near Bremen, in 1844. His career as an artist has been conspicuous. His pictures are familiar in several of the best galleries of Europe. The subject of this painting is taken from those financial disturbances which so greatly afflict the civilized nations. There has been a panic, and fortunes have vanished like the mist. Business has become stagnant at first, and then prostrate. Finally the banks have tottered and fallen No hardship comes like that of the failure of the people's bank—the Volk's Bank of the picture. Here is a great savings institution in which the earnings and profits of hundreds and thousands of people have been put away against the day of trouble. The crash has come. The bank has suspended payment. The doors have been closed and barred. The throngs of depositors turn away from their lost fortunes. Some are in tears; some are angry. Women faint under the stroke of their grief. Thescene is unfortunately familiar in the cities of our own country as well as in the crowded marts of Europe.



A BAD CUSTOMER.

LUDWIG KNAUS.

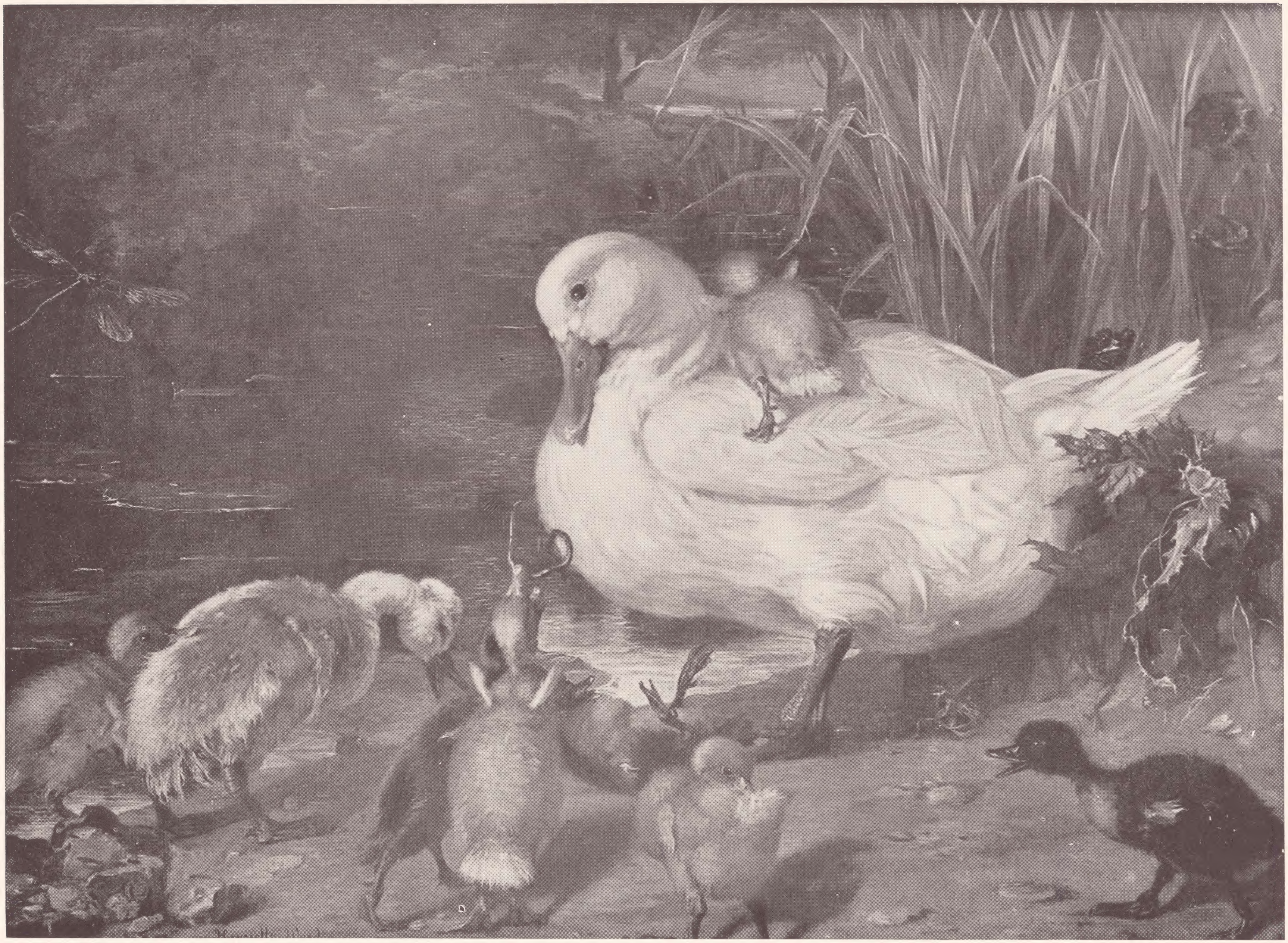
AN interesting book might be produced on the humorous in art. The painters as well as the novelists have caught this quality of things and transferred it freely to the canvas. This picture is nothing if not humorous. Here is a rude village market, with its quarter of beef hung up and sundry roasts and steaks cut into form for customers and laid in the opening which serves for a window and a bench. The market woman is on duty, and her boy, an incipient butcher, is in the full panoply of knife and steel. But in a moment of inattention, the unexpected catastrophe has come. Fido of unknown origin and date, has slipped into the establishment and helped himself to a portion which has been laid aside for *homo*. This is a clear violation of the rights of property. The disgust and anger of the old market woman are kindled not a little, and as for the junior butcher, his passion is raised to a pitch of imminent war. We might say, literally, that it is *war to the knife!* With Fido, possession is nine points of the game, but discretion indicates flight. If he escapes, well and good; but if he does not, there will certainly be an end of all canine enterprise so far as he is concerned. In that event it can hardly be doubted that the stolen roast will go back to its place in the stall, and that the customer will be none the wiser. The whole scene is done to perfection, and the humor is sufficiently extravagant.



PAUL TAVERNIER.

HUNTSMAN BLOWING THE RETREAT FROM THE WATER.

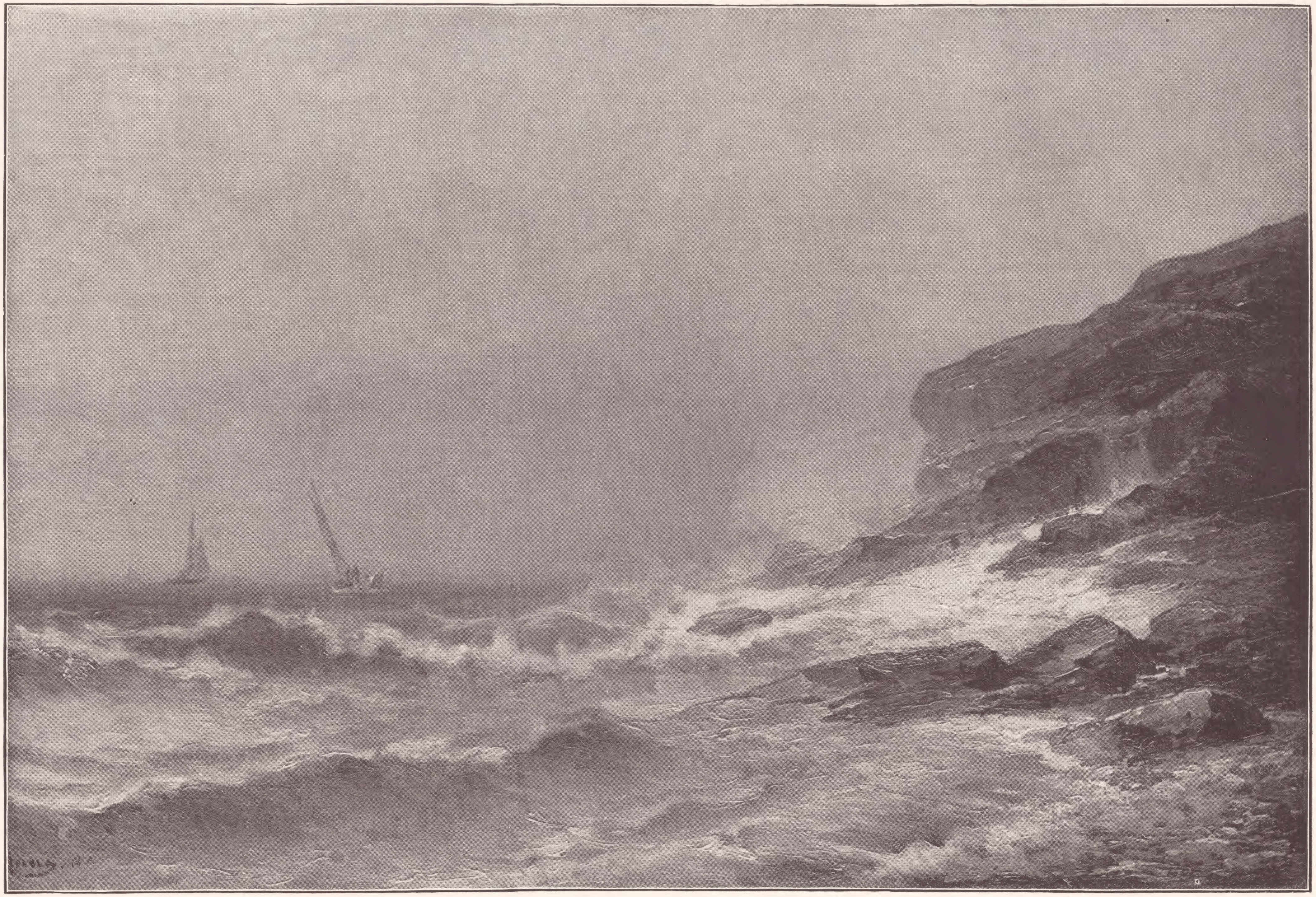
ORIGINAL exhibited in the French section World's Columbian Exposition. The painter of this picture is a Parisian by birth; a pupil of Cabanel, and Guillaumet. In nearly all of his pictures, such as the "Stag Hunt," "The Chase," "The Stag at Bay," the "False Start." etc., he fixes his attention on the development of animal form and action. In the painting from which this elegant reproduction is taken, he has seized a particular crisis in the stag hunt. The stag, hard pressed, has, after his manner, taken to water, striving thus to elude his pursuers. The hounds and the huntsman, following hard after, have come to the edge of the still forest lake, and the dogs have plunged in, in pursuit. Some are already far out from the shore. The surface of the otherwise still lake is broken into white by their splashings. The principal figure is the huntsman, who, in full uniform, mounted on his magnificent white-and-dappled horse, seizes the situation at a glance, and with his French horn a-lip sounds the retreat from the water. This is the moment in which the predominate instinct of the hounds is suddenly arrested by the call of the master. The landscape has probably been sketched from the woods of Normandy. The scene presents another of those striking aspects in which men, surfeited with civilization, return for relief to half barbaric sports.



THE UGLY DUCKLING.

MRS. HENRIETTA WARD.

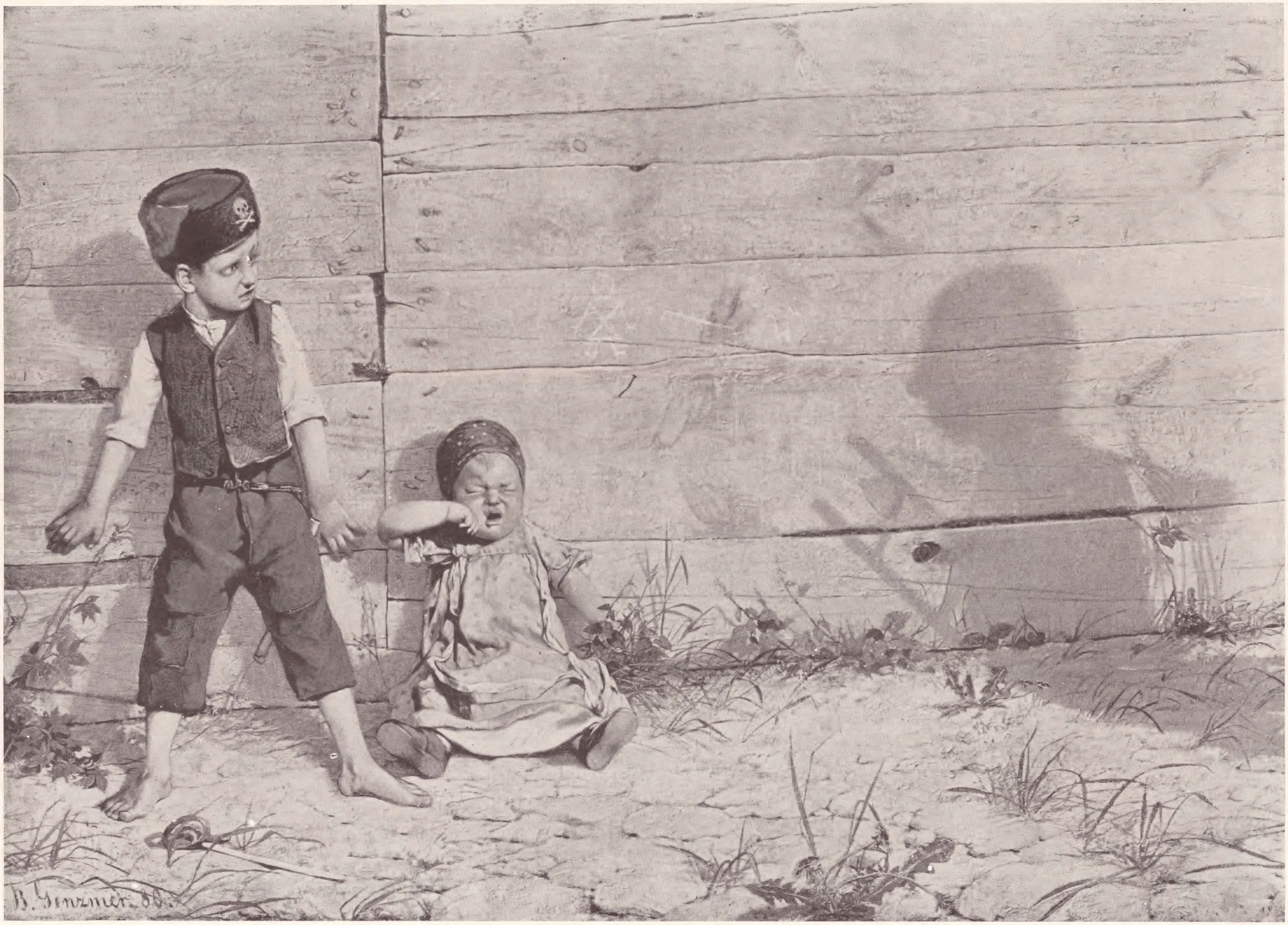
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S charming story of "The Ugly Duckling" is typical of unappreciated merit in youth. Perhaps it was Mrs. Ward's interest in child-life, a line of *genre* painting in which she is especially accomplished, that impelled her to choose this subject for her incursion into the realm of animal painting. She has given it no fanciful interpretation, but presents a rather literal rendering of the little family of ducks, into which the unattractive little swan has strayed, through the accident of a misplaced egg. The swan did its best to grow up as good a duckling as any of them; but no amount of exemplary behavior on its part could redeem its ugliness in the eyes of the rest of the family, and the ugly duckling it remained, suffering the taunts and other ill-natured manifestations of those who were ducks to the manner born, until at last, abused beyond endurance, it went off to grow up alone where its ungainly appearance would offend nobody. Unconsciously it developed the swan-beauty that was its destiny, and when it returned in all its queenly splendor of form and plumage, it received homage from those who before had scorned it. These downy, plump little creatures are having great, good times on the sedgy bank, and Mother Duck is too absorbed in her little brood to observe the toothsome frog that peeps over her back in security. The original was exhibited in the English section, World's Columbian Exposition.



F. M. H. De Haas.

OFF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

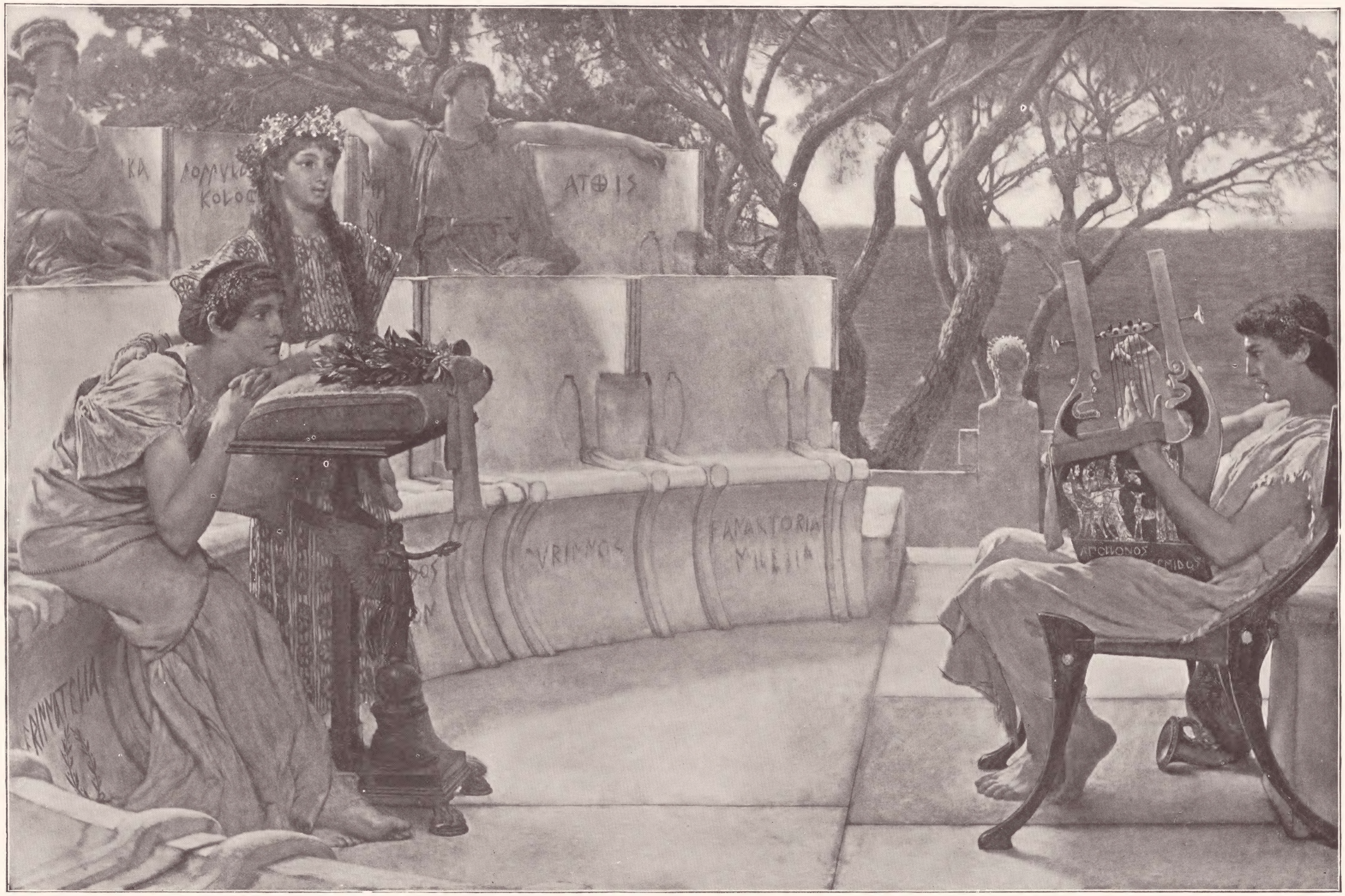
THERE is a breezy freshness and vigor in good marine painting that takes the spectator at once into the open air. He feels the strong, damp wind on his face, and is conscious of illimitable space dominated by the powerful agencies of nature. The name of De Haas is inseparably associated with marine painting in this country, for most of the American painters of the sea have derived their inspiration from this native of Holland, who has been an American for more than a third of a century. In his old home he was highly honored before he came to us, having been by appointment artist to the Dutch Navy and court painter to the Queen of Holland. During his American residence he has produced some noted historical works, of which his picture of Admiral Farragut is the most famous. But his name is more particularly associated with scenes such as that shown above. A long, rocky promontory plunging into the sea; the wind-lashed waves rushing, racing, pounding, crawling upon it; the spray flying from the crests of the waves and the careening boats in the distance all telling of the strong breeze that is blowing. The picture is replete with life and snap and vigor. This does not come from the human element in it, for there is only a suggestion of men's figures in the nearest boat, but it comes from the carefully-studied, truthfully-rendered effects of nature, unmistakable even on such a patch of rock and sea as we have here.


B. Genzmer. 88.

THE BLACK MAN.

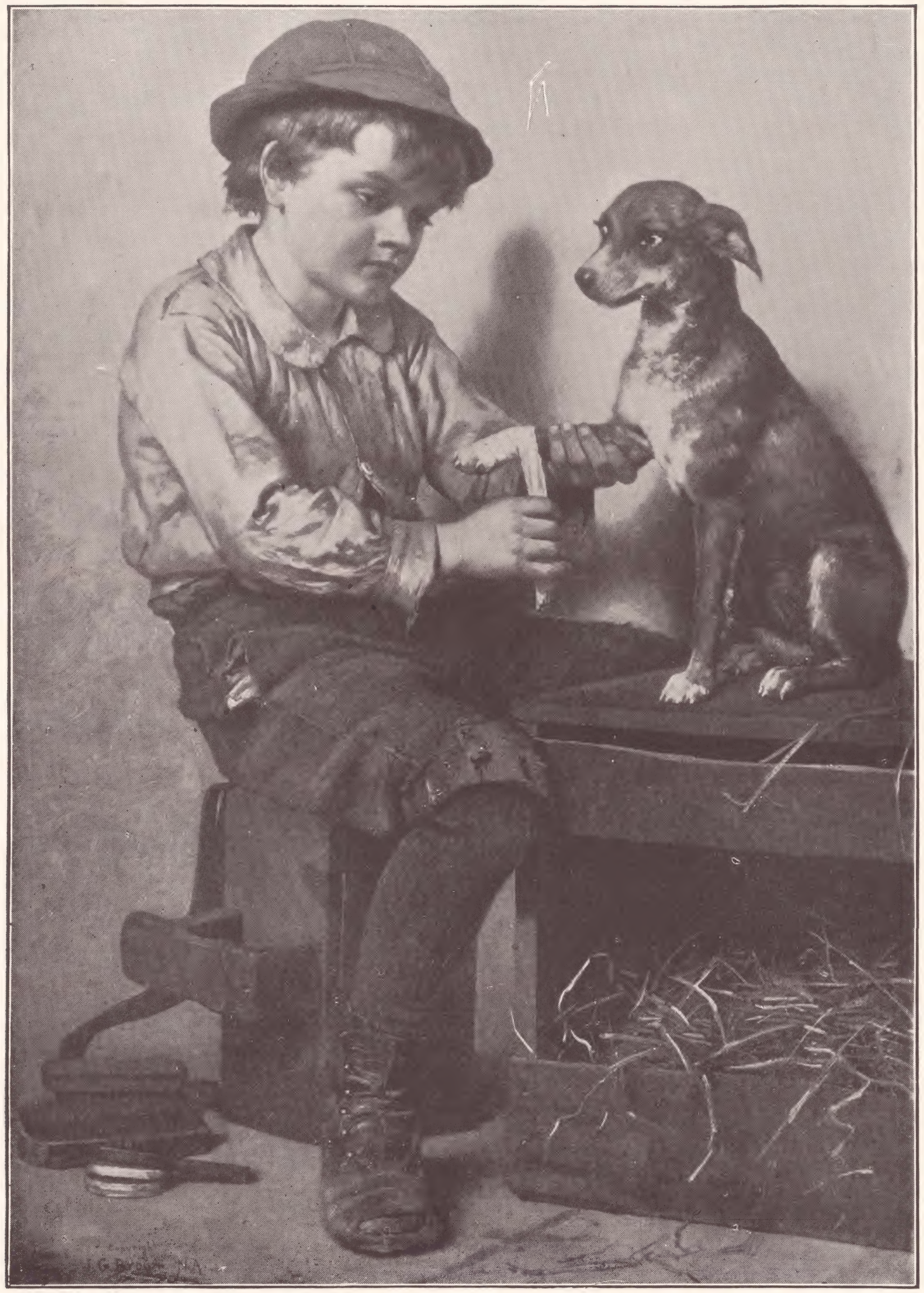
B. GENZMER.

CHILDREN are frightened with bugaboos. Their vivid imaginations are distressed beyond measure with spectral things. In this picture it is difficult to say from what source the shadow on the plank wall has fallen. It may be one of the mere caprices of light and shade. The Specter of the Brocken has never been satisfactorily explained. Perhaps the artist has drawn the "Black Man" more like the shadow of a human being because the frightened boy sees it so. The attitude and manner of the children are highly characteristic. They have wandered off into some enclosure, and the twilight has come before young master was aware Suddenly he realizes in his truancy that it is time to be away. As for the little brother, he has totally collapsed with the apparition of the shadow. He is scared completely out of himself, and has just enough of potential rationality left to scream and claw. As for Harry, he is badly frightened, but there is in him a residue of courage and resistance. He clings to the wall, but at the same time braces himself. He has been playing soldier. Note his scabbard and belt, and his tin sword lying on the ground. Before the shadow appeared he supposed himself capable of fighting anything, but his courage has suffered a severe shock. Nevertheless, if he be pressed and have no opportunity to run away, he will fight. There is humor in the picture, and many suggestions of child-character. The vagrancy of the day has been suddenly cut short, and the alarmed conscience of the little fellow is reinforcing the "Black Man" with his ghost-like shadow on the wall.

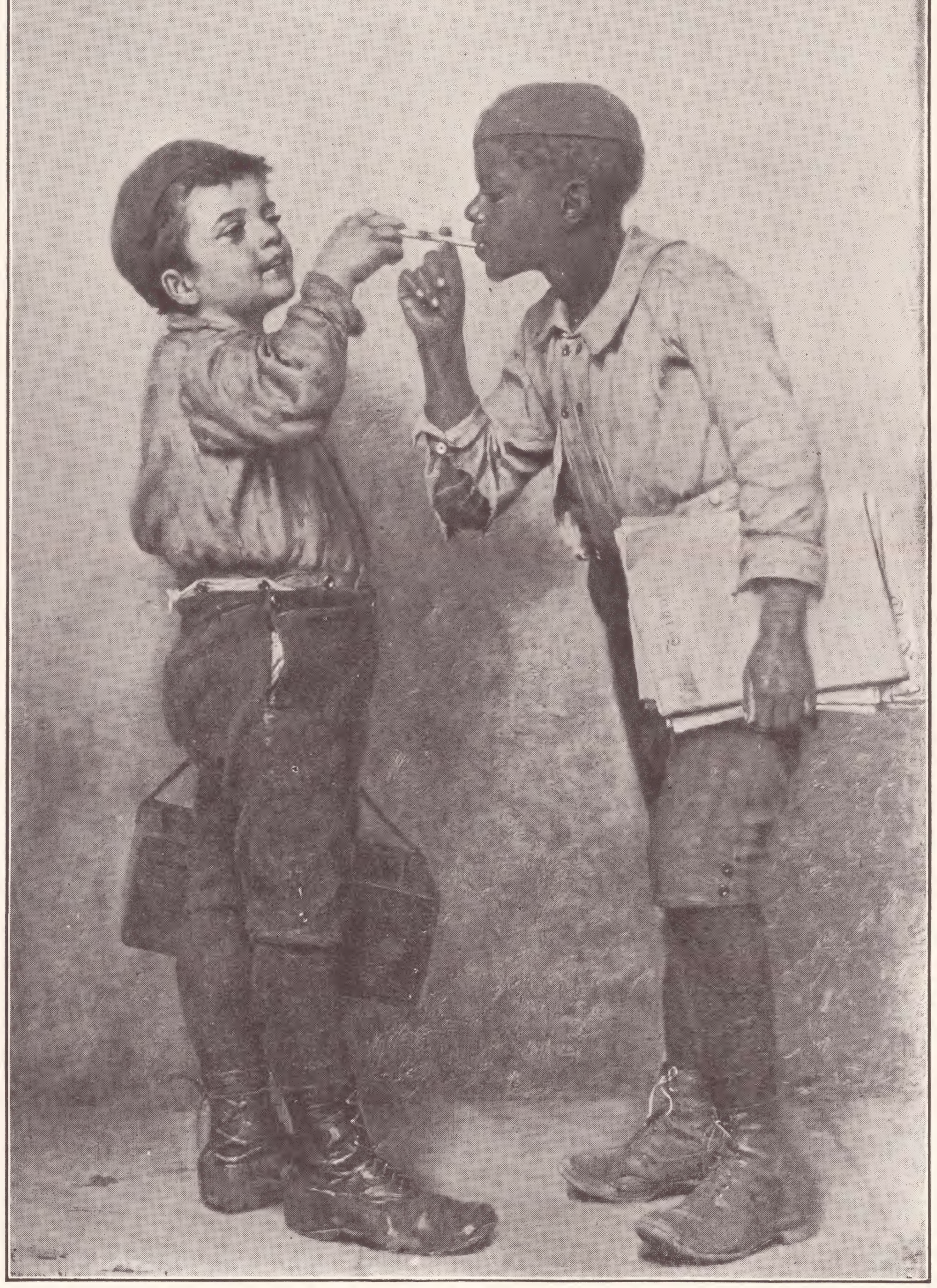


SAPPHO. L. ALMA-TADEMA.

WE have here a masterly realization of "the isles of Greece, where burning Sappho loved and sung," so apostrophized by Byron. The Lesbian poetess Sappho is listening to the music of lute and song, on the marble-set terrace of the island she loved. She is seated at her reading desk, on which lies the ribbon-bound wreath, the crown of poets. By her side stands her daughter, less fair than the mother; and behind, on the tiers of the marble exedra, or open-air lounging seat, are some of her pupils in the art of poesy. But the chief interest in the group is not in Sappho, nor in her maidens, but in the singer absorbed in his song. This is Alcæus, himself one of the great lyric poets of Greece, who later suffered for his hatred of tyrants, which led him into politics and feuds. He has come to secure the support of Sappho in his political schemes—for she was a power in Greece—and also to tell her of his love, for he was deeply enamoured of his fellow minstrel. And here we see the lover rather than the politician, as he sings to her and her little court some of her burning songs and some of his own, such as caused the Roman Horace to adopt him as his literary model. The scene is of a kind that Alma-Tadema loves to paint in his realistic presentation of the Greeks and Romans, the two nations that are the source of all our culture, and the embodiment to us of art and beauty.

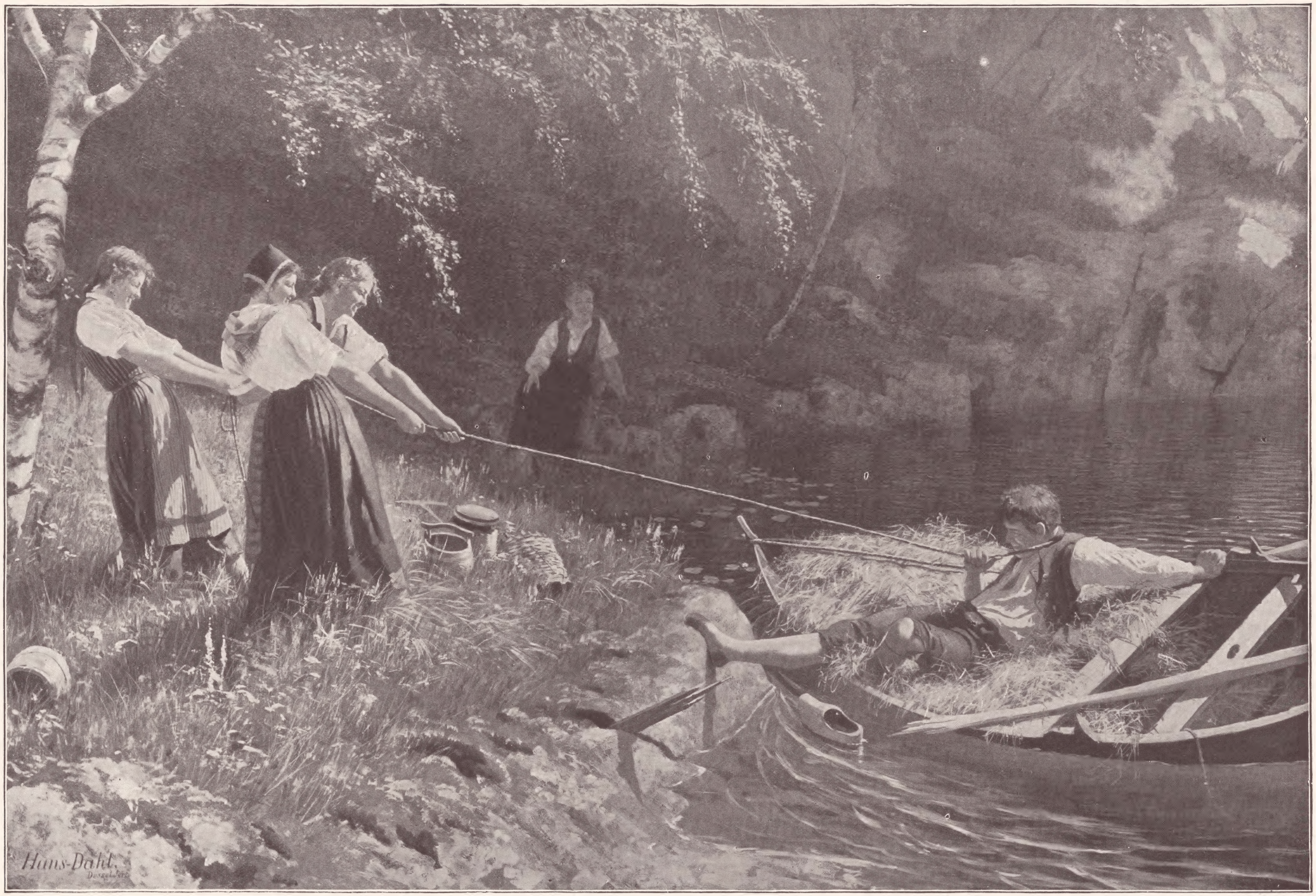


THE YOUNG SURGEON. J. G. Brown.



"GIVE US A LIGHT." J. G. Brown.

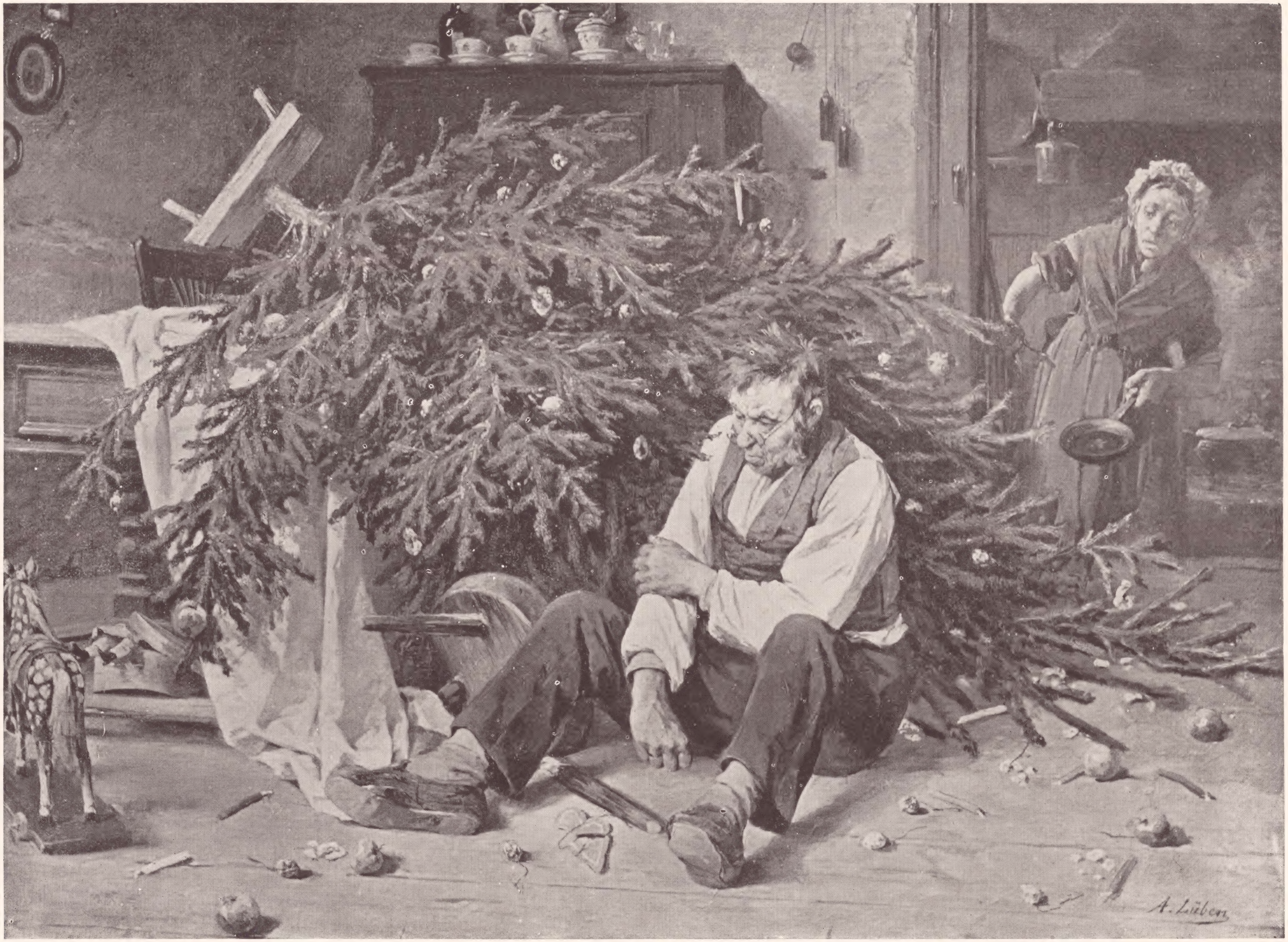
THE youthful New Yorker of the streets, with whom in great variety of character Mr. Brown has peopled his canvases, is always a good republican-democrat. He knows no classes in society rich or poor, big or little, white or black, bond or free; all the "fellers" he knows in his busy little world are judged on their merits. And if he finds a dog as faithful in friendship and loyalty as a boy, he thinks just as much of that dog as he would of any boy. The dog, with a discernment of character far surpassing any human endowment in that direction, knows also who are his friends; and when his foot is run over, or a hard-hearted truckman hurts him with his heavy whip-lash for playfully barking at the huge and stolid gray-horses, he knows where to come for surgery and consolation. That boy would rather go to bed, or, at least, to sleep—he may not have any bed—supperless than that that dog should go hungry. Then the social amenities of the young street Arab's life are quite as freely exchanged with the black newsboy as with the white. To be sure, one cannot approve of these boys smoking cigarettes; but they don't stop to ask whether we do or not. They are here for the purpose of showing us that in the under crust of our city society there are no respectors of persons. The African news-vender appropriately sells "Horace Greeley's paper," though it is quite likely he never heard of the man who did so much to render it possible for him to work for himself, instead of growing up in slavery as some white master's "Jim Crow."



Hans Dahl.

THE ATTRACTIVE POWER OF WOMEN.

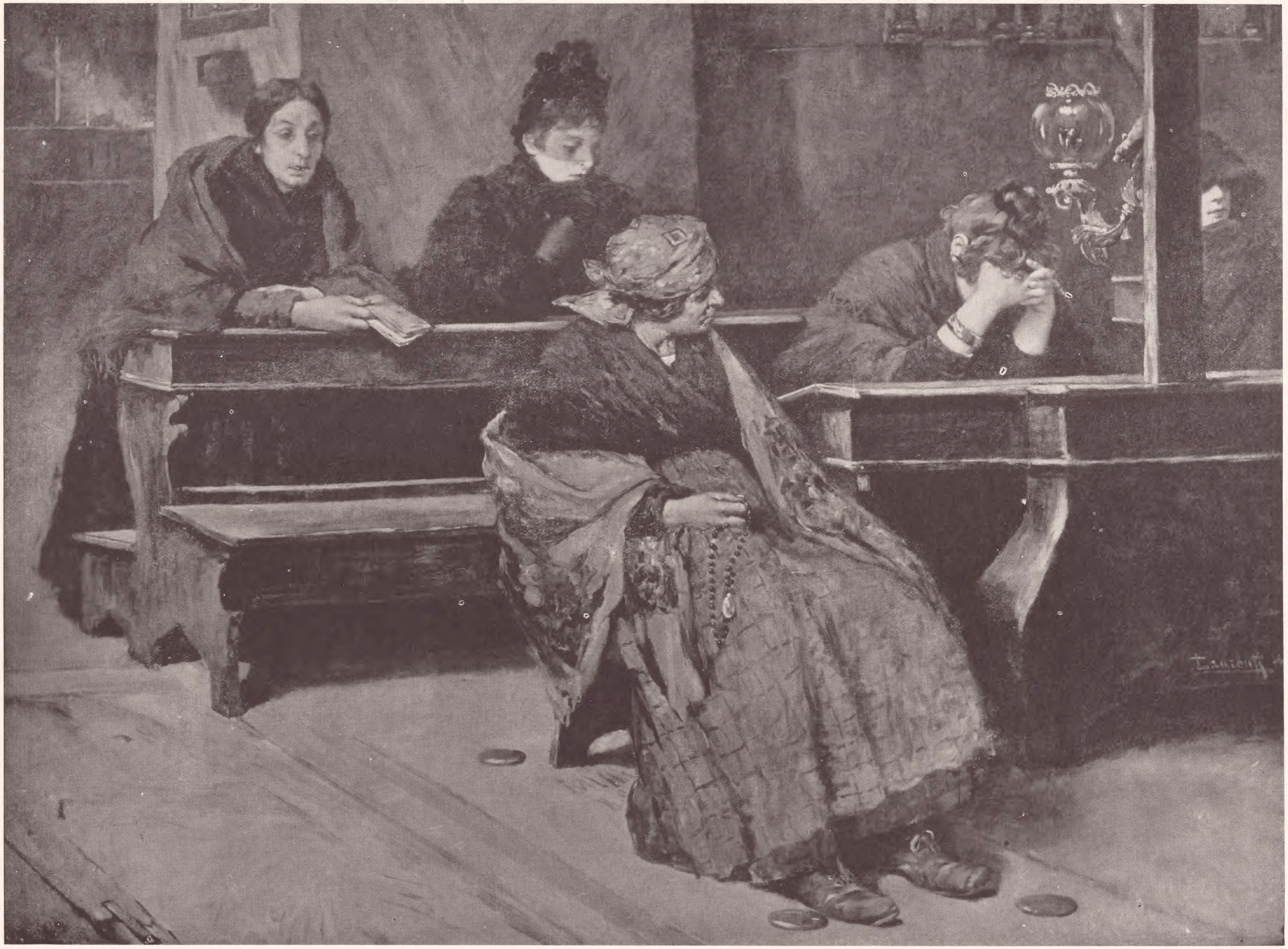
THE artist manifests a perfectly justifiable delight in his graceful picture, by the pretty play on words in the title he has chosen. In the muscular arms of those three merry maids, in their firmly braced postures, and in their sunny glow of health, "woman's power" is most convincingly expressed. There is no need to resort to the mythological tales of the Siren's seductive song, or to the legends of the Lorelei, or to the story of the mermaid who lured the luckless fisherman to his doom—for power of that kind seems pale and shadowy in comparison with the robust strength of the blithe and buxom maidens of the Rhine. On the banks of that romance-laden stream thrives a race of hardy, vigorous women who ripen there like the grapes in a radiant deluge of sunshine. This playful trio breathes of the sunshine of summer; the forms and faces are bathed in it; the flaxen hair is a-gleam with its rays. But the situation in this picture cannot be explained on the ground of physical strength alone. One shrewdly suspects that, if he would, the lad could slip the rope by a dexterous duck of the head, and, at the expense of wetting his foot in the water where his wooden shoe is already afloat, free himself from his predicament. It is evident that one of those three has a power over him which resides not in her arms alone, and that he is a not unwilling captive in his hempen bonds. Which of the three it is we are left to guess; but the laughing girl in the cool shadow over there—*she* knows!



A. LUBEN.

HERE'S A FINE BUSINESS.

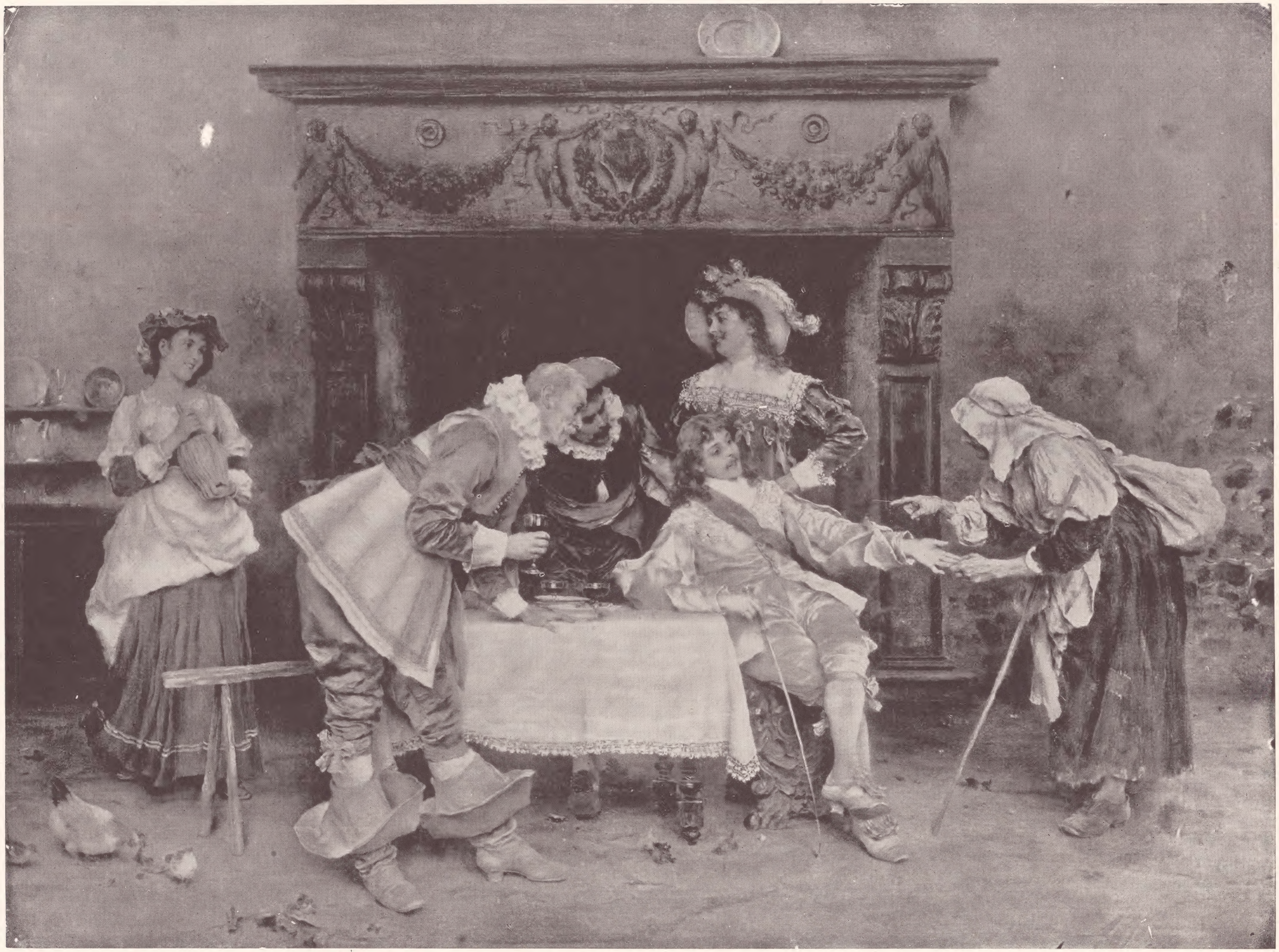
THIS catastrophe is half-ludicrous and half-pathetic. It is pitiful to see the rustic old paterfamilias thrown down in such a heap under the Christmas tree. He has upset himself and pulled over the tree with him. Long time he and elderly mamma have been devising this tree, and it is now Christmas eve. The little folks, of perhaps more than one generation, are snugly hid away. Everything is in full expectation about the humble home. The old man has been busy all the evening hanging on the presents. The work was nearly done; the pine boughs, from the lowest to the highest top, were covered with humble gifts to be exchanged on the morrow. Only a few additional articles remained to be put in place and the candles to be lighted, before the household should be awakened to see what work Santa Claus had accomplished. The old gentleman stands unsteadily on his stool, and that strange piece of furniture gives down on one side. He makes a clutch at the tree, and here we are on the floor in a universal wreck! We believe that the venerable old fellow says nothing, though he clutches his elbow which has been injured by the fall. He has had many bruises in his life, and the way now is not long before him. He has not yet recovered from the shock sufficiently to think in what way he will restore the Christmas tree. He sits just where he has fallen with the ruins of the presents around him, and with his ancient wife looking on in bewilderment. If we laugh at the catastrophe, we may also shed a tear of sympathy for the old man's fall. There are not many more Christmas-eves for him on this side of the narrow exit.



THE MANNER SHOWS THE MIND.

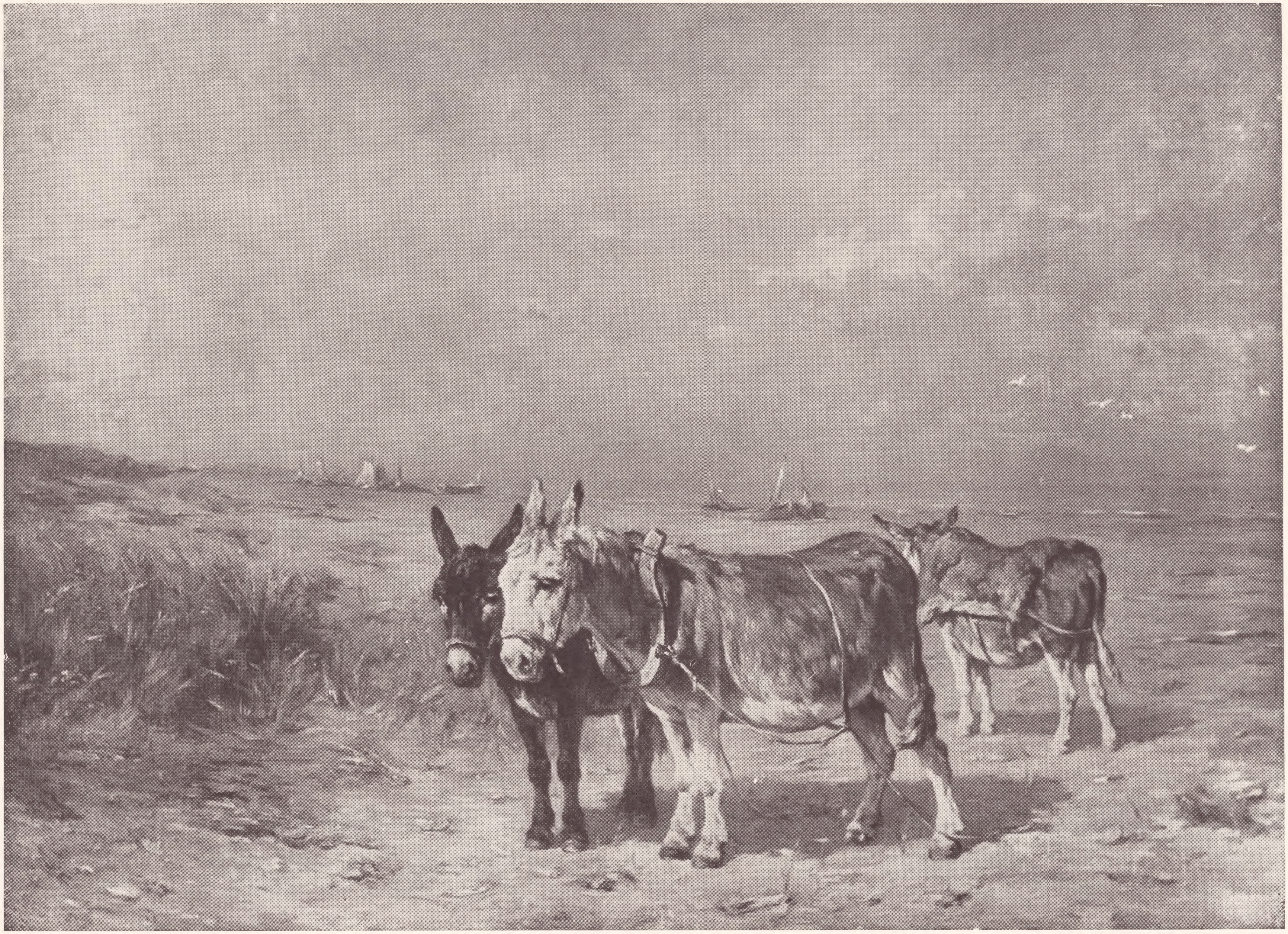
CESARE LAURENTI.

THIS picture tells a sorrowful story. What it is we can only conjecture. The heart has its mysteries and its griefs. It is the strange destiny of human life that it is shadowed in every part with sorrow and death. The interest of the picture centers in the woman who bows her fine head on her hands over the bench. She is communing with herself and her grief. This appears to be a chamber where the death-watch is kept. To the left candles are dimly burning as if to illumine the last night of the earthly scene. This may be a young wife bereft, or the grief may be of some other kind. The old woman has been trying ineffectually to console her. But her counsel and sympathies have not sufficed. She has been telling her beads also as a source of consolation, but the forms of prayer have not reached the soul of the sorrowing. The isolation of this bowed heart is the central thought in the piece. The woman does not confess herself, or reveal the source of her sorrow to any. The two who stand in the rear of the picture look on with curious half-sympathy, more concerned to know what the grief is than to assuage it. It is a peculiarity of such situations that they at length solve themselves. Time and change are able to accomplish what no fictitious aid can do. With lapse of days and change of scene this bowed spirit will arise to live again, but for the present hour she is immersed in a grief that knows no alleviation.



THE FORTUNE TELLER. F. VINEA.

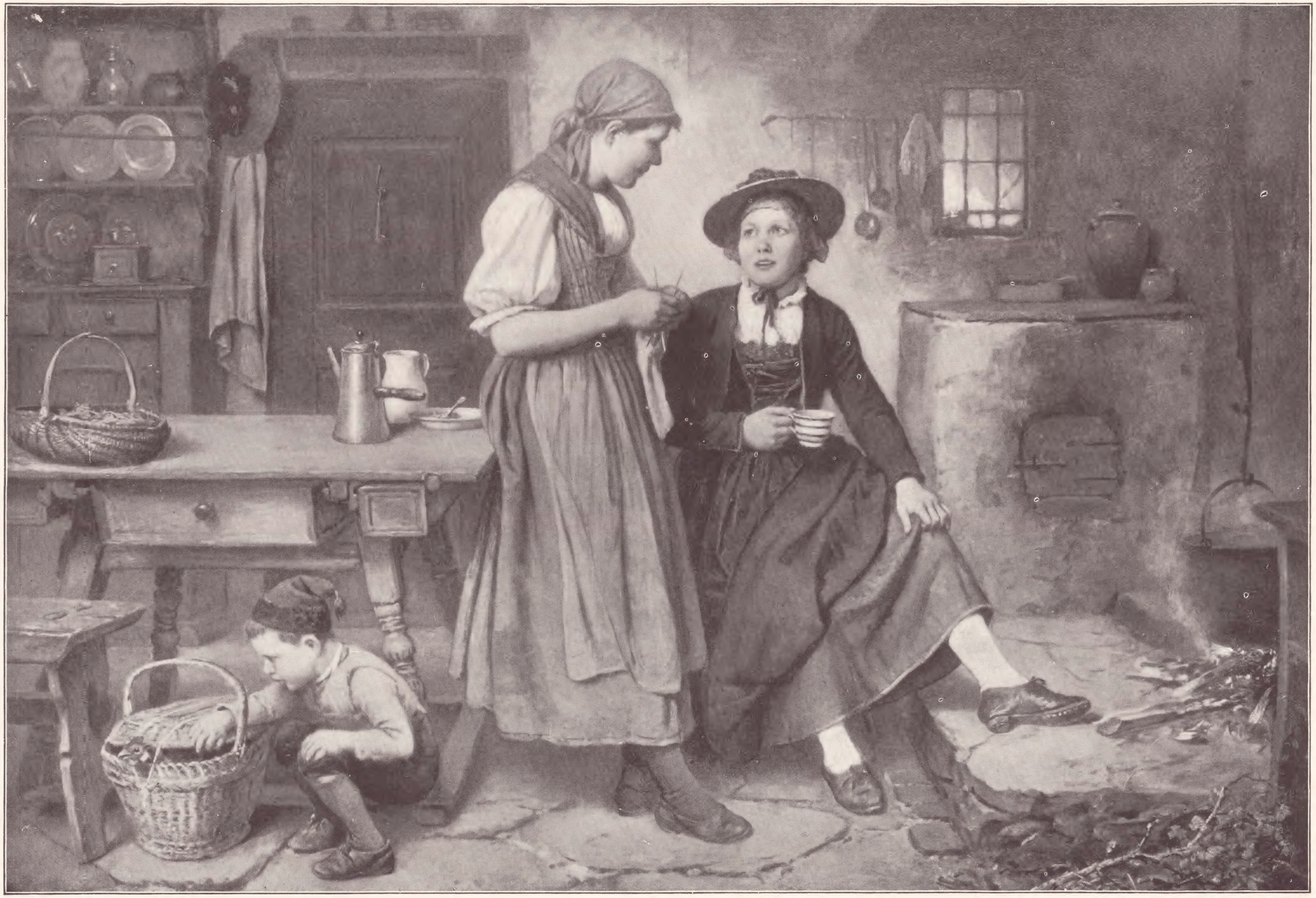
WITH nearly the same story to tell to every handsome young cavalier who chooses to cross her palm with silver, it would be strange if the old hag could not make it impinge on actuality now and then. She has hit upon some facts this time. Of course, it is a love story! The other cavalier knows all about it, and so does the maiden who has just filled the glass and pauses, flagon in hand, to listen to the jargon and exchange knowing glances with the young lover's friend. There is affected indifference in the manner of the man whose fortune is being told. It is easy to imagine what the old woman is saying—"You are in love. She is young, beautiful, of high degree. She loves you, but there are obstacles. There is an old man—her father, perhaps, or an uncle—who does not favor your suit. And there is a dark young man who is your rival. Beware of him! But do not fear that he can win her. You have her heart; you shall have her hand. There may be doubt. There may be danger. But be true to her, and she will always be true to you." And there is the old man listening to the strange revelation of what he has long been suspecting. There, too, is the dark-visaged rival, who thinks that now he has learned why his suit is so unwelcome. What might the companion picture be? There will be a maid under espionage, a lover wondering whether his sweetheart is constant, and a meeting, perhaps where two young men, who have hitherto fought side by side, will face each other in mortal combat.



J. H. L. de Haas.

DONKEYS ON THE SHORE.

THIS scene is from Holland. Yonder, in the distance, is what the old Lowlanders of the Middle Ages called the "ferocious ocean." Now, however, the North Sea has been tamed by the genius of man, and dyke and ship and garden-land may be seen by the observer as he turns his face around the horizon. The interest of the picture, however, is not in the landscape but rather in the living creatures that occupy it. Three philosophical donkeys, harnessed for their tasks, but for the present driverless, stand contemplatively in the foreground. They have the peculiar manners and expressions of their kind. Their huge ears stand out listlessly, and a look of satisfaction pervades each face. This may well be, for the beasts have been fed and groomed with care Their owner believes that the donkey is worth his hire. This fact seems to be known to the animals, and they have cultivated an air of dignity and independence somewhat above the average of their species. Indeed, notwithstanding the rustic harness and covering, they do not lack much of rising to the rank of aristocracy. These animals have been left for the nonce by their master here on the seashore, and he has gone his way knowing that the contemplative mood of his donkeys will keep them from straying. With these beasts self-possession is a primary principle and rest has become second nature. The original was exhibited in the Holland section, Fine Art Department, World's Columbian Exposition.



B. VAUTIER.

A FRIENDLY CALL.

OUR artist, who for many years has been one of the most popular of German *genre* painters, owes his success not only to the exactness of his execution, but also to the completely sympathetic character of his work. His characters are full of a vivid human interest, and his types are always clearly differentiated. As some one has said, with him the wine-merchant of the Rhine differs from the Bavarian beer-merchant and the Spiesburger of Westphalia. Each type reappears in his pictures with its own characteristics, and it is this faculty of clear individualization that distinguishes Vautier from many of his contemporaries. Like Meyer von Bremen he has had in the past a considerable popularity among American collectors, although in a lesser degree. The interior which he shows in the picture before us is that of a humble peasant's cottage, devoid of ornament, and on that account affording a more effective background for the comely, wholesome figures before the plain stone and plaster fireplace. The stone floor, the massive home-made table, and the dresser with its pewter plates and jugs, all have a severe sincerity which reminds us of the axioms of Eastlake, although they represent merely a short cut to utility, with little thought of beauty. Yet they are in better taste than an array of pretentious make-believe ornaments. While the caller is gossiping over her tea, after the fashion of callers the world over, the round-faced boy has gratified his half-fearful curiosity by discovering the contents of the basket, and hen and boy wear an expression of mutual surprise.

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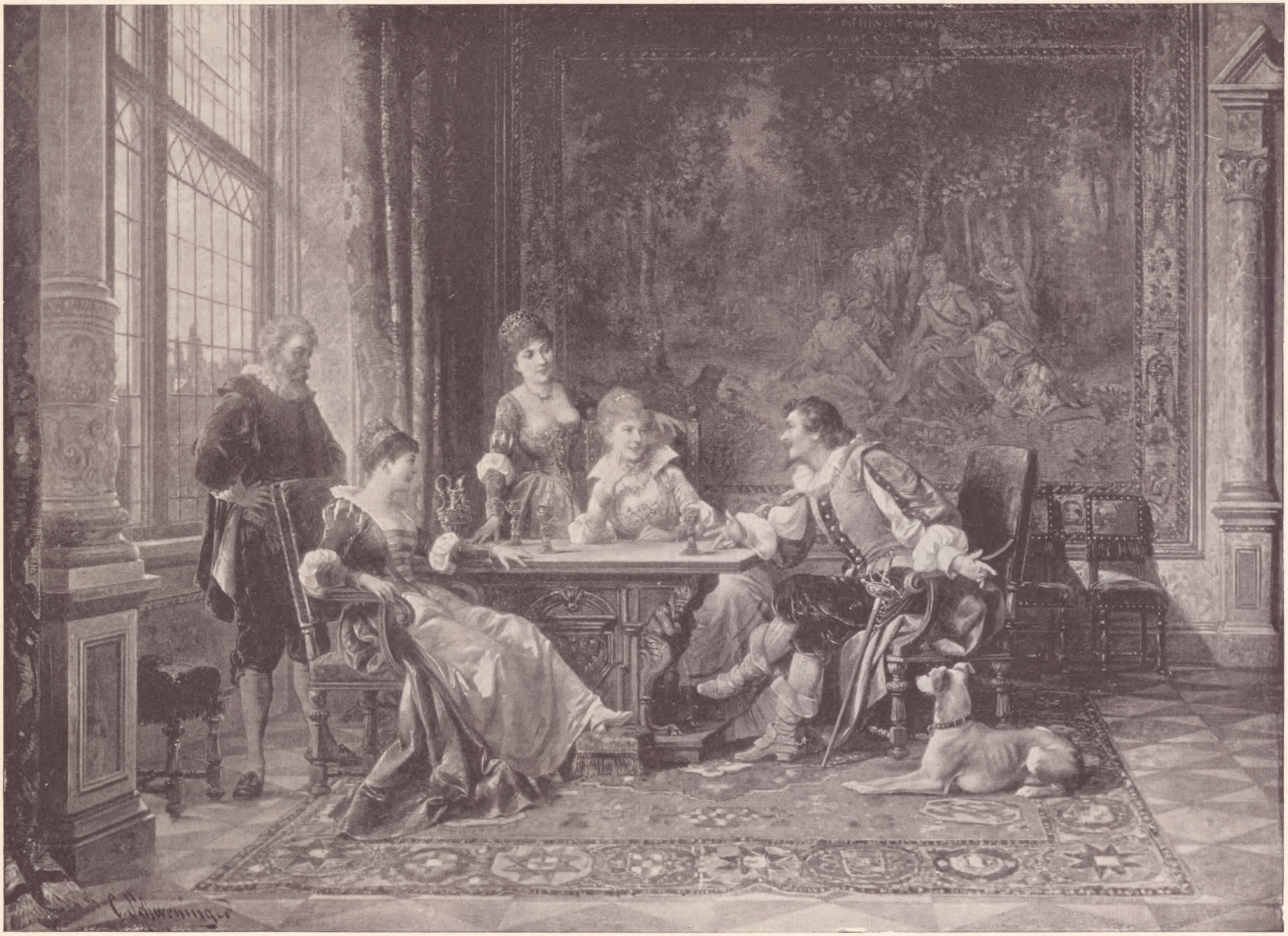
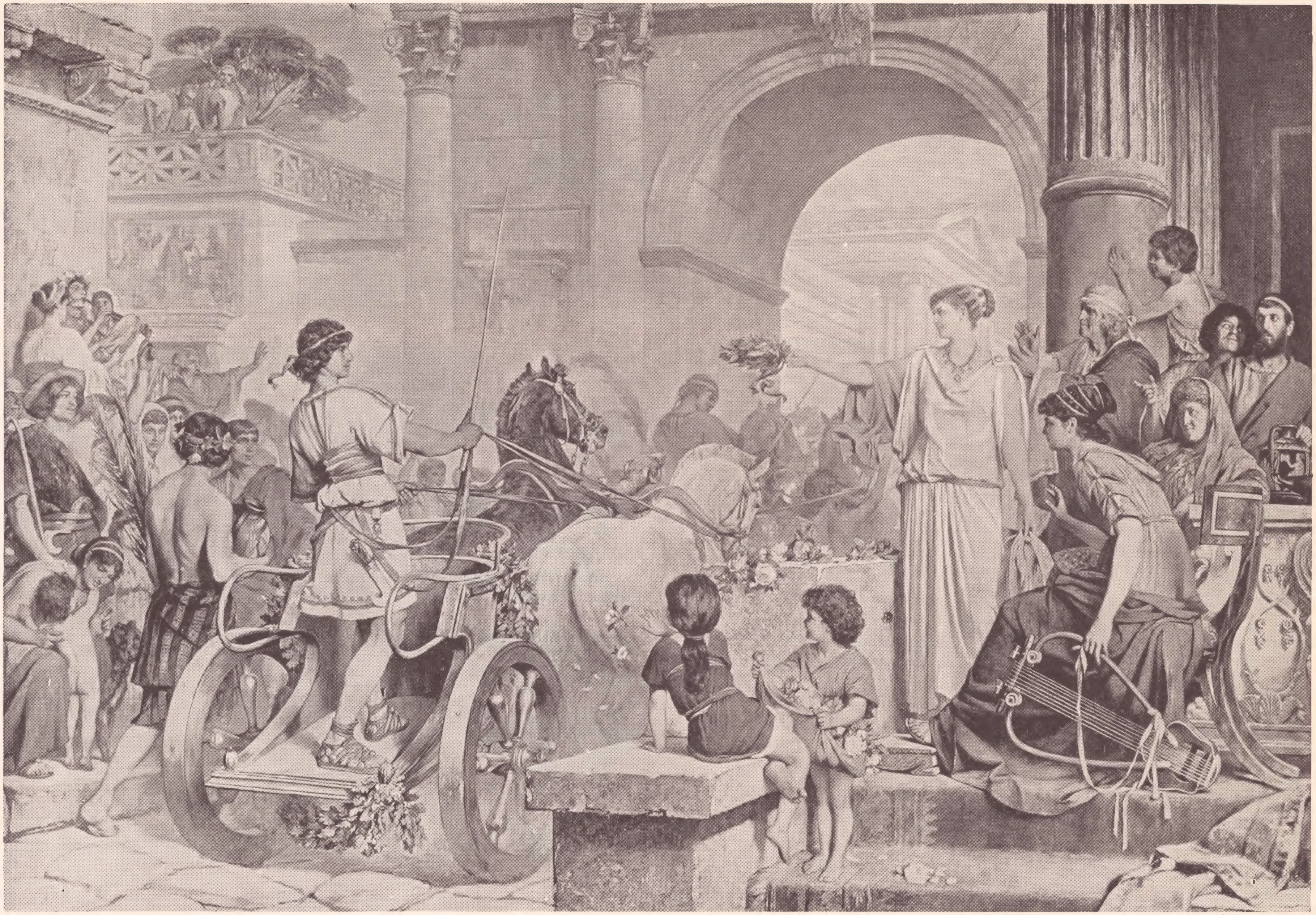


REMINISCENCES.

C. SCHWENINGER

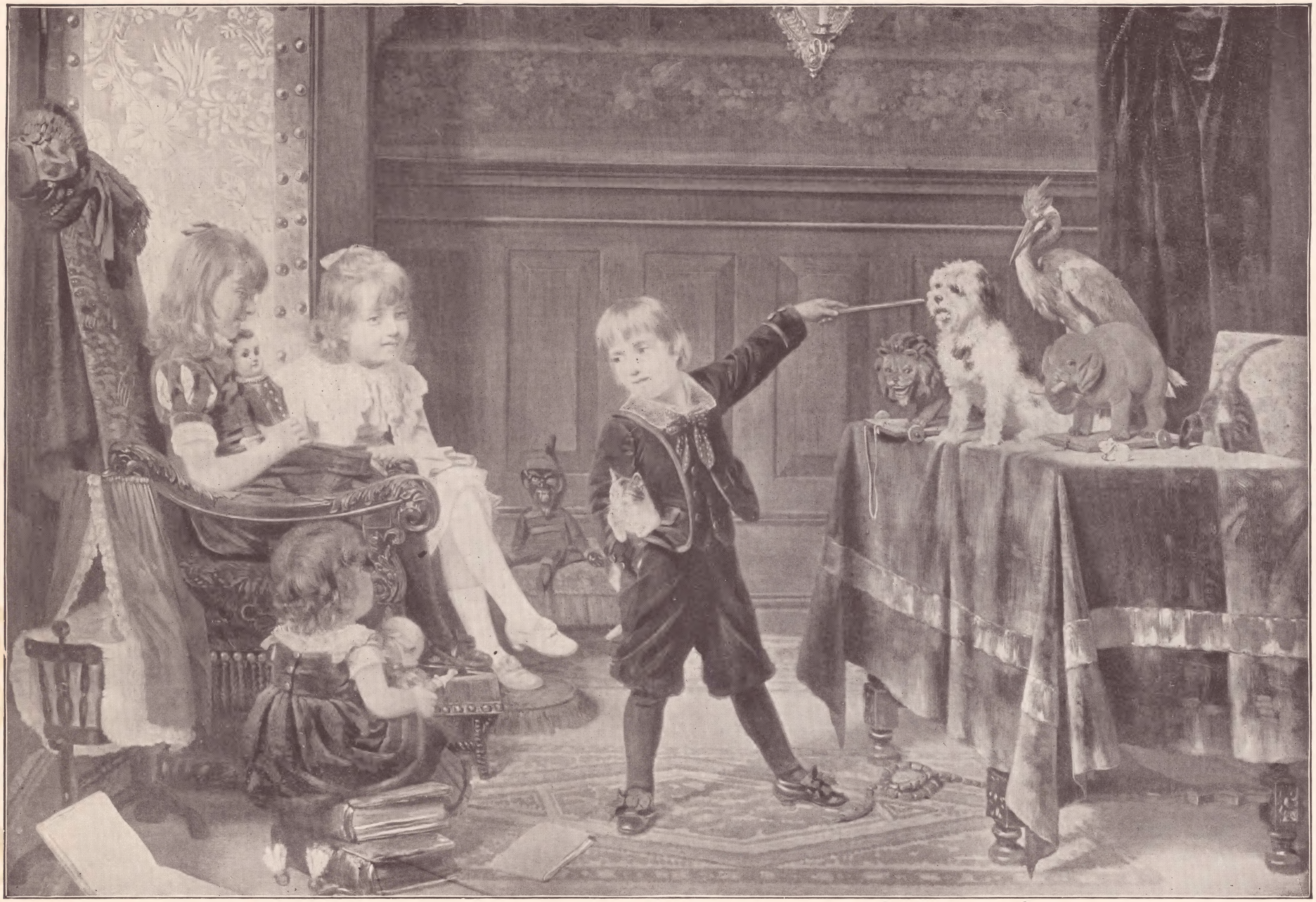
ONCE more, but only in imagination, the young soldier is amid the scenes where he "sought the bubble reputation, even at the cannon's mouth." Perhaps, on the field of battle, visions of the fair face now before him, nerved him to deeds of valor, just as now the interest it betrays, brings memories to him of the stirring adventures through which he has passed. He has eyes for that sweet face alone, and his story is for her whose love and pride are speaking it. But there are other listeners. Even the dog seems to feel the spirit of the tale. One of the listeners, an elder sister, perhaps, of the chief auditor, watches the soldier's face with a calmer interest than that of the young woman. The motive of the picture is found in the countenance of the two other figures. There is a matron on whom the years sit lightly, and a man who knows youth no longer. They too are interested in the recital, and their looks speak admiration. But the while they listen, they are living partially in the past wherein the matron listened to just such narratives, and the staid man who stands behind was the one whose story of dangers braved and grand deeds performed made her forget the agony of suspense that was hers while he was off to the wars. And he, erect and soldierly, sees with an inner sight that which the young man describes, for his experience was just the same.



THE VICTOR.

A. De Courten.

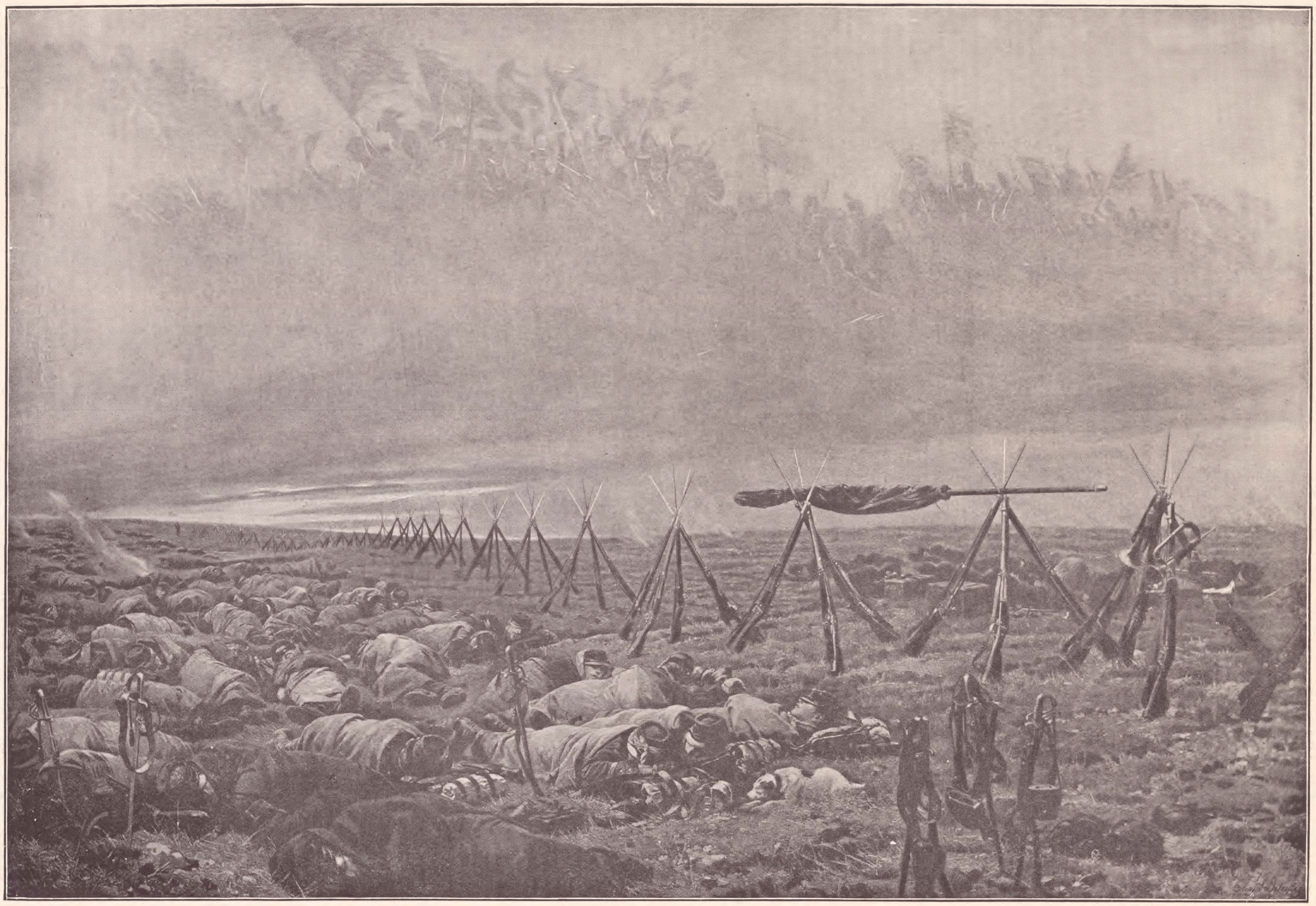
THE painters of the Gallic race are more than half Roman in their spirit. They take naturally to classical subjects. There is much in the modern French artist which allies him in his sympathies with the great products of the Greeks and Latins. The scene here depicted is one familiar to all. It has furnished the theme of some of the finest art productions of ancient and modern times. The victor from the Græco-Roman chariot race has come around triumphant to the exit from the arena of his glory, and is passing the marble stand where the Queen of Beauty has risen to give him the wreath of victory. This event was the supreme moment in the life of the Greek or Roman youth. The possibility of winning a prize in the national games kindled ambitions that were as all-devouring and insatiable as those that sprang from the triumphs of war or statesmanship. In this scene the proud young charioteer is honored beyond estimate by his victory and his crown of laurel. All classes are in delight. He drives into the presence of the Queen of Beauty to the music of flutes. Old men shout and applaud. Women smile, and children fling flowers under the horses of the victor. The marble archway is before him, and the golden sunshine bathes the scene in his day of greatest triumph.



Franz Sonderland.

THE MENAGERIE.

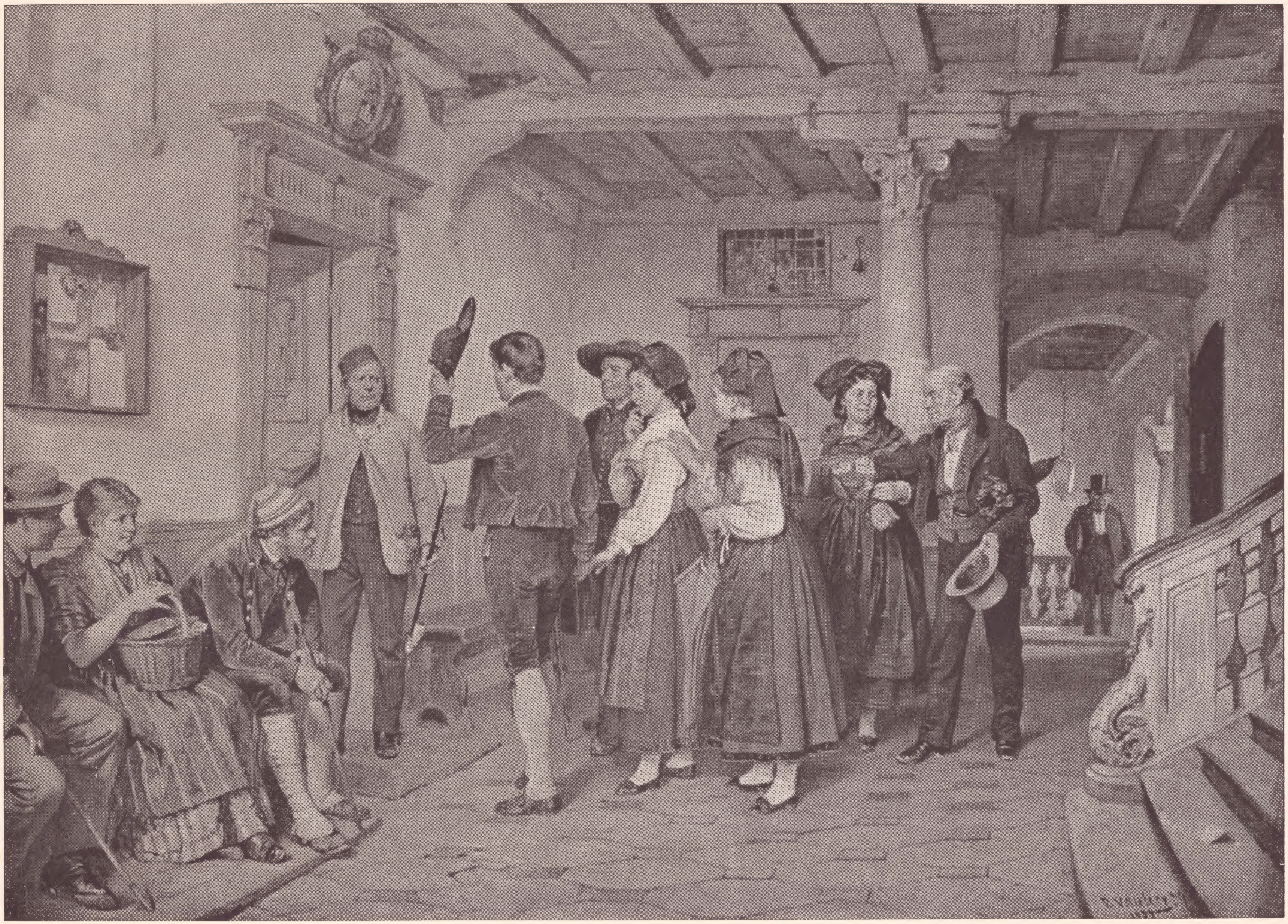
THIS young man has been to the circus and has heard "Mr. Merryman" descant on the virtues and habits of the various wild denizens of the jungle. So, for the entertainment of his sisters and their little doll family, he purposes to duplicate the show, so far as his stock, live and stuffed, will afford the material. His toys have furnished a part of the necessary outfit, and a very essential part; for without a lion and an elephant no menagerie would be complete. Papa's stuffed heron from on top of the bookcase makes a striking addition to the collection, while a china mouse illustrates the diminutive in nature. The snake department is on the floor. For live specimens the young showman relies on his own pet terrier and the family cats. The kitten under his arm of necessity behaves well enough; but at a critical juncture the tabby who has been entrusted to a place on the table deserts her post, and we see her tail disappearing over the edge of the table. The little audience are entranced with the show, for which they have deserted their games, and the shuttle-cocks lie neglected on the floor. It does not appear just what part the bogey-man from the Punch and Judy show plays here; but very likely he is doing duty as the colored brother in the "family circle."



THE DREAM.

EDOUARD DETAILLE.

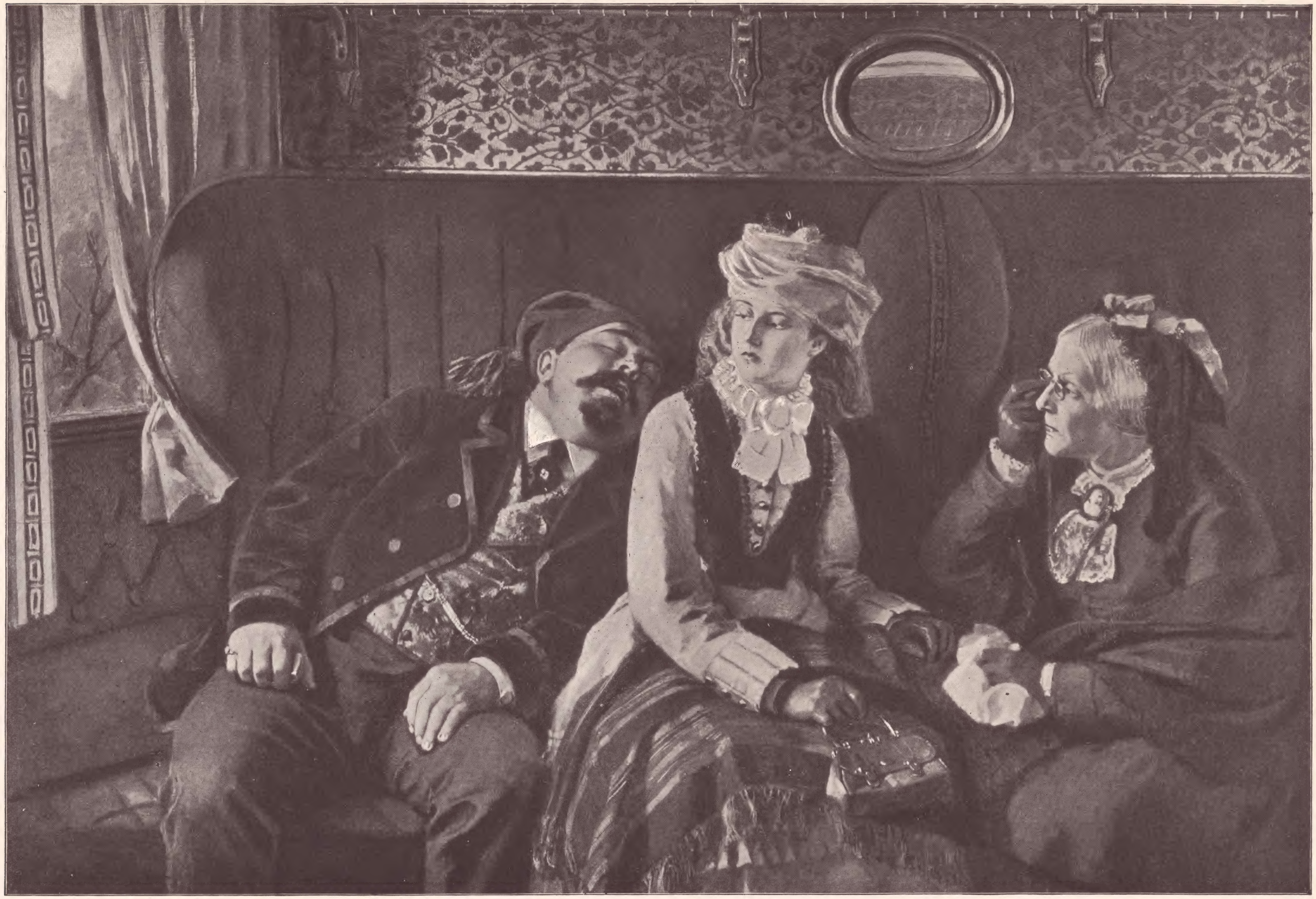
THIS picture is allegorical. The idea is to delineate the vision of a soldier seen in his slumbers. First, there is a mixture of the real and ideal. Here on the open plain the army has not indeed encamped, but merely stacked arms and thrown itself down to rest. No tents are seen, for the season is generous, and protection is sufficiently afforded by the blouses and army blankets of the soldiers. The arms are stacked in the military manner, making a long line toward the horizon. All is still. Mists have arisen from the landscape and are forming clouds. Here the allegory begins. The soldier dreams. His vision is thrown in weird relief upon the violet curtains of the clouds. There he sees the battle on. He himself is mingled with the charging host. He sees the flags flung up on every hand; he hears the shouts of the assaulting columns as they sweep on to victory. There is the careering of shadowy horses; the outlines of officers; the uproar and confusion of the conflict. It is in this form that, according to tradition, spectral warriors, relics of the Persian and Greek armies, gather at night in the cloud-land over the field of Marathon, shouting to the battle, brandishing their spears, clashing their shields. This vision is one which is destined ultimately to pass not only from the slumbers, but from the waking dreams as well, of all mankind, giving place to the vision of hoe and the apocalypse of universal peace.



GOING TO THE MAGISTRATE.

BENJAMIN VAUTIER.

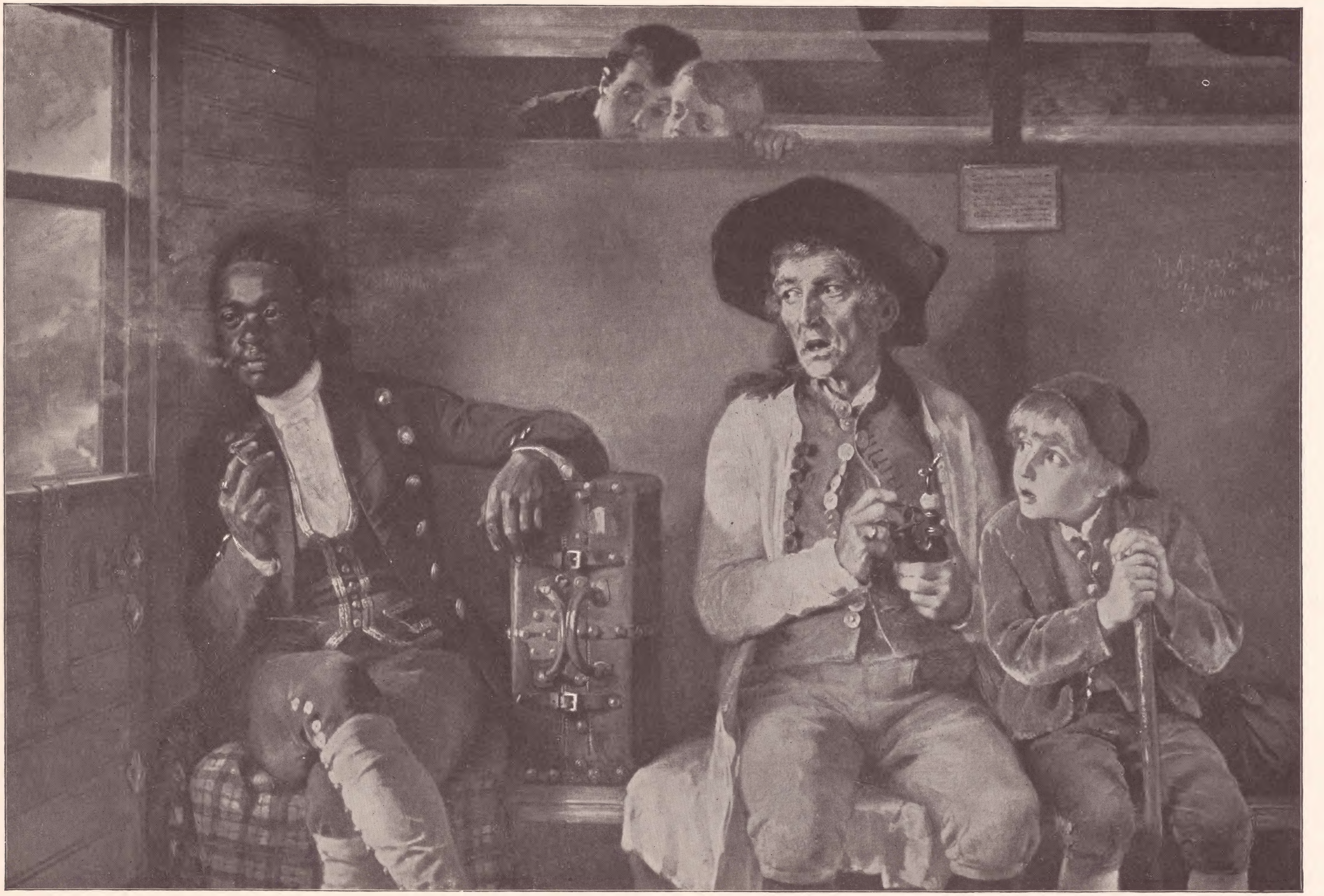
VAUTIER has handled a prolific brush. Few artists of the present age have a more extensive array of well-known pictures. He is a Swiss by birth, a German by education, and an adherent of the Dusseldorf school. The picture here presented is another aspect of the old, old story. The scene may be said to be near the close of the Third Act. The courting is over and the wedding day has come. All the preliminary and intermediary romance has been enacted, and now the peasant youngsters, neat but rustic, are on their way with father and mother and sister, to the office of the magistrate. That official will soon settle the business for them for life. On the bench some extemporary visitors are sitting, and a middle-aged functionary, pipe in hand, is in the act of ushering in the bridal party. The scene is essentially Swiss and ultimately German. To the historical eye it recalls a large section of the social history of the Teutonic race from the days when it was first known to Tacitus and the Roman armies. Here in a civilized form is illustrated that fidelity of man to woman, and of her to him, unto the bond of love, for which the classical writers were wont to praise the old Teutonic barbarians. How strictly national is the scene; how thoroughly rustic and natural it is. It is withal a pleasing day for papa and mamma, who bring up the rear with smiling faces in this small cavalcade of present and prospective happiness.



FIRST CLASS.

HIDDEMANN.

THE European railway coach differs greatly in its arrangements from the American. There the compartments are graded very much as Continental society is graded. There is an aristocracy of travel which is assigned to the coaches designated as first class, and the compartments of these are furnished with a degree of elegance unsurpassed. In these coaches may be seen the *elite* of many races, as they journey across the continent. This picture and the following are companion pieces, the first representing a scene in a first-class coach, and the other the corresponding scene in a third-class compartment. The first picture shows three people of the highest tone, and all three thoroughly haughty. Señor, the Spaniard, gorgeously dressed as to his waistcoat, living long on the fat of the land, seeing much and enjoying all he sees, has reclined upon the soft-backed cushion of his seat, and gone into the land of utter somnolence. His Turkish traveling cap conceals a head that is probably bald from excess. His sleep is profound. He has fallen over against an aristocratic fraulien who looks askance and down at the unconscious offender with mingled disgust and contempt. The old lady, gray and complacent, adjusts her eye-glasses and studies the scene as a connoisseur in social incidents. There is not wanting much to convert the scene into one of great humor, and the humor of it would be heightened by the high style of the participants; but all dramatic possibilities are lost on the obese, sound slumberer, whom, could we suspect the dead, we might incline to think engaged in a little play in order to touch with his fat face the fair shoulder of his companion.

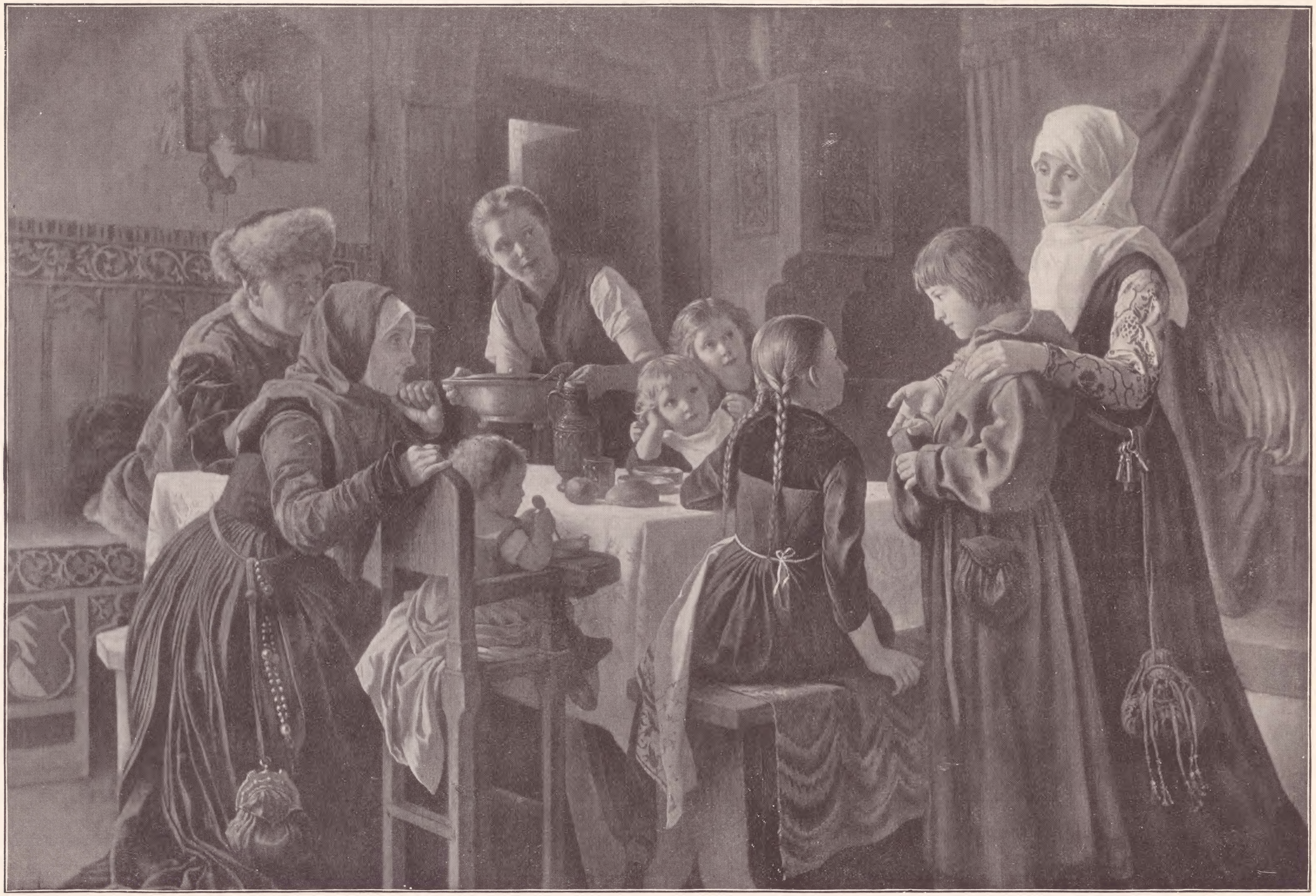


THIRD CLASS.

HIDDEMANN.

THIS picture, like the companion piece, is thoroughly German—this in despite of the fact that one of the principal actors is a negro. The interior of the third-class coach, as will be noted, is strongly contrasted with the corresponding part of the first-class compartment, but not more strongly than are the occupants of the two sections. These travelers are of the earth, earthy. None the less, Africa has risen to great dignity as will be seen by his uniform and high-born airs. He is the servant of the sleeping Spaniard depicted in the preceding picture. He feels his importance in an indescribable measure. He rests his proud and protecting arm on the valise of his master. and thinks himself the custodian of a money vault, which no doubt he is. He is smoking *a la mode* and considering his own superiority and that of his race to the fair-faced piebeians of Europe. The other two occupants are well down to the level of mendicancy. Their jealousy of the negro on account of his fat estate is ill concealed. The elder man has not been able, even with his ill-bred pipe, to satisfy the demands of his malice and his moral indignation. The young vagabond is simply angered with a glance at the well-fed and superb negro. The latter, indeed, is the center of much consideration in this coach. They of the neighboring compartment are looking over the back of the seat and viewing his complacency with mingled interest and wonder. Meanwhile, the train flies on, bearing to distant cities the striking contrasts of its first and third class coaches.

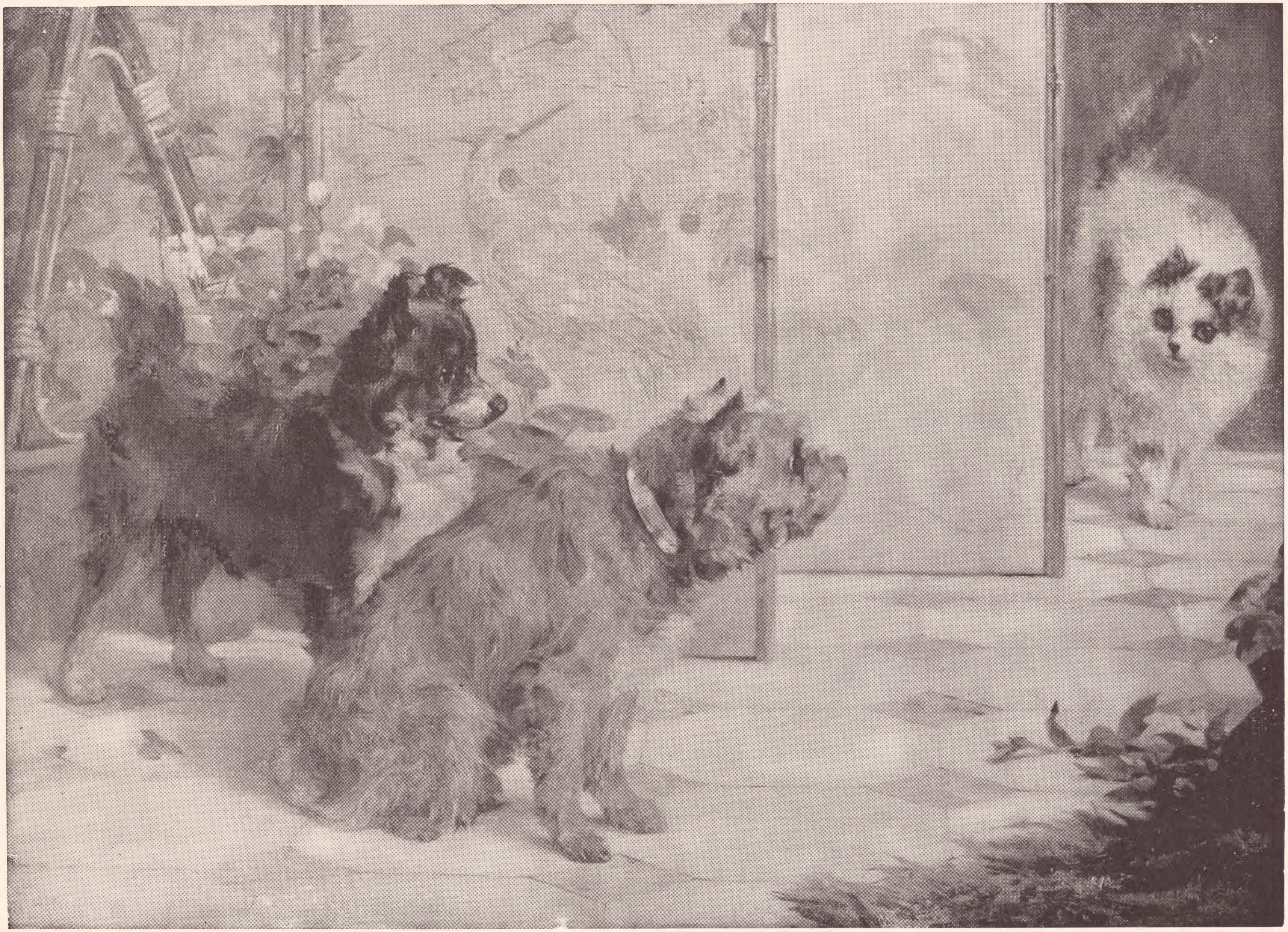
ART



THE BOY LUTHER AT THE HOUSE OF MADAME COTTA.

G. SPANGENBERG.

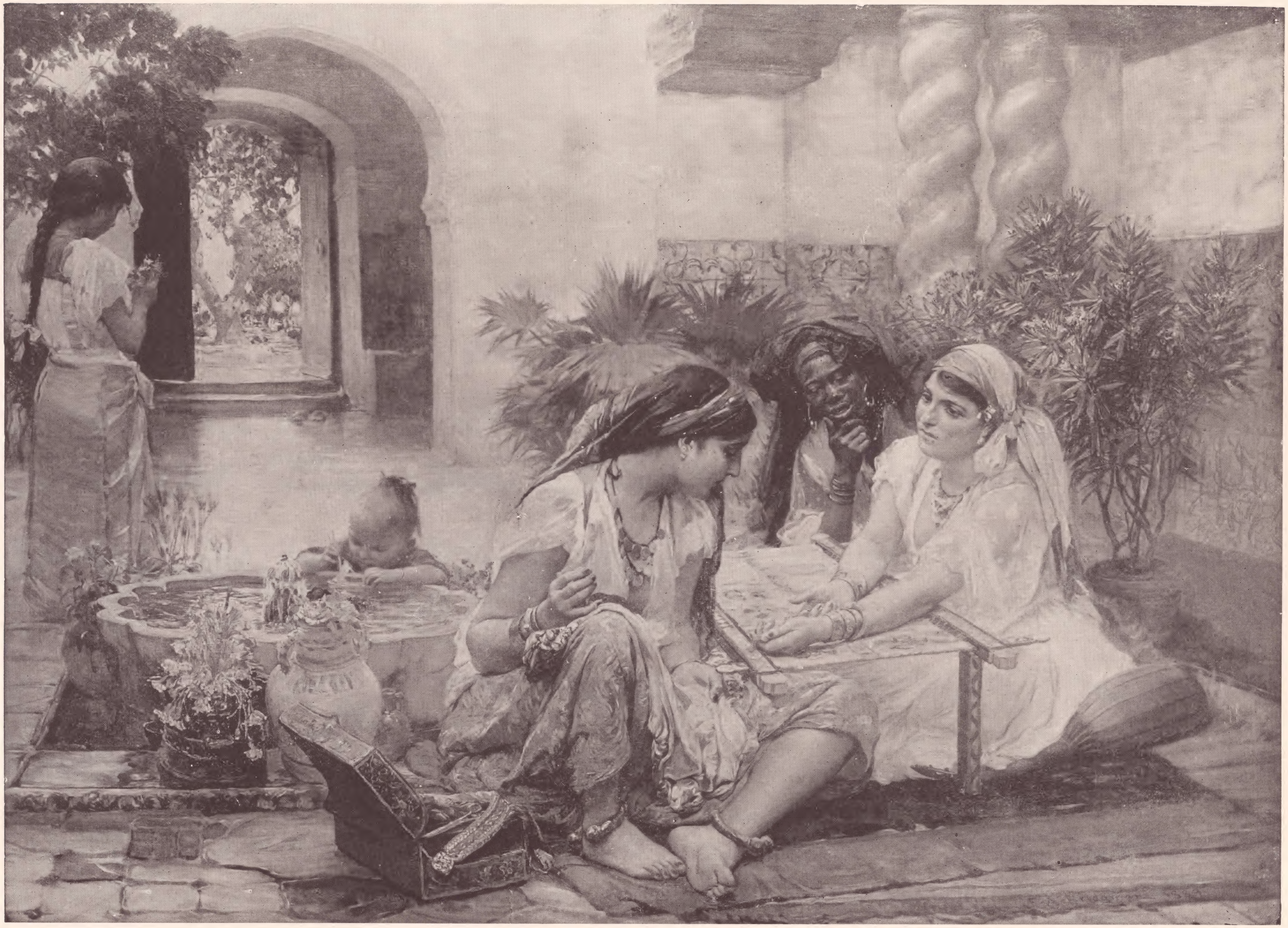
MARTIN LUTHER, the great apostle of the Reformation, began life under very hard conditions. Born in humble circumstances, he had a little schooling at the free institutions of his native Eisenach. But at the age of fourteen he found himself dependent on his own exertions to live while he pursued the studies by which, with a strong monastic tendency, he hoped to fit himself for the service of the Church. To do this he became a choir singer, and, as was the custom with poor students in his day, he used to sing once or twice a week before the houses of his wealthy townsmen to gain the pence that were necessary for his daily bread. The hardship of his life pressed so heavily on him, that he despondently contemplated the abandonment of his studies and his career, when Providence opened the heart of Mme. Ursula Cotta, the wife of a wealthy burgher before whose house he used at times to sing. She had been pleased with the boy's face and manner and had observed his earnestness in the church services. So she brought him into her own house and gave him there an asylum, and for four years enabled him to pursue his studies without a care for the necessaries of life. She introduced him to social ways that had been unknown to him, and was instrumental in modifying some of his monkish ideas that would have interfered with his future usefulness. He was forever and outspokenly grateful to her, and for her sake grateful to her sex which could produce such an angel of goodness.



CHARLES VAN DEN EYCKEN.

WHO'S THAT!

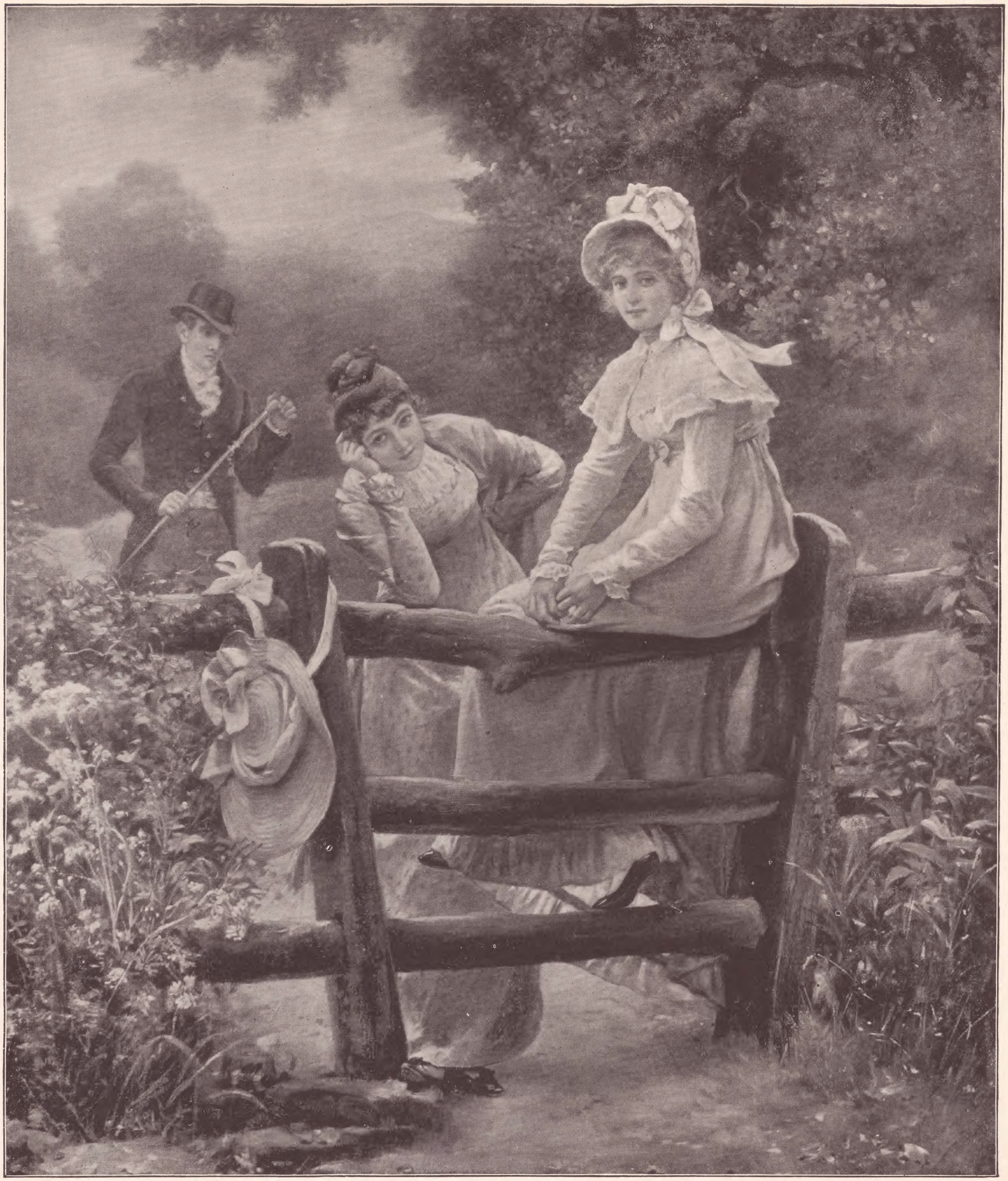
WE never weary of the changes that are rung on the theme of the inborn antagonism between cats and dogs—the very name of which has become proverbial of barking, biting, spitting and running. Small dogs, especially, like small boys, feel all their spirit of fun and mischief aroused by the sight of a cat; and, however their elders and betters may disapprove. they cannot help laughing at the occasional encounters. The fun is not all on doggy's side, however ; there is a native dignity about pussy that stands her in very good stead—until it is time to run. And Tags and Tatters will be very careful when they chase her not to catch up too close to her; for they know as well as she, that her natural armament for offense and defense is superior to theirs. We all know what is going to happen here. For a second or two, pussy will continue to swell up and arch her back, while the dogs are held in astonishment at the suddenness of the apparition; then Tags will growl softly, and the agitated Tatters will excitedly bark. Pussy will hold her ground, apparently undismayed, though really almost frightened to death, until there is the slightest motion towards her, when she will be off down the corridor, with the two little rascals at her heels. But she knows the ins and outs of the house better than they, and the fun of chasing her is all the satisfaction they will get. The original was exhibited in the Belgium section of Fine Arts, World's Columbian Exposition.



IN A VILLAGE AT EL BIAR, ALGERIA.

FRANCIS ARTHUR BRIDGMAN.

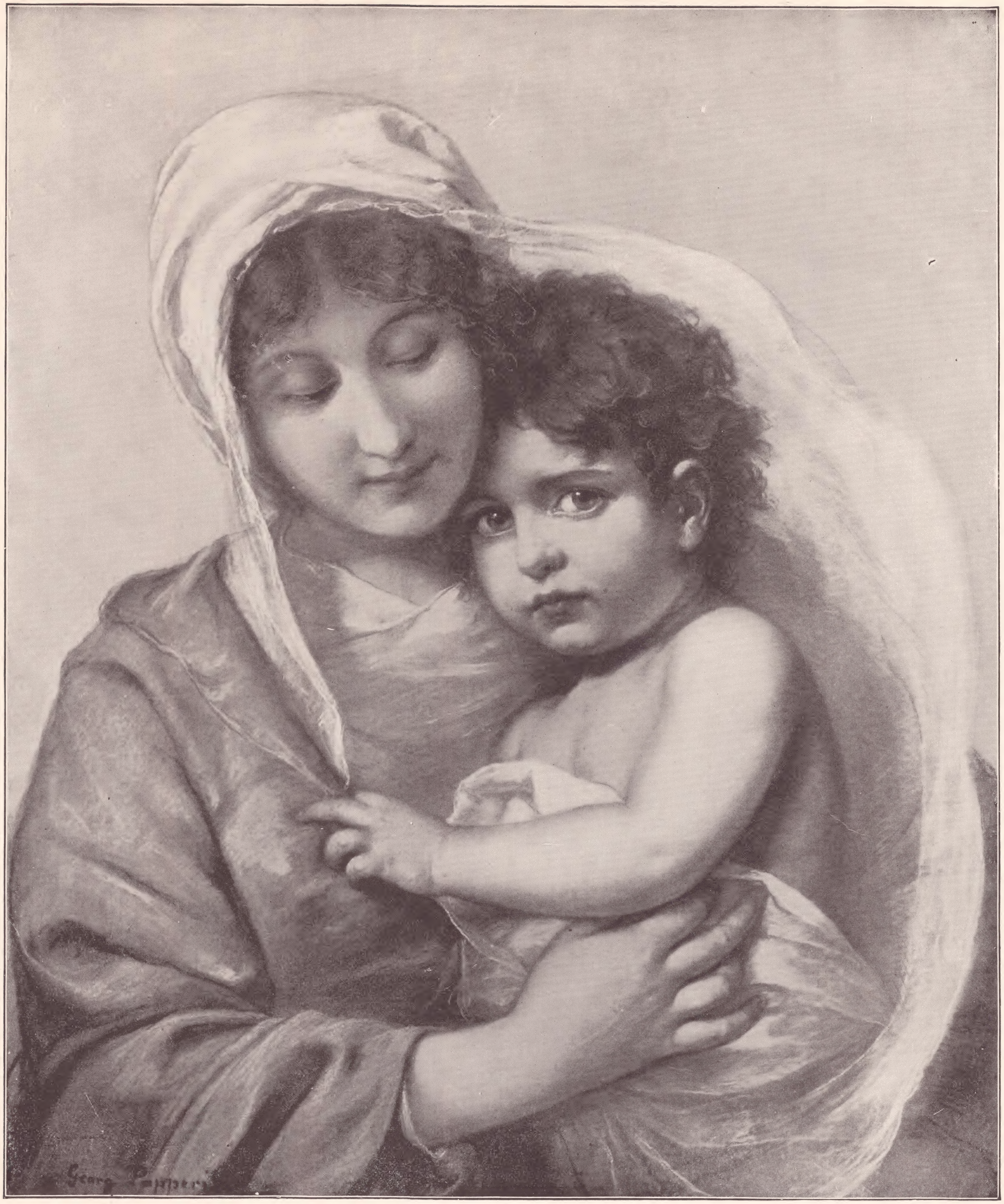
THIS is a reproduction from the Fine Art Department of the United States at the World's Columbian Exposition. The painter of the picture is a native of Alabama, but his artistic life has been mostly passed in Paris and Northern Africa. Many of his special studies have been made in the latter country, particularly in Algeria and Egypt. He seems to have imbibed the spirit of North-African civilization, and his delineations of character from the countries of his choice are as true as any literary description. He is best known, perhaps, by his "Donkey Boy of Cairo," which has been reproduced in many forms. In the present picture he has introduced three or four types of character. North-Africa is peculiar for its inter-mixture of races. Here the ancient Hamites, moving westward from Egypt, have been affected by ethnic influences from many quarters of the globe. The woman sitting in the foreground of the picture, as well as her companion opposite, are both strongly infected with European blood. The old creature between them is almost Negro in descent. The baby is a true Berber, with a suggestion of the Oriental in his physiognomy. The girl at the left is more like the Copts of Egypt. The scene is much like that of the Nile Valley. Here is still water and a background of cactus-palm. Through the opening may be seen a mass of tropical foliage—lotus below and date palm overhead.



HAYNES WILLIAMS.

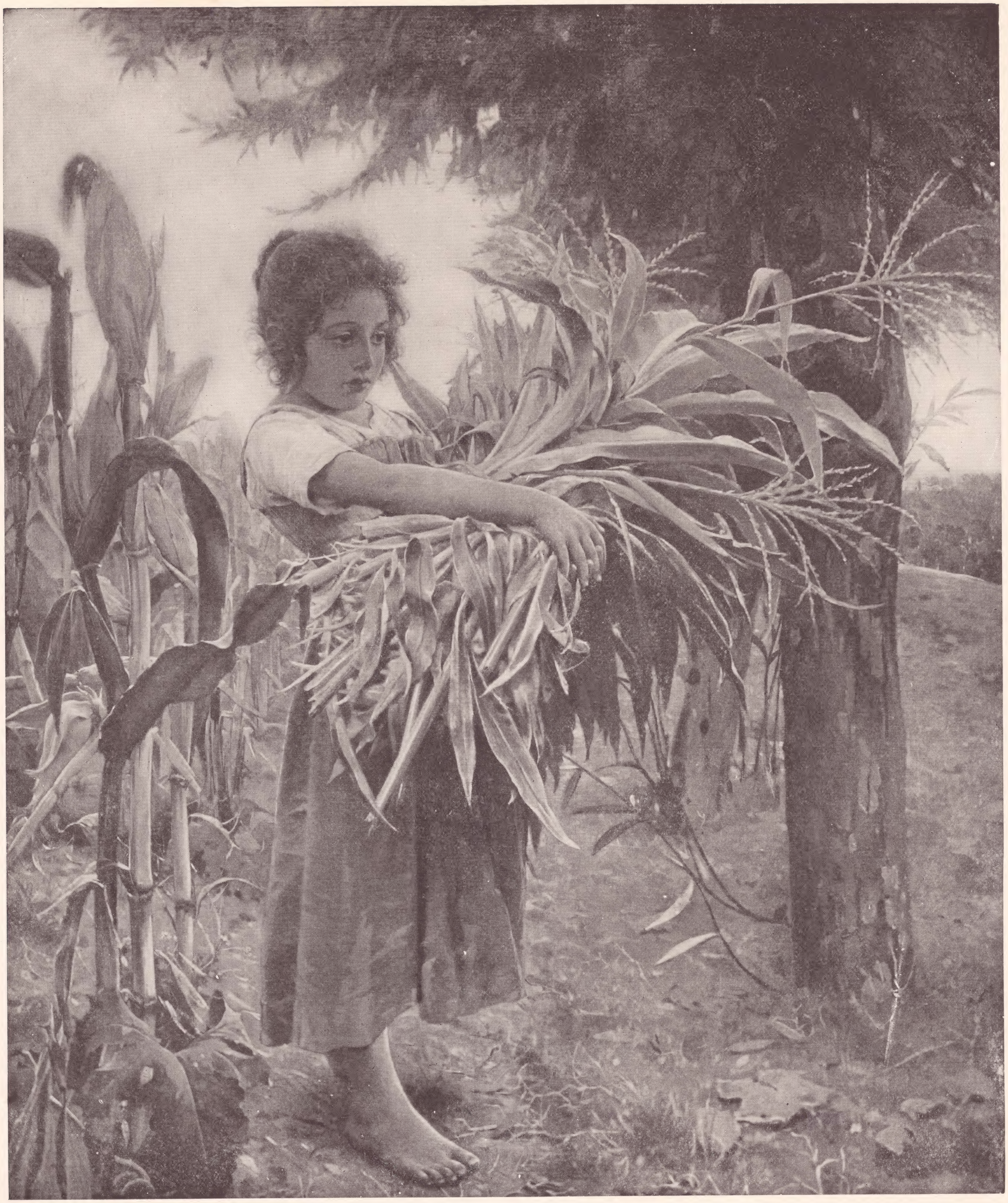
NO THOROUGHFARE.

HERE is a complication. We cannot tell which of these girls it is, but one of them has troubled the peace of mind of this young man, and he has betaken himself to the fields for a long walk while he thinks the matter over What ecstasies he has felt, and how he has discoursed to himself, we may imagine. Suddenly he comes upon a stile, where his farther progress is stopped by the presence of ladies, and on closer inspection he discovers them to be the very object of his thoughts and her dearest friend. These confidantes also have had some matter on their minds for the discussion of which they needed some retired spot. They have reached a point in the conversation where an interval of silence seems to be most fitting, and they gaze down the path, thinking—and of what? Doubtless of him; for it is of him they have been talking. They do not see him approach. He is upon them without their knowing he is there. The little romance has already proceeded far enough for him to suspect with reasonable accuracy that they have been talking of him, and that his encountering them at this moment is most embarrassing. It is "No Thoroughfare" indeed! Can he turn about and retreat before they observe him? How unfortunate should he not succeed! Let us hope that all will turn out well. We cannot help him. We must leave him to his fate.



MADONNA. G. PAPPERITE.

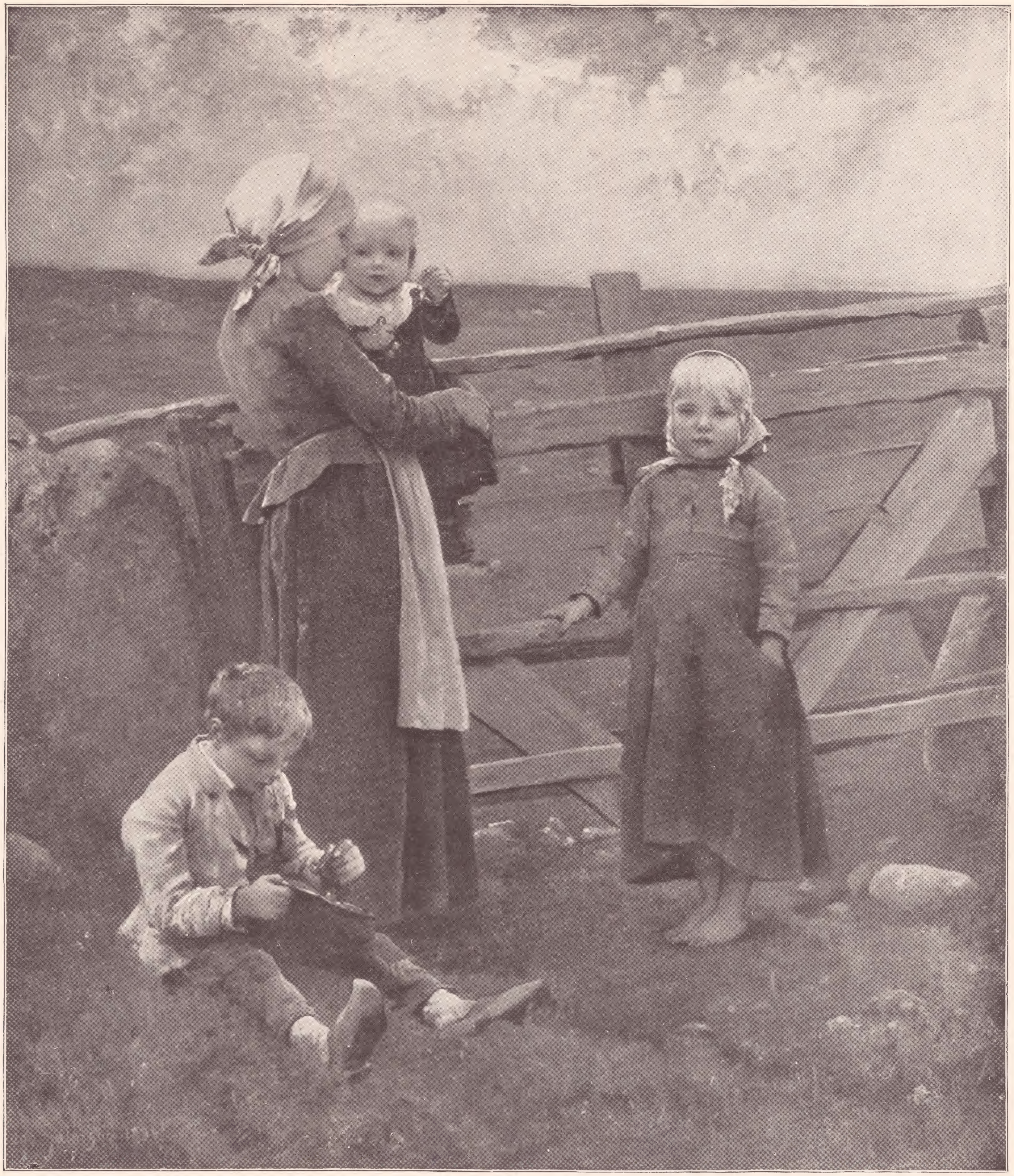
LIKE Defregger and von Uhde in Germany, like and yet unlike Dagnan-Bouveret and Beraud in France, and Thayer in America, our artist has painted a modern mother and child. Looking back over the history of the Madonna in art, from the limited formalism of the Catacombs and the conventionalism of the Byzantine school, the sweet sincerity of the Van Eycks and the glorious fulness of the "Golden Age," we may easily find reasons to deplore the want of the unquestioning belief and reverence which guided the artists of these different ages. But the modern artist may be none the less reverent, even though he dwells less on the mystic character of his subject. It is not divinity which he portrays, perhaps, but the qualities of humanity which raise it nearly to the divine. Take the picture before us. We recognize a model and a human child ennobled by the artist's touch; but in the face and gesture of the mother we read a world of love and tenderness, and in the half tearful, half courageous eyes of the little one we see typified the very spirit of a childhood to which the great world is opening for the first time. There are suggestions of the old masters in the pose and the arrangement of drapery on the right, but the picture is not to be taken as an interpretation of the supernatural, but rather as a typification of the sweetest emotion of the human heart—the mother-love.



A CHILD OF THE FIELDS.

A. SAVANI.

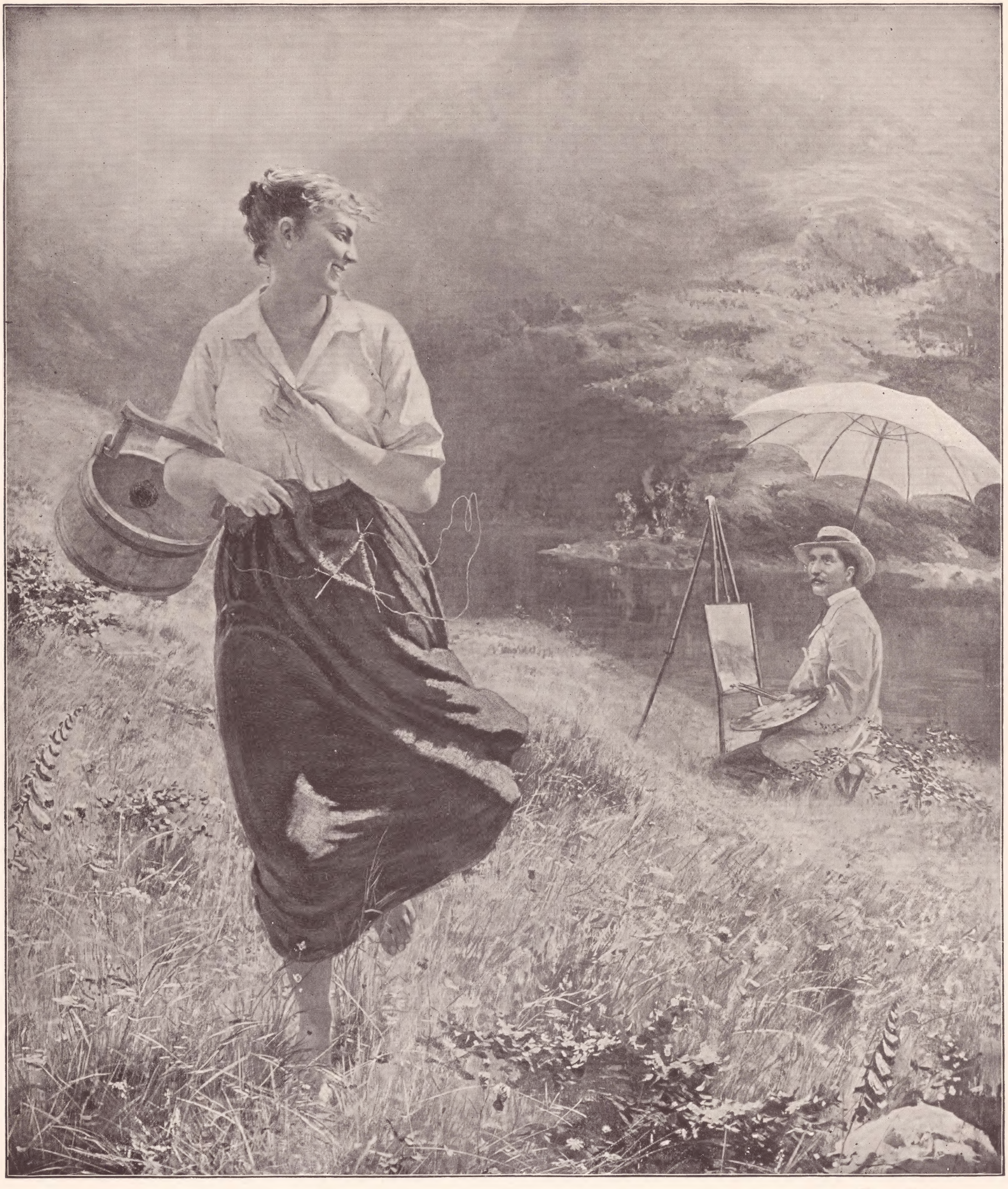
WHEN we see a figure-painting like this, we feel sure there is nothing more picturesque than one of these dark-skinned, black-eyed, barefooted Italian peasant girls. They have the artless graces of childhood; but with them they show a certain progress towards early maturity, which is not diminished by their being brought, in the years of their tender youth, face to face with the hardships of life. And so there is a kind of womanliness about them, even before they cease to be children. We have here a delicious combination of maturity and childishness, in this sweet little figure, which we may enjoy for its picturesqueness, until the sadness of it all is forced upon us. This child should be playing with other chlidren; yet here she is at work in the field, gathering stalks of Indian corn for cattle-fodder, and bending her tender body backwards under the load. Her more convenient burdens she will learn to carry on her head, and when she emigrates to America we shall see her trudging through the streets, stunted in growth by her toilful life, but square-shouldered and erect. We are accustomed to think of Indian corn as essentially an American product—and it is a native of the Western Hemisphere; but, under the name of "maize," it is extensively cultivated in many parts of Europe.



AT THE PASTURE GATE.

HUGO SALMSON.

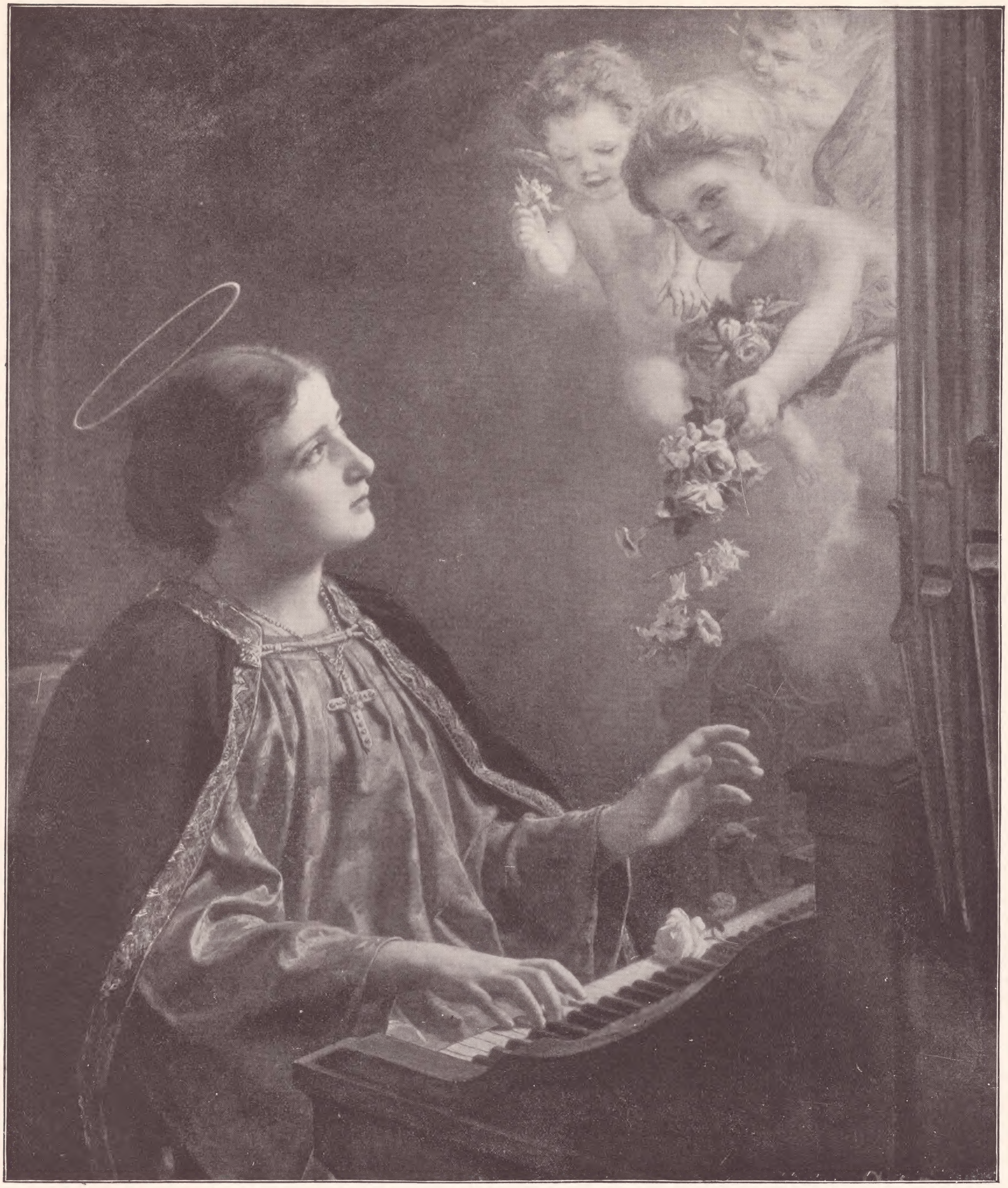
THIS exquisite picture of mountain life impresses us with the ability of the artist, Salmson, to produce a great effect with few details. Here is only an upland pasture stretching off to the horizon, with not even a tree to break the grassy distance. A rude gate rests on stones and boulders, yet the effect of this simple landscape is powerful. It expresses peace—calm strength "on the heights" above the wrangling and confusion of the world. The setting sun lights up the faces of the waiting group of children, and throws a brightness on the opposite sky. Some critics object to the introduction of figures into landscape, saying that they take away from the restfulness of nature; but this group by the pasture gate only illustrates and carries out the scheme of the landscape. These children of the mountain solitudes break in no way on the majestic stillness of the effect. The older girl, with dreamily downcast eyes, waits for the coming of father, or perchance a lover, while the child in her arms plays with a handful of cherries plucked from the orchard of the lower mountain slope. The older boy counts his treasures one by one with satisfied air. The bare-footed girl, leaning against the gate with unconscious grace and dignity, has her eyes fixed on the sunset sky, with the questioning look of childhood in her pure, peaceful face.



Hans Dahl.

A CHILD OF NATURE.

Far from his studio in the great art-city, the painter has seated himself before his easel, on the border of a limpid stream, in the pellucid waters of which are reflected the huge outlines of the giant mountains that stand guard over the peaceful scene. He has chosen a subject to his mind, and alone with Nature in her grandest and yet most gentle forms, he has set himself to compose a picture that will add to his renown. Suddenly, upon his reverent, studious mood, there breaks a ripple of merry laughter; and, glancing up, he beholds a vision of frank and rustic beauty that, pausing not in her gleeful run along the mountain foot-hills, greets him, as she passes, with a smile in which welcome and amused embarrassment are strangely blended. He follows her with his eye until she is out of sight, and when he turns back to his canvas, solemn inspiration has vanished. his lofty mood brought down to earth by this momentary glimpse of a bare-footed, lightly-clad maid of the mountain. How surely the artist has drawn the running figure—the knee bent forward far enough to catch the sunlight from almost directly behind, the little bare foot upraised, the pail swinging backward from one arm, while the other is lifted to catch together the wayward garment lest it reveal too much—the only suggestion of self-consciousness in this thoroughly genuine child of nature



SAINT CECILIA

G. NAUJOK.

ALL the world of art has laid its tributes on the shrine of Saint Cecilia, patroness of music and musicians the world over. The popularity of this most delicate and æsthetic of all the saintly characters is universal. Half the musical societies of Europe are named after her. Poets have sung her praises, the great Dryden at their head; sculptors have carved her image to adorn her sanctuaries; and since the days of Domenichino, painters have found in their conceptions of the protectress of harmony and its devotees their highest ideal of virgin sweetness and elevation. The artist who produced the painting which is here engraved, owes to it a vogue that extends not only throughout Europe, but reaches to the remotest bounds of the American continent, and a reputation that formerly was limited to his native Konigsberg, has now become world-wide. While in large measure this is due to his happy choice of subject, it is also to be accounted for by the extraordinary merit of his composition. The pleasing contrasts of light and shade; the illumination proceeding from the flower-laden cherubs, who typify the legend of Cecilia's harmonious communion with heaven; her sweet serenity and strength of expression; the graceful pose of the fingers, one hand resting lightly on the keys, and the other raised in surprised recognition of the heavenly host—each contributes to the appreciation of a most happy combination of reality and idealism.

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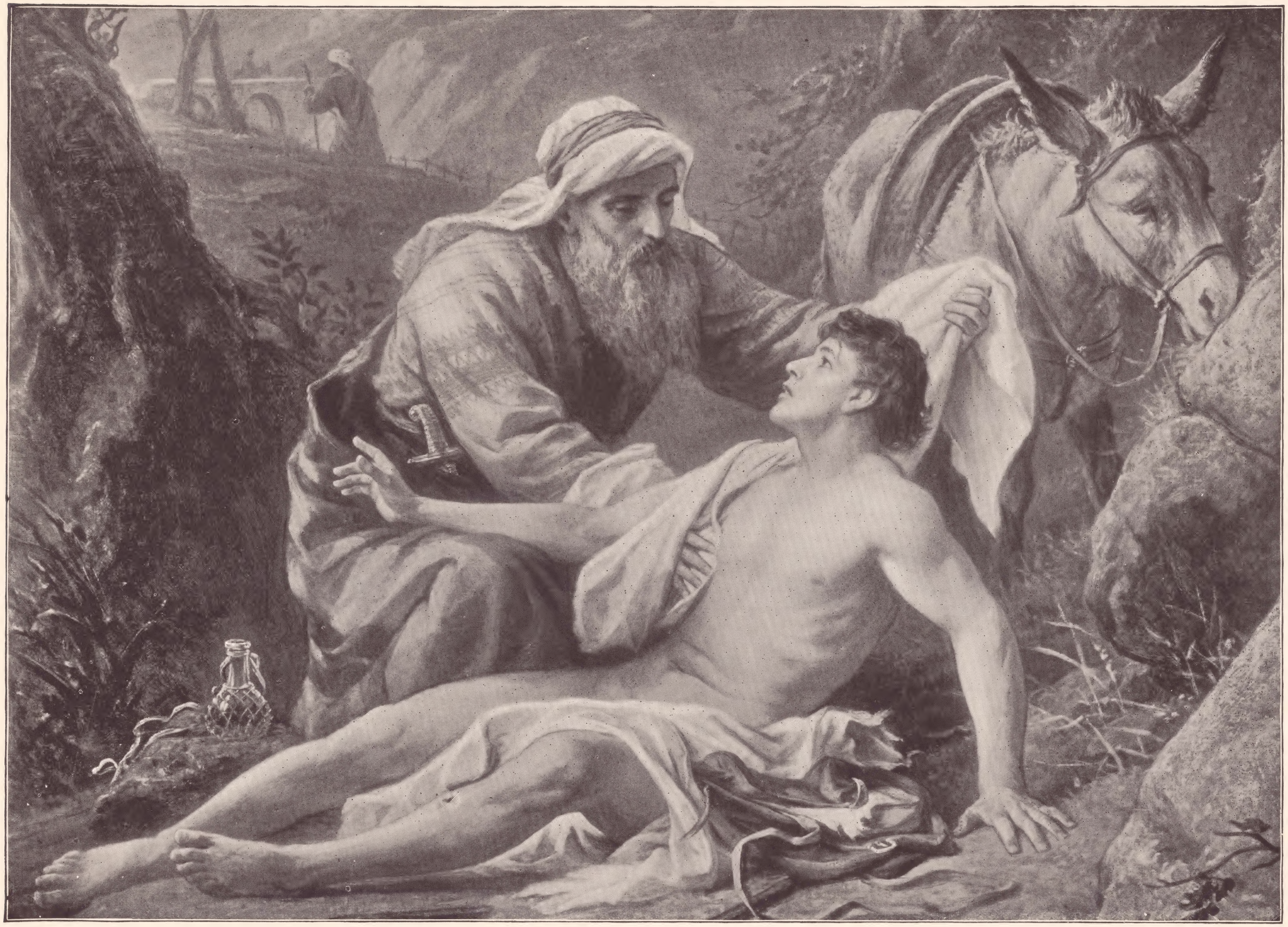
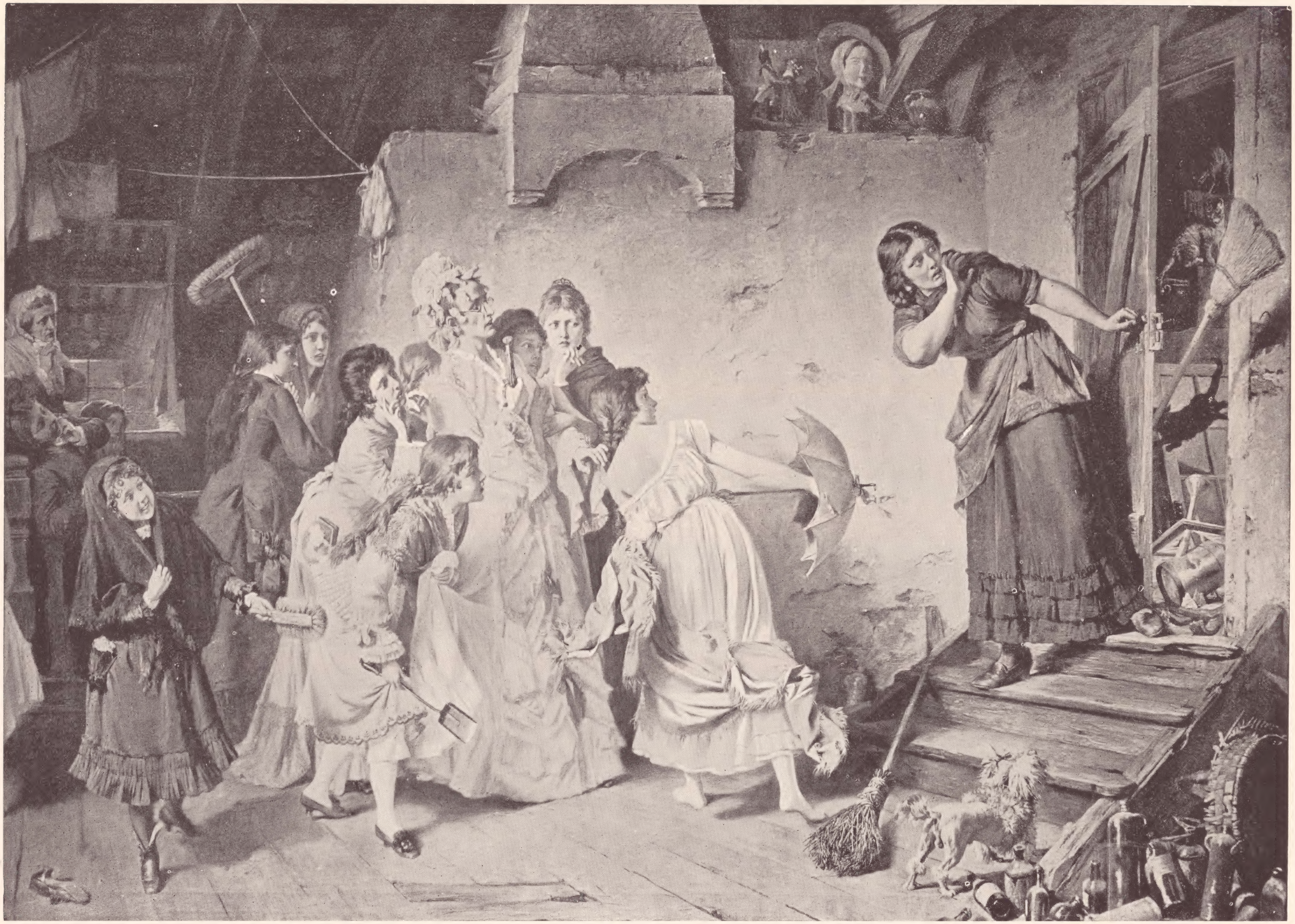


B. PLOCKHORST.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

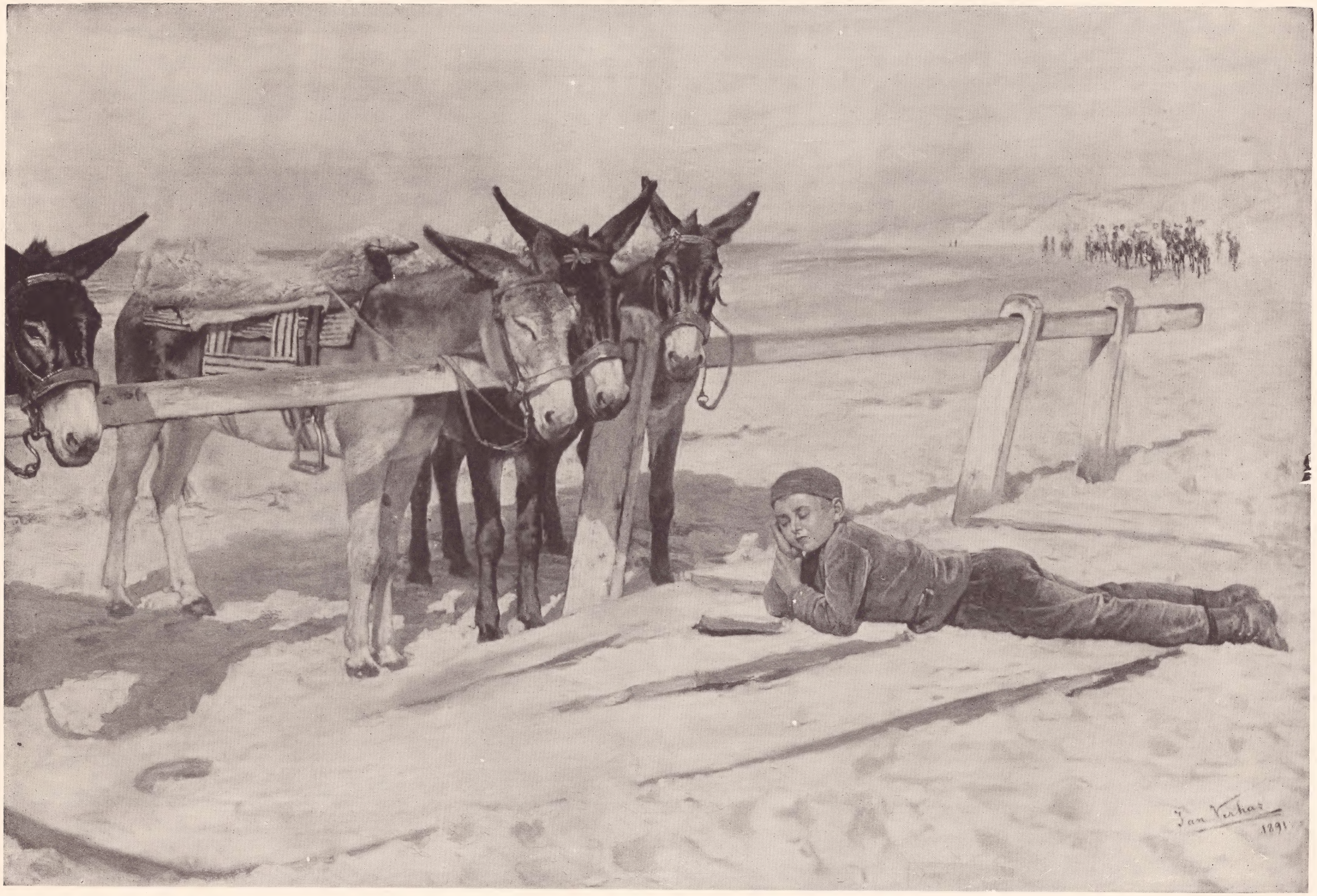
THE parable of The Good Samaritan is probably better understood in the nineteenth century than it was by those to whom it was originally told. For, while it can hardly be said that the modern man has yet reached the complete fulfillment of the injunction to love his neighbor as himself, he does understand what the disciples did not—who is his neighbor, and in what ways the universal brotherhood may be manifested. It comes now with none of the shock that it must have brought to those who first listened to the parable, to hear that the despised Samaritan had fulfilled the divine bidding, where the priest and the Levite, passing on the other side of the way, had failed. Doubtless the priest and the Levite have persisted to the present day, as well as the Samaritan. So it is well to have the parable kept before the present generation; and the artist who has made this careful study of Oriental character and costume, has not only achieved an artistic accomplishment, but has preached a little sermon as well. In this subject the plight of the man who fell among thieves, and the benevolence of the Samaritan, are the points of emphasis; and certainly the artist has realized that, and has skillfully indicated these salient features in the story told on his canvas. He has fulfilled the obligation of the modern painter, who is held to a strict account, not only to set forth a story in his work, but also to demonstrate his capacity to truly indicate the physical facts and adhere to the "unities" of costume and surrounding scene.



TOBY E. ROSENTHAL.

THE ALARMED BOARDING-SCHOOL.

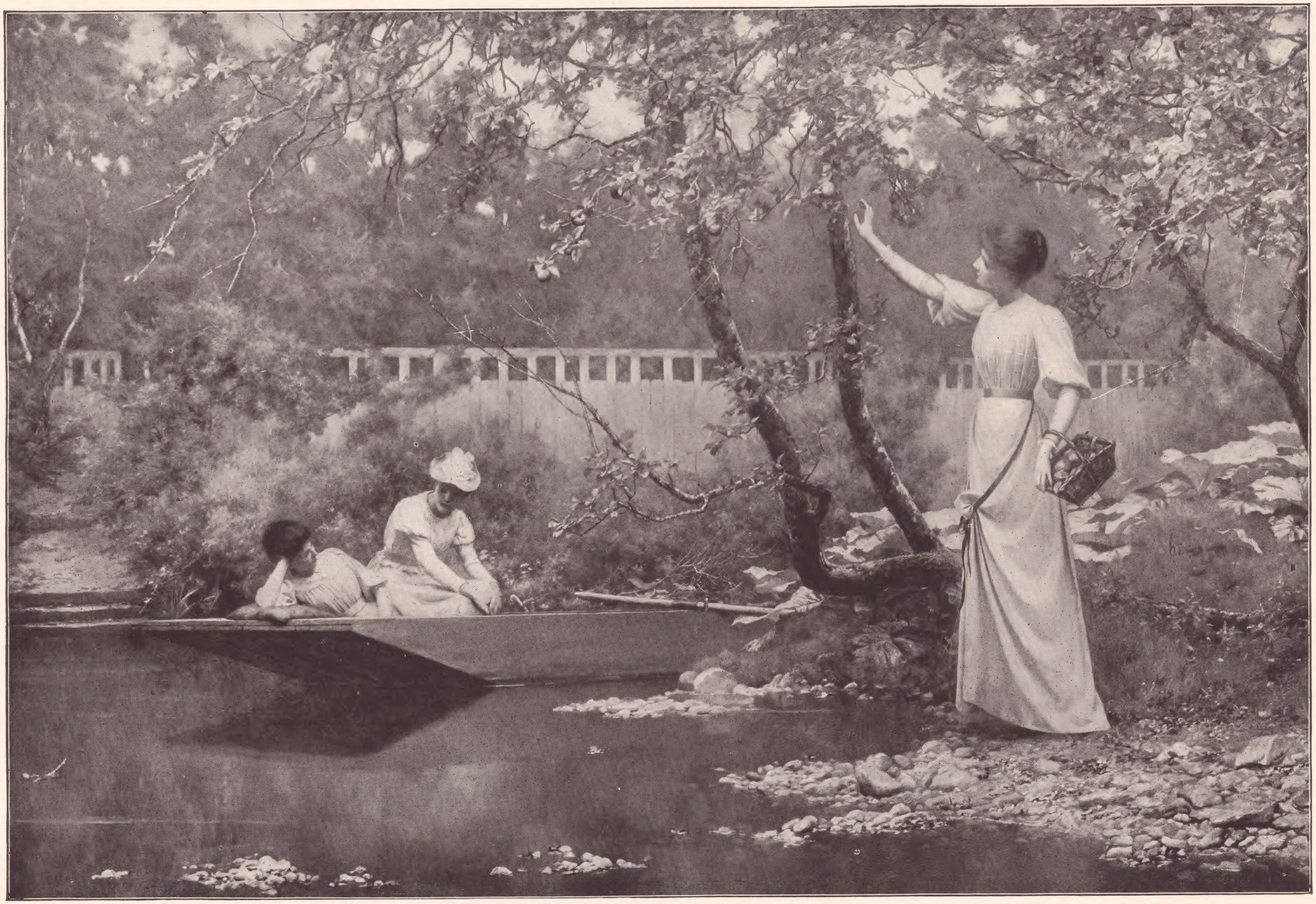
THIS picture might have almost been named THE CATASTROPHE. The members of the boarding-school here represented have become alarmed by night. Strange and ominous sounds were heard outside of the cellar door. The denizens of the place, headed by the terrified matron, have armed themselves and gone in sheer desperation to investigate the noise at the cellar-way. Doubtless the robbers are there. But it is necessary to open and investigate. It seems that numberless articles, the *débris* of the establishment, have been piled in the cellar-way outside, and that certain cats have been performing their nightly orgy on the wreck. The serving-girl has been delegated to open the door. A fearful apparition has been expected, but as the shutter is unclosed there is a tumble of ruins outside including several cats. That is all. It seems that of the whole group only one little girl to the left has as yet realized the humor of the situation. She has seen it and broken out into laughter. All the rest are still intent on facing a ghost or finding a burglar. Terror is written on their faces. The defiance which the matron has attempted to assume is transparently fictitious. The only really defiant thing in this underground and otherwise feminine army is the poodle who, with the discernment and courage of his race, faces the enemy undaunted.



MARTYRS OF THE BEACH.

JANS VERHAS.

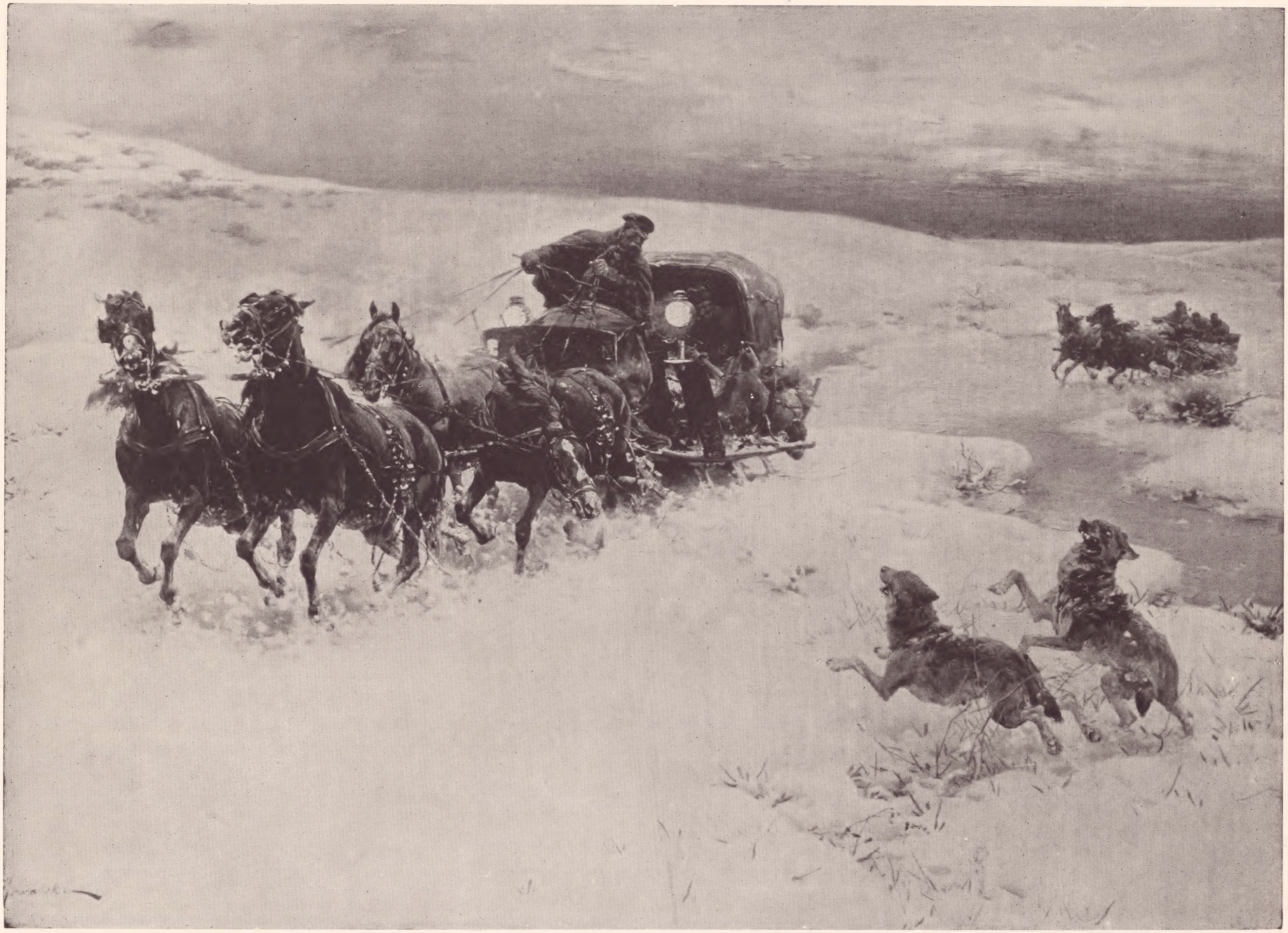
THE martyrs are the donkeys. Here, on this wide reach of seashore, thrift has established the donkey rack. Here the little jockeys have been put in charge, and here visitors come—the great folks and others—to hire the patient animals for a canter over the sand. No tree is seen here—no shadow save that cast by the patient beasts. There is a long shore, and at the right a suggestion of hills; over that the sky, and in the left background the illimitable sea. A company of riders, at the right, are returning from their sport. Here at the rack four donkeys stand hitched, waiting for their turn. Jack, who lies on the ground—and who, we hope, never lies otherwise—is making good use of his time, by reading a story. It may be "Crusoe." He is profoundly absorbed in the incident, but he is a little disgusted with the conduct of the story. The donkey faces are highly characteristic. Sleepiness, patience, philosophical indifference and mental reservation of the rights of insurrection and treachery are all suggested in the features of these typical beasts.



L. C. Nightingale.

A CORNER OF THE LAKE.

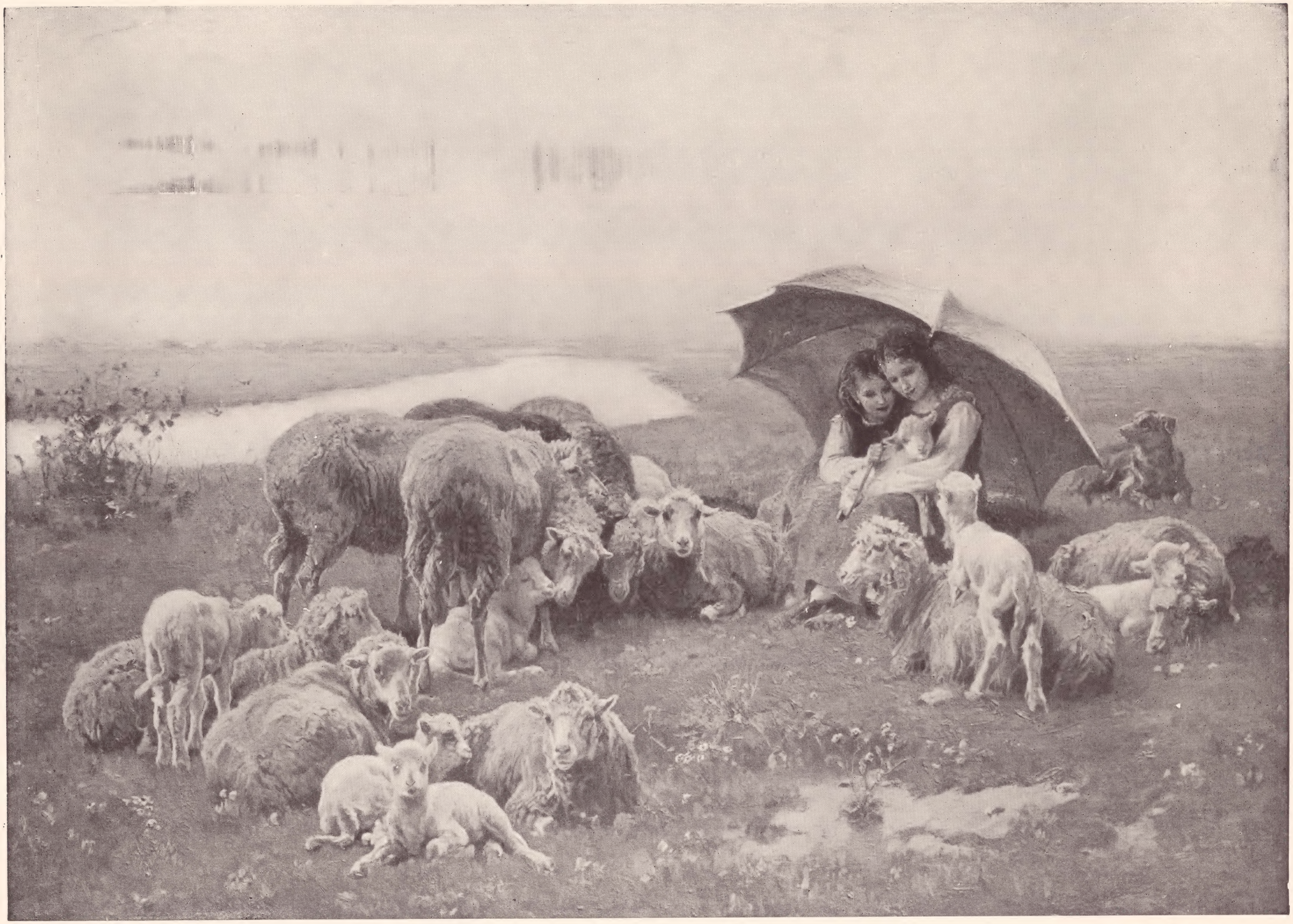
IT is the purpose of some pictures to tell a story; of some, to please the eye with a purely decorative harmony of color; and of others, to portray a mood. The subject here engraved is of the latter class; it conveys the idea of delicious, languorous serenity. The autumn foliage of the trees is disturbed by no breeze; the comely pair of maidens in the boat, doubtless have been enjoying the gentle exercise of "punting," but in the haven of the retired corner of the pretty lake to which they have come, there is no longer any suggestion of the slightest activity. Their attitudes are those of restful repose, so profound that the coming of their companion who hails them from the shore does not in the least arouse them. She, at least, has been doing something, as her fruit-filled basket hanging on her arm indicates. But the deepest interest they are likely to take in that is to be found in the probability that they will regale themselves with some of the fruit without interrupting their *dolce far niente*. The artist has conveyed the suggestion of undisturbable idleness so completely that no other thought is possible. In doing it, he has brought us to a charming spot, and he has peopled it so attractively that we are quite willing to remain here, contemplative, like the lovely girls he has placed here for us to look at, and, like them, unwilling to have our occupation interrupted. We may imagine, if we will, a pretty country house beyond the fence that borders on the lake; but until the charmers rouse themselves and go away, we will stay here too.



ACROSS COUNTRY IN WINTER.

Alfred von Wierusz-Kowalski.

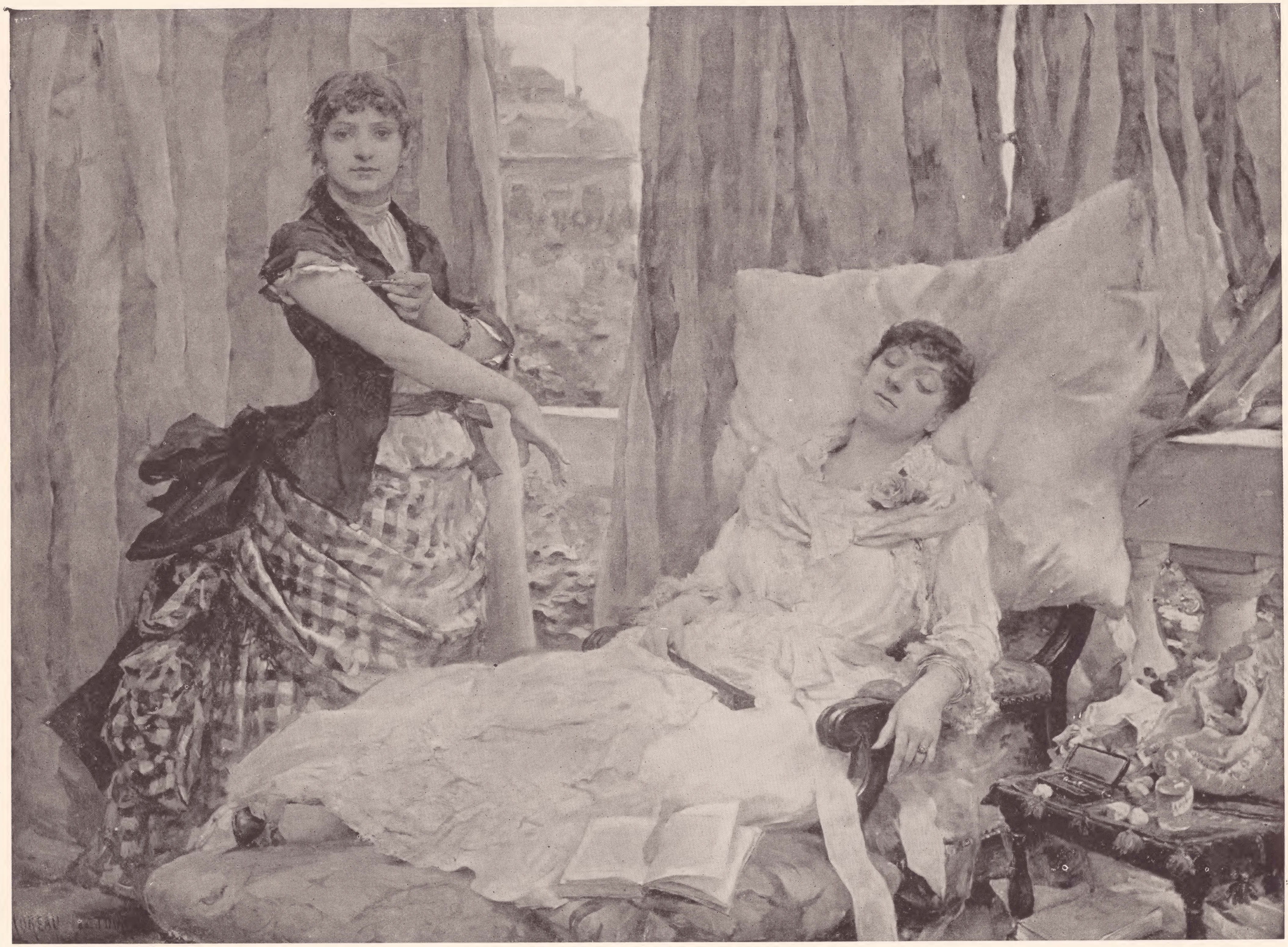
We need not be told that this fine and dramatic picture is by a Slavic artist. One must needs have seen and *felt* this landscape before he paint it. Such things come not out of books, but out of sight and touch and experience. Winter travel in Russia and Poland often brings such episodes as that which Kowalski has here so powerfully drawn. In these countries winter settles down with a rigor and terror unknown in Western Europe and America. Already in the last days of September vast areas of treeless plain are covered with a sheet of snow. Here a great expanse of frozen champaign, overarched with the leaden and merciless sky, is traversed with a sledge and its travelers. They, with their four powerful horses, are journeying swiftly across the illimitable field of snow. The episode is that of an attack by wolves. They are half famished, and therefore desperate. They plunge madly at the horses and the sledge. Their red mouths, white-fanged, are agape for blood. A battle is on—battle of man and beast. The participants are relentless nature, savage ferocity, and human intelligence whetted to sharpness and blood-spilling by the exigencies of the struggle. The picture in some of its features may remind the beholder of that which represents Napoleon I, driven in a sledge across Poland on his way back to Paris after the horrors of the Kremlin and the Beresina.



Luigi Chialiva.

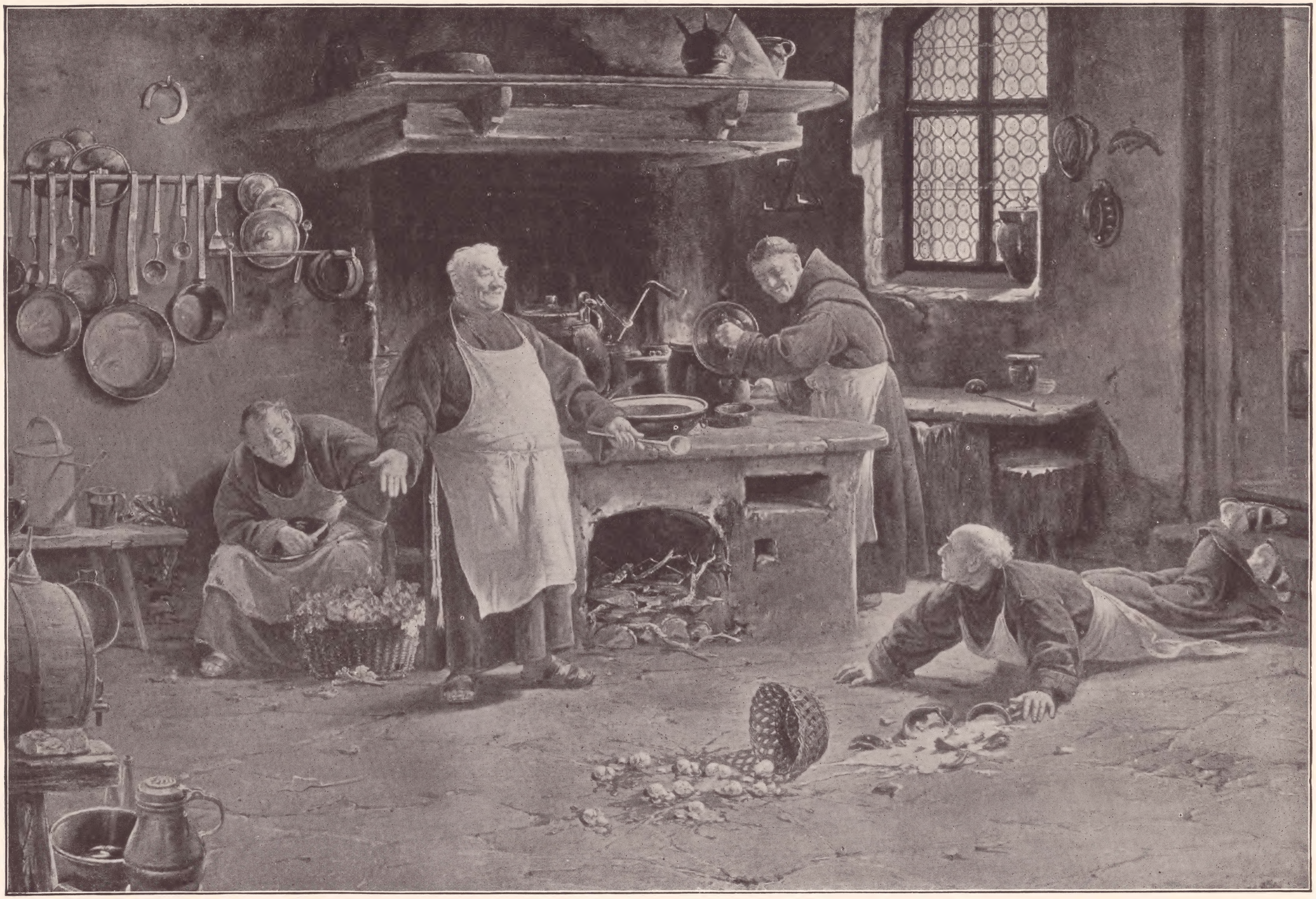
A SHOWER.

ON the crest of a grassy hill which slopes gently away to the dim horizon, two young girls and a flock of sheep are huddled together during a passing rainstorm. The children are snugly ensconced beneath a big umbrella, and are lavishing caresses upon a milk-white lamb—the pet of the flock The sheep have gathered closely together, their woolly backs adrip with rain, and are waiting with that patient gaze peculiar to their kind, until the clouds have emptied their aqueous contents. The two little girls are quite unmindful of the drizzle and dampness. They are well protected by their umbrella from both rain and wind. The youthful shepherdesses are too much engrossed in their pleasant task of fondling the most recent addition to the flock to give much thought to the weather. The usual melancholy expression of the sheep is in admirable keeping with the moist dreariness of the landscape. To the left and winding through the distant center of the scene is a broad stream, opalescent and opaque under the pearl-gray sky. There is a feeling of brightness in the picture, despite the temporary gloom thrown over it in consequence of the shower. Through all the atmospheric depression so finely rendered by the artist one cannot help but feel that behind the milky mist the sun is brightly shining, and in a short time the scene will be a sparkling and a joyous one. The original of this picture is in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington.



MORPHIOMANIACS. G. Moreau de Tours.

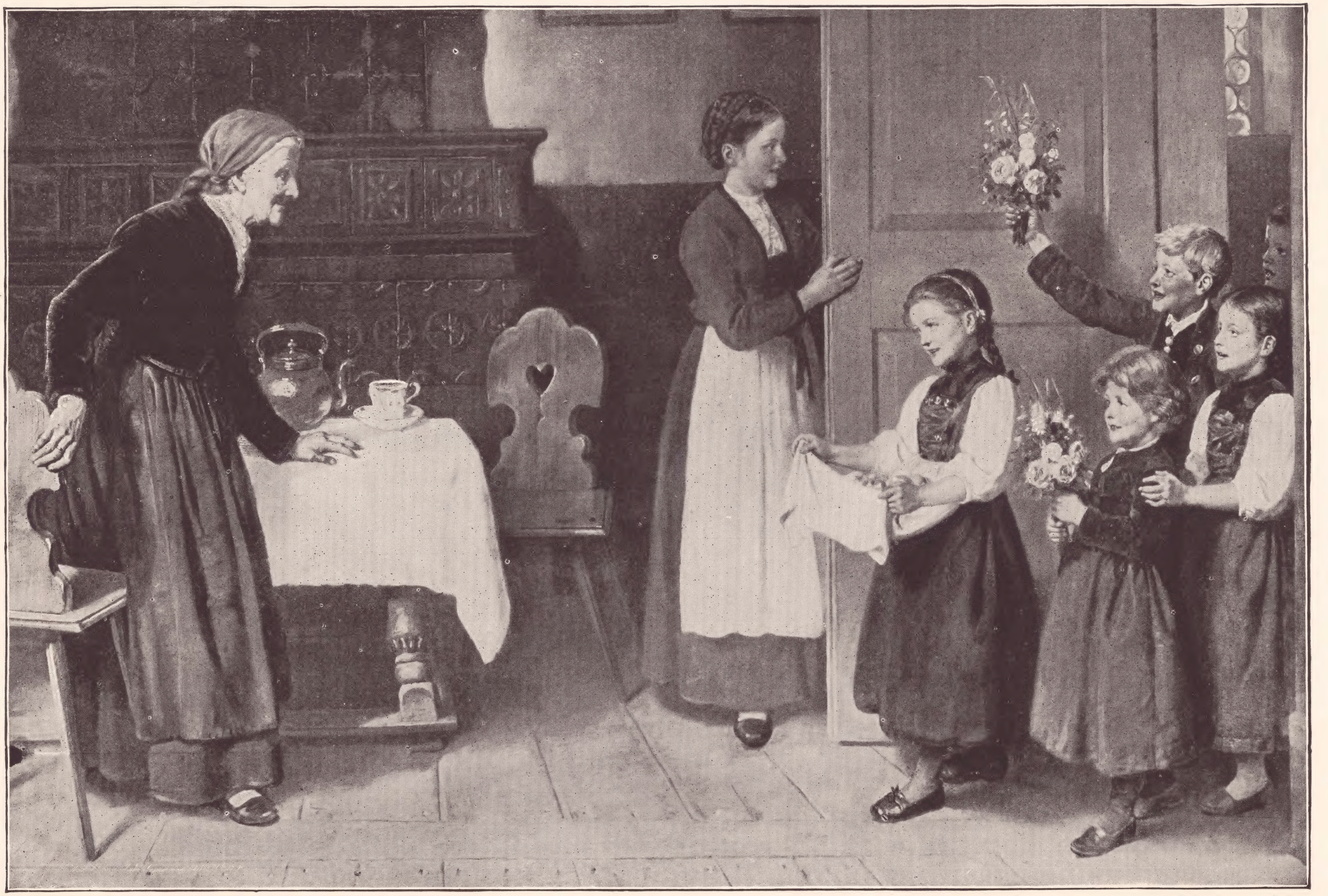
WHY do certain artists love to paint the unpleasant or the tragic? Is it because their work is not of a quality to attract, when expended on a pleasant subject? Sometimes, but not always. Such a charge cannot be brought against so able an artist as Moreau de Tours. He has shown, in his "Jeunesse," his competency to paint sweetness and beauty. The tragic and the psycho-pathological attract him because in these, primarily, he sees opportunities for the painting of facial expressions which have not been formulated, and hence original with him. Today he paints an experiment in hypnotism in a Parisian charity hospital—he sees in the new science a means of raising the suffering wretches who smell of the abattoirs of La Villette or the rag-heaps of Batignolles, for a time at least, from their misery and their suffering. On the other extreme of the social scale, amid the odor of roses and violets wafted through the half-closed curtains of a luxurious boudoir of *chic* Paris, there comes to him a suggestion of the lunatic asylum and the grave. Two fashionable victims of the horrible morphine habit seek, at the cost of shattered nerves and tyrannic enslavement, in the use of the hypodermic syringe, the rest which the whirl of pleasure deprives them of. They are young—somewhere from twenty to thirty—a few years, and the eyes will become hollow and sunken, the now dazzling skin of a dull, ashen hue, and all beauty will be gone. Premonitions of these changes the artist shows with rare skill in the curious, far-away expression in the eyes of the standing figure, and in the relaxed muscles of the otherwise beautiful faces.



A. HUMBORG.

HASTE MAKES WASTE.

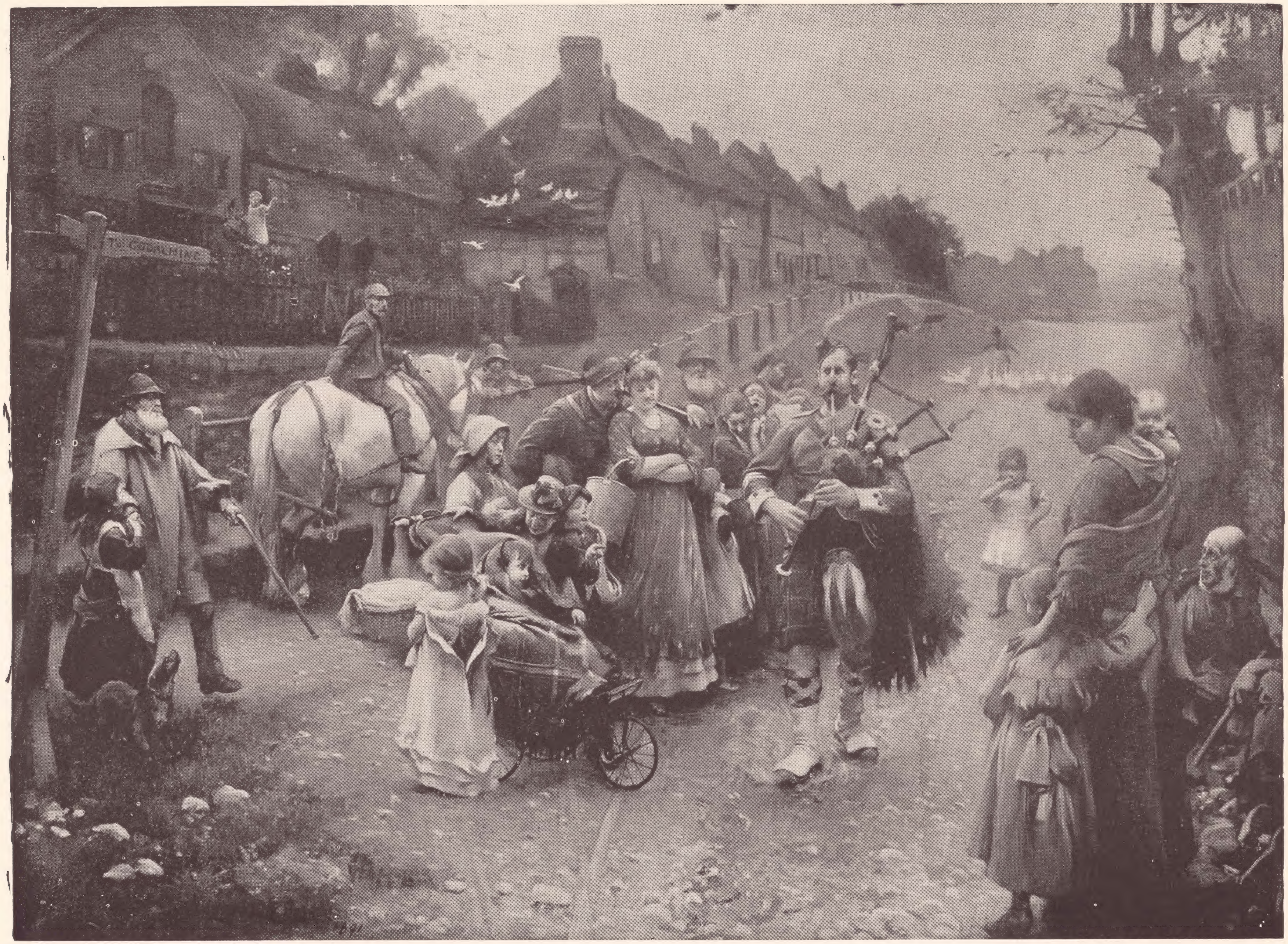
AMONG the many prayers which these merry friars daily offer up, there is at least one petition which, if any contributory efforts of their own can avail, they earnestly intend to have granted—"From emaciation and decay, good Lord, deliver us." The rich assortment of saucepans and ladles, the generous preparations already begun among the pots and kettles on the oven, the great pile of wood and kindlings which has been laid for firing, and, above all, the goodly iron-bound cask at the left, with the funnel at hand, and the spigot protruding, and the huge tankard waiting before it,—all this proclaims that emaciation and decay have been banished from this holy house; and though St. Francis once made some inconvenient rules, they were forgotten in this refectory long ago. Such round, smiling faces and portly figures never flourished under a system of strict asceticism. The very fact that they can afford to laugh so heartily at their brother's mishap, which involves for them the loss of a basket of eggs and a jug of cream, shows that the resources of their larder are not seriously affected by this incident. Monks who had strictly followed the rules for fasting, would have had sour looks and bitter words for this luckless forager. But is not the habitual good nature of relaxed discipline more acceptable than the sallow discontent of a conscientious but emaciated brotherhood?



GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

HUBERT SALENTIN.

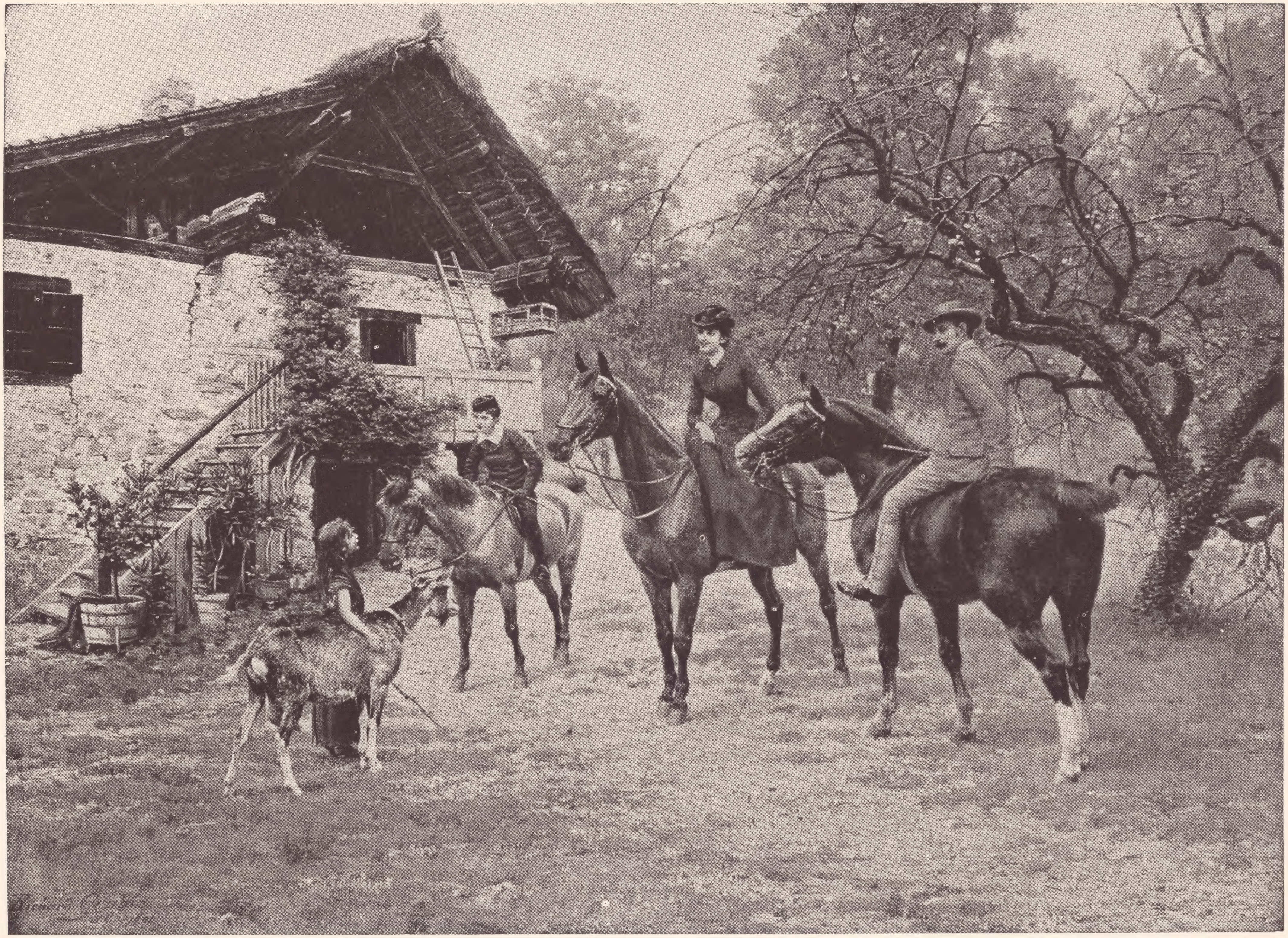
THIS charming domestic idyl is a little poem of life in Western Germany. With the Germans holidays and birthdays are made much of, and the domestic sentiment is strong. This home with its plain but quaint and substantial furniture and faultless neatness, is clearly a place where the domestic affections thrive. There has been a knock at the door of the breakfast-room, with a sound of stifled laughter and whispering outside. The door is opened, and the gentle old grandmother rises from her chair, her face full of surprise and loving welcome as the group of half shy, half triumphant children enter, the eldest girl, almost abashed, holding her offering in her apron with a touching grace; the sweet-faced little one beside her clasping her bouquet, unconscious of the meaning of the fete; the oldest boy, more demonstrative, waving his flowers and calling out a greeting; and the others following expectantly, while the smiling maid holds open the door. It is a delightful expression of loving home sentiment. Herr Salentin was born in Zulpich, Rhenish Prussia, January 15, 1822. He was a student at the Dusseldorf Academy under Schadow, Karl Sohn, and Tidemand. While he is a painter of both landscape and *genre*, he is best known by his characteristic scenes of peasant life, scenes usually laid in the Western part of Germany. His "Blind Boy" is in the Besancon Museum; his "Village Church," in the Dusseldorf Gallery; his "Pilgrims at Mineral Spring," in the Cologne Museum; his "Messengers of Spring," in the Prague Gallery; and his "Pilgrims at a Chapel," in the National Gallery, Berlin.



“THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.”

LANCE CALKIN.

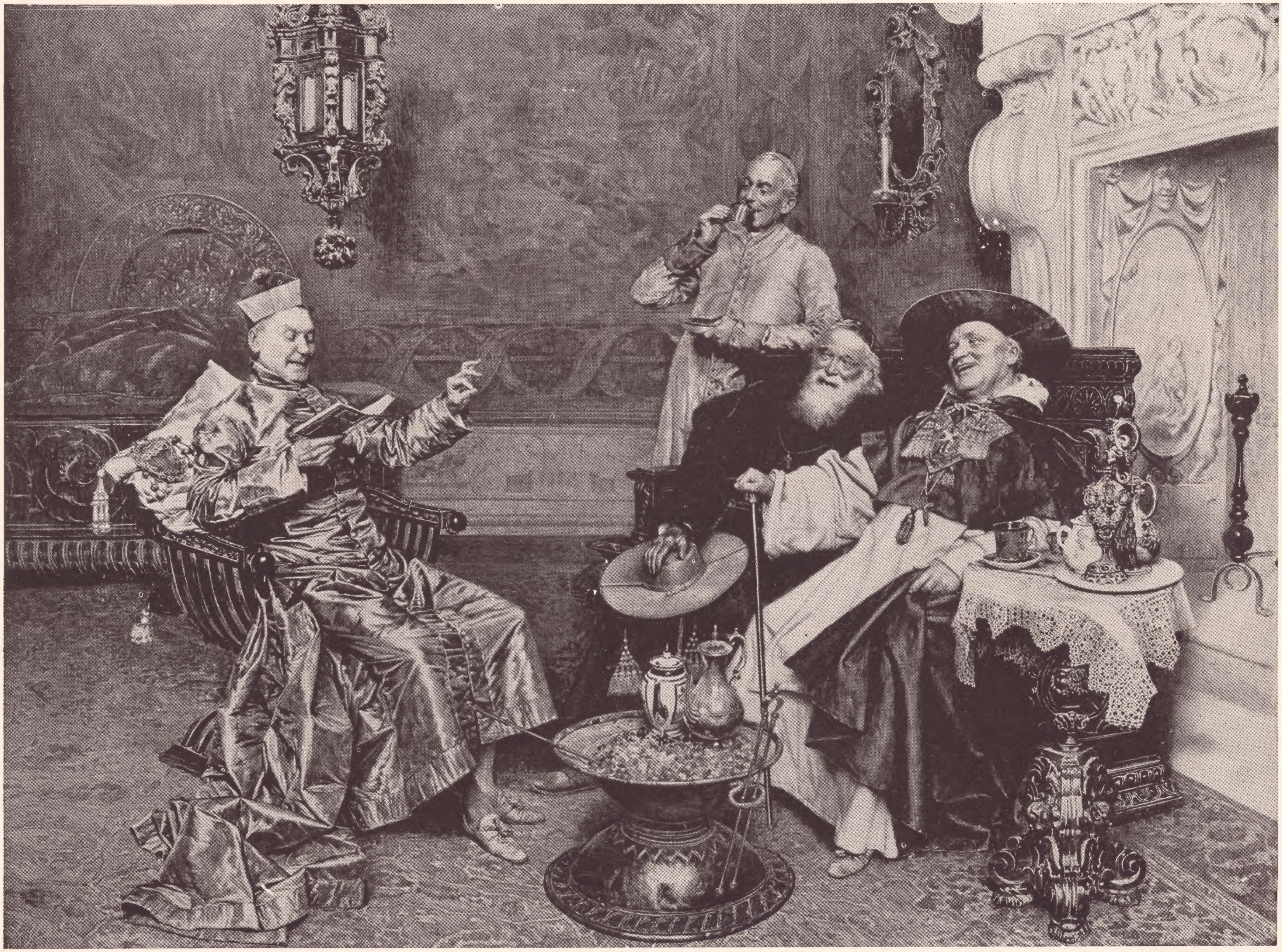
THE breezy freshness of Mr. Calkin's pictures of life among the people, causes his admirers to regret that after a brief use of his brush in this style of painting he turned his attention almost exclusively to portraits. But he had already done much for his country's art, to enable England to include so spirited a scene as this in its exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition. The bagpipes give the national Scotch music, and, as all readers of Stevenson's “Kidnapped” know, a high degree of skill may be shown in performing on them. The pipes are especially inspiriting in military music, and the sound of “The Campbells are Coming” will bring every villager out into the street. Here we have a recruiting-sergeant, inviting, by his music, rustic accessions to Her Majesty's regiment of Highlanders. He looks full of business. He has already aroused the martial ardor of the young huntsman, who is confiding to his sweetheart his intention to enlist. The blind old man has followed the pipes in his youth, and he steps out proudly, as though in the ranks again, as he hears the familiar sound. The piper sees him, and could he leave the pipes for a moment, he would salute the veteran. He will lose no recruits by the stories that old man will tell at the tavern tonight, of the days when he fought under the Duke of Wellington.



RICHARD GOUBIE.

A RUSTIC ESMERALDA.

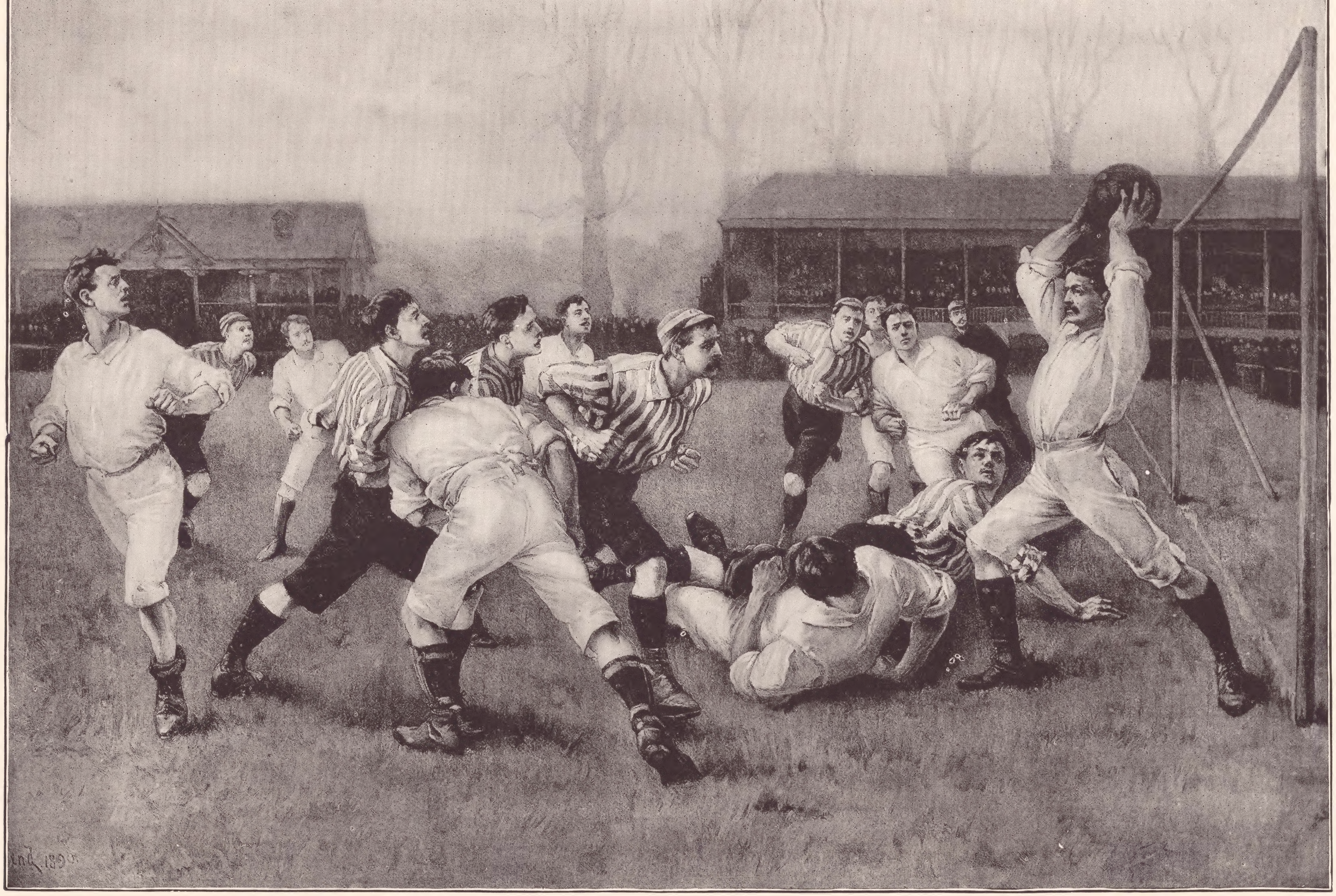
THE scene here is idyllic and thoroughly French. A riding party, consisting of a young lady, her gallant beau, and her little brother, have taken a joyful canter from the mansion some miles away, and have halted in front of a rural establishment devoted to the double occupancy of human and other kind. This manner may be seen in many parts of Europe. The country girl, nine years of age, leading her gentle goat, has met the party in front of her dilapidated home, and is giving them her best greeting. All three of the riders are interested in the little one with upturned face and hand over the shoulder of the tame creature by her side. We may not readily discern what the conversation is; for pictorial art leaves much to the fancy. Perhaps, in answer to their questions, she is telling them of herself and the goat—how long she has lived here, and what she does mornings and evenings. One touch of supreme nature in the picture is the sympathetic interest of the young woman on horseback. True to herself, she has opened her heart to the half-clad Esmeralda, and has made her her friend forever. The interest of the other two is curiosity merely; but the woman is moved, and the child and she have touched hearts, though they have not touched hands.



SIGNORINI.

AN AMUSING LITTLE STORY.

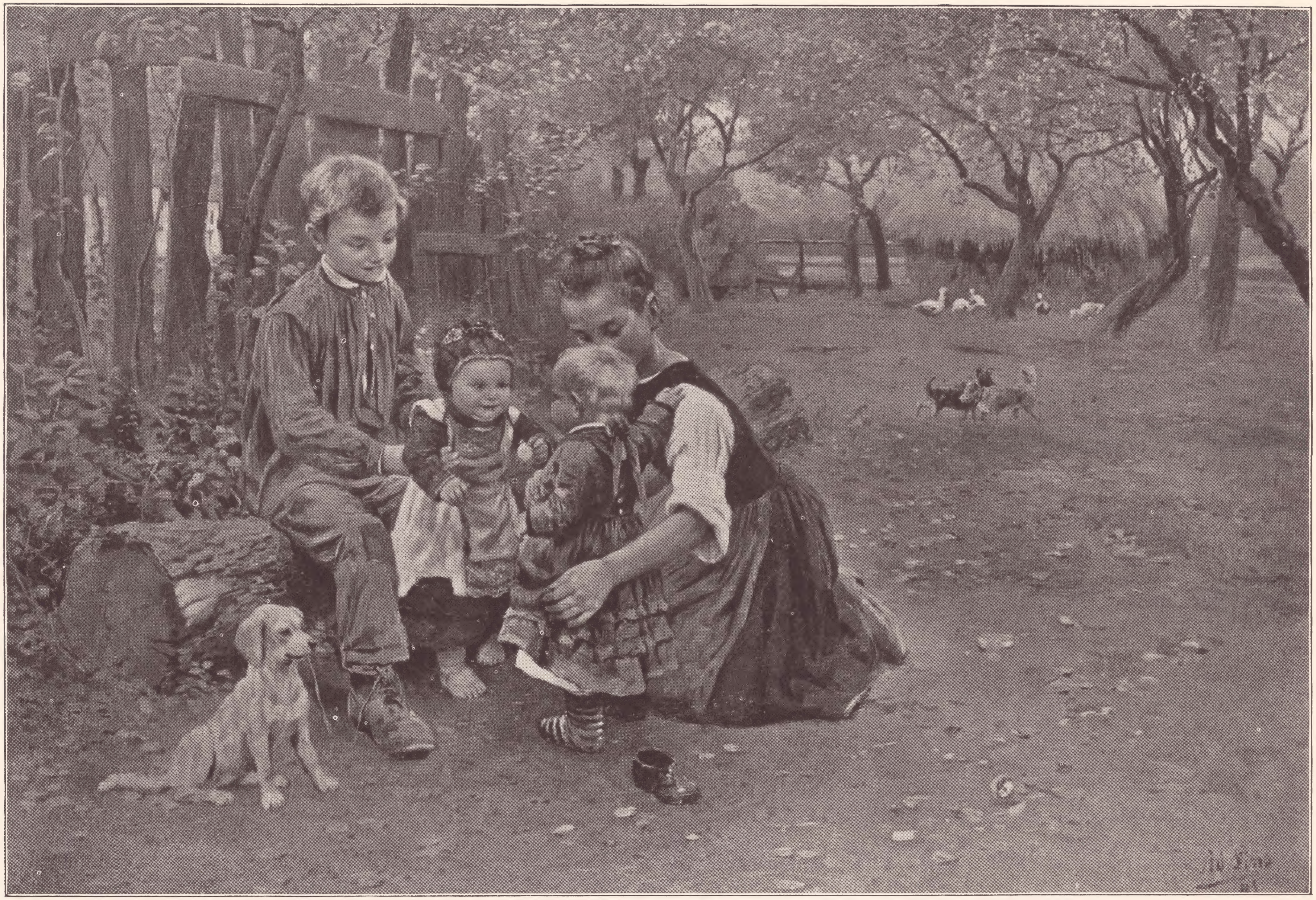
IN this picture the artist has introduced fun and jollity into the high places of sanctimony. The contrast afforded by the amusement and abandonment set against the princely garments of the Cardinal and the minor ecclesiastics, constitutes the charm of the piece. The scene is Venetian. A company of church men have gathered in the splendid apartment of their chief, and are regaling themselves with drink and story. The old Cardinal has in his collection a doubtful book, which he sometimes, when a little warmed with wine, shows to his intimate friends. The day is rather chilly for Venice, and the caldron of coals gives a genial warmth to the apartment and keeps the tea simmering for the guests. The Cardinal has reached the sixth act in Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," if we may judge by his bony hands, his toothless mouth and thin ankles. But the fire of life still burns within him, and he is deep in the dubious story which he reads to his guests. All of them are greatly amused, but the fat monk most of any. He is hilarious with delight. The artist has succeeded admirably with the rich costume of the Cardinal, and has taken pains to preserve in the face and manner of the reader a modicum of priestly dignity. This picture was first exhibited at the salon, Paris, in 1893.



A FOOT-BALL MATCH.

W. H. Overend.

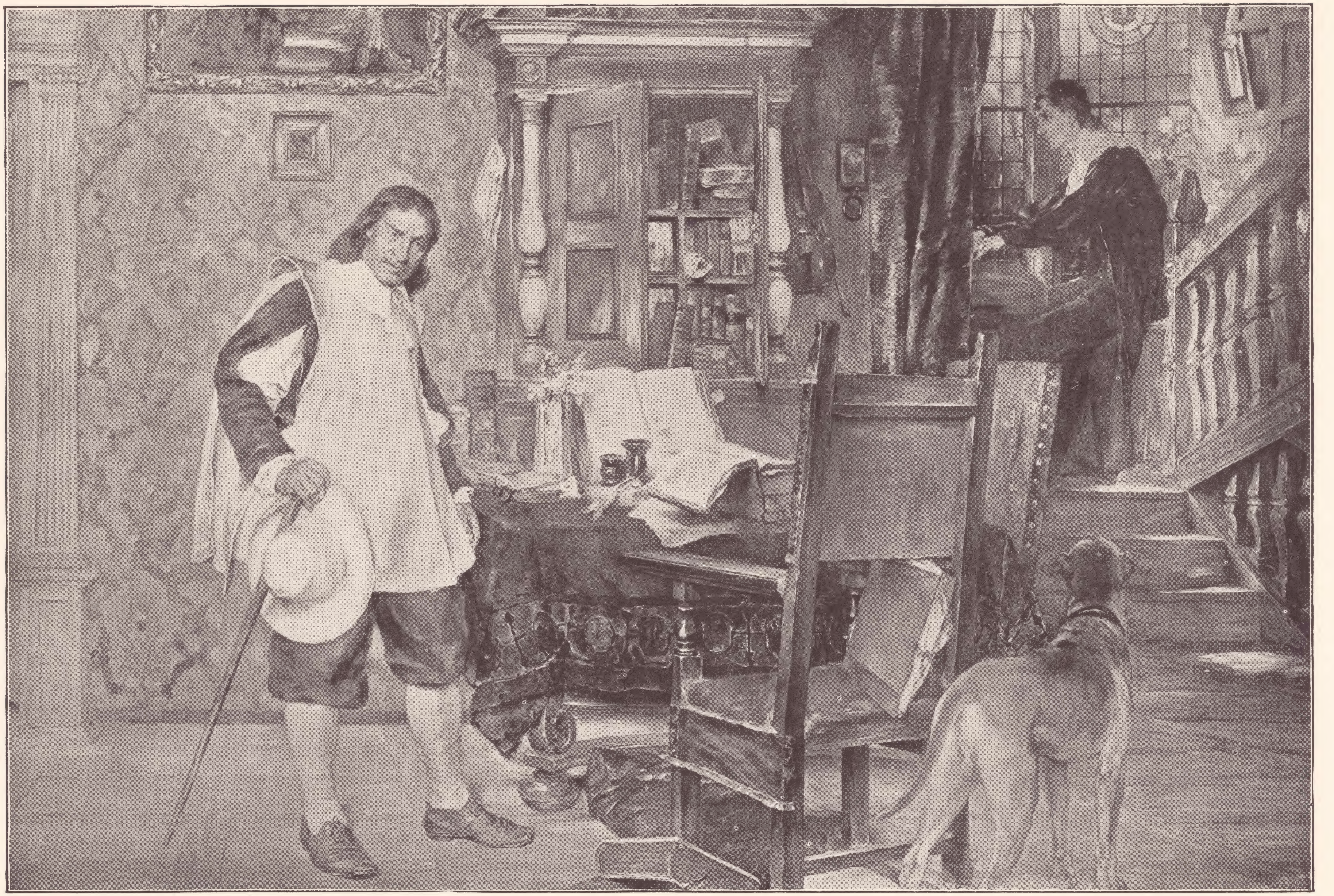
THIS is a reproduction from a very spirited original. It shows a contest which is peculiar to modern times—a contest not unfitted to be matched with the athletic battles of the classical nations. It shows the most rugged aspect of sport which has thus far been admitted by the civilized peoples of the present age. It cannot be doubted that the game here displayed has led public interest away from similar sports in our own country, though not in Europe. It shows the contest at its height. The two elevens are in the critical act of battle, and the end of the struggle here represented will perhaps decide the game. The roughness and uncouth character of the sport cannot be denied, and it is these features that are likely to drive it ultimately from its place in public estimation. American athletic sports have tended more and more to take those forms which became popular among the Romans. The Greeks were satisfied with athletic contests which did not involve brutalities or the shedding of blood. Not so the Romans. The Americans, and, indeed, the English-speaking races generally, tend in the latter direction. This picture, as a work of art, may be highly praised. It looks as though it had been done by instantaneous photography. The contestants are splendidly developed fellows, full of power and energy. They are wrought up to the pitch of actual battle, and if broken limbs do not result from the contest the wonder will be less.



Ad. Lins.

THE INTRODUCTION.

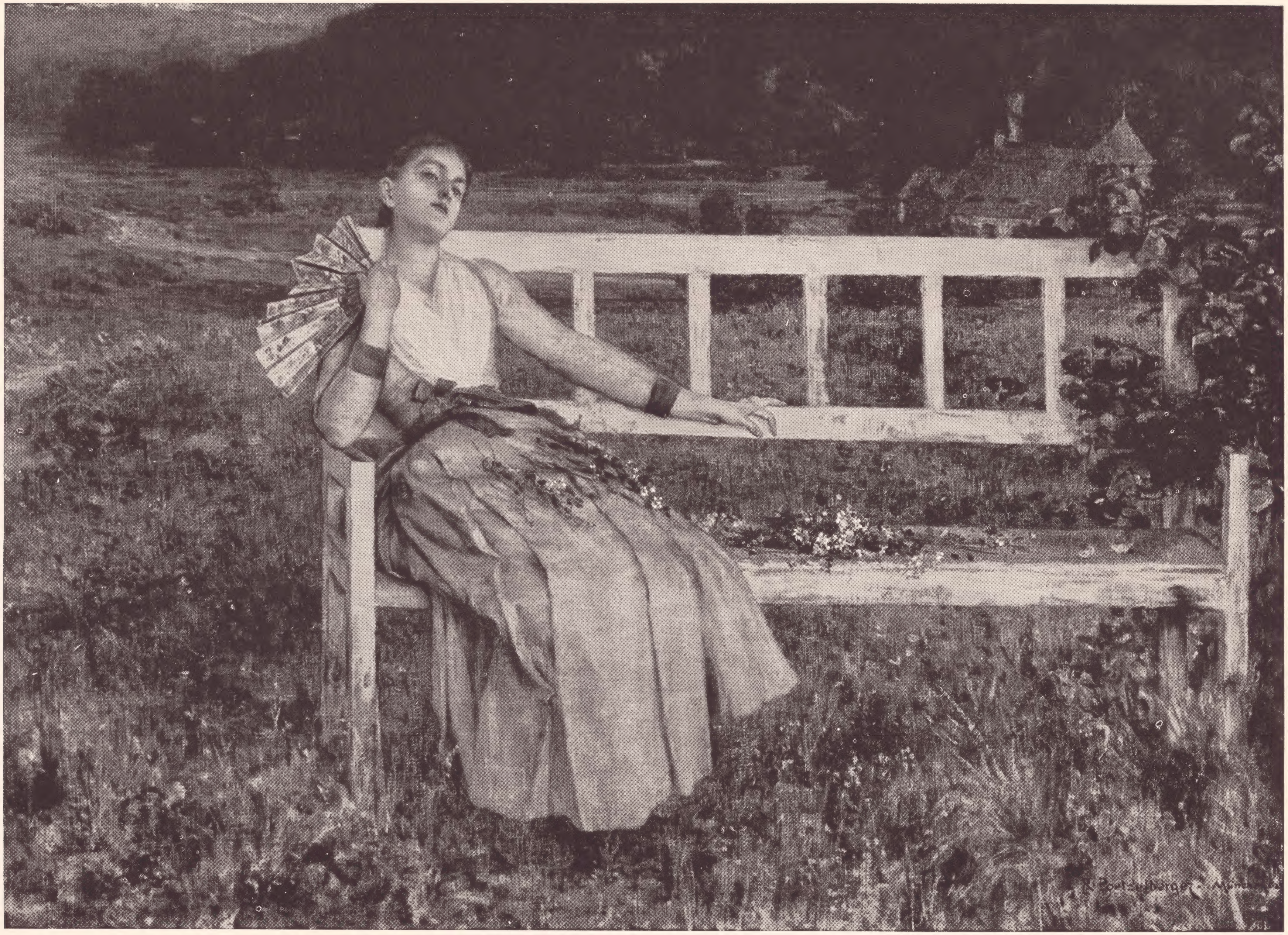
THE true artist is a man of keen sympathies as well as of skill; and in no aspect of his art do we feel this more quickly than in his choice and rendering of child-pictures. A simple home incident is the theme of this pleasing composition, but that does not in the least diminish the great technical merit of the picture. Two little two-year-olds are brought together for the first time by their respective elder brother and sister, who amuse themselves by going through the form of a regular introduction of their little charges. The youngsters receive the matter in their own individual way. One of them draws back slightly, reaching to his sister for encouragement; while the other, whose friendly nature and social confidence are farther advanced, reaches out to welcome the new little friend, to whom she offers the little locket that hangs from her neck—probably her choicest treasure. And as we look down the pretty vista of this delicious picture of a home orchard, we see the dogs of the family likewise making up to each other—a carrying out by the artist of the idea of his subject, which is new acquaintance. The puppy in the foreground is almost too young to do more than play with a straw. The beauty of the landscape and the human element introduced combine to make this a most interesting and attractive picture.



David Neal.

OLIVER CROMWELL VISITING JOHN MILTON.

DAVID NEAL has produced some of the most successful historical paintings of the day. His subjects have had an intrinsic importance that carried well enough the somewhat theatrical vein in which they were rendered, and they are always striking and compel the attention. A visit of Oliver Cromwell to John Milton is a theme to inspire any artist, and, indeed, another who in the early days did much to advance American art, Emanuel Leutze, lent his powers to a similar scene. Although the record of a personal intimacy between the stern Puritan commander and the learned, cultured Puritan poet, is wanting, yet the inference from their close political relations warrants the conception of such a visit as is here portrayed. Milton was Latin Secretary to Cromwell's Parliamentary Committee of Foreign Relations, and his pen was in constant requisition for the Protector's political controversies, and to this service the poet sacrificed his eyesight and ended his days in total blindness. As Cromwell enters his secretary's house for conference or conversation, his ears catch the sound, unwelcome to most Puritan ears, of organ music; for Milton loved some things which this stern destroyer of "baubles" and other vanities despised, among them the "pealing organ," and the "full-voiced choir," which "dissolve me into ecstacies and bring all Heaven before mine eyes." The pensive, rapt devotion of the æsthetic Milton and the alert disapproval of the pragmatical Protector are strongly contrasted.



R. Potzelberger.

TIRED OF WAITING.

RECLINING wearily upon a rustic garden-bench, the sweet-faced daughter of a prosperous English squire waits with a patience born of deep devotion for the coming of her lover. The day is waning rapidly, and already the shadows of a late summer's night have crept across the distant moorland. A filmy curtain of mist has fallen upon the landscape, and the dew of evening hangs heavily upon the trees and unkempt lawn. Since early afternoon the young woman has waited the approach of a manly figure more dear to her vision than gold to the greedy eyes of a money-mad miser. A favorite trysting place this stiff-backed bench, made dear to memory by many whispered words of love. What amorous dialogues could be repeated by this leaf-strewn seat. Ah, there is little danger from this source, for the smooth old planks of the favored bench will divulge no secrets, nor will its white sides ever cackle into speech. But why does the maiden's lover linger on the road? Surely he will come, but how slowly the hours drag themselves along. When the familiar form swings into view, the scattered posies will be hastily gathered into a bouquet, the folds of the simple gown will be swiftly smoothed away and the girl's expression of weariness will give place to a look of rapture. Words of explanation and regret will be given in exchange for words of forgiveness and joy.

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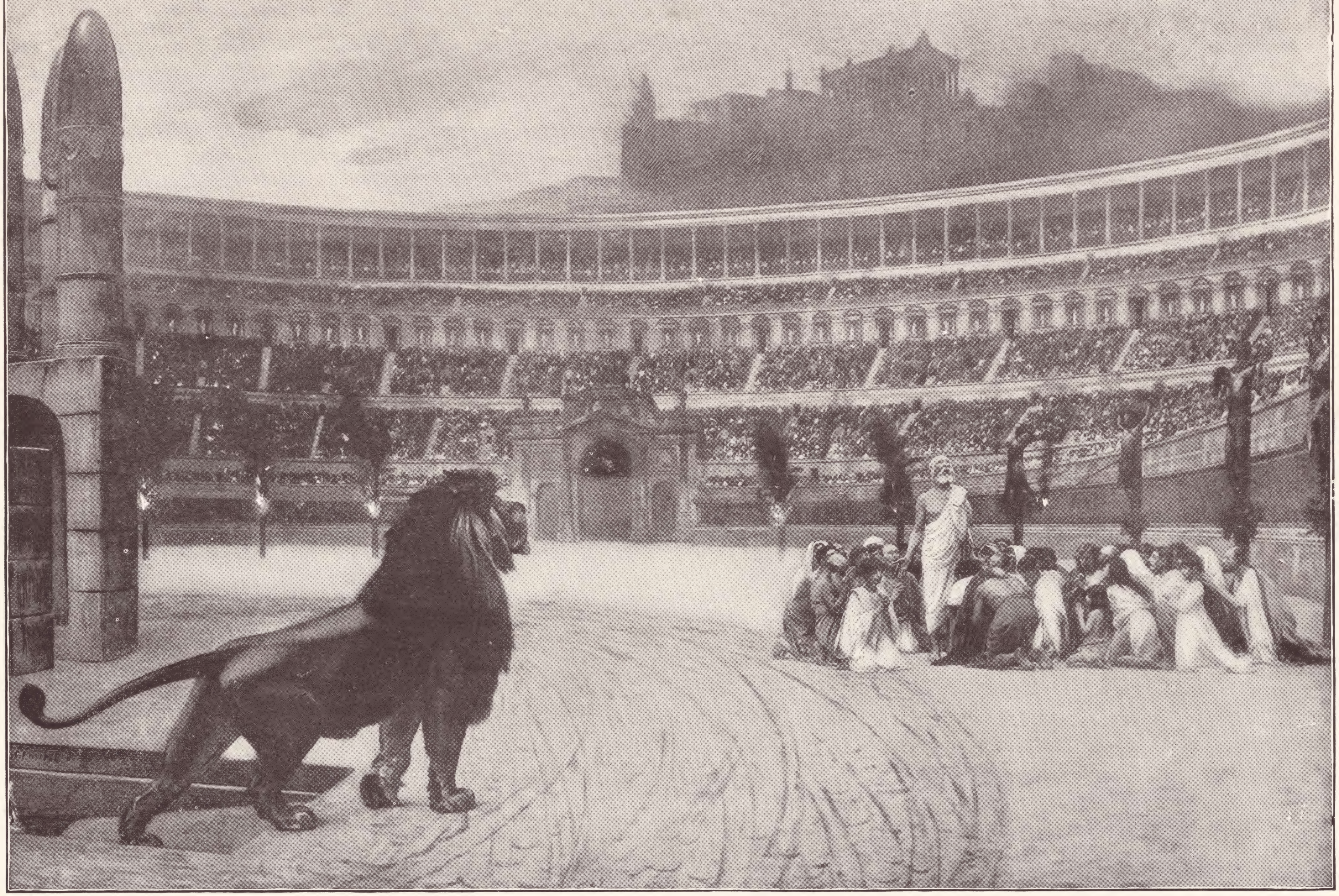
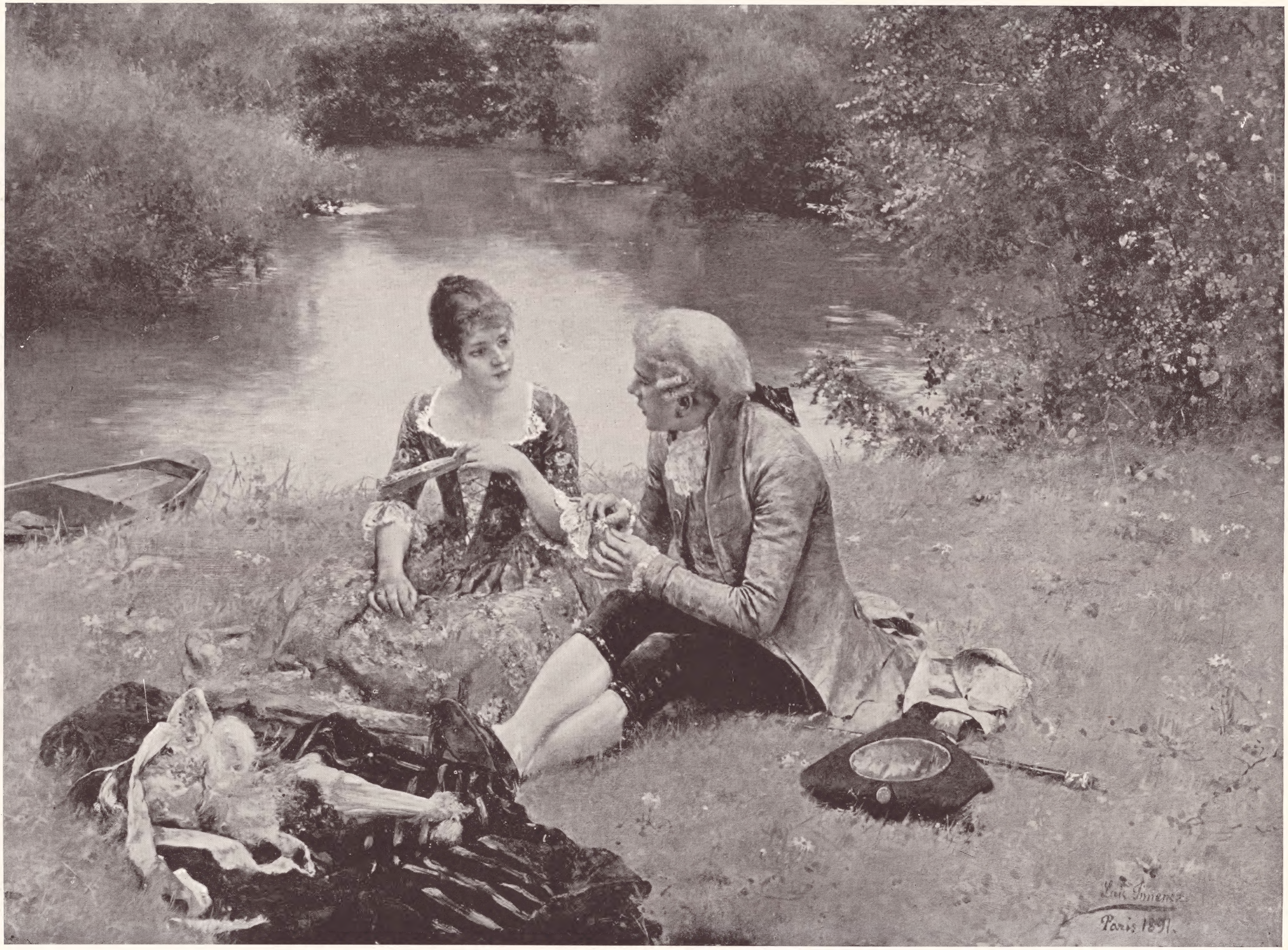


THE LAST PRAYER.

J. L. GEROME.

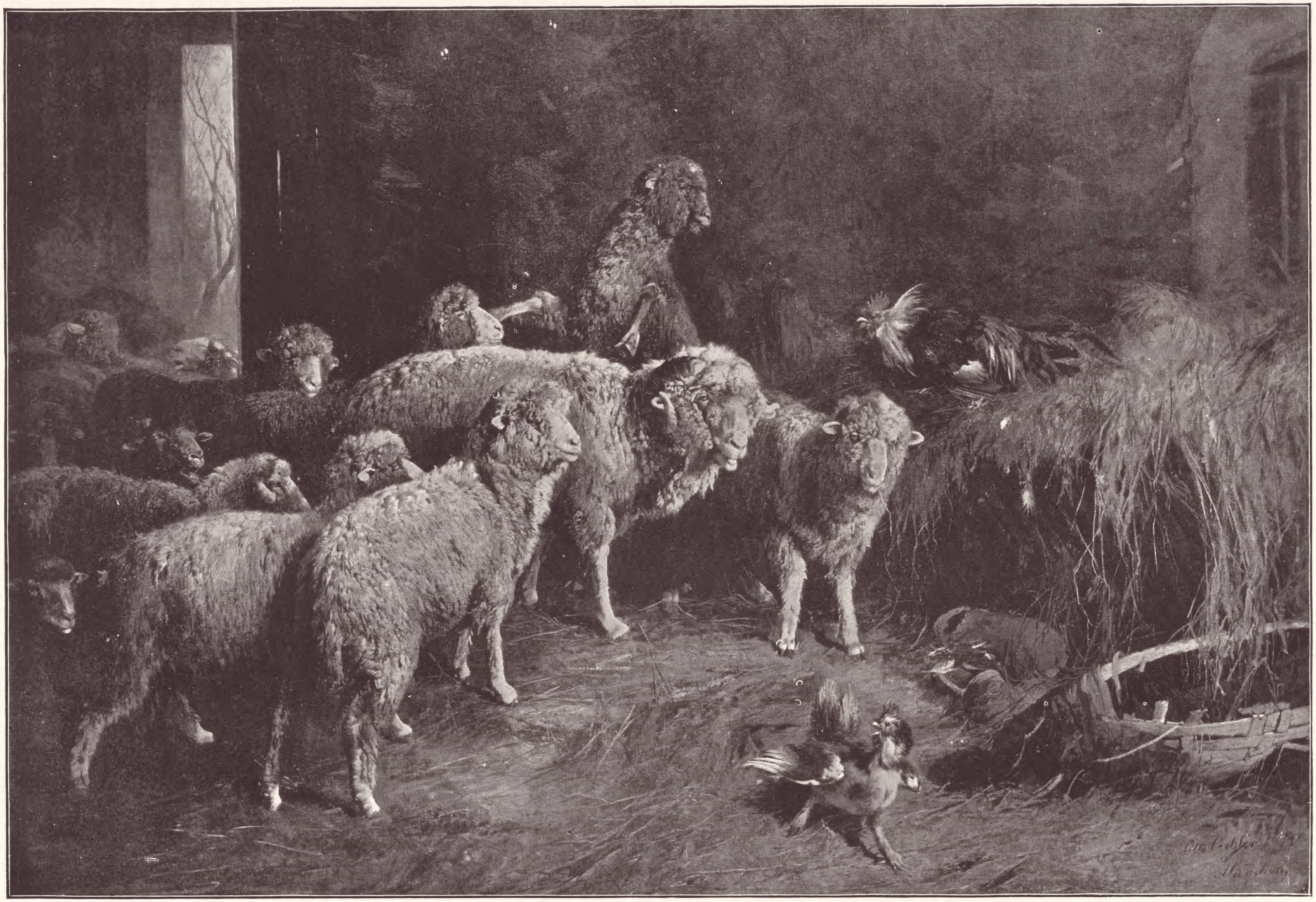
THE subject of this picture is at once classical and traditional It scarcely needs to be interpreted to the minds of any at all informed about the history of religion. It belongs more particularly to the history of the Christian faith and to the period of dreadful persecutions to which that faith was subjected at Rome. The world knows to what horrors the Christians were exposed. The bodily sufferings and forms of death to which they had to submit were more extreme than have been known in any other country, except in those where the mediæval Inquisition was instituted. Here, in a section of the prodigious Circus Maximus at Rome, with the Capitoline hill in the background, and the great turning posts around which the Roman chariots whirled in the races, at the left, a group of innocent victims, numbering a score or more, are in the agonies of the "Last Prayer." The great Numidian lion is ready to spring upon them. In the seatings of the amphitheater, twenty thousand spectators look down upon the scene; for to them it is royal sport. Several victims in the throes of crucifixion hang in a row, but most of them have been lighted as torches and consumed to a black mass of cinder and death. In this manner the Roman emperors sought in vain to extinguish a faith which, despised at first, became formidable by trial, and then triumphant over the Empire itself.



LOVE'S FORTUNE.

L. JIMINEZ.

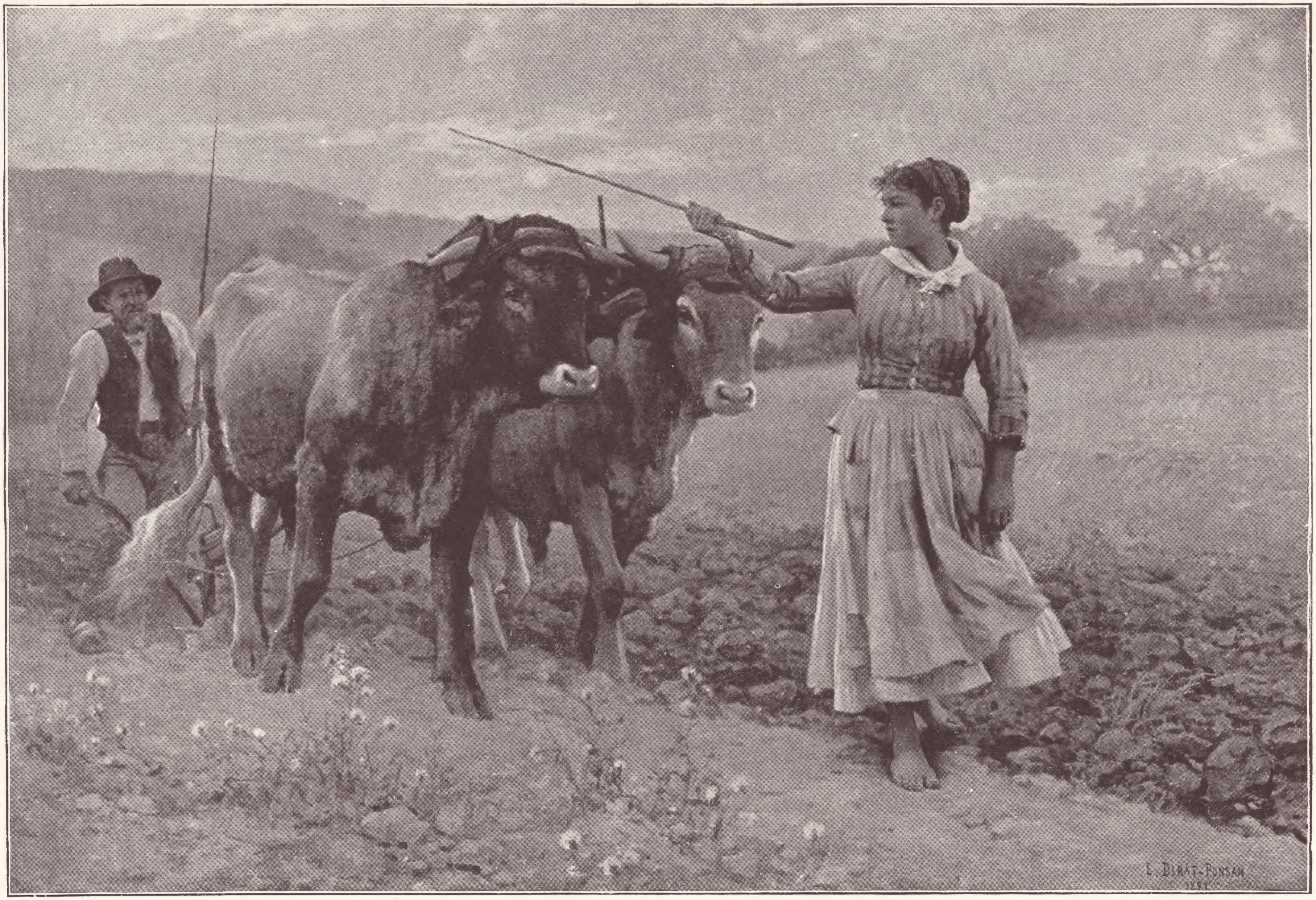
WHEN good Queen Anne held gentle sway, and life ran with a sweetness and a smoothness quite unknown to-day, love-making was a subtler thing, with more of dreaming and more of romance than it holds for us of a busier and more restless race. Dan Cupid, decked in velvet waistcoat and fine silken hose, lolled listlessly about and idly twirled his triangular head-gear unmindful of the morrow, and careless of time's hasty flight. In the days of powdered wigs and gay brocades, the lassies were a coy lot, and the youths arrayed in lace and satin made a brave and gallant showing. Of this quiet period the man and maiden of the pastoral scene here given are a part. Snugly sequestered in a charming nook upon the river's verdant bank, the sheen of sunlit water and the feathery foliage of trees and shrubbery forming a finely contrasting background for their brilliant costumes, the two figures play at the simple game of love. It is an earnest game for both, and the chances are that man and maid will leave the place equal winners in the fascinating contest. He is a cunning lover, this sturdy but exquisite gentleman of the picture, and he will win his way to the tender heart of his fair companion by enumerating her charms, one at a time, as he plucks apart, petal by petal, a full, round daisy. His is a dainty ruse, and may he conquer any opposition that rankles stubbornly beneath the lily-pale bosom of his pretty vis-a-vis. Assuredly all the world loves a lover, and doubly so a clever one.



A. GEBLER.

THE INTERRUPTED COCK-FIGHT.

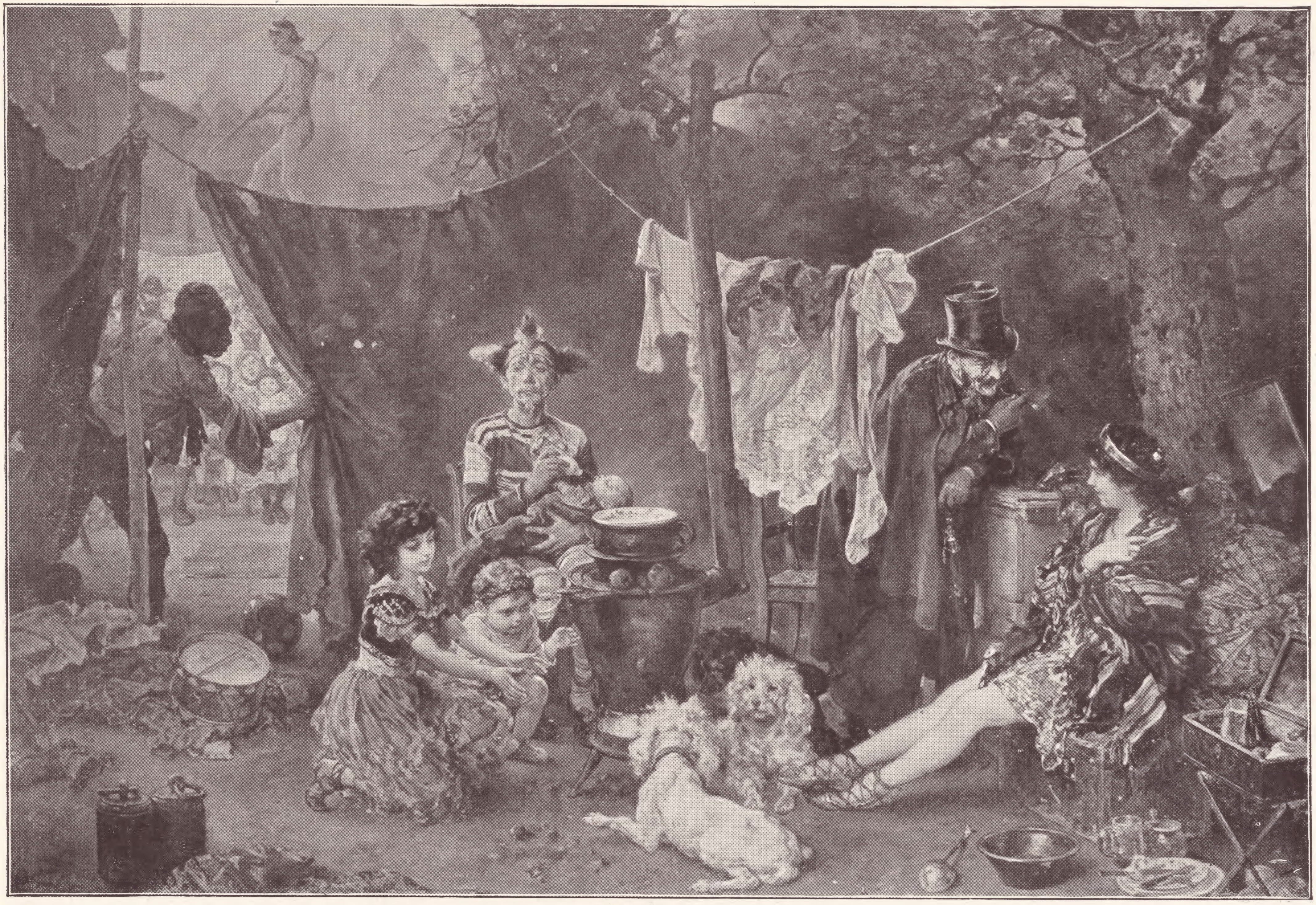
HERE is consternation in barnyard circles! And it is difficult to decide which are the more frightened—the cocks, whose settlement of a difference of opinion has been so unexpectedly interfered with, or the sheep, who find the peaceful haven into which they have been turned for the night the scene of such a deadly strife. At all events, the flock of sheep have unconsciously acted the part of peacemakers and a feather-flying tragedy has been for the time averted. But the intrusion even of so many great, woolly, four-footed beasts has not taken all the fight out of the furious "cocks of the walk;" for one of them stops in mid-flight to open his beak threateningly at the intruders, while the other, which has jumped upon the hay-bin, stands still on the defensive, and seems to dare the whole crowd to "come on." Thus do pride and fury obscure discretion Chanticleer's pugnacious demonstration seems to have produced its effect on one excited sheep, which rears in fright at the unexpected apparition. The rest are more sheepish in their calm and stupid wonder, though one or two in the rear of the flock, unable to see what causes all the commotion, bleat apprehensively. The early glow of the setting sun gleams through the open door by which the flock have found entrance, and from an unseen window towards the spectator it lights up the fleecy forms in striking chiaroscuro. Together with a goodly modicum of fun, this picture contains also some exceedingly good painting.



E. Debat-Pousan.

THE YOUNG OX TEAM.

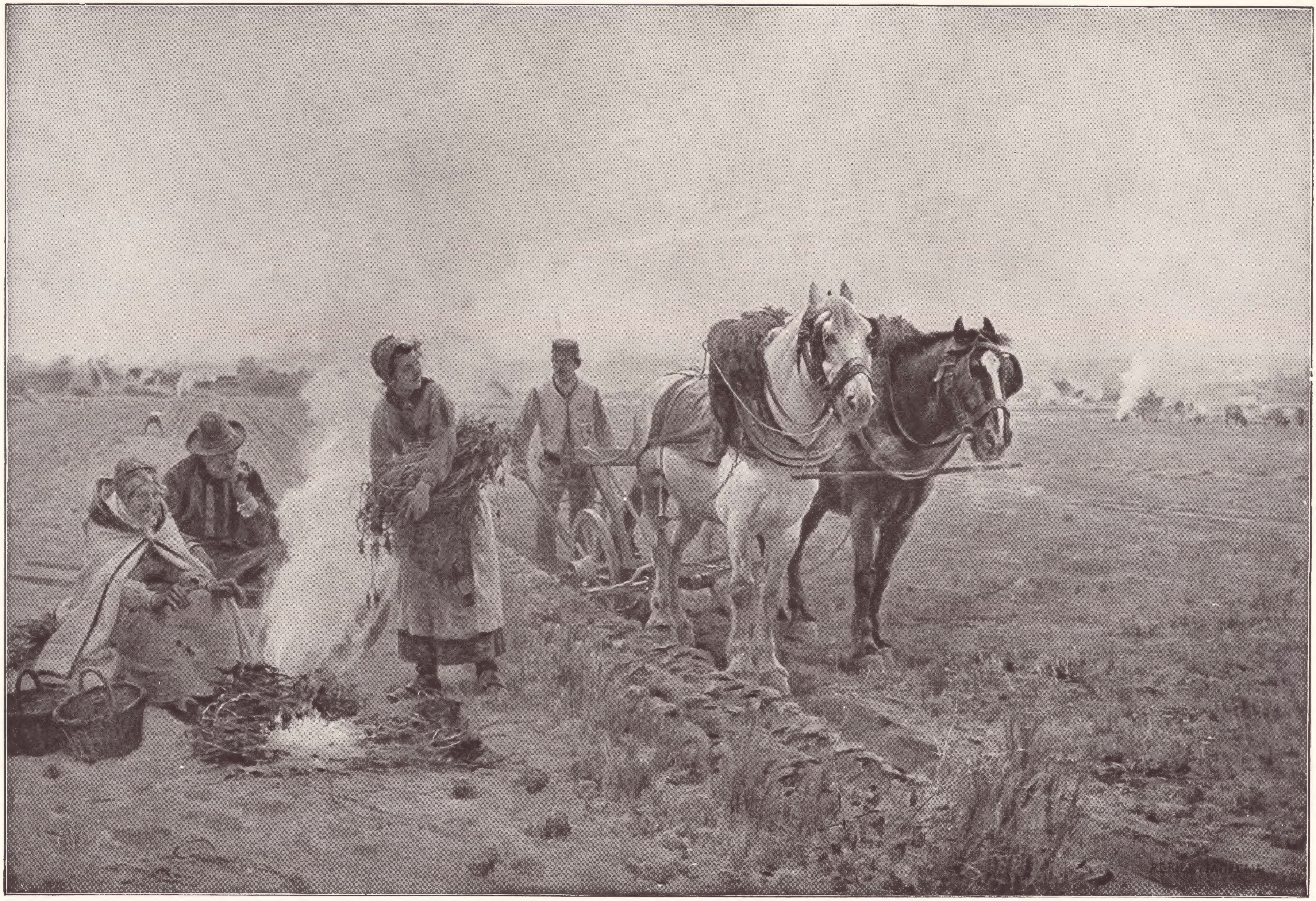
THE painter of this picture has followed his native instincts in both subject and treatment. This, if not French, is nothing. The barefooted woman with the goad; the young oxen, gentle enough, but not long since broken to toil, drawing by their horns instead of by yoke and neck; the ploughman, too, with his plough and slouch hat; the foreground of the field with wild flowers here and there; the distant landscape and half-cloudy sky, which may have been sketched from Picardy—what are all these but French? If the French have been able to put poetry into their soup, they have also been able to retain it in their farm life. About the latter there is less of the swine, and more of flower and fruit, than may be seen in almost any other country. Here, for example, is this ploughwoman. What should she be but a peasant? Look, however, at her hands and feet and face. Look at the comely manner she has treated her hair. Is it not easy to see that this woman, with nothing more than a slight trick of the stage, should become a lady? This young ox team has carried out into the field of toil all the adolescence and fragrance of calfhood. This robust ploughman is himself of the kind that never grow old, and are never out of love. Plough on, O swain and sweetheart, until the furrow of life is rounded up, the clod broken, the harvest gathered, and the gates open wide for the autumnal festival!



BEHIND THE SCENES.

LUDWIG KNAUS.

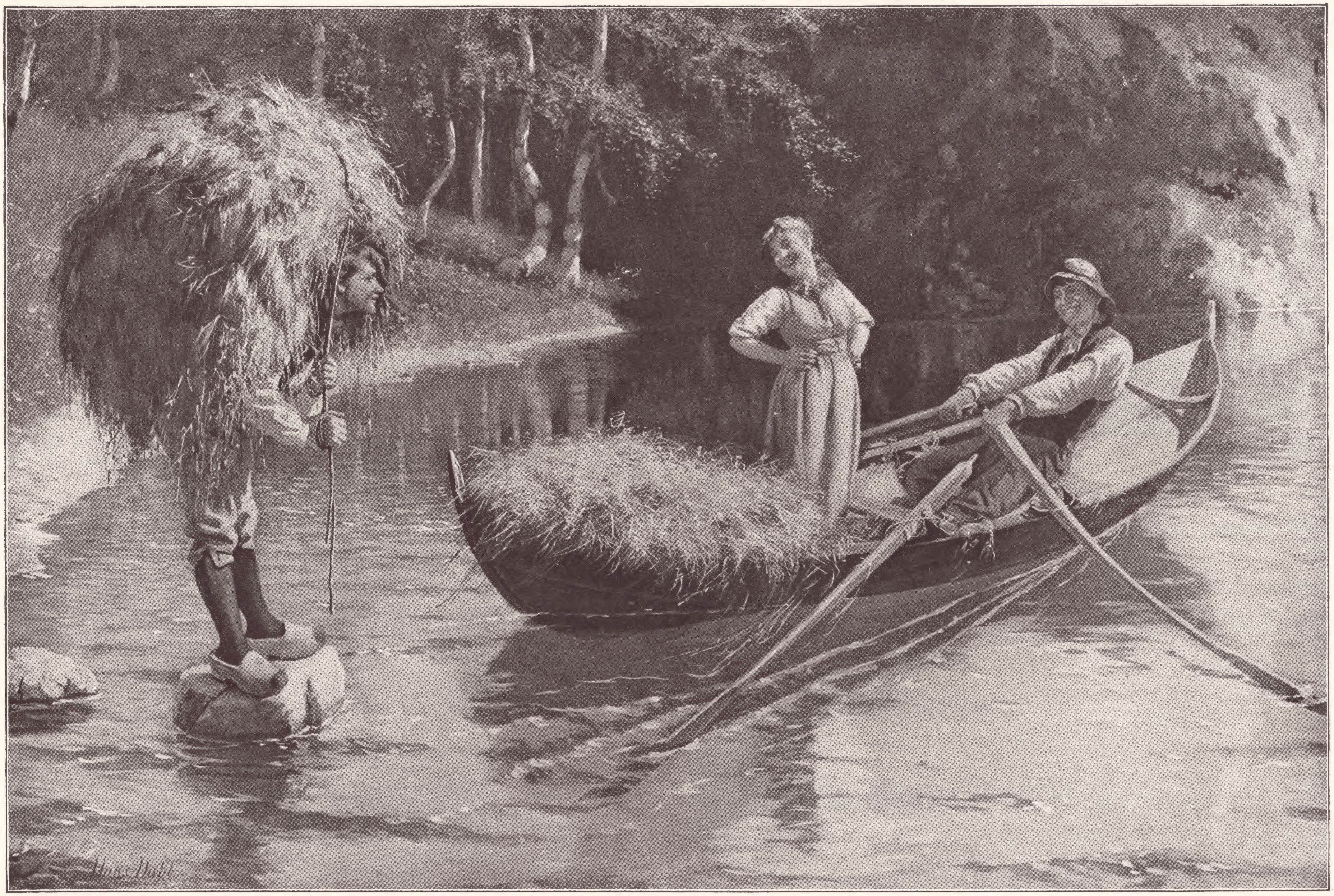
LUDWIG KNAUS is without question the foremost exponent of child life as it is in his native fatherland, Germany But in the present instance Mr. Knaus has wandered from his usual theme, and given us something of the grim humor of the itinerant fun makers—more common in the Old World than in the New. It is through the pathetic story of Punchinello that we learn the truth that a mountebank has a soul; that he is capable of loving and suffering like the rest of humanity. The crowd laughs at the grotesque antics and grimaces of the clown, cheers the daring rope-walker, applauds the pretty bareback-rider, and tosses pennies and confections to the baby acrobats of the show. The serious, domestic life of these people is sometimes pathetic, often tragic, and always more nearly noble than anything else. But the public must know nothing of this. In "Behind the Scenes," Knaus with his usual felicity has given a bravely true picture of the double existence of these wandering amusers. Here are a single family, and we discover them in a bit of brush set aside as a dressing-room. The performance is in progress. The father and husband in harlequin costume has just come panting from the ring. His infant son is in his arms. There is a look of weariness, almost misery, on the man's face. The mother, probably a trapezist, is awaiting her "turn," and, while she waits, flirts with a well-dressed stranger. Three trick dogs lie on the ground. Outside the crowd is cheering a tight-rope walker, the eldest son of this strangely gifted family. Two other children warm their tiny hands at the stove.



IN AUTUMN.

ADRIEN MOREAU.

THE country depicted has been brought to a high stage of cultivation. Along the horizon are seen many houses. There is a village or town in the distance. All the foreground, however, is a field of fallow land where the ploughman with his team of heavy horses is turning the soil There is the usual out-of-door aspect in the scene here delineated. A girl is gathering and burning weeds and sticks, such as impede the ploughing. The old father and mother, having their errands on the field, sit down and warm themselves, for the air is already chilled a little with the coming frost. This plowing is for the sowing of the winter wheat. There seems to be considerable difficulty in representing properly a furrowed and new-ploughed ground in art. The difficulty in this picture, however, has been mostly overcome. The meditative manner and attitude of the old man, the outstretched hands of his wife with her serious face, may be noted with interest; also the call and answer of the ploughman and his sweetheart. As he passes he desires, and she is willing, to exchange a few words on the subject that is nearest their hearts. It is easy to observe that the warm atmosphere of summer has been replaced with the bracing air of the October morning. The task of ploughing the field has just begun, only three furrows have as yet been drawn. The ploughman, in the act of turning the fourth, has stopped his horses opposite the fire. The aged couple do not notice it; but the girl, smiling as she does so, quickly turns her head.

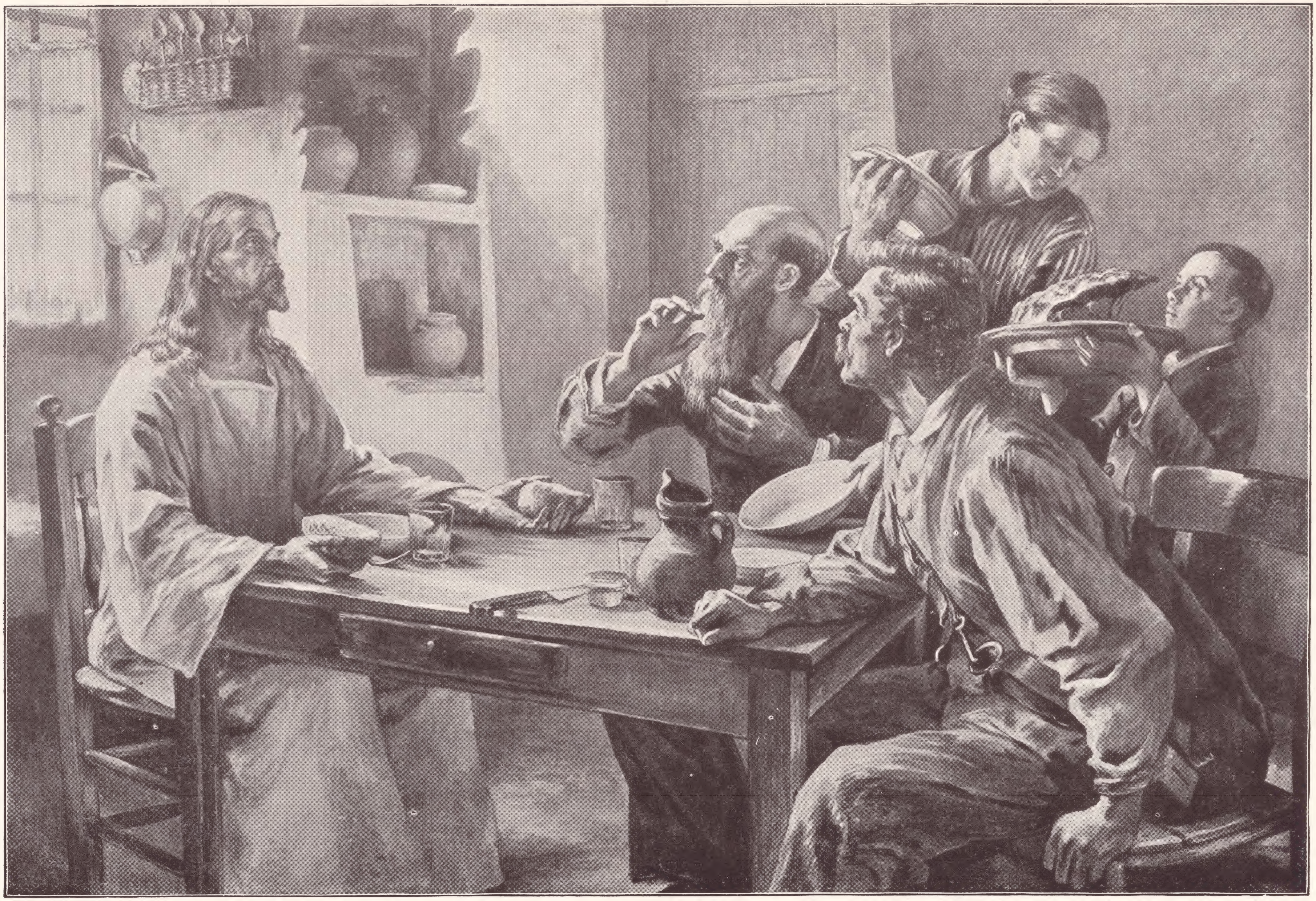


TOO LATE.

HANS DAHL.

THE work-a-day world is not all toil and trouble, but has its merriments and its joys for those who know how to find them. Possibly the youth who has failed to catch the last boat across the lake with his burden of hay has some difficulty in seeing just where the fun comes in. But before we waste any sympathy on him we must reflect that, in all probability, exact justice is being meted out in this little affair. Hans and Gretchen doubtless have their own reasons for being entirely willing to have the boat to themselves, though they would hardly have carried the joke so far as to leave the surly fellow in such a plight, had he not provoked their resentment by some clownish behavior in the hay-field during the day. These peasants have their little social affairs as well as others. Apart from the humor of the situation, there is much to enjoy in this delicious painting. It is a pleasant corner of the lake from which this long boat is gliding out towards the setting sun under the long, sweeping strokes of the vigorously plied oars. Midway between the discomfited and the victorious youth, the figure of the girl, artless in pose, and wholly given over to the enjoyment of the practical joke, is most agreeable to contemplate. Presently, as the boat gains headway, she will sink down upon the hay, and turn her back for good on the hapless victim, leaving him alone with his bitter reflections, bothered in his work and beaten in love.

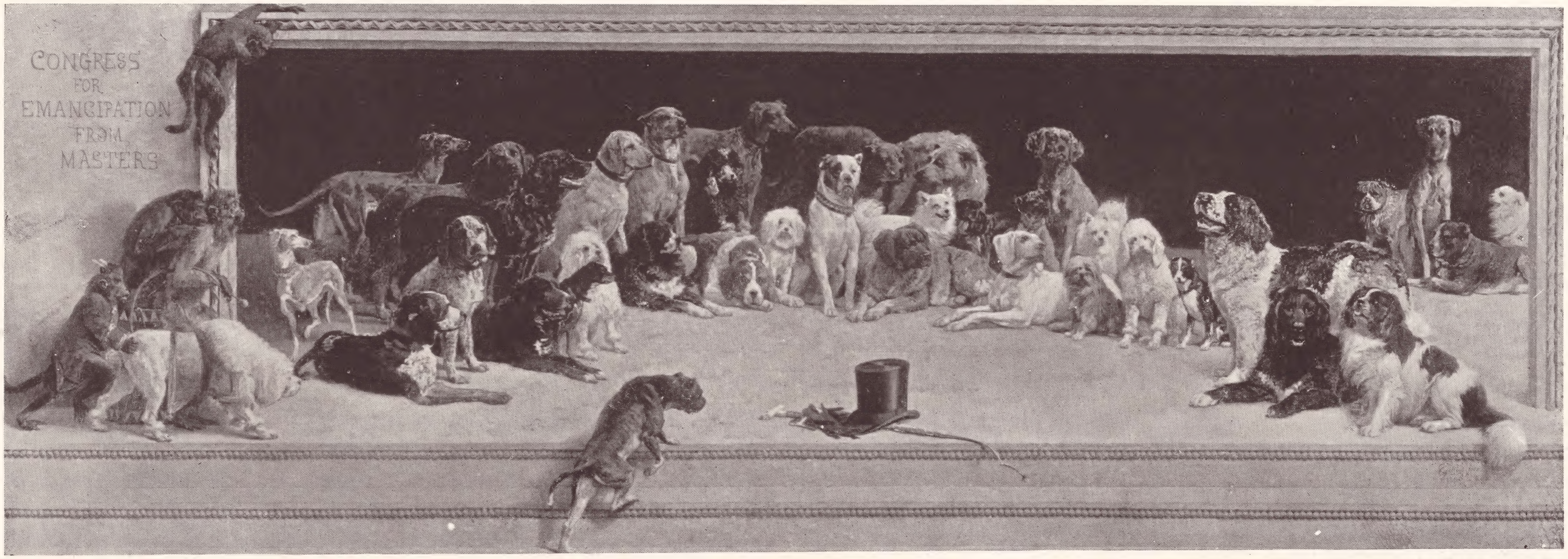
ART



L. A. L'Hermitte.

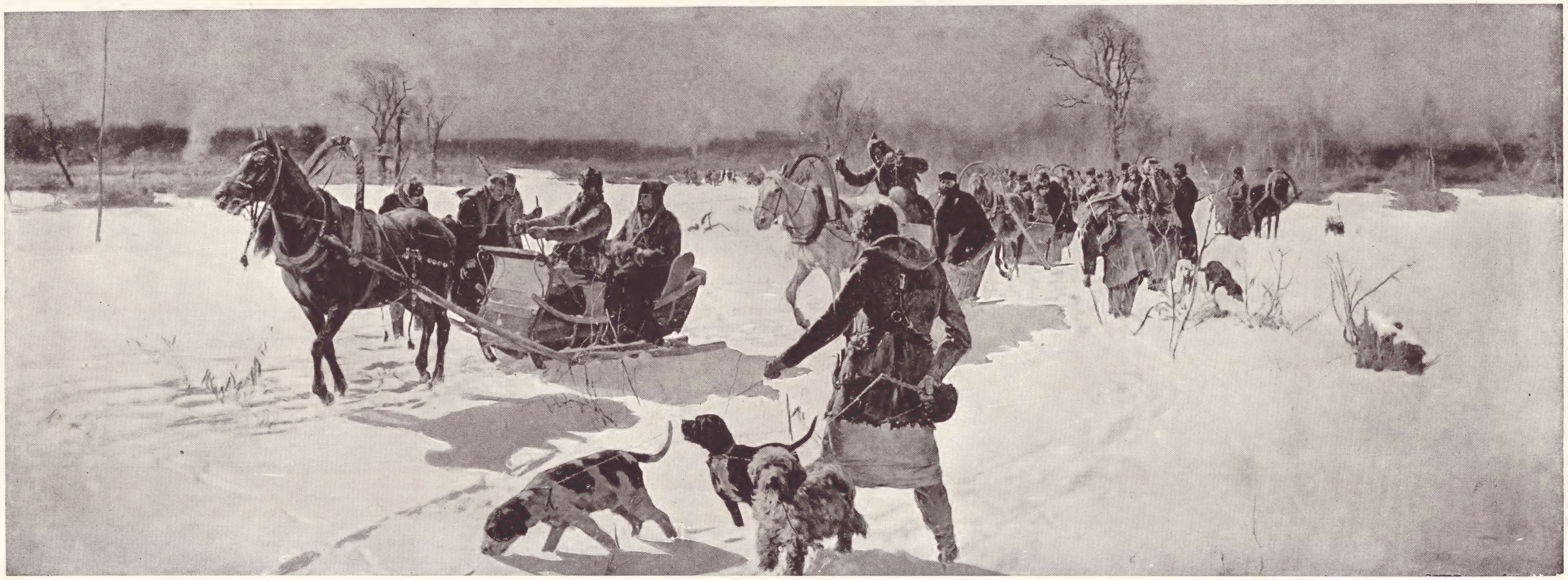
THE FRIEND OF THE LOWLY.

FROM the significant declaration in Luke's Gospel that Christ “was known to them (the disciples) in the breaking of bread,” our artist has apparently this theme. As Christ breaks bread and blesses it in this humble abode, the rude men who sit at the table with him seem to be startled into a recognition of his true character and mission. Perhaps they had thought of him heretofore as a being to be worshipped at a distance, in church or cathedral; or as one who was to be looked at wholly with respect to the future state, but who did not come near to men as a friend and helper in the struggles and sorrows of this present life. If such was their view, then Christ must have been grievously misrepresented to them. When he was upon the earth, he was much with the poor and needy, and “the common people heard him gladly.” What he then said to all he still says to us, “I am the bread of life.” L. A. L'Hermitte, the painter of the above striking picture, is a realist of very earnest spirit, as well as technical strength. His works have a notable ethical import. He was born in Mont-Saint-Pere, 1844.



CONGRESS FOR EMANCIPATION FROM MASTERS.

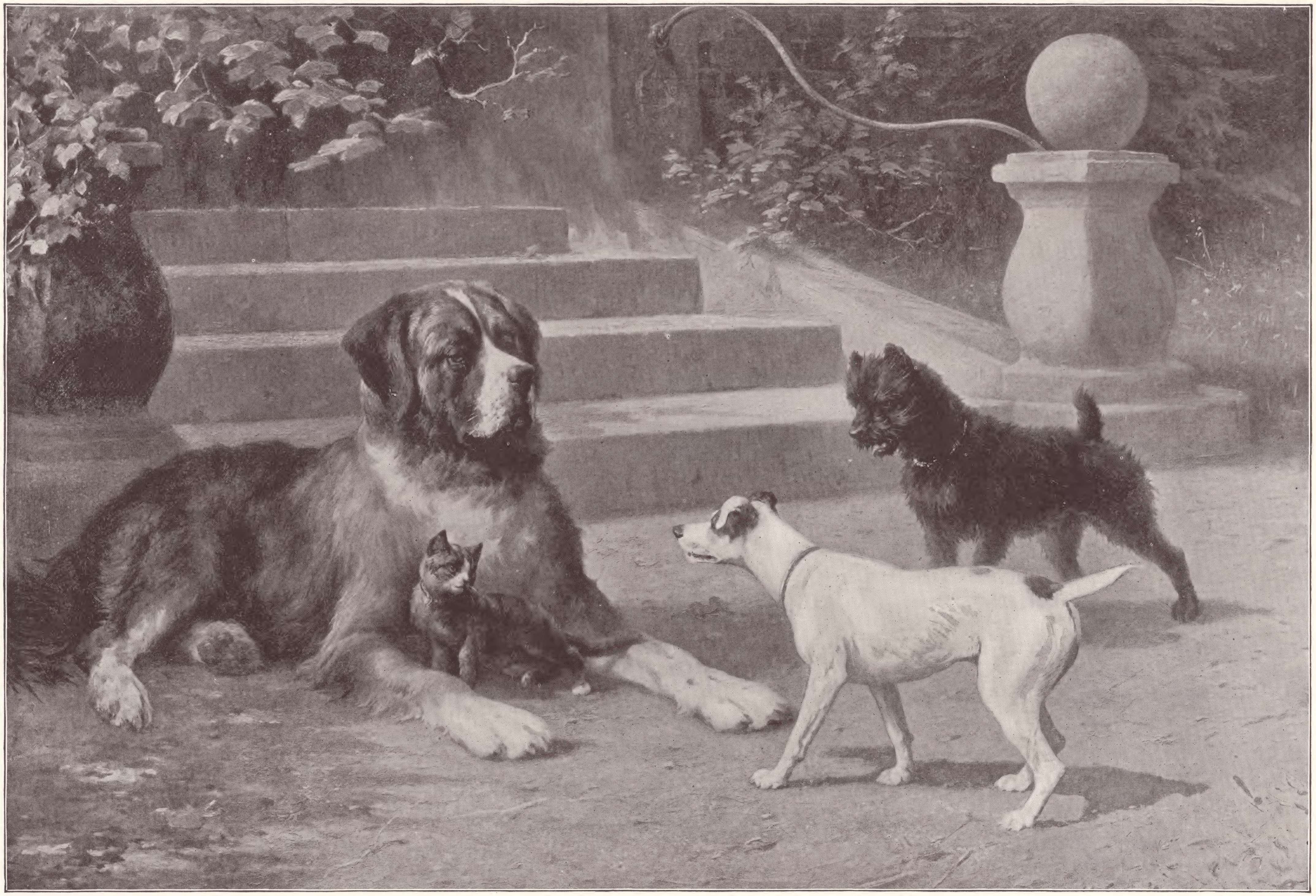
A. GILLI.



RETURN OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM FROM THE BEAR HUNT.

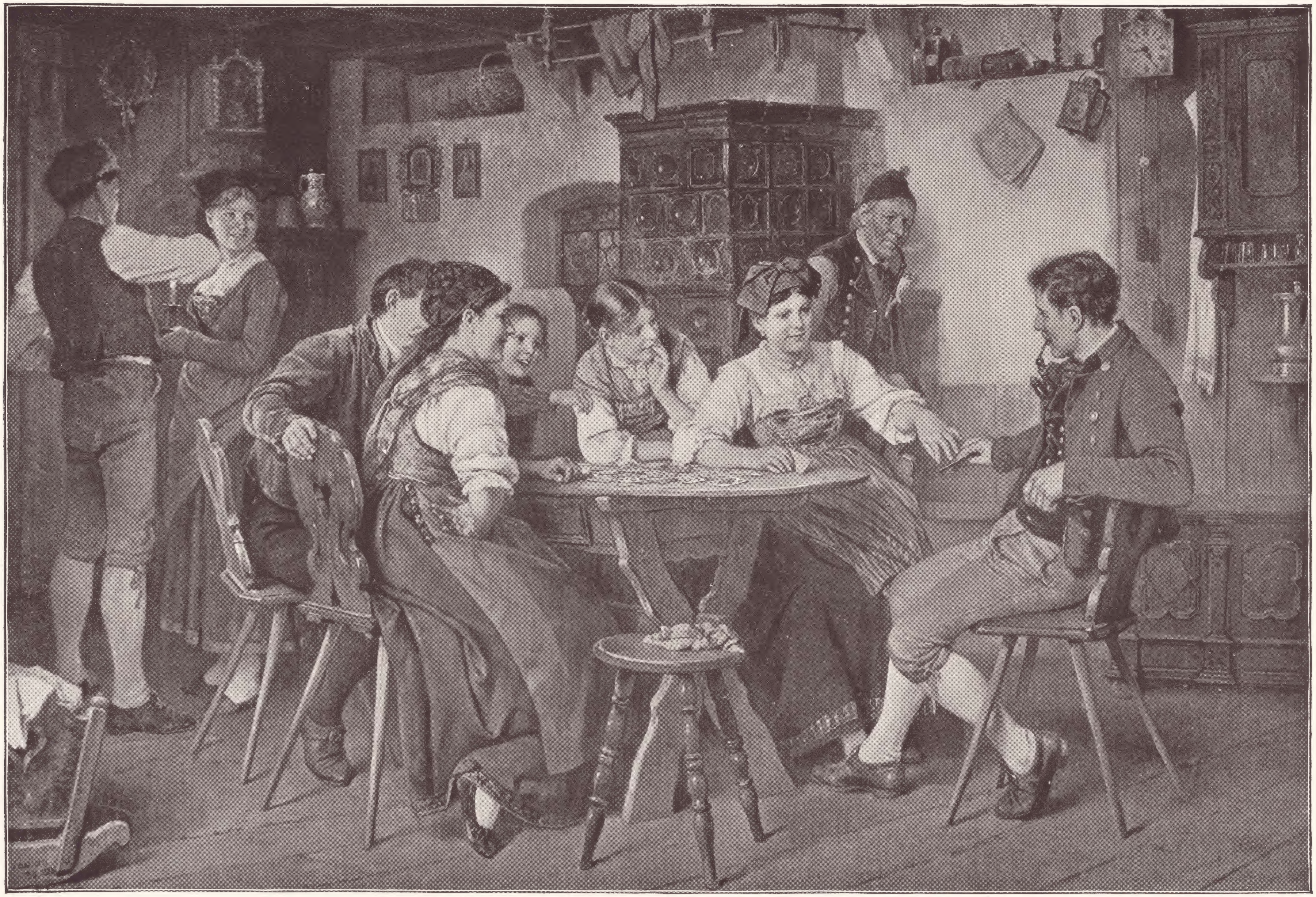
JULIUS FALAT.

THIS picture consists of two panels on different subjects and by different hands. In the first we have a remarkable conceit by Gilli, expressed in a congress of dogs considering the best methods of emancipation. The dogkind has become restless under the restrictions and limitations placed upon the species by the master race of man. This restlessness has grown into a social movement, leading at length to a convention of chief spirits in the interest of reform. The idea is that dogs in their several kinds have been oppressed and wronged, and the question now is how to abolish the evil, and institute a new order of peace and righteousness. This question the dogs are debating. In the center of the conclave the master's hat, cane and gloves, symbols of his despotism, are lying on the dais. The wish is that these emblems of tyranny shall be removed, but the fear of the master rests upon all his serfs, and they hesitate. In the second panel the artist has drawn a winter landscape, with sledges and hunters returning from the bear chase. The sleigh of Emperor William is the third in the procession. All are wrapped in furs. The horses are harnessed after the manner of Teutonic and Slavic countries. Notwithstanding the desolation of winter, there is evidence of hilarity and good cheer among these strong men returning from the haunts of the bear.



RESCUED. H. Sperling.

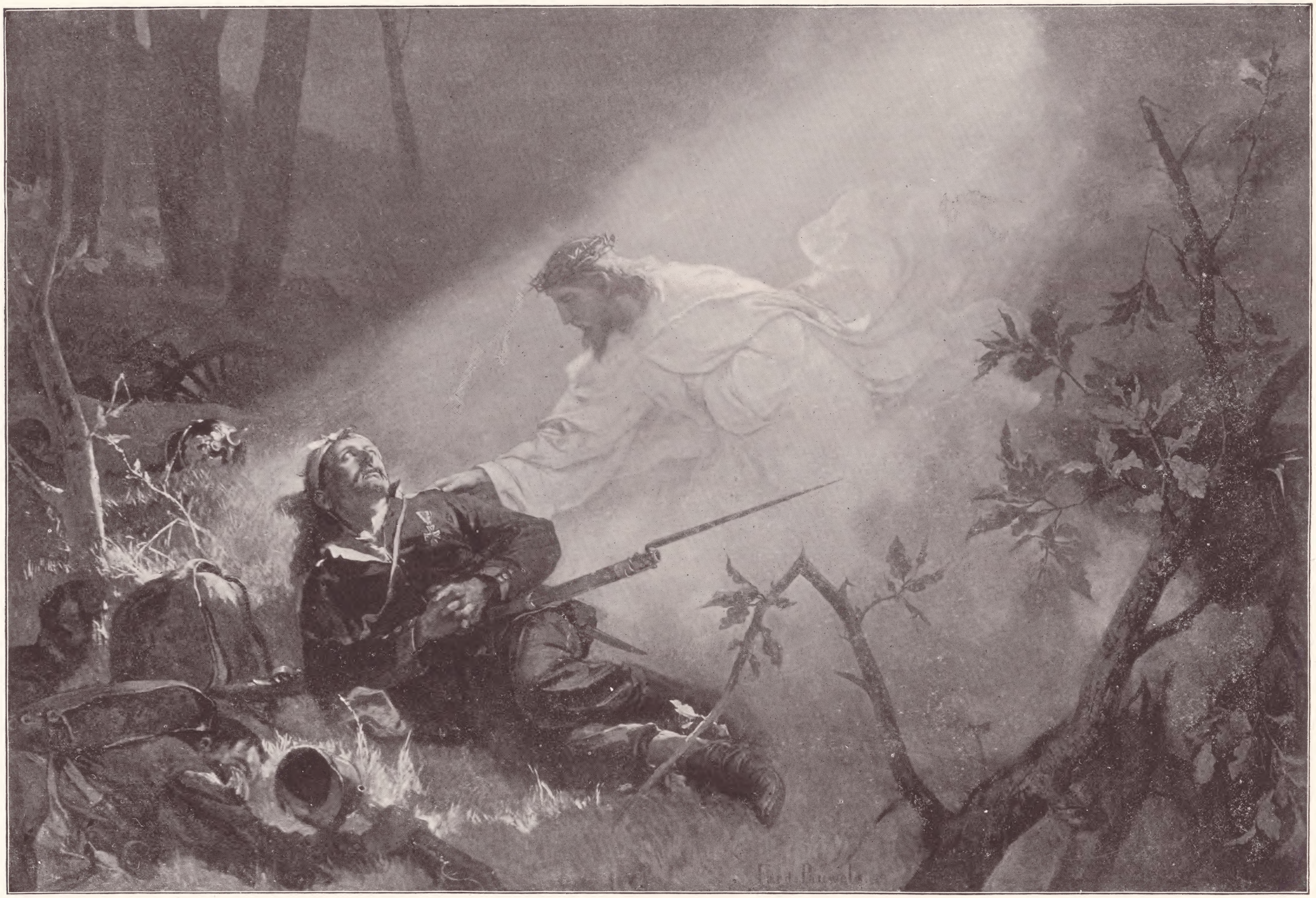
THIS is a study of character—not necessarily animal character, for the young hound and the young terrier might as well have been graceless scamps of boys, alive with the sporting instinct, which is quite a human quality; and the dignified old master some protecting dame or member of the Humane Society. The cat need not be metamorphosed, for Pussy is the game of boys as well as of dogs, and, indeed, anything that loves to chase a good runner, a skillful dodger, and altogether a difficult quarry. Pussy seldom gets so hard pressed as she evidently has been here. She is usually quick at finding havens where she is safe, unless the course is too open, as it must have been for her to seek sanctuary between the paws of this kindly monster. At another time her back would have arched high at his approach; but in this case she had only a choice of evils before her. Yet she was enough of a character-reader to know that this great fellow's dignity would assert itself in the presence of these flippant triflers of his race, and that she might safely seek his protection under cover of his habitual tendency to rebuke their reckless and wanton puppyishness. There is something delicious in their baffled rage at the consciousness of their impotence, and something superb in his calm and stately acceptance of the responsibility of power in the presence of weakness—delightfully forgetful as he is of the fact that he was once young and sportive himself, and hunted many a feline in his day.



BENJAMIN VAUTIER.

"PLAYING AT CARDS."

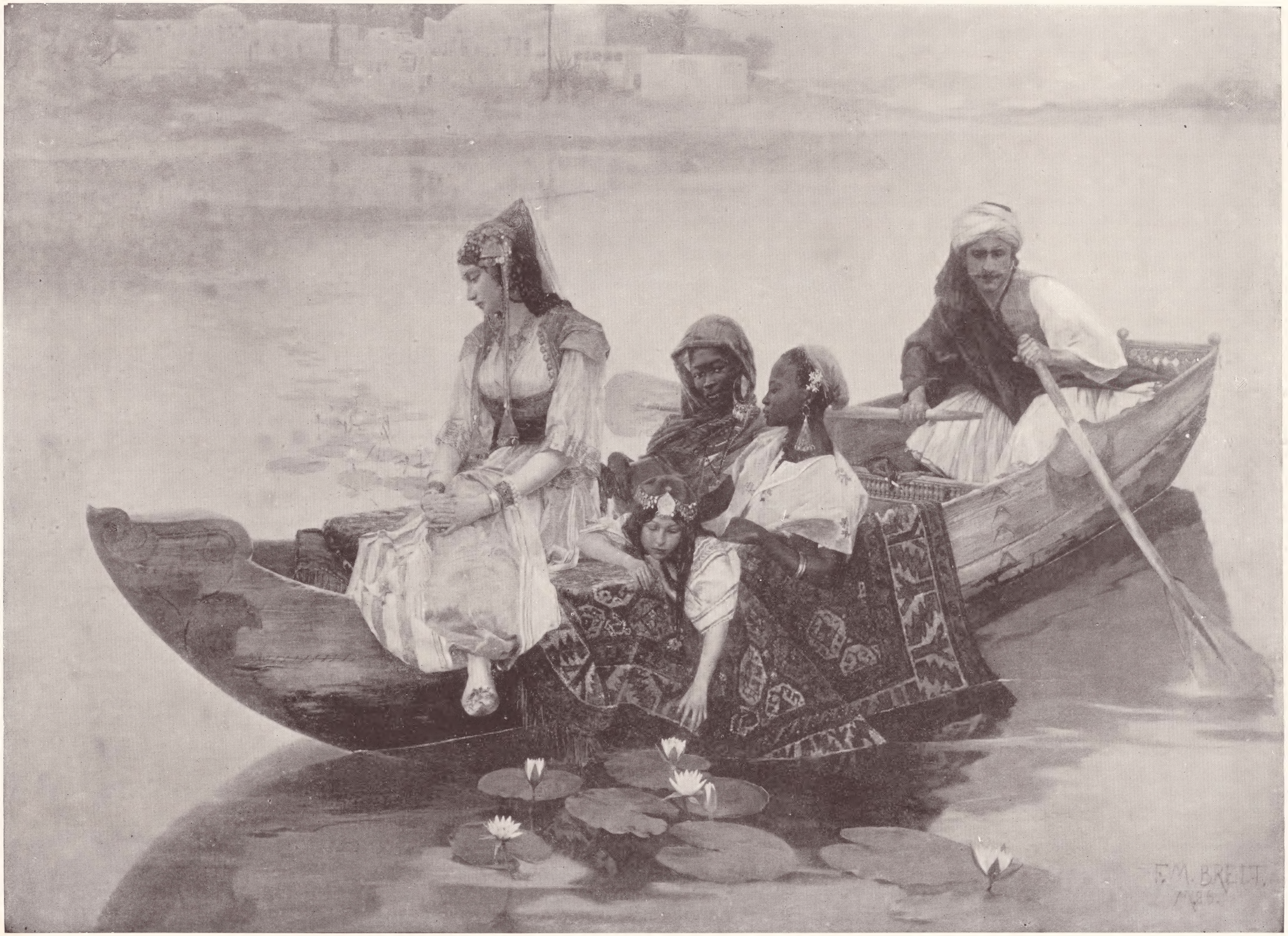
IN this picturesque scene of rustic merriment the story is easily read. Something more than a winning hand rests upon the choice of the buxom peasant girl who is about to draw a card from the hand held out by the swain, who is perhaps assuming his appearance of perfect composure to mask a feeling of concern. Two other couples, whose love-making is in progress, watch the outcome with lively interest. A sister of the heroine, who has arrived at years of consciousness, takes the situation seriously; while a younger, still a child, sees in the whole affair simply a chance for merriment. Meantime, the old father looks on benignly The scene may be laid in the German Tyrol, where the weather proves the value of thick walls and high-tiled stoves. Of the many honors which Benjamin Vautier has received in the sixty-four years since his birth at Morges, we need cite only his membership in the Academies of Berlin, Munich, Antwerp and Amsterdam, and the medals awarded him at Berlin and Paris, and the presence of his pictures in the National Gallery at Berlin, and in museums like those of Bale and Cologne. Many American collections, like that of the late W. T. Walters of Baltimore, have had examples of his ability in interpreting the pleasures and sorrows of every-day peasant life in various parts of Germany.



FERD. PAUWELS.

HE THAT SEEKETH, FINDETH.

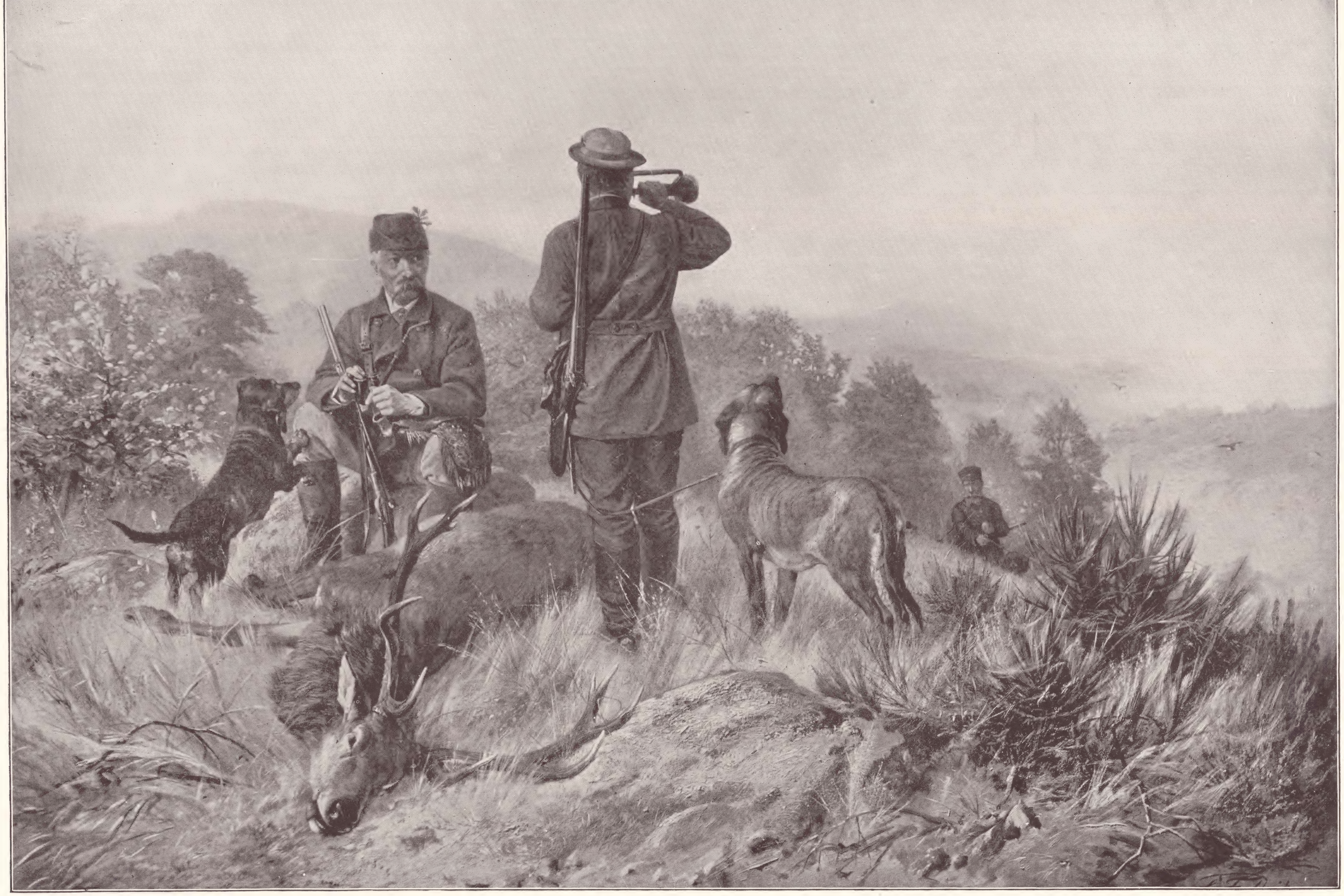
THAT the popular idea of a battlefield represents only one side of it, and that the least dreadful one, is well known to every soldier. The exciting work of actual conflict is brief, and less trying than the weary hours of waiting that precede it, or than the grim silence that follows broken only by the cries of the wounded and dying. During the battle the soldier is sustained by the presence of comrades, the inspiration of the charge, and the keen activity of every faculty, physical and mental. But when the night falls, and the wounded hero is alone with his thoughts, weakened in body, and with tired nerves unstrung, his mind turns to the solemn concerns of life and of death. If at such a time he has his faith to fall back on, and his spirit may seek communion with a spiritual leader, the sordid considerations of a cruel and selfish world are displaced, and the unhappy lot of the wounded and deserted man is lightened by the consciousness of a radiant Presence that stands every ready to answer the cry of the soul. This eternal lesson has been taught by the painter of this peaceful midnight scene on the field so lately given over to carnage. The suffering soldier is roused from the lethargy of despair to behold the shining vision of a glorified though thorn-crowned Saviour. In the extremity of the man has come the opportunity of the waiting Redeemer, and the soldier's look of pitiable surprise is the welcome He receives.



BREDT.

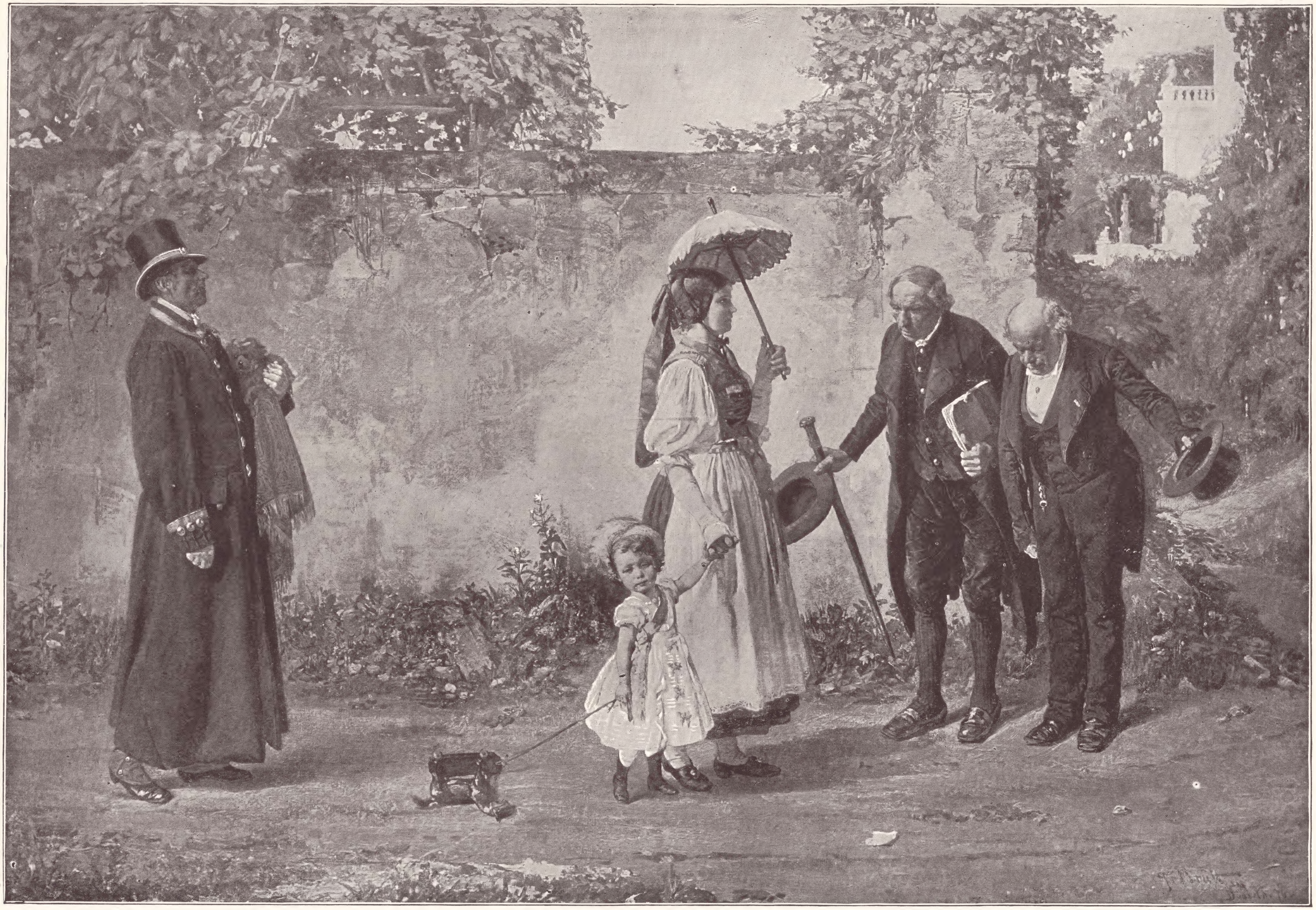
ARABIAN LADY BOATING.

THE artist Bredt here presents us with a charming type of an Arabian lady, which is undoubtedly an idealized portrait of the highest type, in which every detail, from the luxuriant, raven-black hair to the filmy drapery that veils the shapely arms, is rendered with a delicately sensitive hand. He shows her to us in profile, with a tender background, her fair face rather pensive in its expression, and her downcast eyes softened by the tenderness of dreams. She gazes into the river, whose water mocks the sky with flashes of opal and pearl. The African servitors sit behind with complacent ease, while the Arab boatman steadies his oar to let the little maid gather the lotus flower for which she is reaching. In the drapery which trails over the side of the boat, the artist has carried the painting of texture and coloring to a high degree of perfection. The landscape is veiled in a transparent vapor and the mystery of the hour is in the air, and spreads through the picture a sentiment of complete repose and security from the rude disturbance of worldly brawls, embodying an idealization of ''Araby the blest.''



IN AT THE DEATH.

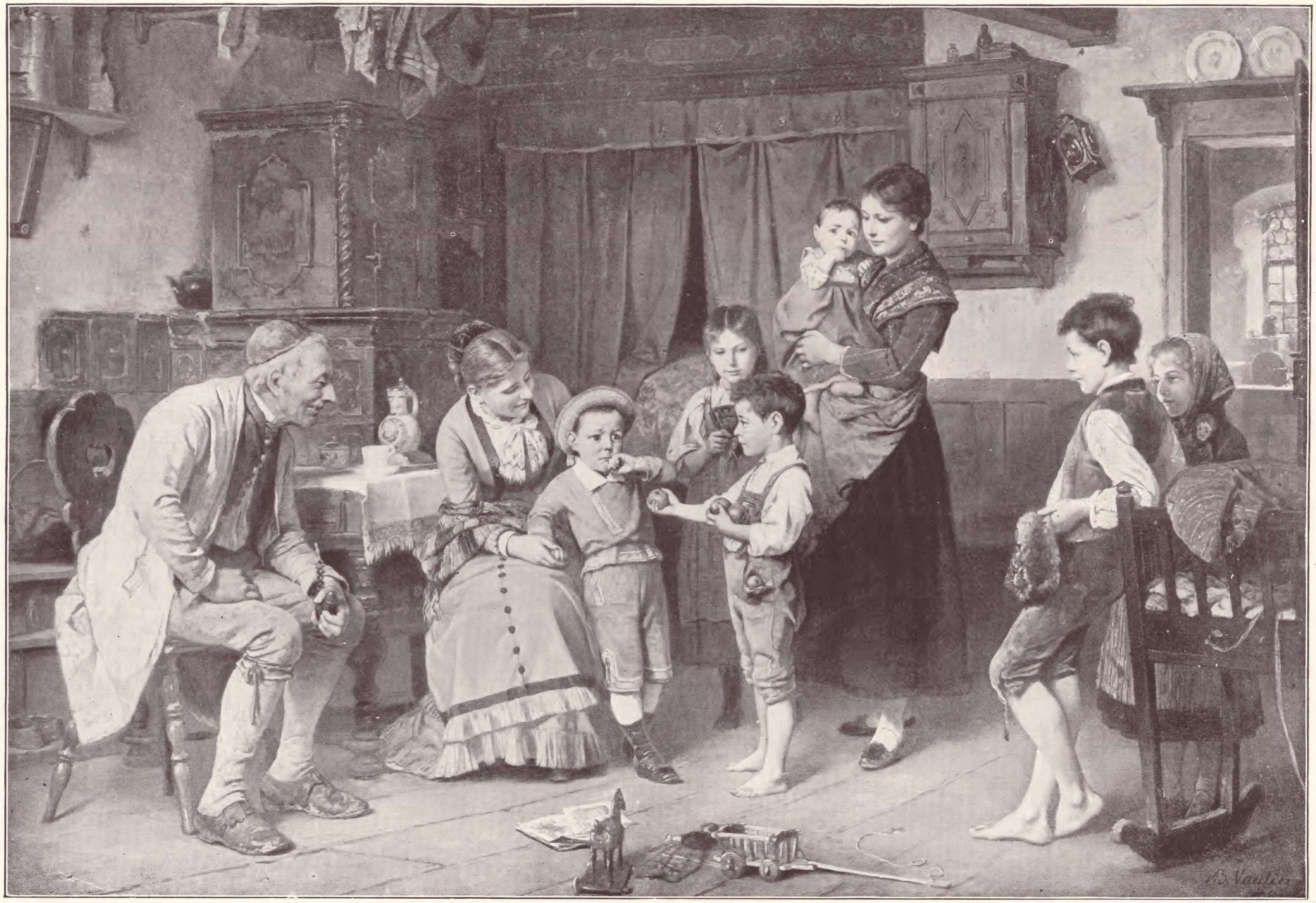
THE chase is ended. The noble quarry has been run to the death. The huntsman blows upon the horn the triumphant signal, pregnant with meaning to his less fortunate fellows who have lagged behind. A keen disappointment to one of them, at least, for another moment would have brought him also in at the victorious termination of the hunt. The dogs share in the victory of their masters, and while one of them stands panting to greet the late comers, another is begging for the reward of a word of commendation or an approving pat on the head. The splendid stag lies stretched upon the long, coarse grass of the mountain-top, to which he has led the hunters in their eager chase. There is something melancholy in the spectacle of so fine a fellow brought to earth; and yet he is only fulfilling his highest destiny. Soon he will be food for hungry men, the famished lords of creation; and already he has given a zest to their appetites by leading them a chase for which they will remember and honor him as long as stories of the hunt go their perennial rounds among the wearers of the green. It is not unlikely that, as the story of this particular chase gathers new details from year to year, the proportions and prowess of this very stag will become augmented, limited only by the size of his antlers, which will be preserved and remain a permanent witness to the exact truth.



THE COUNTRY'S HOPE.

F. BRUTT.

THIS picture is wholly and thoroughly German. It shows the respect which even old age and rank are bestowing on some young prince, led abroad for his outing by the nurse, and followed by a guard and protector. The young fellow has been drawing his hobby-horse along in the usual manner; but the insensate effigy has fallen over in the road. There is, however, too much ceremony hereabouts to permit of any notice of the incident. The scene may have been sketched from one of the walks of Heidelberg or Weimar. The two well-dressed and polite old men may be professors out of the university, or probably one is a professor and the other a regent. They are old in service, but their minds are still vigorous, and their manners above reproach. This includes loyalty to the little prince. In America the "country's hope" is every well-born child of whatever rank and station, but in the graded society of Europe, deference is given according to blood and kinship. Note well the bearing of the guard, who, in his long coat and silk hat and armful of wraps, walks respectfully *en militaire* behind "The Country's Hope." Let us all "hope" that when this scion of a noble race reaches manhood he will not disgrace royalty by indulging in the various forms of dissipation so common among princes and kings in all ages



THE CITY COUSIN. B. VAUTIER.

HOWEVER the city-bred man may excel his country relations in easy intercourse with his fellow men, the country small boy has an advantage over the city small boy by virtue of his less restricted bringing up. The children of the city and country branches of a family are here brought together for the first time. The honest-hearted little countryman very frankly makes friendly advances. In his simple ingenuous life there have been no experiences that would prompt him to do otherwise. But the little city boy has lived in terror of all strange faces, especially of strange boys, and he has had reason to "fear the Greeks, even when they bring gifts." He shrinks back to the protection of his mother's knee, and appears socially at a great disadvantage with his straightforward country cousin, in spite of his good clothes and his well-shod feet. Possibly he is not accustomed to see respectable boys going barefoot and without coats. Approached in the city by such a boy, he would expect to get a "licking" and lose all his marbles and other valuables, such as are treasured in that *omnium gatherum*—a boy's pocket. But he will soon get over that when he learns what a good heart shines through those honest black eyes, and he will soon be begging his mother to let him, too, run barefoot and have all the good times his new-found cousins can give him. The members of the family gathered round are very much interested in this effort to establish friendly relations, and look to see the apple of peace accepted.

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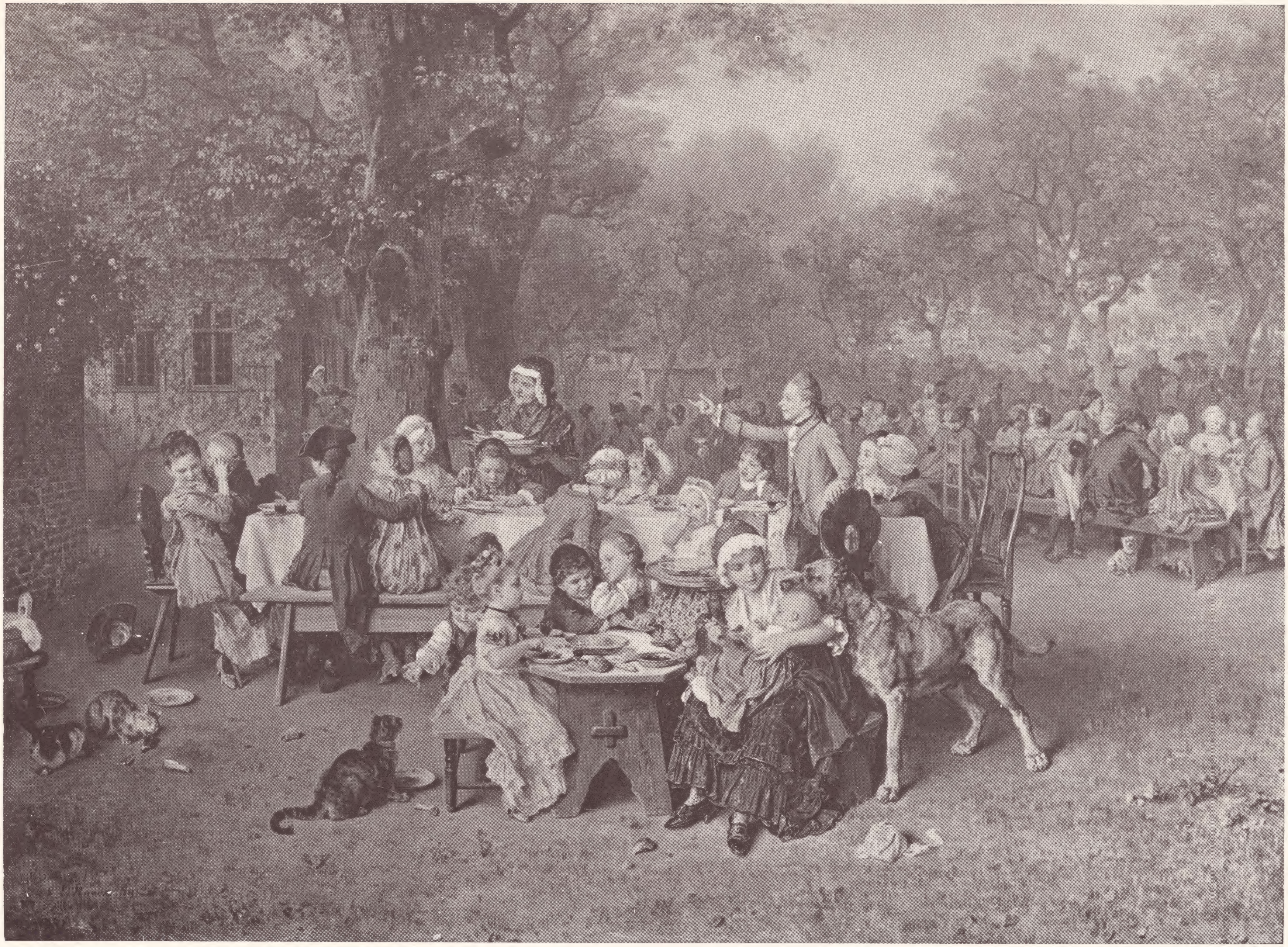
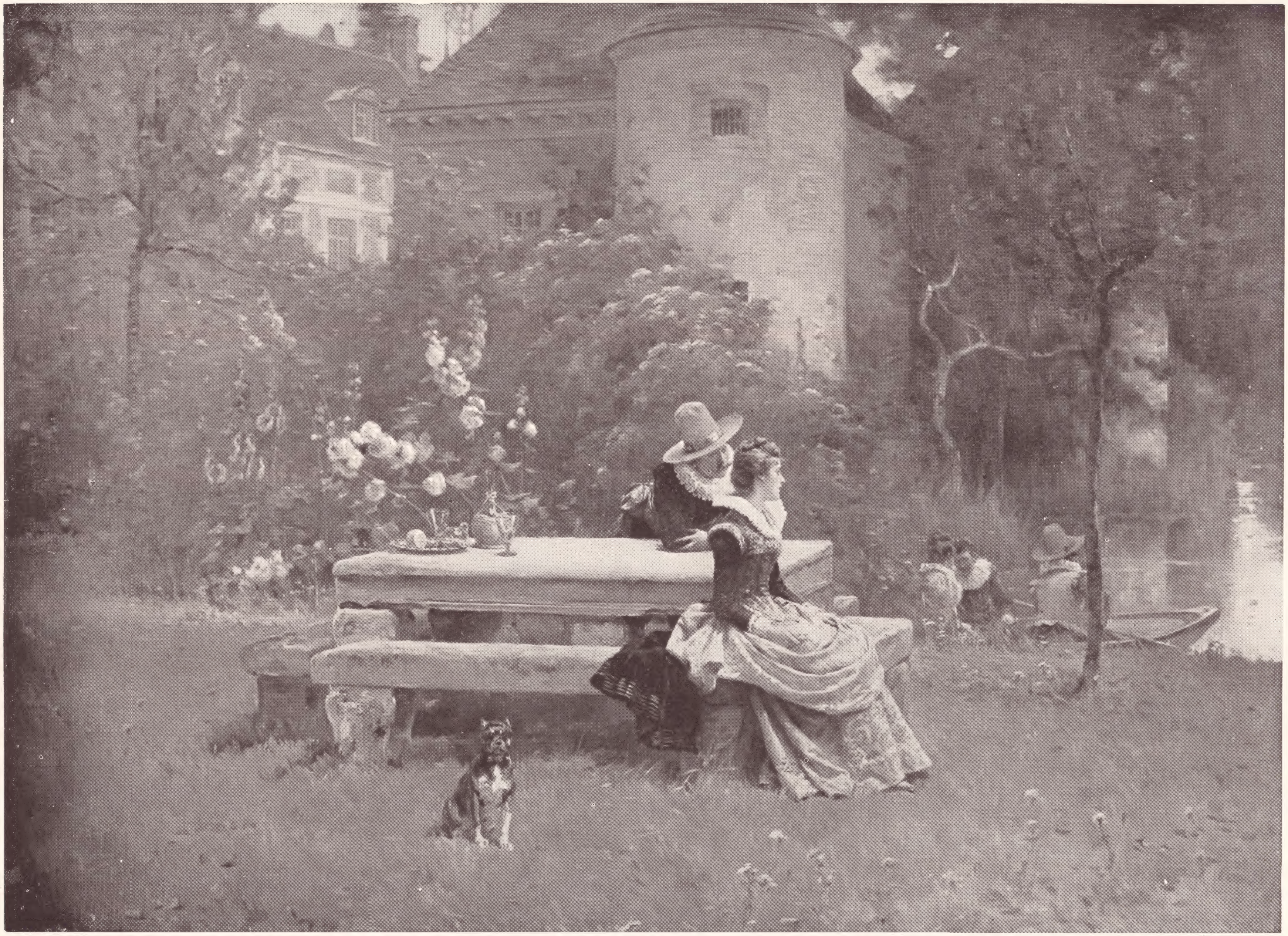


"AS THE OLD, SO THE YOUNG."

LUDWIG KNAUS.

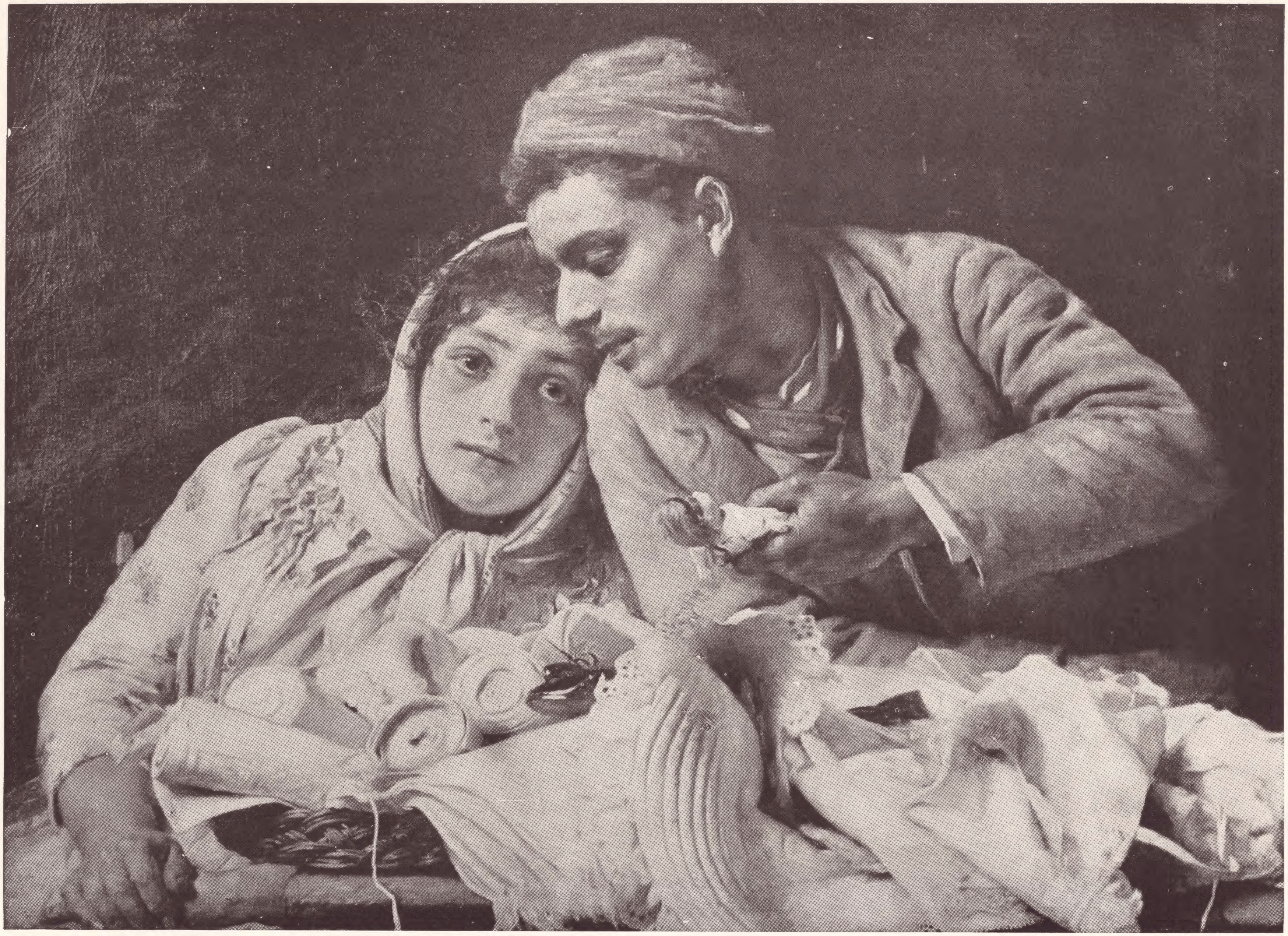
IT has been said that men are but children of a larger growth. Here is a charming scene of festivity which shows how much of truth the thought contains. The occasion is that of a fete or family reunion, and a repast has been prepared for young and old in the open air, under the trees. In the distance are the tables at which the older people are enjoying a bountiful dinner, and near them is a band of musicians who have taken their places in the shadow of the trees. In the foreground are the tables set apart for the children. The feast is nearly completed, and that exhilaration, which always comes from dining in the open air, from the music and the wine, has captured both the little ones and their elders. It will be seen that the enjoyment of the children is the counterpart of that of their parents, save that they with their youthful spirits enter into it with greater zest. Their mirth and their manners as well are but a slight exaggeration of those of their fathers and mothers nearby. It was a happy thought of the artist to make the similarity more apparent by representing them in the costumes of a period when the fashions for young and old were alike.



IN THE PARK.

ADRIEN MOREAU.

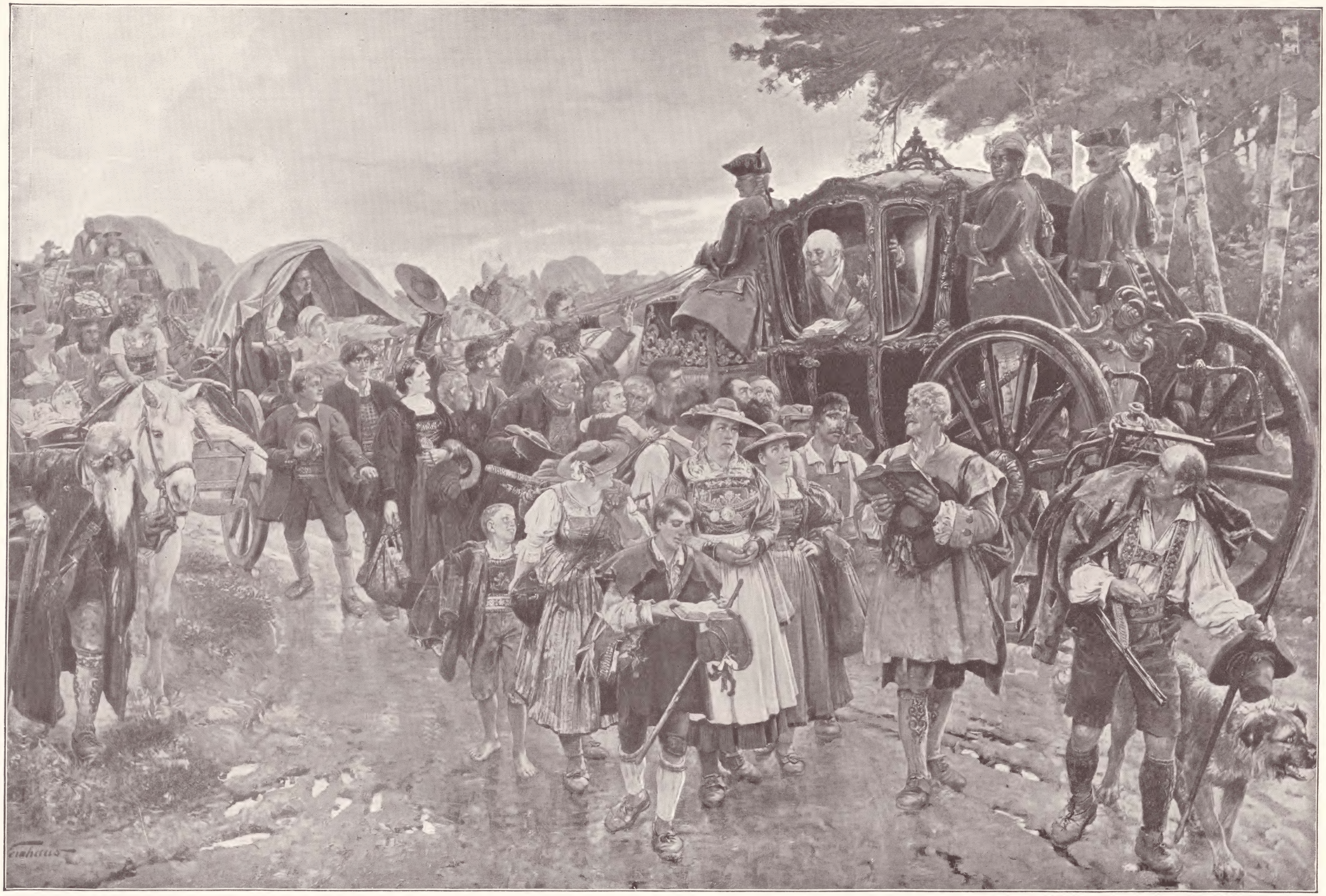
IT is a pleasant thing to look in upon the life of the well-to-do and leisurely, even if it is only on the stage, or in a painted picture. But these sixteenth-century gentlemen must not be blamed for their idle moments, or for making the most of them; for they had serious work at other times, a good deal of fighting to do, and many sacrifices to make for the honor and glory of their country, which looked to the nobles and gentry for leadership and gallant example. The vigorous youth, who is whispering soft words into his fair one's ear, causing her to reflect well as she looks pensively off upon the water—a good sign for him, as are her hands dropped listlessly in her lap—has brief time to press his suit, and he is employing it well. The others have good-naturedly withdrawn not to interrupt his opportunity, and are gossiping together about matters which they do not confide to the other gallant who looks after the boat, since they do not include him in their conversation. This fine old *chateau*, nobly placed and picturesquely surrounded, will doubtless soon resound with the merry-makings of the betrothal and wedding guests, and one more tender romance will have come to a happy fruition.



MATERNAL ANTICIPATIONS

A. MORADEI.

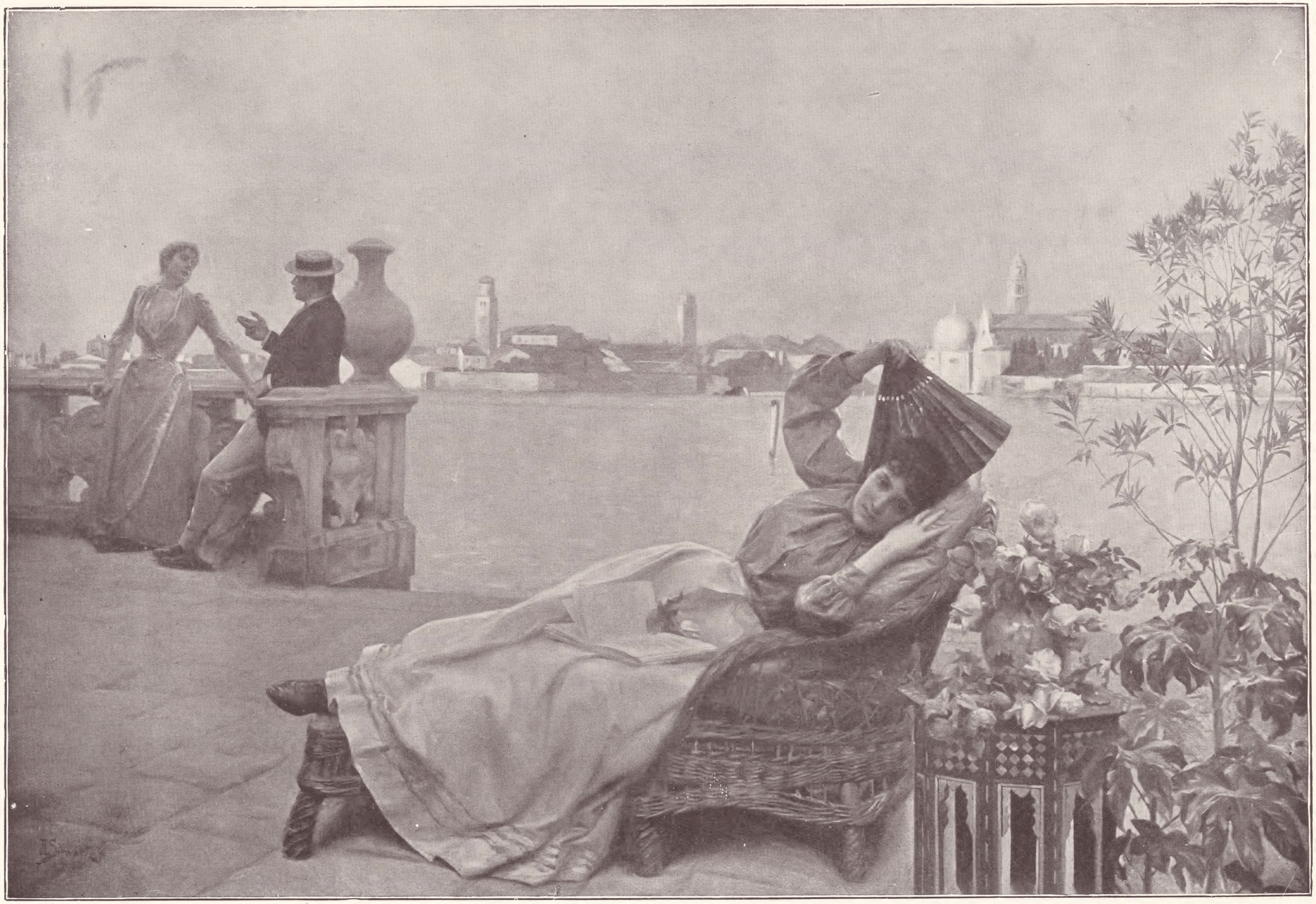
HERE is an artist who is at the head of that sentimental Italian school, so full of simplicity and charm, which, like an echo of the great old masters, seems to reflect the nobility of their aspirations. Signor Moradei possesses all the most desirable technical qualities that an artist requires, and he always finds inspiration in the simple life of his country-fellows, born in that noble region, Romagna—where everyone cares only for his love and for his own creed—liberty. This happy young couple of honest laborers expect that a cherub will soon appear among them and be the cherished tie of their affection and the blessing of their modest home. The man, for once in his life. has been out shopping, and with tender solicitude lays before the future mother the tiny garments that will soon protect the newcomer. The woman deeply touched by the delicate thought, with her beautiful eyes wandering, anticipates the joys of maternity and thinks, with an emotion till now unknown that soon the inarticulate accents of a new voice will resound within the rough walls of the happy household—the dainty features of a little creature, fresh like a rosebud and full of dimples, will add new life to the quiet of the home, and add, if possible, another share to the great love that already unites the two devoted hearts. The original was exhibited in the Italian section of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition.



FREDERICK WILLIAM I. AND THE SALZBURG IMMIGRANTS.

FRITZ NEUHAUS.

ALTHOUGH he was a severe parent (he once condemned his son to death), and a man of marked eccentricity, the father of Frederick the Great was honest, just, and fond of his people. The province of Prussian Lithuania was devastated and almost depopulated by a pestilence early in the eighteenth century, three hundred thousand persons dying of disease and famine. A few years later the king, Frederick William I, personally undertook the rehabilitation of the district. He made sanitary laws, rebuilt in every direction, sparing neither effort, expense, promises, nor recompenses, to secure the success of the great work which he planned and superintended himself. To restore the population, he encouraged immigration, and thus brought in thousands of families from every country in Europe. Among these were thirty thousand people from Salzburg, a district in Austria, of whom seventeen thousand came at one time. The country was soon repopulated, trade began to flourish, and in this fertile region abundance reigned more than ever—a province being thus restored to happiness and prosperity by the king's own doing. The painting represents the old king, on one of this Prussian tours of inspection, greeting the Salzburgers as they trudge on foot into his domains. Frederick the Great tells of his father's happiness, on a later journey on which the son accompanied him, when he looked over into the restored Lithuania, and saw the wastes again blossoming under their "steady, pious husbandries, making all things green and fruitful."



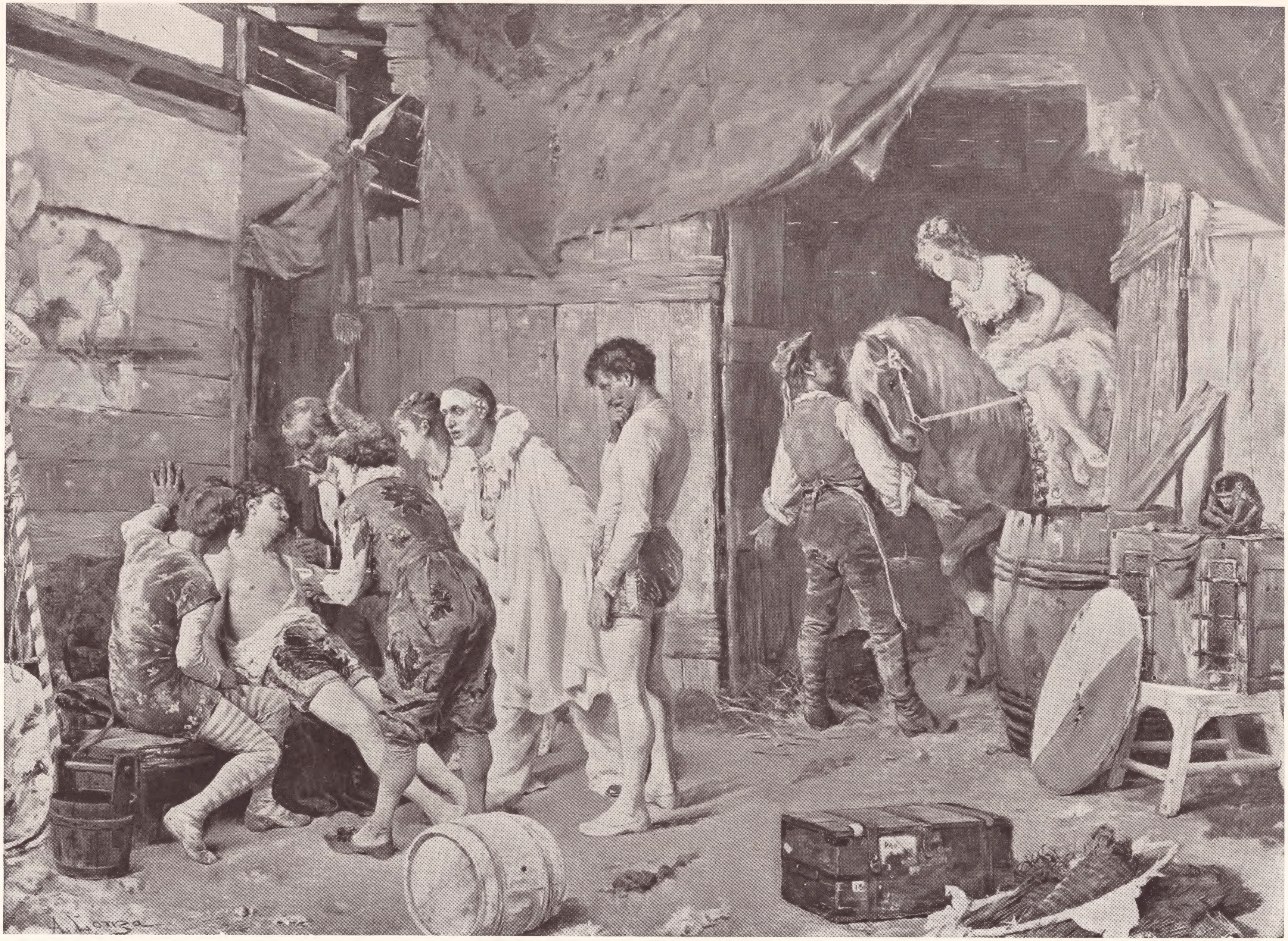
JULES STEWART.

A SPRING DAY IN VENICE.

THIS picture differs materially from nearly all the delineations which we have seen of Venice and the Venetian life. The perspective is different. The city is thrown into the distance, across the lagoon. The softness of the climate, the perfection of beauty on every hand, the luxurious surroundings, the profusion of flowers and exhaling leaves, have suffused the spirits of the visitors from the colder climes of the North, and transformed them into Venetians for the day. The picture draws within itself a large area of the city and the lagoon. Across the water may be seen three or four of the most celebrated spires in the world. Just above the lady's fan, in the distance, rises the dome of the celebrated church of St. Mark. There stand those winged horses which are said to have been brought from Alexandria; also the famous winged lions, to which, in the language of Byron, many a subject land has been wont to look

"Where Venice sits in state throned on her hundred isles."

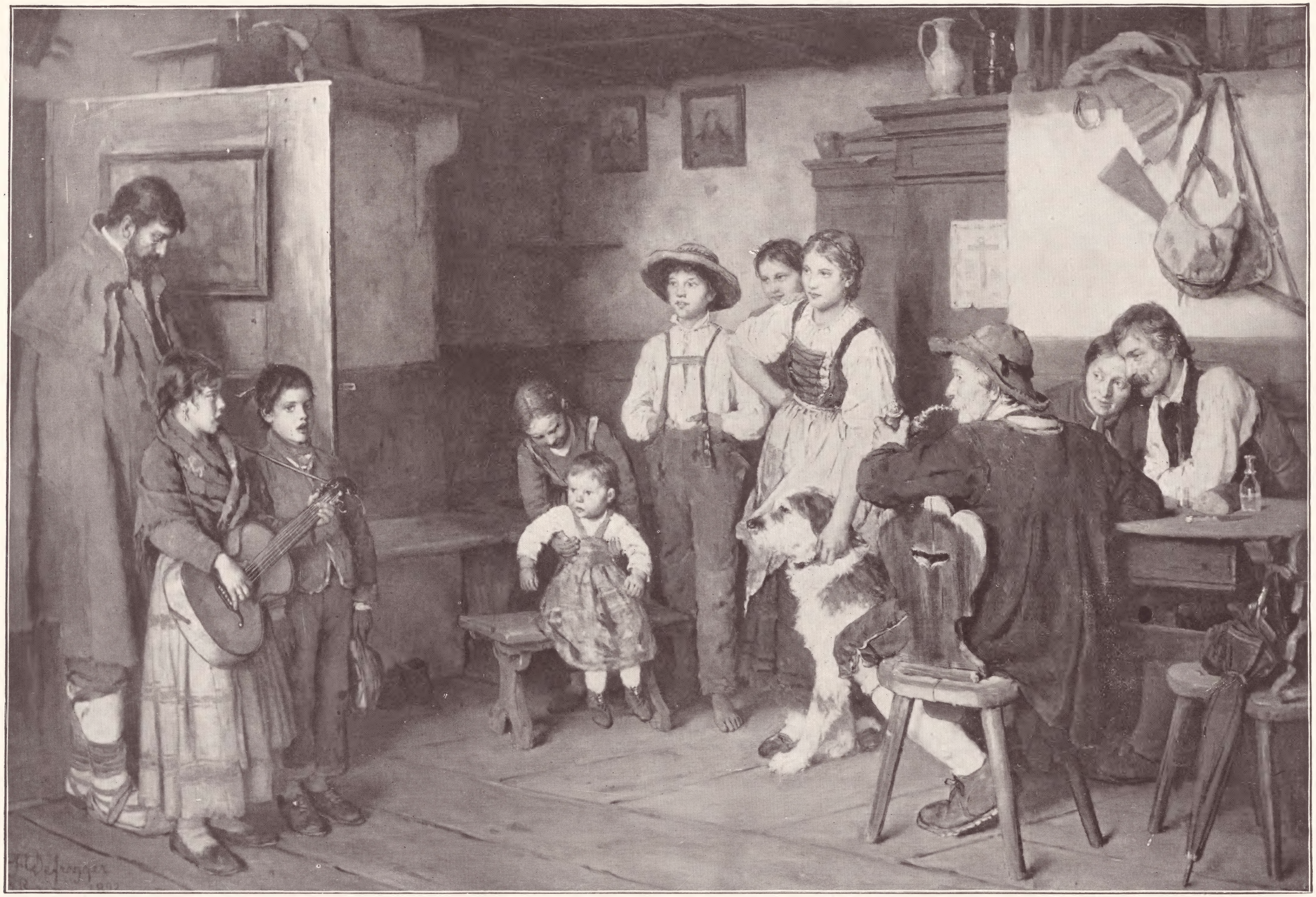
Here, when nearly all the rest of Europe was shrouded in barbarism, the light of learning, of architecture, of painting and sculpture was seen as a faint glow in the horizon of darkness. The beauty of the picture and its artistic excellence in design and execution cannot be doubted



THE INTERRUPTED PERFORMANCE.

A. LONZA.

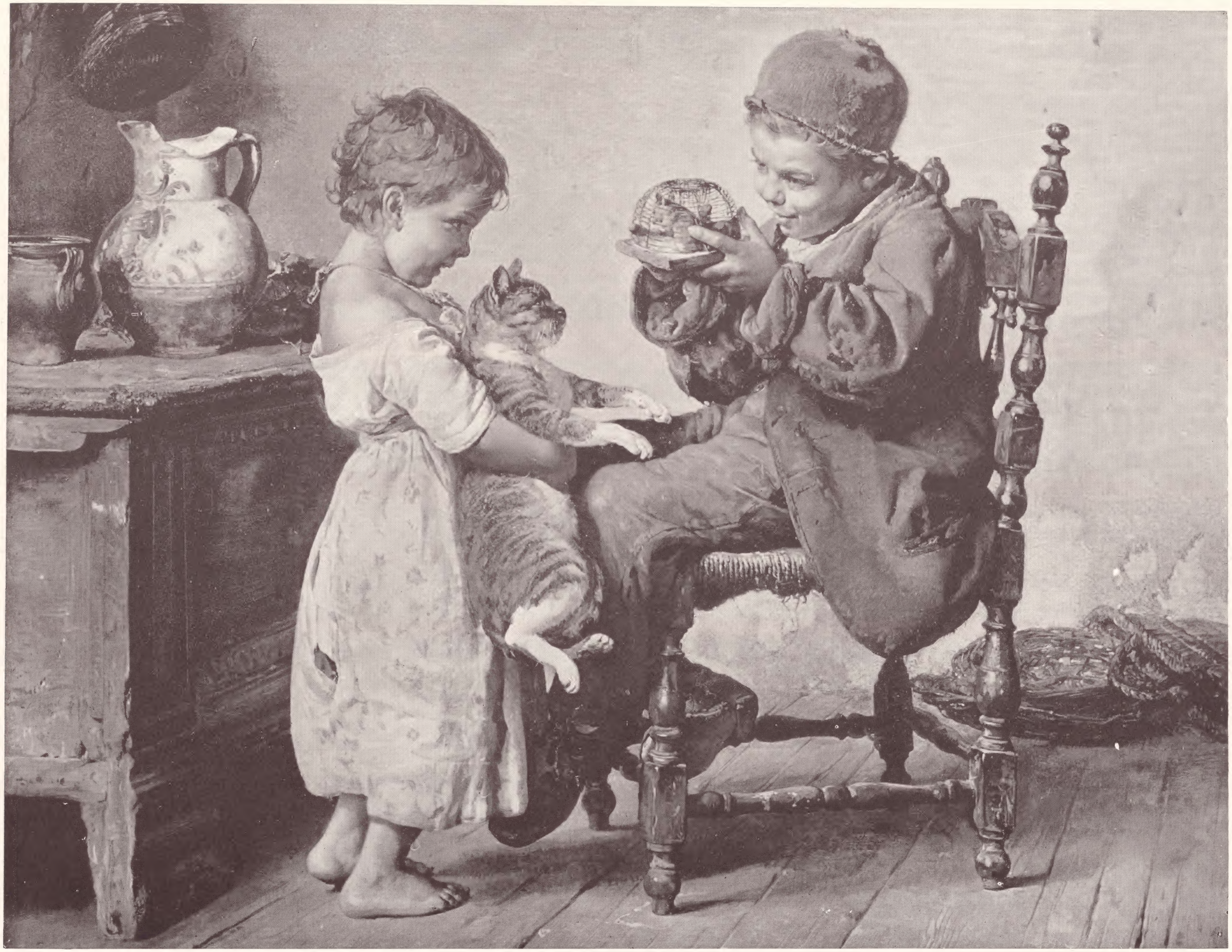
IN this picture we have a scene in the rough extemporized shanty constituting the anteroom of a circus. One of the acrobats has been injured in the ring, and is being carried out through the entrance to be revived by such means as his associate players are able to supply. The fellow is badly hurt, and lies in a swoon. The other players are gathered round. The two clowns have forgotten their clownishness in the work of ministering to their wounded companion. Alarm and anxiety are on the faces of all. Each is saying to himself, "This might have been I." The woman of the group shows by her face the intense interest which she feels in the wounded man. Mademoiselle, the rider, has come through the opening, mounted, to inquire about the injury done to her friend. She is in all the dress and undress of the ring, bedizened and laced about after the style of her kind; but she has become wholly human and wholly woman in the presence of this hurt to a fellow-creature. The anxiety and sympathy of her face may well redeem her from the life that she is leading and enroll her with the good. The artist has caught the whole group in the moment of unconsciousness, in the presence of a probably fatal accident. These are only a group of circus people, but the man-heart and the woman-heart have asserted themselves in it all and triumphed over sham and paint and mask and tinsel.



FRANZ DEFREGGER.

TYROLEAN MINSTRELS.

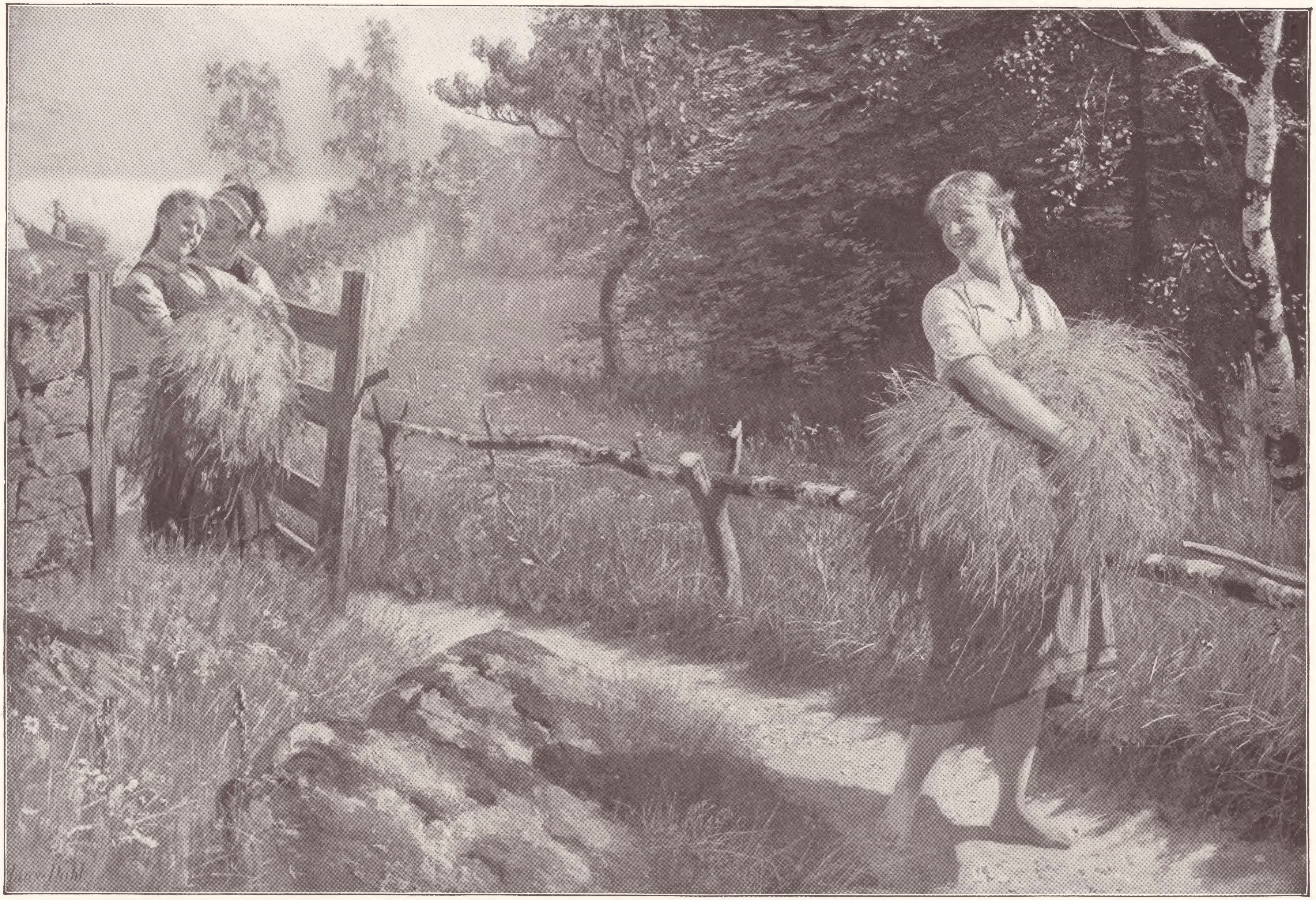
THE close and intimate knowledge of Tyrolese peasant types displayed throughout Defregger's attractive series of paintings illustrating this subject, was obtained by the artist during the years of his youth, when he was his father's shepherd boy. But even then, the artistic instinct was strong within him, and sought expression in such ways as his facilities afforded. He modeled in dough or clay his friends and his sheep, and even cut very presentable landscapes out of paper with a pair of scissors. A tendency, which untaught, manifested itself so strongly and with such evidences of real insight and skill as he then displayed, indicated the natural-born artist; and, appreciating this, a good friend took him into his studio and gave him instruction by which he profited so well that he became eminent as a painter, and came to the head of an important institution of art. Picture-lovers are impressed first of all by the concrete simplicity of his compositions, which consist merely of natural figures naturally grouped and engaged in their normal occupations, without a suggestion of trickiness in painting or striving for effect. Into a pleasant home of the Tyrol a party of strolling minstrels have wandered—father and two children—and with their mountain songs and characteristic "yodel" they entertain the gathered family. This is the simplest possible subject, and yet it is made into such a picture as one would gladly have near him constantly, where he could unceasingly enjoy it.



PUSSY'S TEMPTATION.

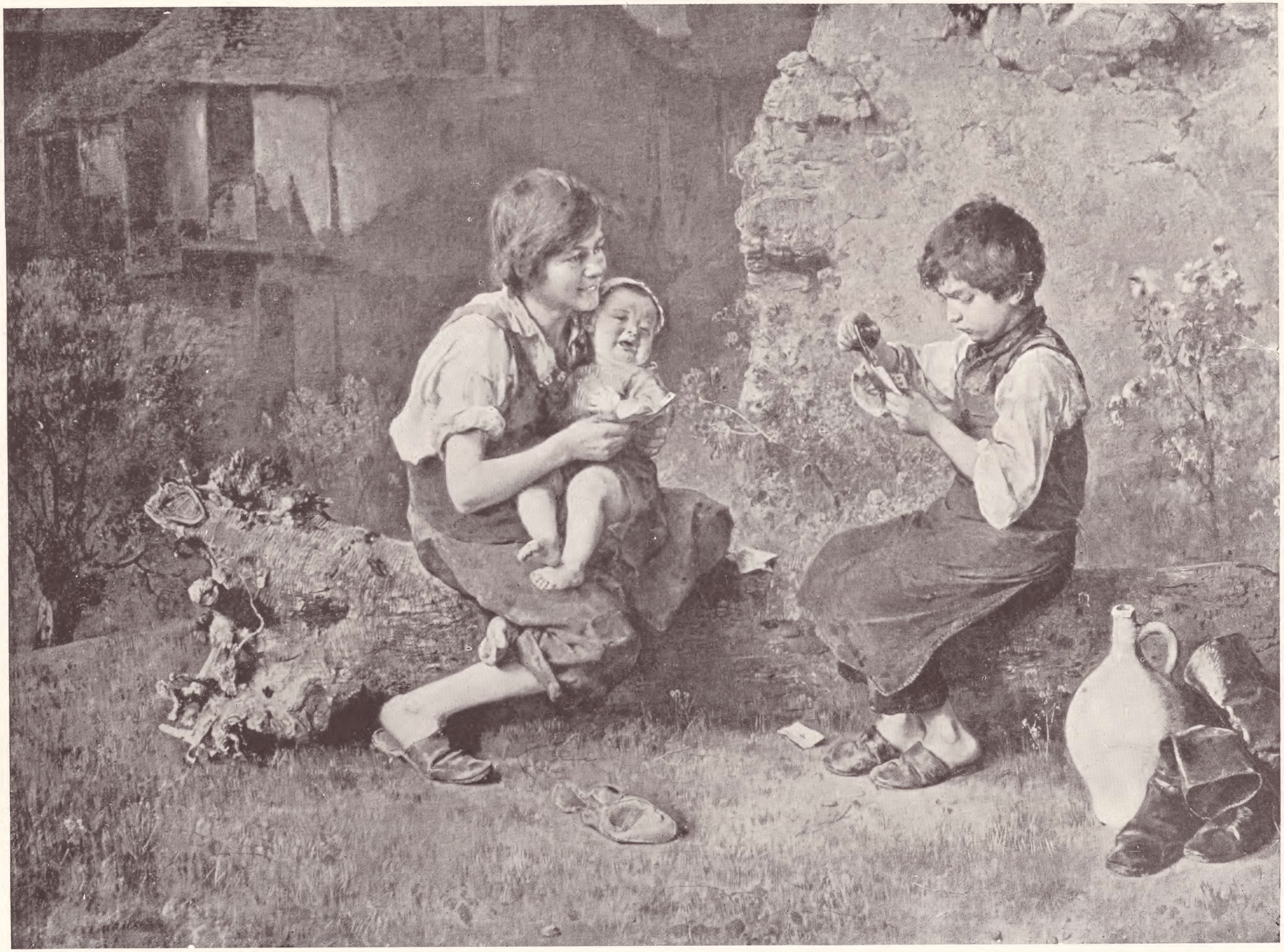
Antonio Rotta.

IN this picture Rotta has introduced several interesting elements of composition. The children have a mouse in the trap and are tempting pussy with the prize. Each of the urchins is given up body and soul to the little play. The girl is exquisitely done, from her frowzled head to her bare feet. The principal interest centers in the temptation proper. In this the artist had to show the effect of the game on the contented and well-kept pussy. She has not for two or three years been dependent upon her own resources, having all the time plenty of the best. She has enjoyed the comforts of life until she has become fat and contemplative. With this, the old feline instinct has been modified into a sort of somnolent memory. The hereditary passion still exists, but is greatly weakened by the civilizing conditions which have played upon pussy, changing her views of life, and at the same time dulling her claws. So the temptation, though very present, is not strong. She does not bound at the mouse-cage with glittering eyes and velvety paws with sharp thorns thrust out, but must be lifted up and tormented with the smell of the little edible in the cage. The children do not exactly see why it is that pussy is so indifferent. To older people, however her state of mind is sufficiently apparent. Satiety has its drawbacks. Pussy's indifference is a study.



TOLL PAID FIRST! HANS DAHL.

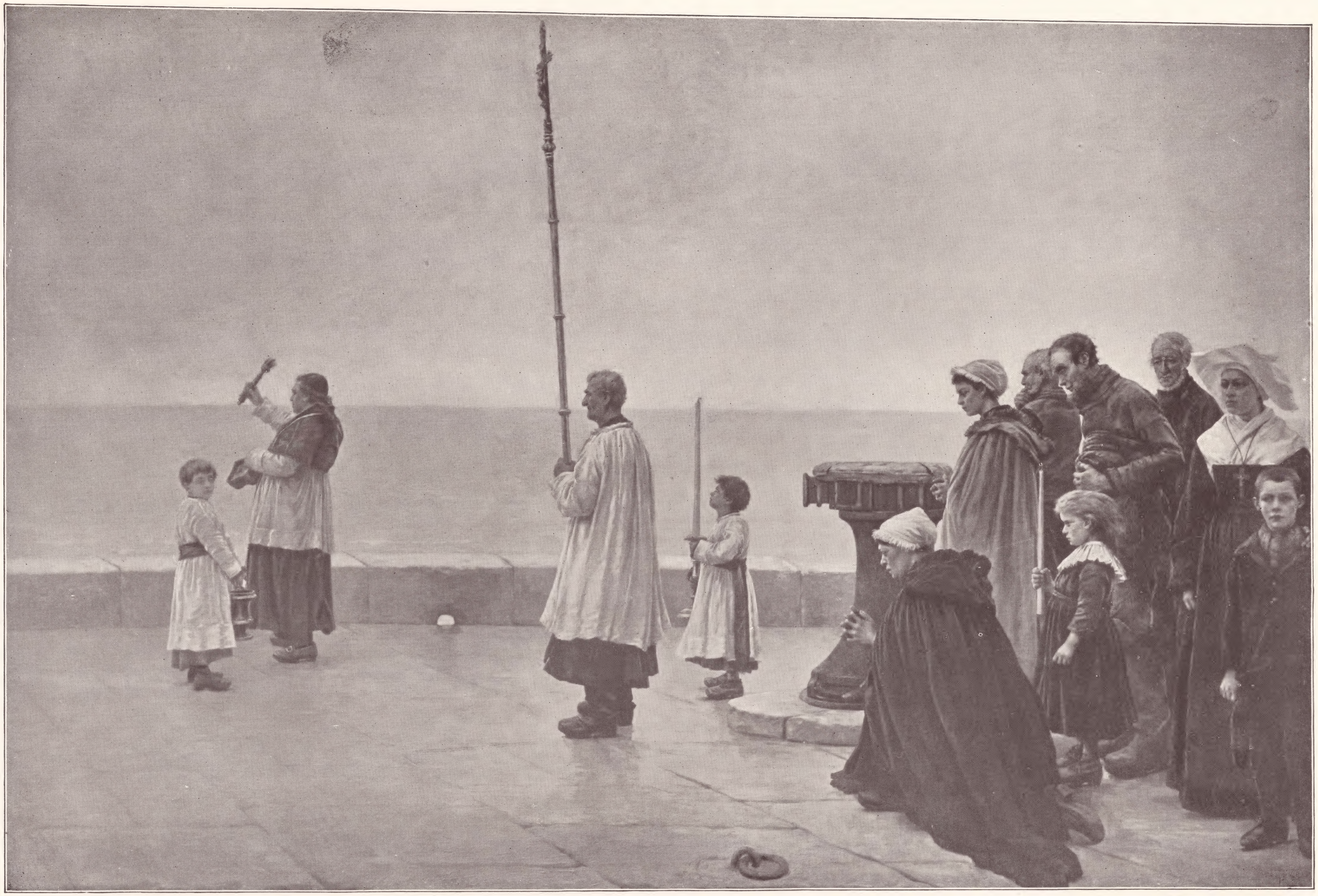
HERE is the always fresh idyl of Strephon and Chloe, and yet, when we look again, there are three Chloes, and the lucky swain has stationed himself at a point of vantage where he can command the pass, an amorous Leonidas, whose Thermopylæ yields at a kiss. For once a lover's diffusiveness is pardoned. One charming peasant girl has paid her toll and passed. A second yields with a blush and a smile, another in the distance stands in a boat which has brought the new-mown hay across the lake, and for the moment feels herself neglected—a Dido left behind—but, more fortunate than Dido, her frowns may soon be changed to smiles. The glowing summer landscape is in keeping with this scene of youth and happiness. It is the poetry of rustic life which the artist has depicted, and his glamour vests the more rugged facts of peasant life. In Norway, where, despite our visions of a land of ice, the summers are hot, the sky vivid, and the atmosphere brilliant, the farmer's season is short. The grass is cut with a sickle wherever it grows, and often carried in a boat from some remote spot to the farm itself, and transported by the armful, as we see it here. In parts of Germany, also, the boat, and not the cart, is the vehicle most relied upon, and thus rural life gains in picturesqueness, if not in convenience For the painter, at least, the costumes of the peasant girls and their naive harvesting offer more engaging effects than the clattering mowing machine and perspiring farm hands of American rural life. It is worth while, before we leave this charming scene, to note its fine atmospheric quality and the pervasiveness of the sunlight.



Ludwig Knaus.

THE YOUNG GAMBLERS.

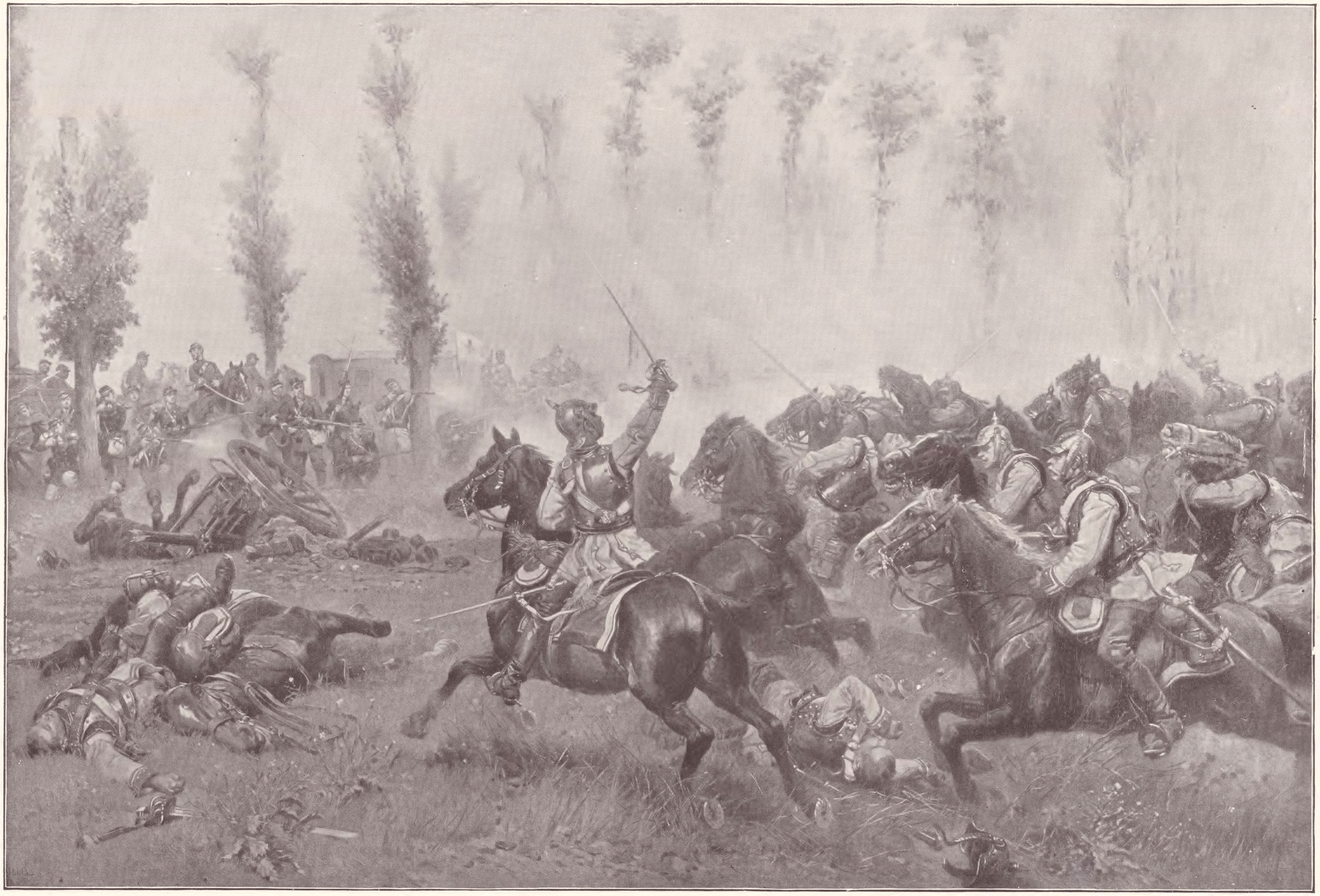
TWO young rascals, of strictly democratic antecedents, escape from duty, and hiding by an old wall back of the house, try their skill at cards. They are beginners, but will be experts by and by. They have an old log for a bench. Already the game has captured every faculty. The ragamuffins are in it as deep as their souls. The busy mother has committed the baby to one of them, and he holds it on his lap with no consciousness that he has it. His clutch is wholly automatic. Not even the child's grimaces and contortions disturb him. His attention is fixed on the face of his puzzled and doubting adversary. He has him on the hip. The sober gamin does not know what to lead. He has dropped his ace of clubs. The contrast in the expression of the two faces, and the complete absorption of both in the game are beyond description. As for the baby, he is not in the game at all. The little creature is suffering the horrors of neglect and constraint. The surroundings are in keeping. The water-jug and boots are utterly forgotten. The central idea of the picture is the intense interest of the players in the fascinating game which they have just learned. Knaus is famous for painting the common lot in such aspects as this. He is a native of Weisbaden, and belongs to the Dusseldorf school of painters. He is regarded as the foremost *genre* artist in Germany. His works are popular with Americans, by whom many of his leading pictures have been purchased.



G. HAQUETTE.

BLESSING THE SEA.

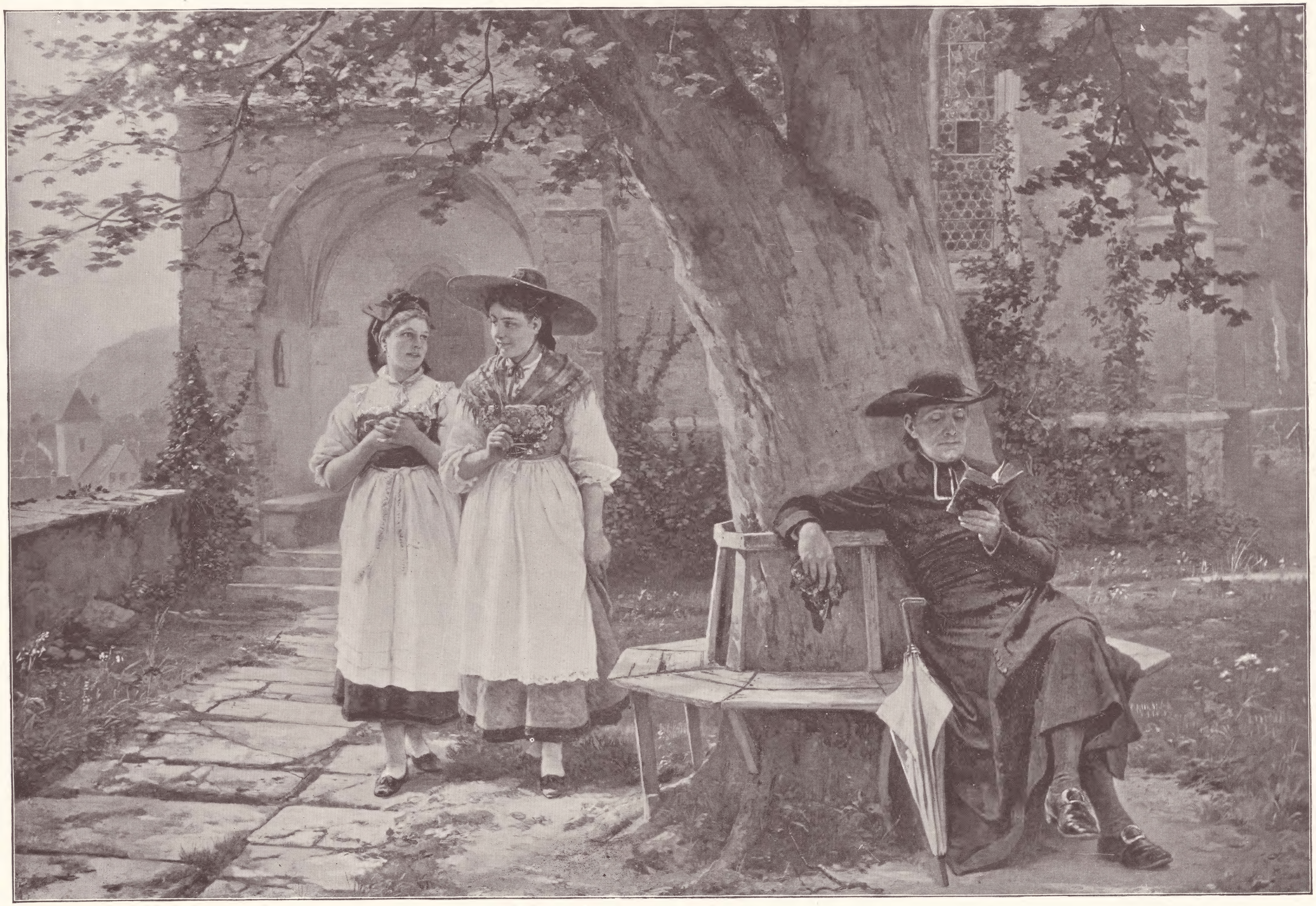
WITH a profundity of reverence almost beyond the understanding of Protestant Americans, the Catholics of European countries invest with rich and beautiful ceremonial not only the services of the Church, but nearly every agency employed by man in the business of life. And, as they pronounce a special benediction on the holy oil and water, the baptismal fonts and bells and corner-stones of their sacred edifices, in the same way they hallow to the uses of man the fields, the railroads, the flags of a regiment, the vessels that sail. the sea itself. Scattering the drops of holy water and reciting a special prayer, the vestured priest, attended by his acolytes and supported by the lesser clergy, in the presence of the assembled people bespeaks the favor of God on the vast expanse of water about to be brought into the service of man and the Church. Besides investing the common affairs of life with a sacred significance, it may be easily understood that this spectacle of a ceremonial establishing a direct connection between the Church and God and nature is most impressive to those who witness it, and far-reaching in confirming the control of the Church over their conduct during their pilgrimage on earth. Note the varied expressions on the faces of the group of peasants—the anxious feeling of the kneeling wife with the little children near her; the patient, waiting look of the young girl whose lover is away on the blue sea; the men thinking of their sailor sons; the calm joy of the nun, whose thoughts are of the land where there is no more sea.



ATTACK ON THE CONVOY.

EDOUARD DETAILLE.

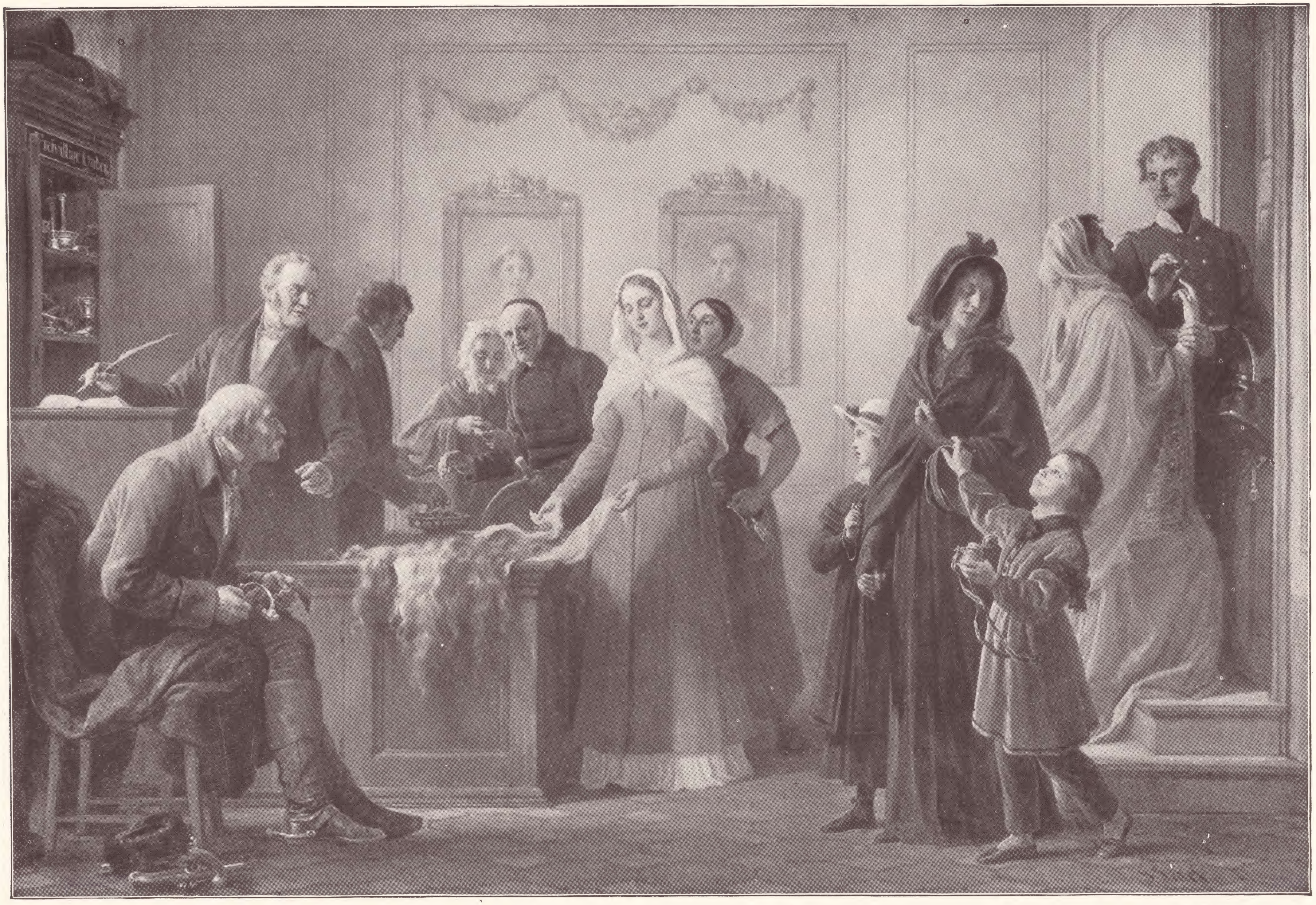
ROMANCES may paint war in alluring colors, but the actual carnage of the battlefield presents a different picture. Here is a vision of the real thing. A force of infantry, having in custody a train of wagons and ambulances, containing, respectively, munitions of war and sick and wounded soldiers, are attacked by a command of cavalry. Evidently the horsemen are Germans, and the convoy upon which they are charging are French. The latter have formed a good line of defence just within the timber that crosses the road. The trees and the barricade of wagons will evidently aid them in withstanding the onset of the horses. Meanwhile they are using their chassepots with deadly effect. Alas, bravery is no charm against bullets! Look at the fallen rider and the horse on the left! And see that empty saddle! Yes, this is war. How different the romance and the reality. Edouard Detaille, the artist, was born at Paris, 1848. He studied under Meissonier. He has received numerous medals, and the decoration of the Legion of Honor. Many of his best productions are owned in the United States. One of his most remarkable military pictures, entitled "French Cuirassiers Bringing in Bavarian Prisoners," is the property of the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C. His first great painting, and the one which established his reputation, is "Rest During Drill at Camp St. Maur."



B. VAUTIER.

UNCONSCIOUS CONFESSION

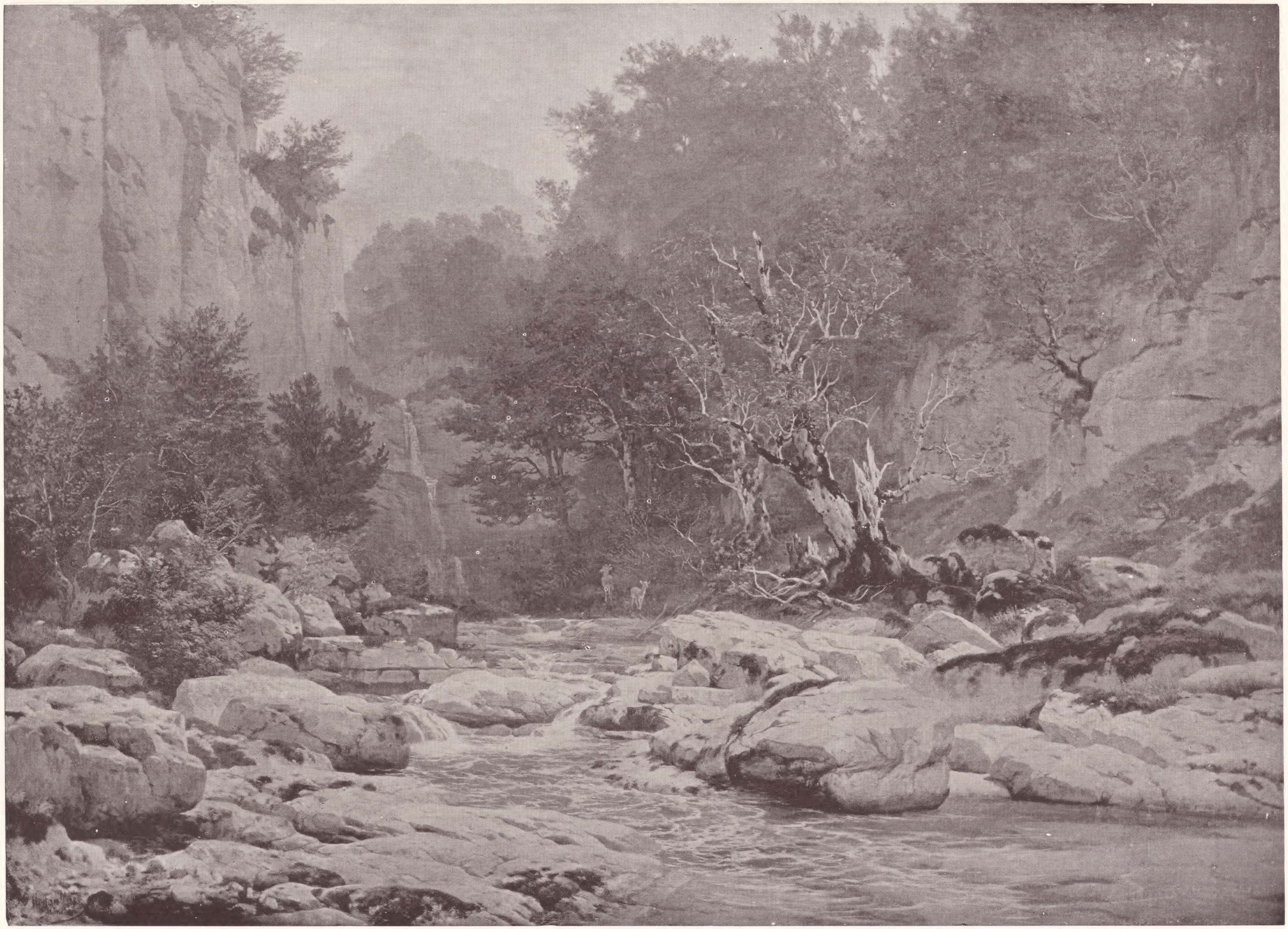
THE venerable curé of the little village—is it the Abbé Constantin?—is accustomed to listen, in the privacy of the confessional, to what these pretty peasant parishioners of his have to tell him of their difficulties in pursuing "the straight and narrow way." But there are certain confessions which they do not impart to their beloved pastor, but reserve for the ears of their most intimate friends. It is a most unexpected incident, then, in his afternoon siesta under the noble tree in the churchyard, which he has devoted to the perusal of a good book, for him to be the recipient of confidences that are not meant for his ears. What the nature of these confidences is, we hardly need ask, in view of the ecstatic expression in those beaming eyes and the hands clasped in affectionate ardor over the bodice, or the pleased and sympathetic smile of the friend who rejoices to hear of the happiness that is imparted to her. The curé makes pretense of going on with his reading, but his ears are on the alert; for he loves a little romance as well as though his clerical vows did not eliminate romance from his own lonely life. Presently the unconscious confessor will emerge from behind the tree, and will then discover that she has discovered her secret to him. If she is wise she will take the dear old man fully into her confidence, and obtain from him at the outset the blessing which, in the course of time, it will be his priestly duty to bestow in the sight of all men.



G. GRAEF.

FOR LOVE OF FATHERLAND.

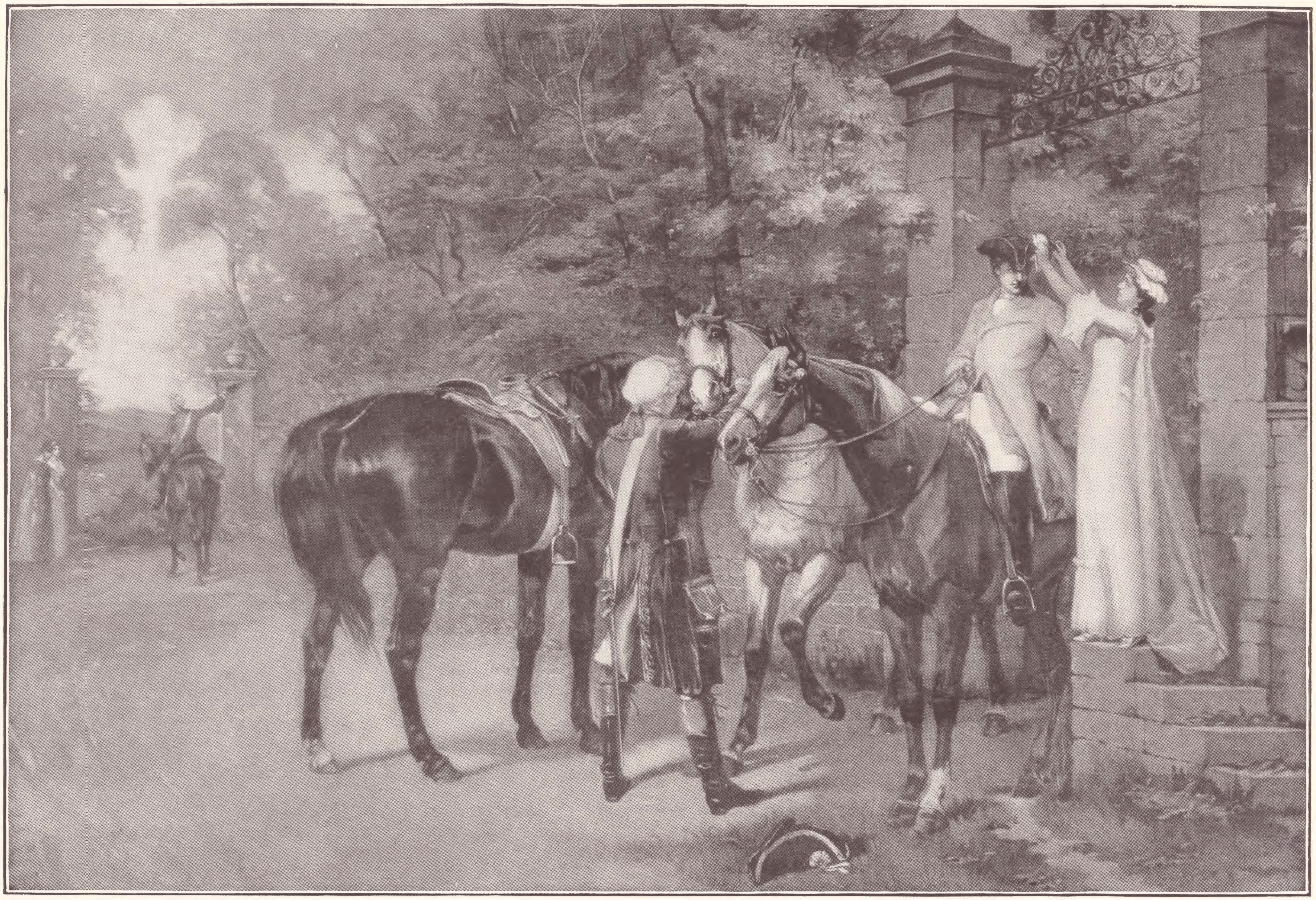
THE revival of interest in Napoleonic literature of late lends a special value just now to this representation of a phase of the patriotic zeal that characterized the German people during the "war for freedom," during the years 1813-1815. After Napoleon's disastrous campaign in Russia, the occasion was offered for the great states of Europe to combine to loosen the grip which the all-conquering man of war had obtained. Germany, Russia and Austria were allied for the common effort, and every lover of the Fatherland was called upon to sustain the cause of liberty at the cost of every sacrifice that could be made. Family silver, jewels, heirlooms, and objects of beauty and value were poured upon the tables of the government agents. In this picture are shown some of the typical sacrifices of these patriotic people. The aged bring the rings they have worn for a lifetime in token of their early bridal. The widow brings her little treasures. all she has left after a life of hardship. The old soldier has nothing to offer but the spurs he won in youth, the sword and the pistol with which he won them. The young bride, after hesitating to part with her wedding-ring, consents to give it, but her soldier-husband must take it from her finger himself. Even the serving-maid eagerly offers her little trinkets. And the fair young girl who has not even a ring, lays upon the table the long golden tresses which were her chief beauty, and her beauty her greatest outward possession.



AUTUMN SOLITUDE.

JOHANN GOTTFRIED STEFFAN.

IN this picture we have another fine example of the product of Steffan's genius. The sketch is from nature. The artist takes delight in mountain scenery and tumbling waters. In our own country, he must have sought the wilds of the Yellowstone, the cañon of the Colorado, or the sublimities of the Yosemite. This picture exhibits his artistic preferences in full force. On the left, we have an inaccessible mountain wall of granite. To the right, also, the mountain rises, but slopes backward from the foreground, forming a rugged valley with gnarled trees and abundant foliage. Life is represented by two deer standing near the water, half-concealed in the protecting shadow and thicket. There is a waterfall in the left center of the landscape that may remind the beholder of the Bridal Veil in the Yosemite. The rock formations in the foreground are suggestive of those which the traveler finds in such beautiful variety around the geysers in the Yellowstone National Park.



THE WHITE COCKADE.

S. E. WALLER.

IN this picture we have a section from a magnificent estate of some baronial proprietor in England. From the subject and the manner of the treatment we incline to believe that the artist has intended to preserve the tradition of the House of York with its symbol of the white rose. A young nobleman here mounted is receiving, at the hands of one of the fairest of the fair women, a white cockade. She is setting it in his hat as a token of her devotion and a sign of what she expects of her lover in battle. Possibly she knows enough of history to think at this moment of the white plume worn by Henry of Navarre at the battle of Ivry. The young nobleman, going to his command, has availed himself of the opportunity to call upon his lady love and take her parting greeting. Great is the elegance of the scene. It preserves, as well as may be in our own times, a romance of the Middle Ages. In the delineation of the woman, the artist has exhausted his resources. Certainly she is beautiful enough to be a princess among princesses. Her lover, with his youthful Napoleonic face, looks with deep devotion at the fair creature, and resolves that the white cockade placed by her hands in his military hat shall be worn in triumph and honor, even to the gates of death.

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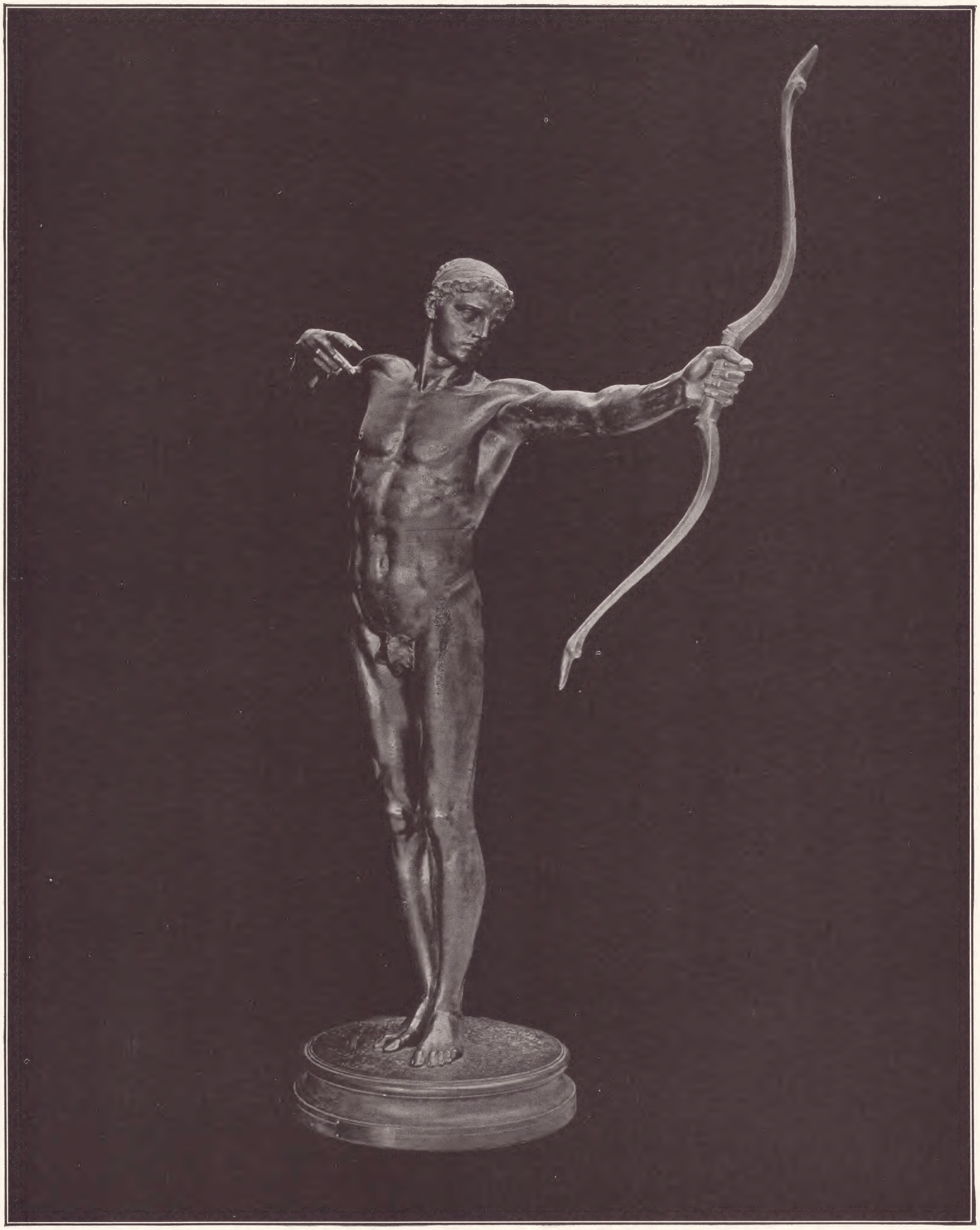
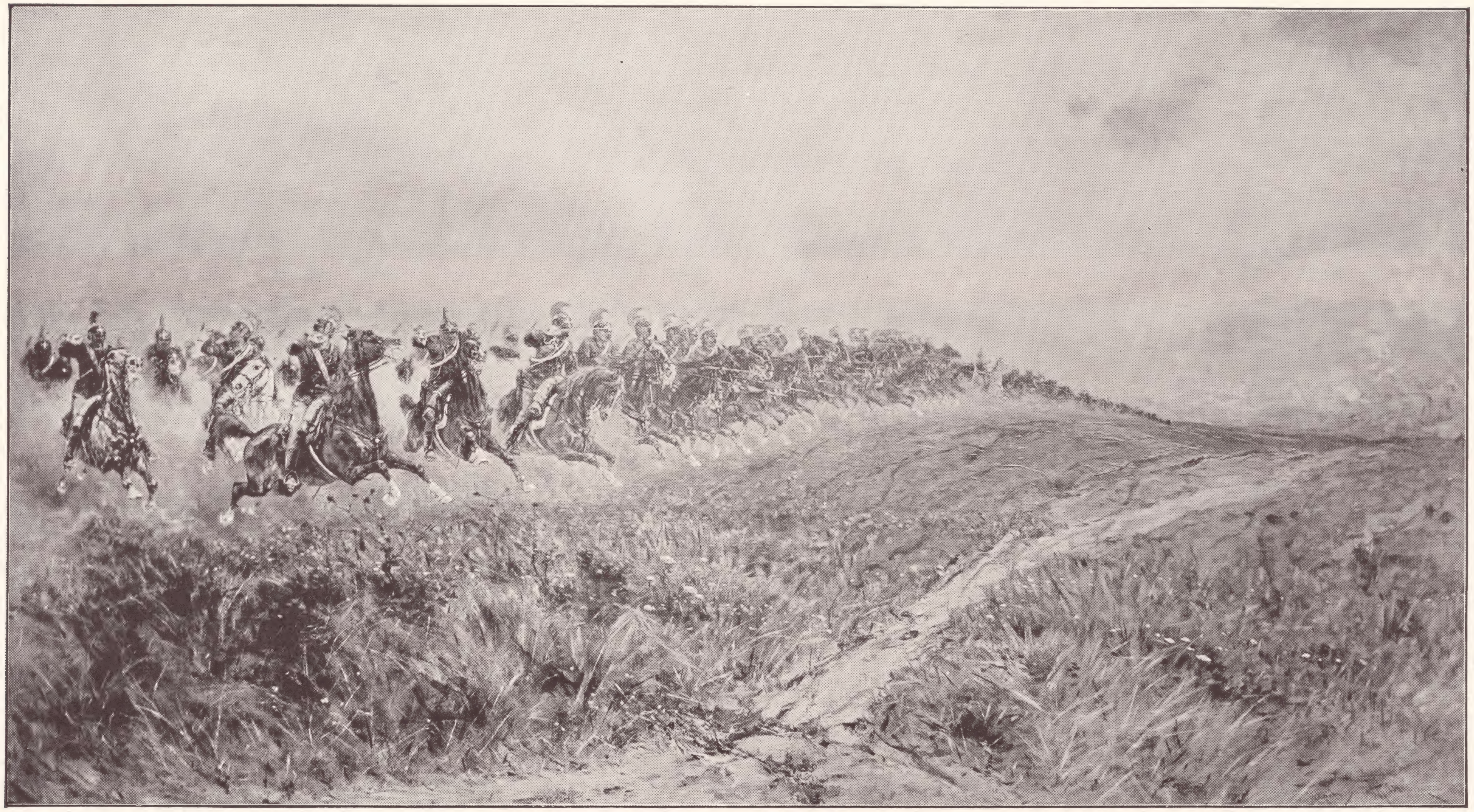


Great Britain. Hamo Thornycroft.

TEUCER.

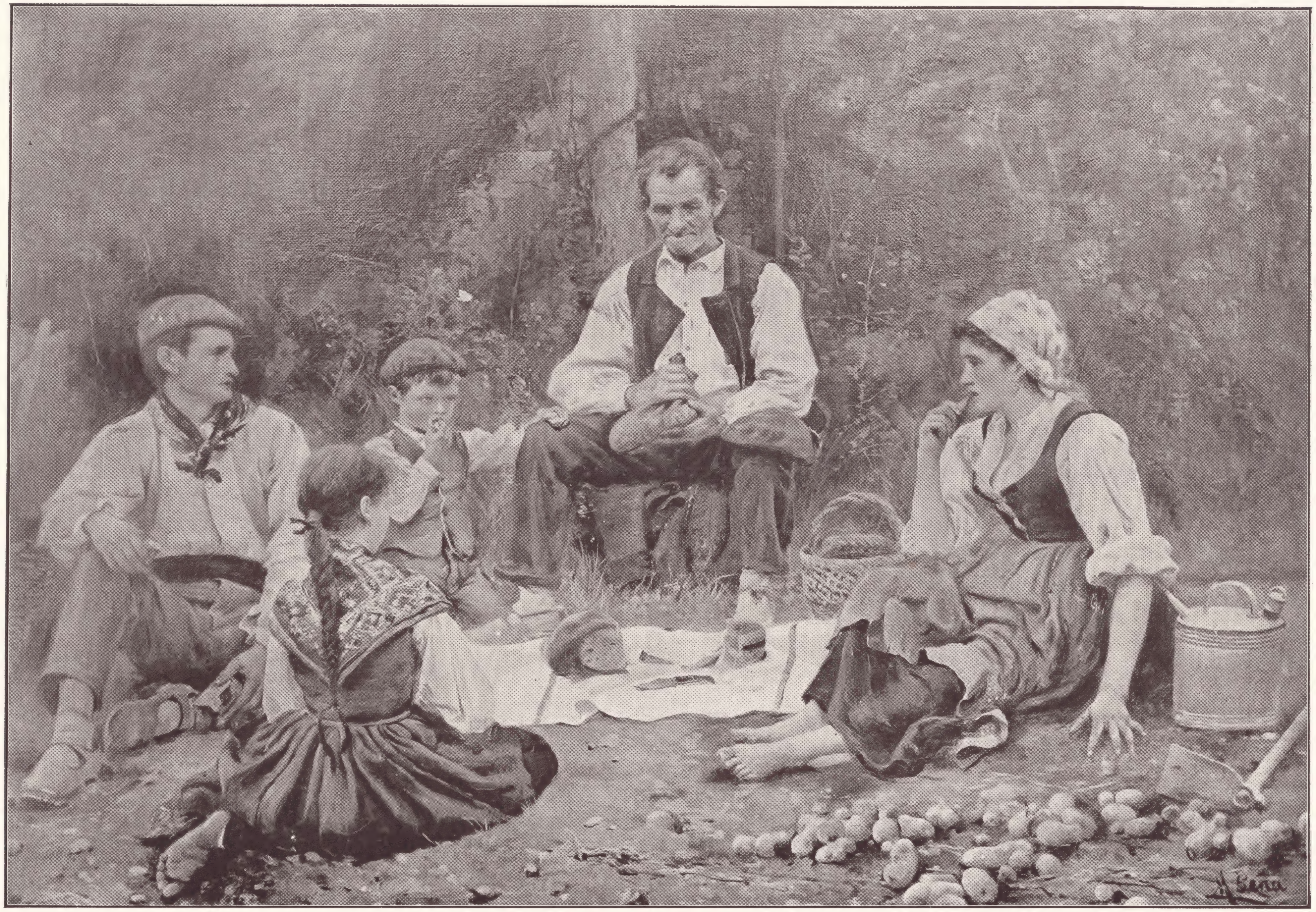
HOMER'S Iliad mentions among many other heroes the brother of Ajax, Teucer, who took part in the siege of Troy. Hamo Thornycroft has chosen this name for the bronze statue of the archer handling his weapon. The figure stands firmly erect and is of sinewy, symmetrical build. In the outstretched left he holds the bow; the fingers of the right hand have just released the cord; the head is slightly bent forward as if to watch the flight of the arrow. The artist is a member of the Royal Academy. He belongs to a family that for several generations has held a respected place in British art. Hamo Thornycroft had three other sculptures at the Exposition: "The Mower," "Edward I," and "Putting the Stone." "Teucer" is now placed in the collection of the Chicago Art Institute.



ITALY. F. MANCINI.

CAVALRY CHARGE.

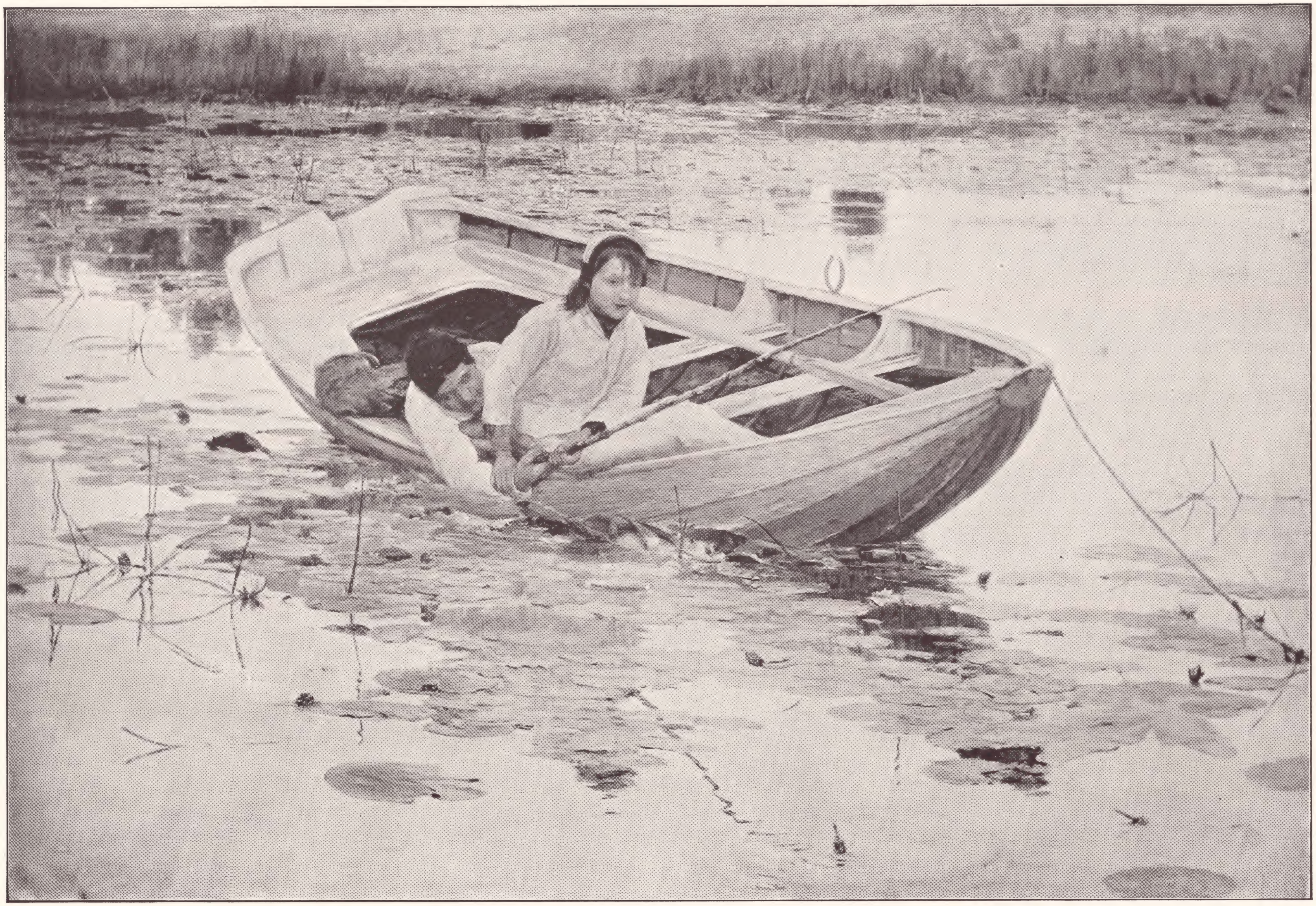
A REGIMENT of Italian lancers hurls itself in a furious gallop against an unseen enemy, or, more correctly, executes the maneuver of a charge before the eyes of the painter, whose point of observation is at the extreme right of the field. The opportunity for studying horses in the very height of action is the best, and the ones at the beginning of the long front are interesting examples. Farther on, the laws of perspective compel the merging of men and mounts into a lengthy, compact mass, the end of which is hidden behind a fold of the ground. The "Cavalry Charge," by F. Mancini of Naples was conspicuous among the paintings contributed by his fellow countrymen to the Chicago Exposition. Of large size, the canvas does not fail to convey the impression of an extensive view. The tone of the landscape is yellowish, and the army breaks it with a mottled glitter.



Spain. M. Peña y Muñoz.

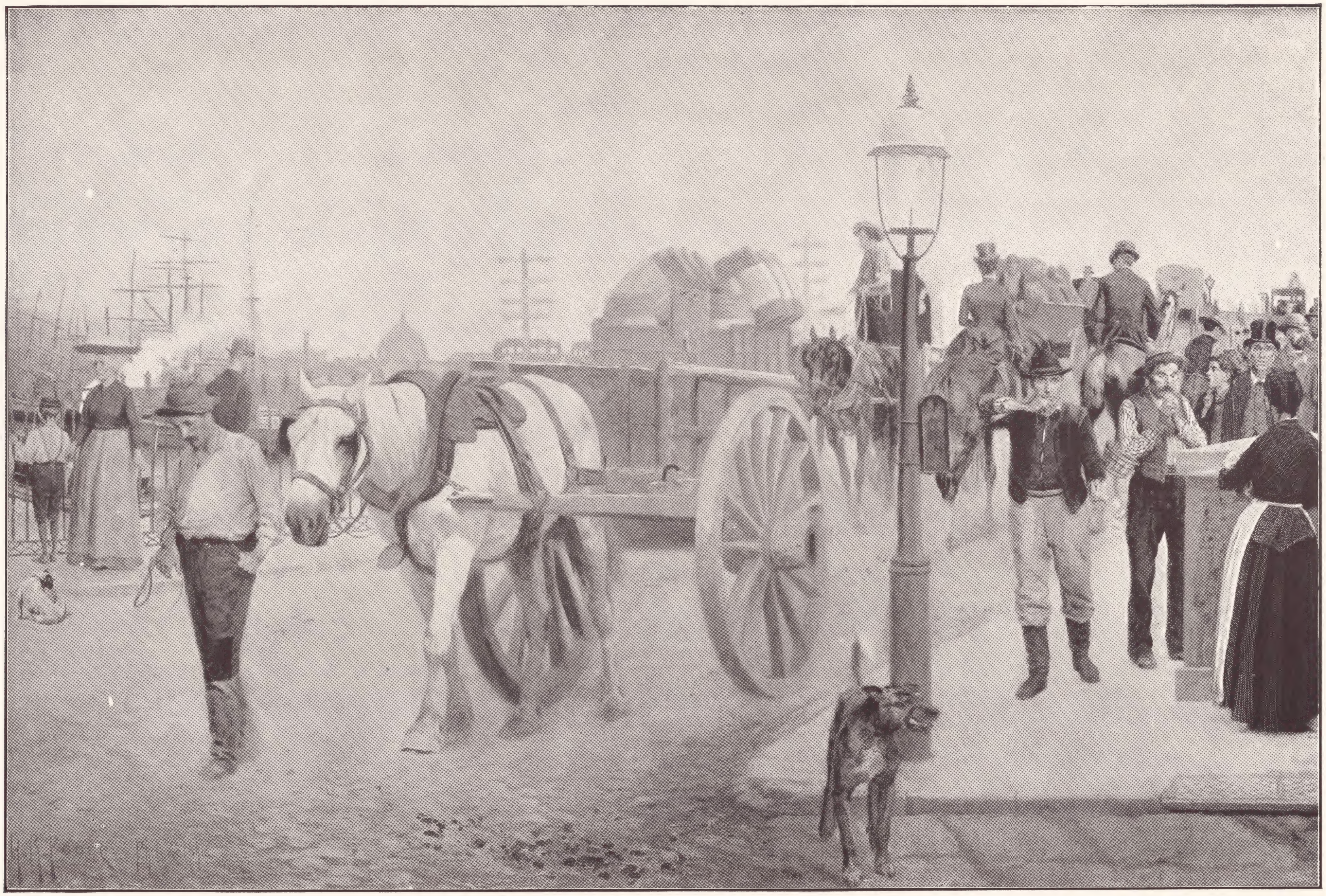
A DAINTY MOUTHFUL.

A FAMILY of field laborers has sat down in the shade of the trees to rest from exertion and to partake of food. The meal, or, according to the title, the "Dainty Mouthful," seems to consist mainly of a loaf of bread upon a cloth, around which fine appetites are assembled. Local color in the open air is the motive upon which the painter has been at work. Maximino Peña was born in 1864, at Salduero, province of Soria. After preliminary studies in Madrid he worked in Rome, where he was pensioned for two years by the deputation of his native province. He obtained two third medals at the exposition in Madrid in 1887, and, since, has been industriously occupied in developing his youthful talent, as the success of his picture at the Chicago Exposition would indicate.



United States. THE AMATEURS. Alexander Harrison.

TWO children are in a boat upon a sleepy pond trying to catch fish. They do not seem to be experts at the sport, nor is their tackle that of professional anglers. The marshy body of water has a greenish-yellow color and seems opaque. Water-lilies float on the surface; the shore near by is grown with reeds; a hot afternoon sun hatches the landscape. Alexander Harrison is par excellence a painter of the water; in fact it was his marine life in the service of the United States coast survey that determined him to become an artist. His selection of subjects is, as a rule, happy, and many are the admirable shore-scenes that have come from his brush. Now he describes a moonlit surf, then an evening glow, or again a misty dawn, but he asserts ever his quick and brilliant perception. There were six of his works at the World's Fair, among them "The Bathers" and "In Arcadia." "The Amateurs" belongs to the Chicago Art Institute.



UNITED STATES.

THE BRIDGE.

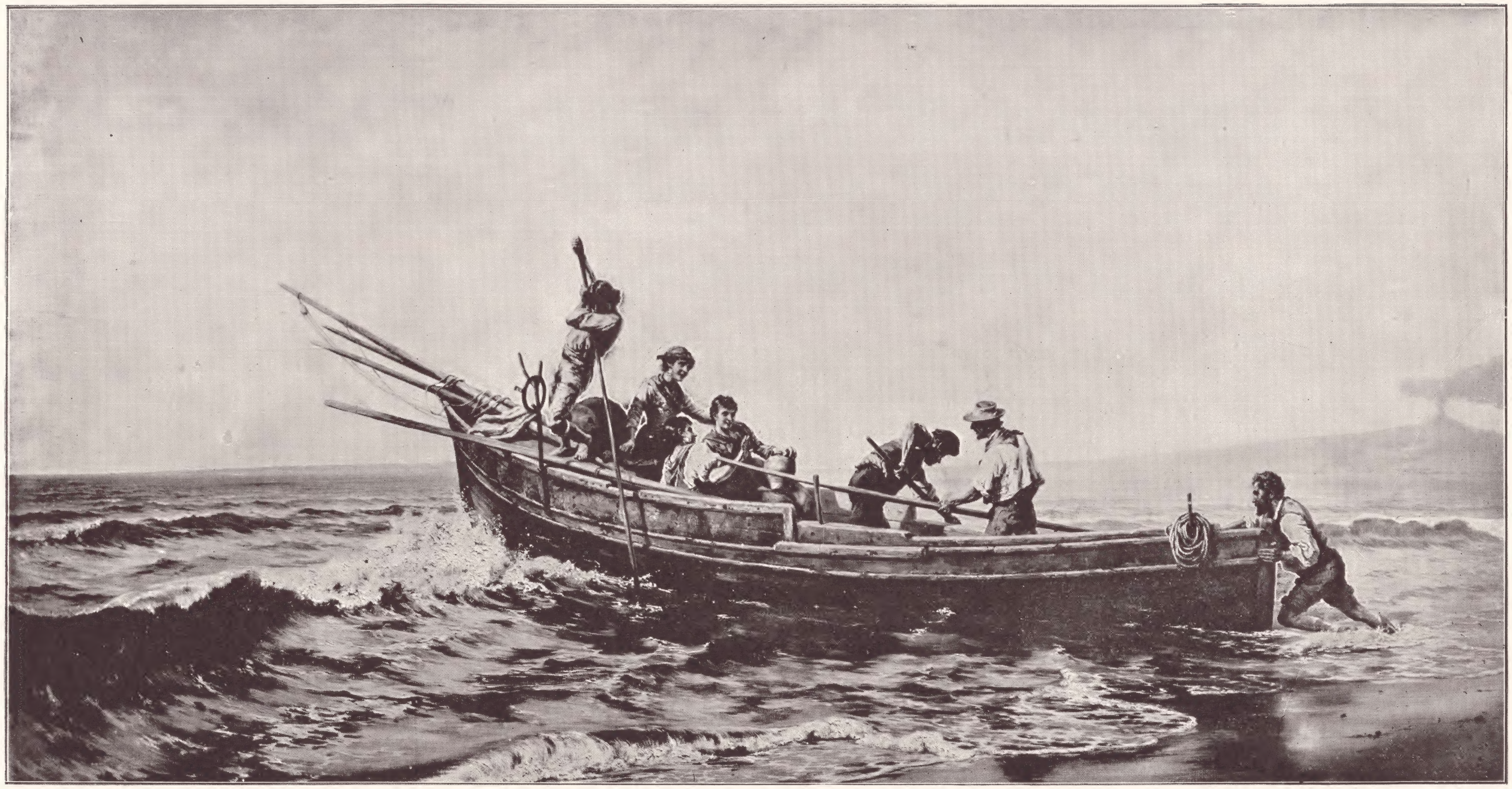
H. R. POORE

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS wrote the following lines upon this picture:

Through amber fringe, that borders all the West,
Falls the last glory of the sun's bequest
        On domes and spars.
The day is done. The hour of Toil's release
Comes like a benediction full of peace
        As midnight stars.

Thrice welcome time! The chains of labor fall,
And traffic stays her strong imperious call
        At close of day.
The weary and the glad, the poor, the proud,
Elate, dejected.—all together crowd
        The homeward way.

H. R. Poore was born in New Jersey, in 1859. He studied at the National Academy of Design and at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Upon his return from several years' traveling in Europe he painted "The Bridge." In 1888 he received one of the Hallgarten prizes, and in the following year was elected associate of the National Academy. Later he received the prize of $2,000, offered by the American Art Association in New York. His subjects represent man in association with domestic animals. The dog appears to be his favorite.

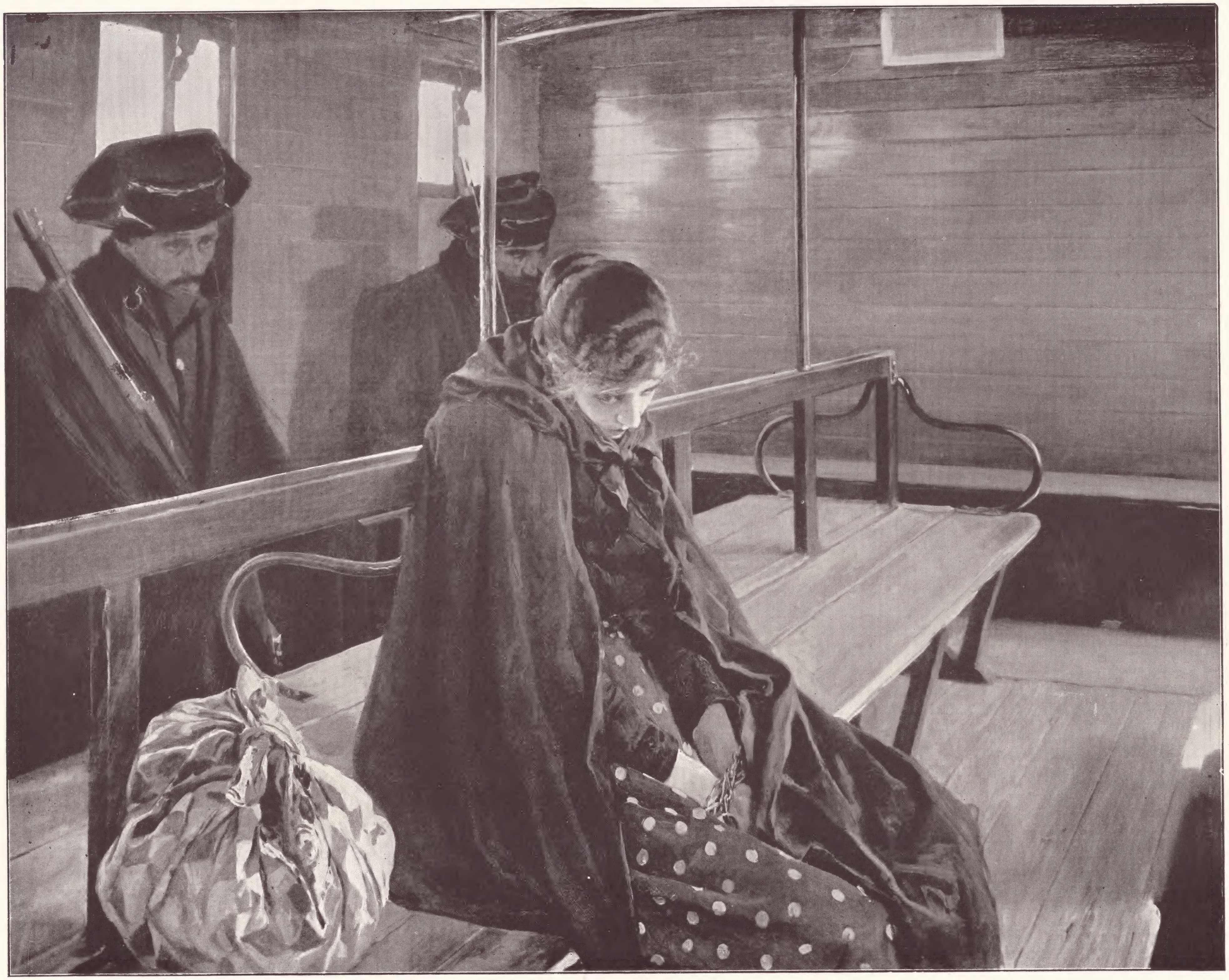


ITALY. P. GABRINI.

AT SEA.

A FISHING boat is putting off in the Bay of Naples. Its crew of men handles the poles, chatting and laughing the while with some girls who are on board. The sailing should be good in the morning breeze. Long waves roll in and break lightly on the beach. In the distance, to the right, the cone of Vesuvius is dimly visible, topped by a smoky weather-vane. Blue of various depths predominates in the marine. The figures are minutely designed, posing in movement, and distinctly grouped.

P. Gabrini lives in Rome. He sent to the World's Fair another painting besides this one. Under the title of "The Landing of Columbus" he yielded to the opportunity of a subject the treatment of which seemed to have stirred painters to an almost universal competition. The discoverer was enabled by the previous invention of the compass to reach the distant shore. Had the use of oil for smoothing storm-tossed seas been known then it would have facilitated his navigation. No more of that substance would have been required for such a purpose than has been employed since to dilute pigments for the pictorial reminiscence of his adventures.

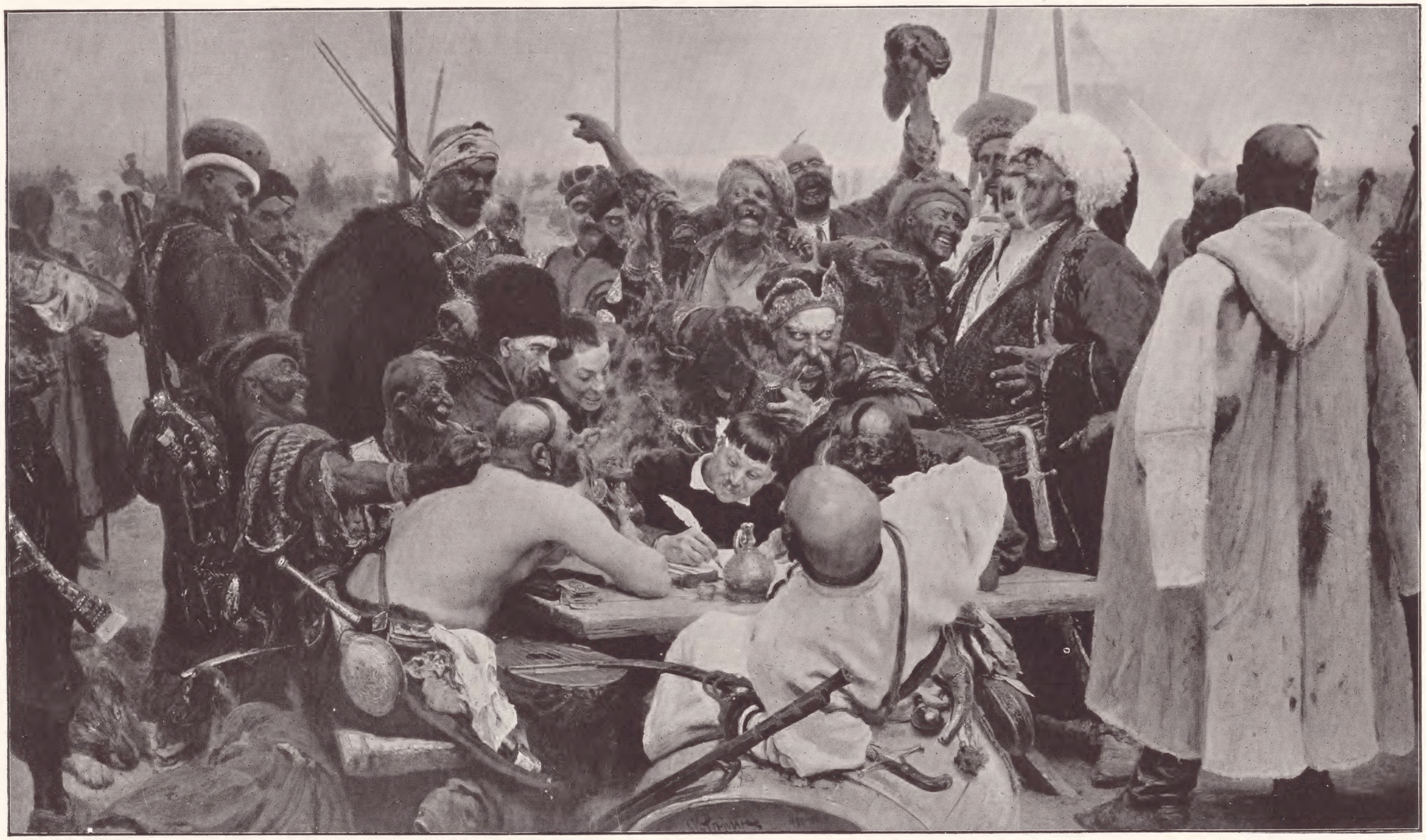


SPAIN.

JOAQUIN SOROLLA.

ANOTHER MARGUERITE.

WHEN the German poet gave form to his Faust idea, the tragedy's first part became a suggestion of all that is tender, of all that is pathetic in human relations. Dramatic conception of such truth, expression of such unsurpassed beauty, constantly lead to analogy of subjects where a painter treats the reality of life. Another Marguerite is judged. She is seated in a railway car on her journey to prison, with hands chained, under the guard of two armed men. A ray of light strikes her downcast face, she seems crazed, and even the soldier behind her betrays some compassion with the youthful criminal. The scene is plainly, sincerely rendered. The prisoner is a woman of the people; attitude and attire are closely observed. Her whole appearance is significant without being exaggerated. Crude woodwork and rough iron bars furnish the surroundings; daylight enters from the sides. Joaquin Sorolla gives Madrid as his residence; Parisian influence, however, seems not to be entirely foreign to him. He was represented at the World's Fair by several paintings, of which the above has been particularly admired.

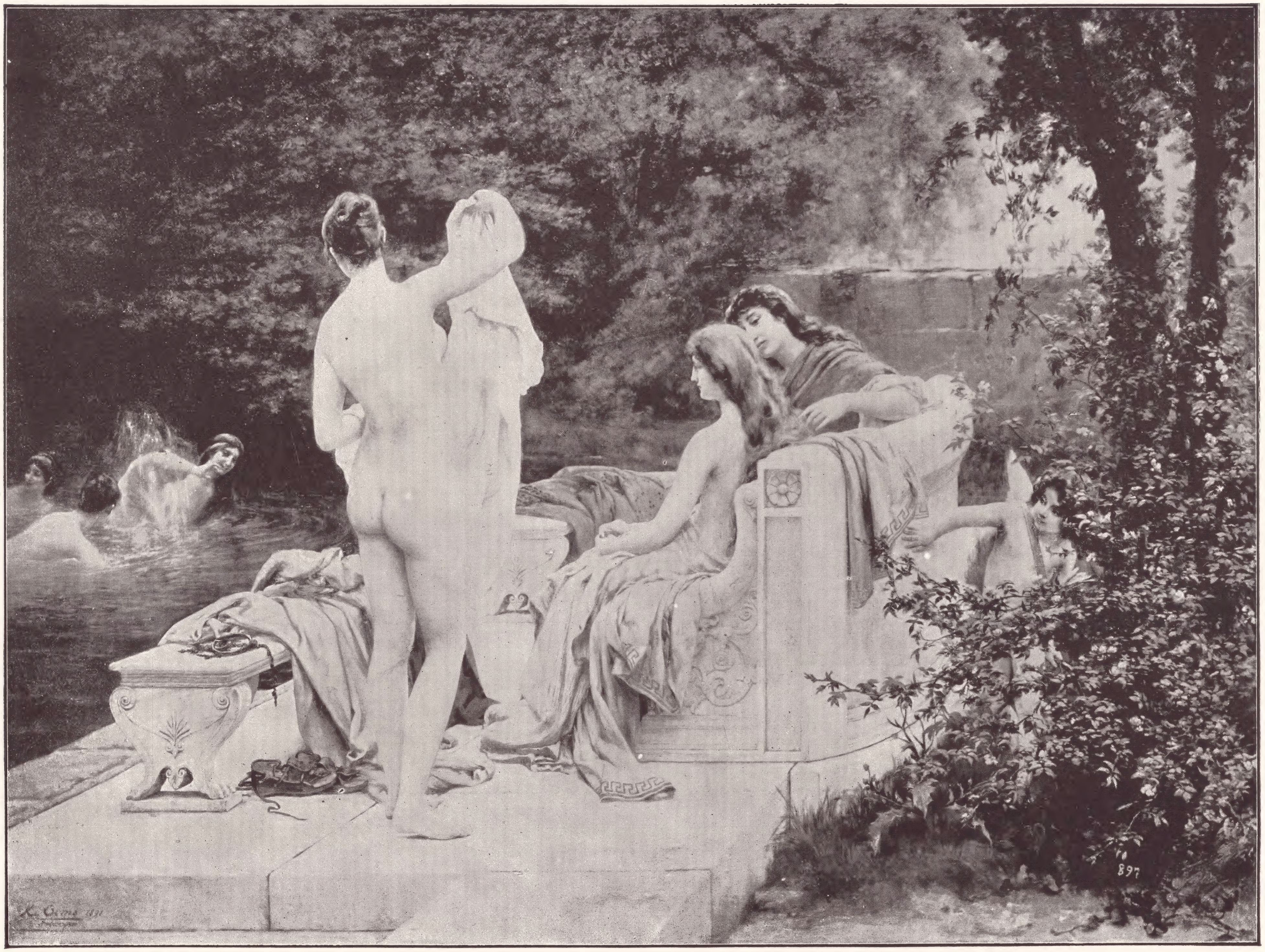


Russia.

E. Repine.

THE COSSACK'S ANSWER.

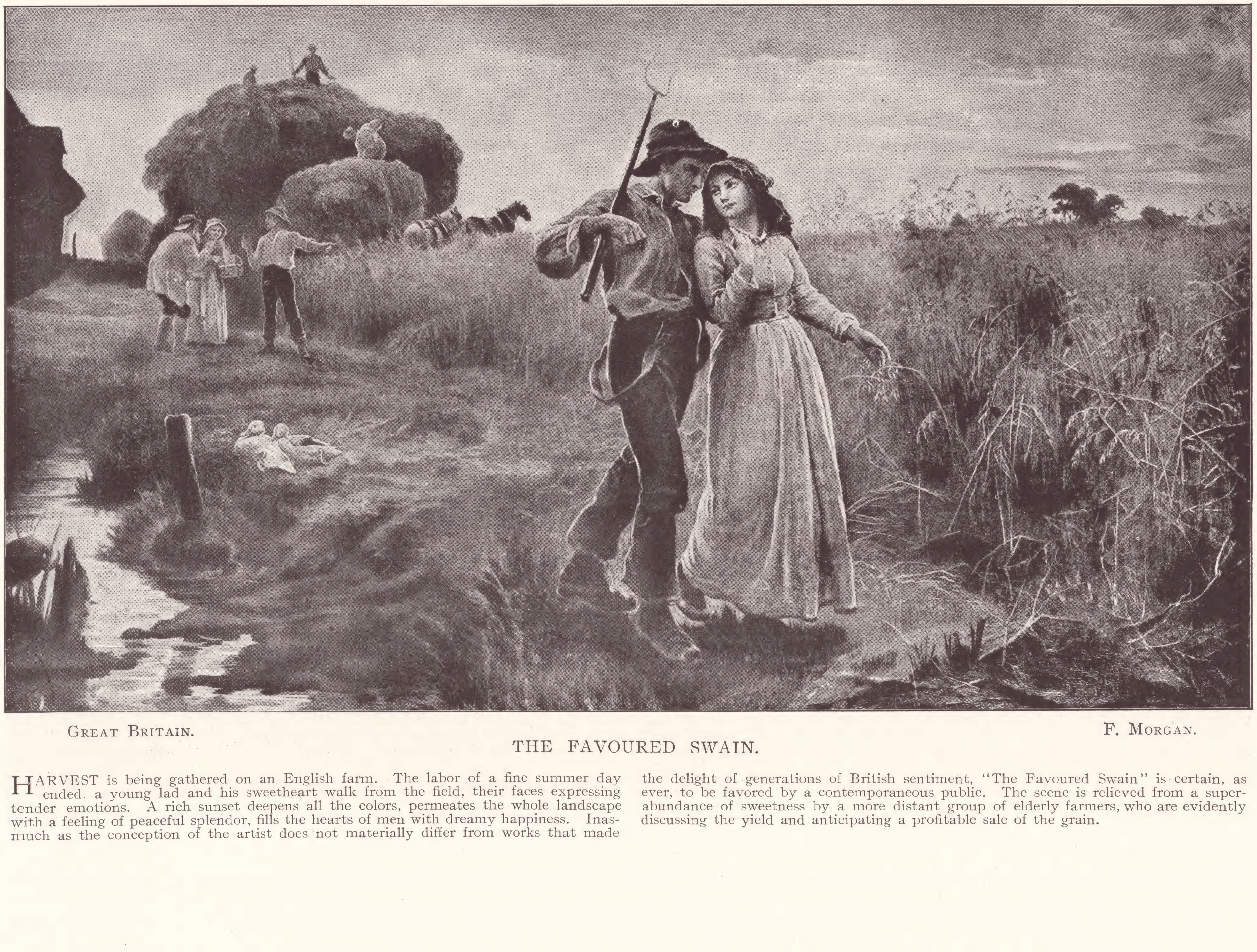
A MORE consummate suggestion of barbaric roughness it would be difficult to give. In the midst of a camp the leaders of the warlike hordes of the Dnieper have crowded around an improvised table, dictating to a scribe a message of taunts and threats to be conveyed to their enemies. Brutal strength and cruel instincts characterize every one of these Cossacks. Repulsiveness in all degrees is the expression of these grinning faces. Woe to the helpless prisoner who falls into their hands. They gesticulate wildly, and seem to be triumphant over some especially biting phrase that is being written. The composition of the scene is magnificently compact and vigorous. In drawing, the different figures are perfectly established, some of them in daring perspective. All the peculiarities of dress and weapons are carefully rendered; but the chief interest goes to the fierce action of the group. The picture belongs to the Emperor of Russia. E. Repine, the painter, was born in 1844, and is Russian Academist since 1876.



BELGIUM. KAREL OOMS.

CUPID'S CHASE.

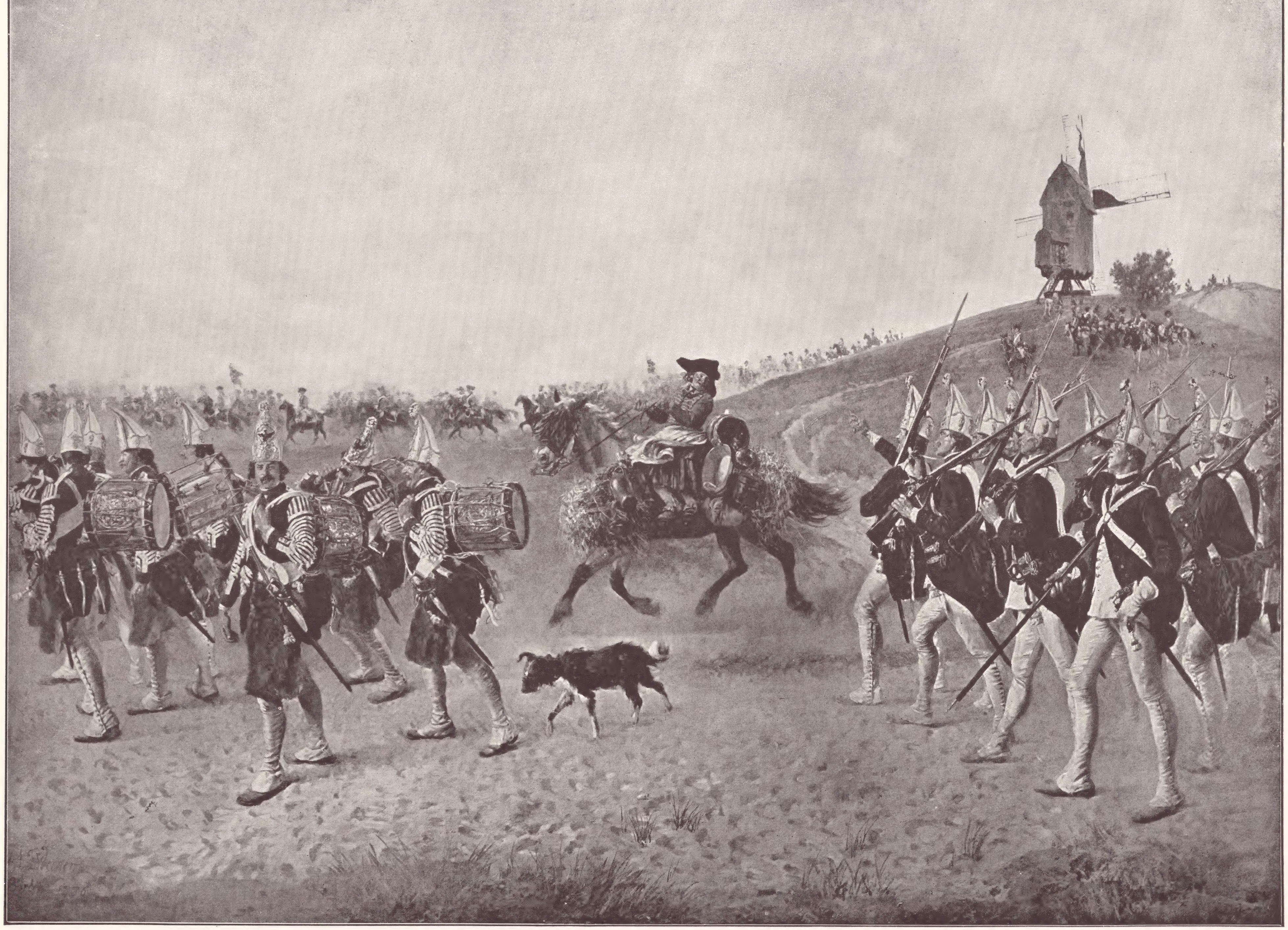
MARBLE, foliage, women in various stages of nudity and a little winged Cupid approaching surreptitiously from behind, form the pretext of this rather naive composition. The flesh tints toll from orange to violet, and the forms ply between the elasticity of zinc and the firmness of molasses. Makart, Alma Tadema, Bouguereau, or Henner might have surrounded the cradle in which this art was reared and have bestowed upon it some of their gifts. Karel Ooms manipulates now a sagacious brush, which puckers its bristles to caress the grateful public of his god-fathers. His renown is solid. Numerous medals have fallen to his lot in the European art expositions. The "Chase of Cupid" has captured the attention of many at the Chicago Exposition, where it was the only work of this painter.



GREAT BRITAIN. F. MORGAN.

THE FAVOURED SWAIN.

HARVEST is being gathered on an English farm. The labor of a fine summer day ended, a young lad and his sweetheart walk from the field, their faces expressing tender emotions. A rich sunset deepens all the colors, permeates the whole landscape with a feeling of peaceful splendor, fills the hearts of men with dreamy happiness. Inasmuch as the conception of the artist does not materially differ from works that made the delight of generations of British sentiment, "The Favoured Swain" is certain, as ever, to be favored by a contemporaneous public. The scene is relieved from a superabundance of sweetness by a more distant group of elderly farmers, who are evidently discussing the yield and anticipating a profitable sale of the grain.

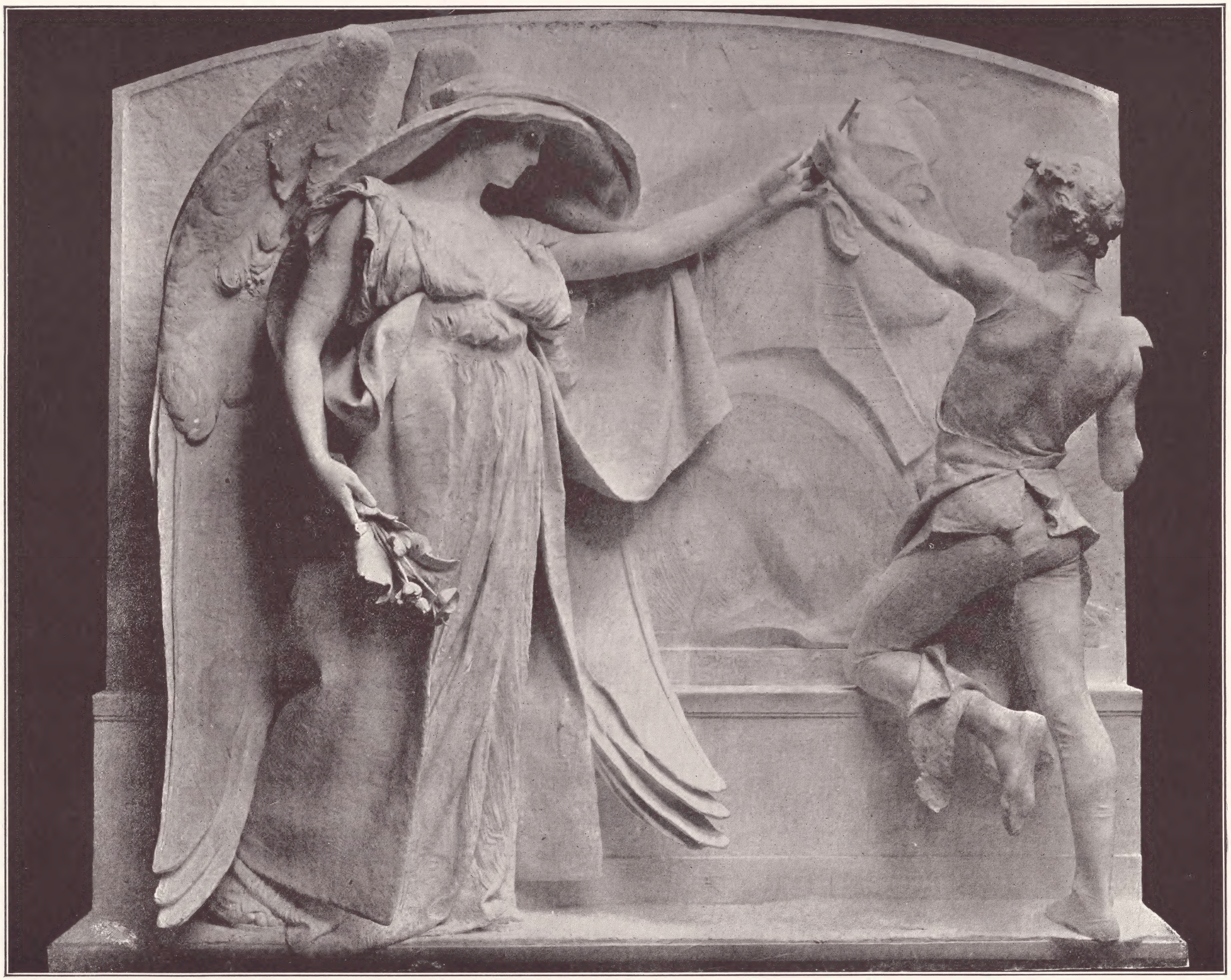


GERMANY.

FRITZ WERNER.

FEMALE SUTLER.

THE German department of the art exhibit at the World's Fair contained a great number of paintings which had for subjects scenes from the life of the military. The prevalence of uniform was strongly asserted there in accordance with the national taste. Battles, reviews, maneuvers, pageants, a debauch of brass buttons, a preciseness of lines, and a juxtaposition of colors, as only the constant sight of shooting targets could teach. The "Female Sutler" caters to a troop of grenadiers on the march. The accouterment is that of soldiers who were victorious under Frederick the Great. She is mounted on a large horse, upon which are also her wares. As she trots by the front rank the soldiers call to her in jest, and the comical figure in the saddle turns around with a laugh. Other regiments pass in the distance. Upon a low hill to the right is a small windmill. The picture is the property of the Berlin National Gallery.

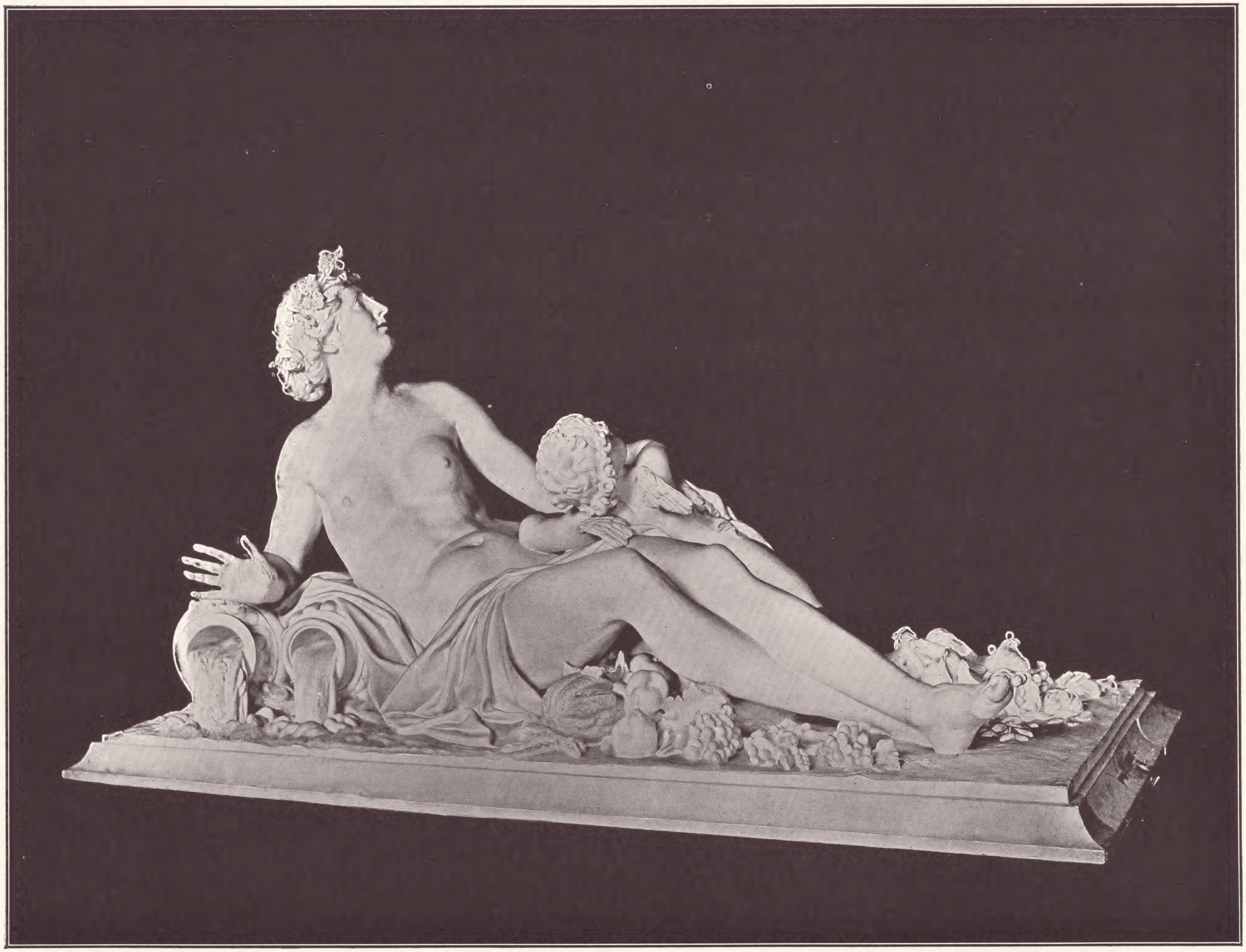


United States

Daniel C. French.

DEATH STAYING THE HAND OF THE SCULPTOR.

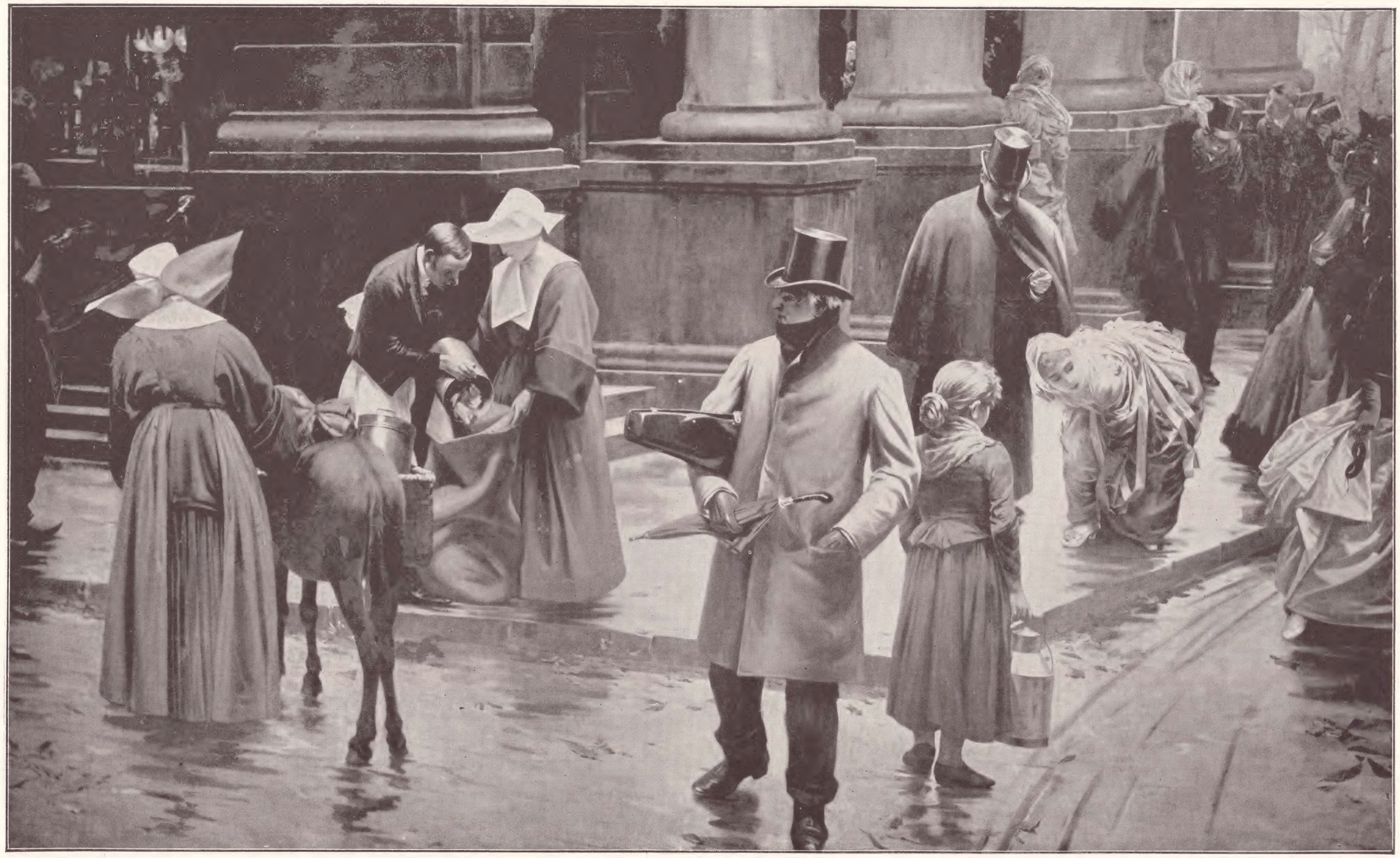
THE monument, of which a plaster cast was at the Exposition, has been erected in a Boston cemetery to the memory of the sculptor Martin Milmore. It represents in high relief the winged angel of death bidding halt to a young man who is chiseling upon a sphinx. The sculptor is in powerful movement, his thought still with his work, when suddenly the mysterious intruder faces him. Conception of a high order and masterly plastic treatment displayed by the artist in many well-known creations assert themselves again. Daniel C. French was born in Exeter, N. H., in 1850. He took up the study of art at the age of twenty, under O. Rimmer, in Boston. His first statue was the "Minute Man," erected in 1875 at Concord, Mass. Two years were spent in Florence in the studio of Thomas Ball. The "Republic," in the Court of Honor at the World's Fair, is one of the many famous statues that he has produced.



FRANCE. COYSEVOX.

THE DORDOGNE RIVER.

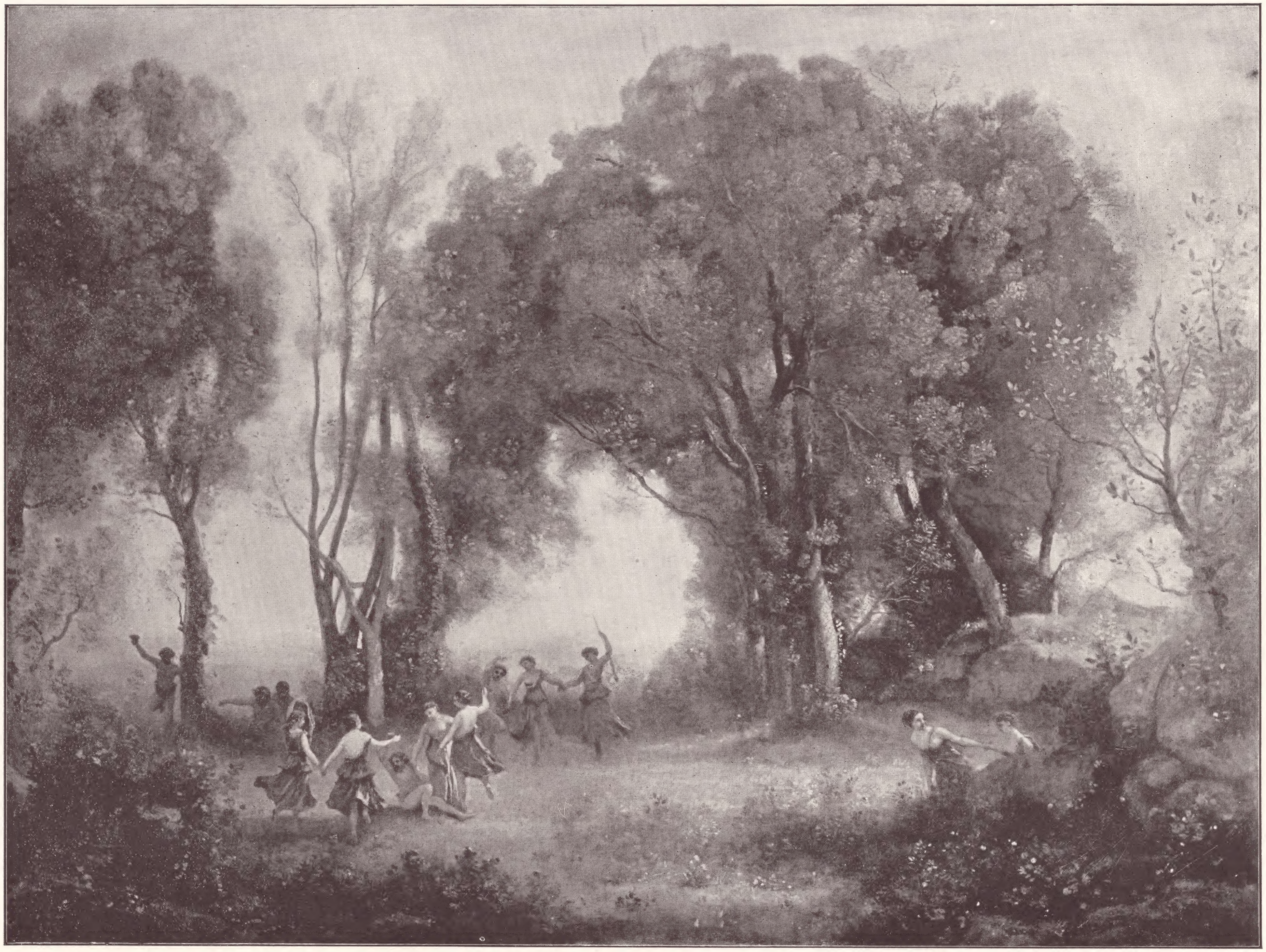
THIS allegorical representation of one of the larger rivers in Southern France takes into account more than has been usual in similar works—the actual geographical data. The slightly draped figure of a young woman reclines upon two urns from which water springs forth into one stream—as the Dordogne River is formed from the united currents of the Dor and the Dogne. On the banks of the Dordogne a fertile country blossoms The fruit and flowers strewn along the base of the sculpture serve as an indication of the bountiful nature of the district. A winged child is leaning against the principal figure. The group is in the Versailles Park. It is a work of Coysevox, whose career during the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries has been productive of numerous creations for the adornment of the royal gardens.



SPAIN. R. LORENZALE ROGENT.

CONTRAST.

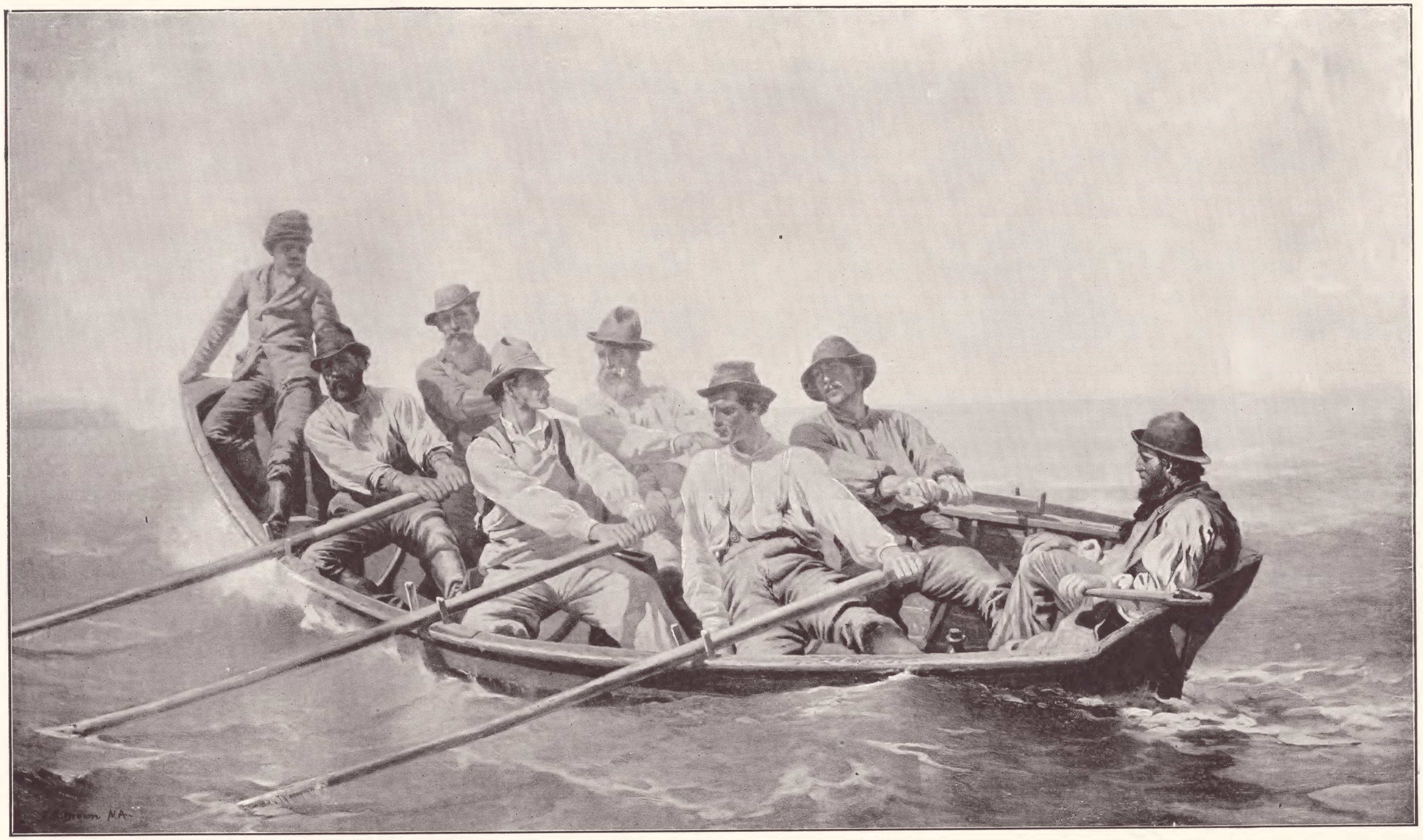
THE luxury of the rich and the solicitude of the sisters of the needy—a striking contrast. On one side of some monumental building the exit of a fashionable audience fills the street with the rustle of silk dresses and the clatter of carriages. From the man in the foreground holding a violin case under his arm, it may be inferred that a musical performance had been given—or was it a ball which lasted until daybreak? Near the corner of the building there is a group that nobody could confuse with the pleasure-seekers. A figure in rough convent garb holds a little donkey, while another sister of charity tends a bag, into which a sleek waiter from a restaurant close by empties the remnants of eatables. The food thus collected will be a welcome provision for many an empty stomach. In the near distance a little girl is standing with a milk can in her hand. She looks fixedly at the elaborate toilets of the passing ladies. Similar scenes are of such frequent occurrence in city life that explanatory remarks of a deeper significance would hardly be in place. The painter's observation penetrates the contrast, and established with skillful means its immediate aspect. Ramiro Lorenzale Rogent lives in Barcelona.



FRANCE. CОROT.

DANCE OF THE NYMPHS.

ONE of the masterly attempts of the painter to instill into color the trembling of trees under a breath of air, the thin radiance of twilight, a theory of sylvan spirits, more vagueness of contour and finer subtlety of impression than a half-dreamt vision would leave after awakening. His art approached so closely to the creation of the beautiful that his name not only leads in this century of landscape painting, but is also bequeathed upon their productions by an anonymous army of imposters. Jean Baptiste-Camille Corot was born in Paris in 1796, and died there in 1875. Where he studied and how he conquered fame would make too technical a narration when only the exalted merit of his work is to be admired. It was he who honored the institution of medals and orders when he accepted them. The loan collection gathered for the World's Columbian Exposition contained eleven of the much coveted pictures bearing his signature.



UNITED STATES. J. G. BROWN.

PULL FOR THE SHORE.

THE oars of a small boat are manned with six sturdy workers, who pull steadily for the shore, faintly visible at the left of the picture. The pleasurable object of their exertion is probably the return to their homes. A boy sitting in the bow considers the voyage as pure sport. The faces are of the clear-cut American type, sharply drawn, as are all of Brown's subjects. Life and motion are successfully rendered in the "Pull for the Shore." The composition was one of the most important among the seven works contributed by J. G. Brown to the Chicago Exposition. A reproduction of a single figure, entitled "Wall Flower," by the same artist, is also contained in this volume.

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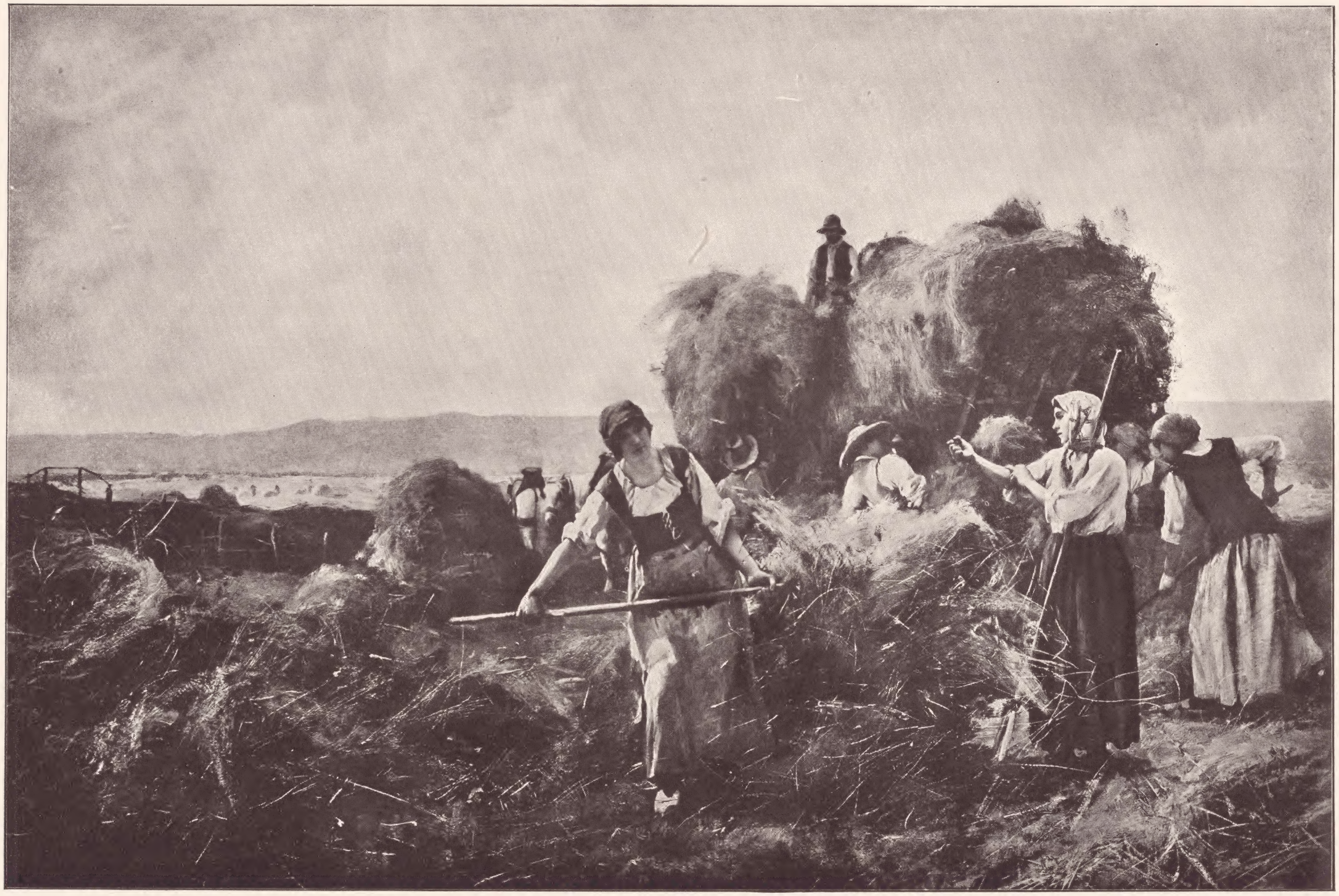
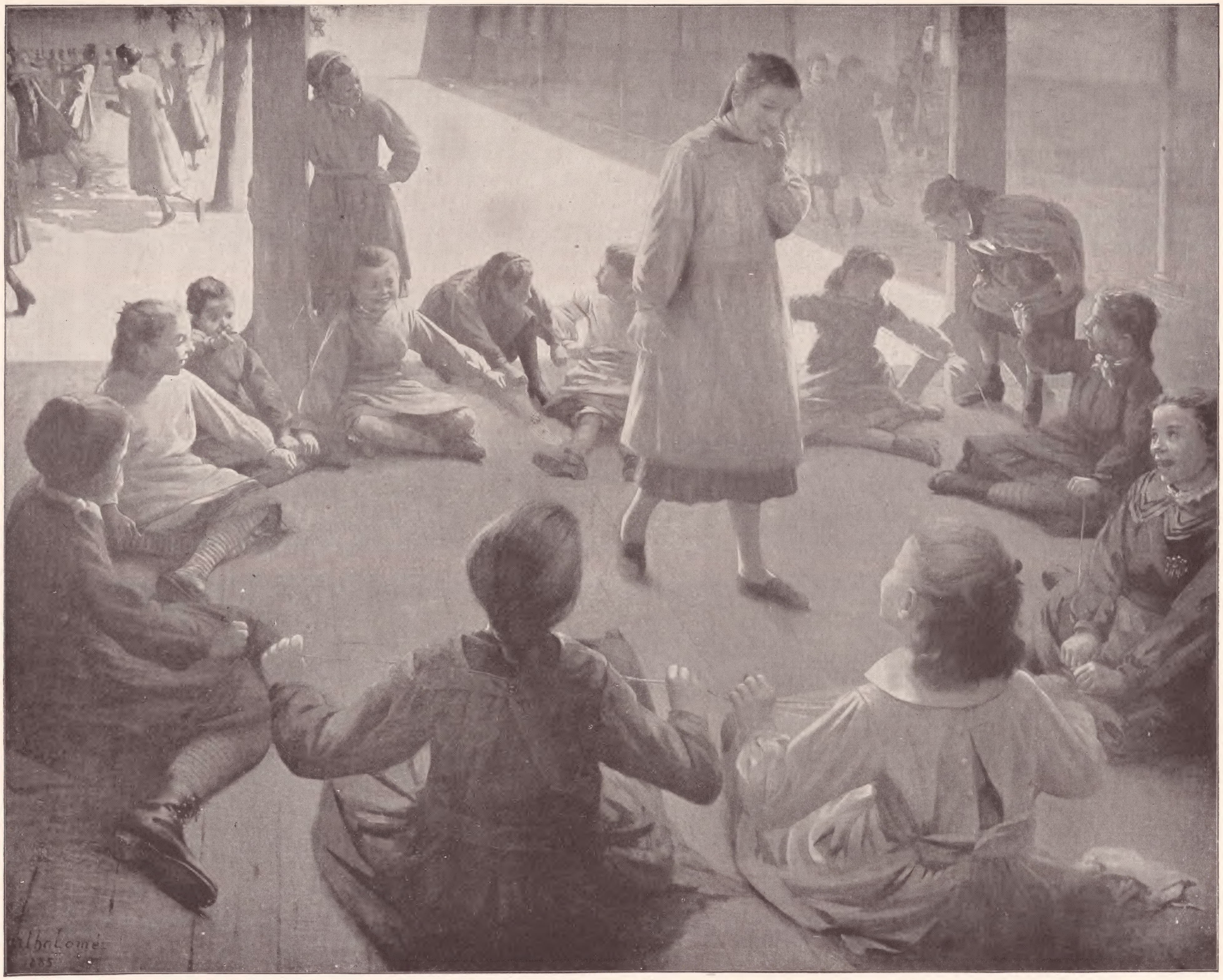


FRANCE. JULIEN DUPRÉ.

THE HARVESTERS.

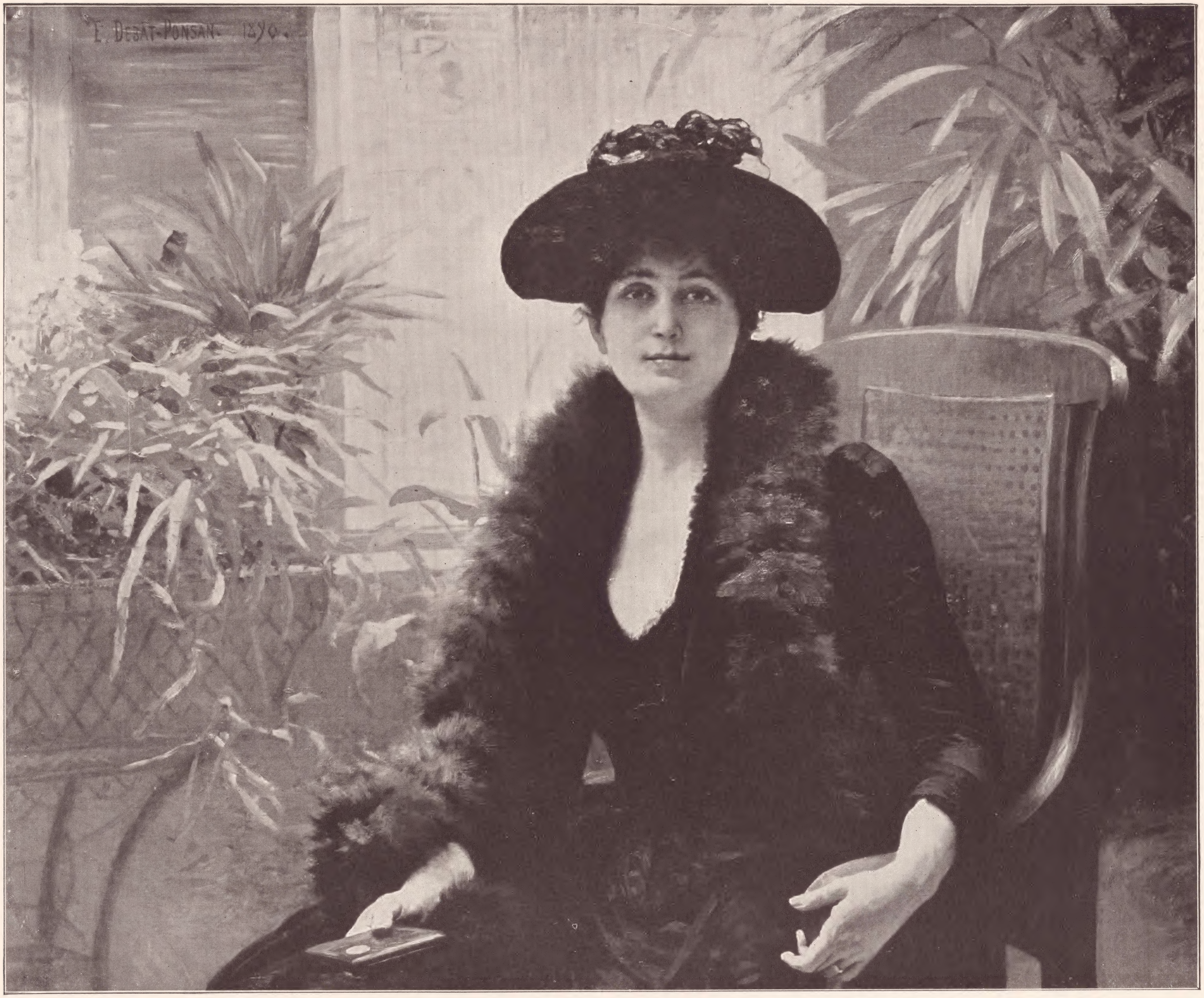
A GROUP of women and men are busy with the sheaves of grain which must be piled on the top of a wagon already nearly loaded full. The horizon line is in the middle of the canvas and the laborers near the foreground. Jules Dupré was born at Nantes in 1812. He was taught in his early youth how to paint on porcelain, and at the age of nineteen sent an oil painting to the French Salon. Success singled him out at the beginning, it remained his companion through the years until it became fame, and he one of the recognized masters in landscape painting. His works attract by vivid coloring and warm tone. Trees, animals, the human figure, and the sky have formed the subjects of his many spirited conceptions.



FRANCE. ALBERT BARTHOLOMÉ.

HUNTING THE SLIPPER.

THE public schools have offered many of the themes selected for treatment by the exhibitors in the French Section of Fine Arts Lessons in the class-room, demonstrations in the laboratory, the recreations of youthful pupils, each have furnished their quota for attractive pictures. The one presented under the title "Hunting the Slipper" belongs to the number, and deserves its full part of recognition. Little girls sitting in a circle upon the ground play a merrily exciting game. A girl in the center does the hunting. She is somewhat puzzled to guess where the slipper is kept hidden. The faces are vivacious, full of childlike animation, and the artist for one has not gone amiss in Hunting the Slipper. It was the only canvas which he exhibited in Chicago.

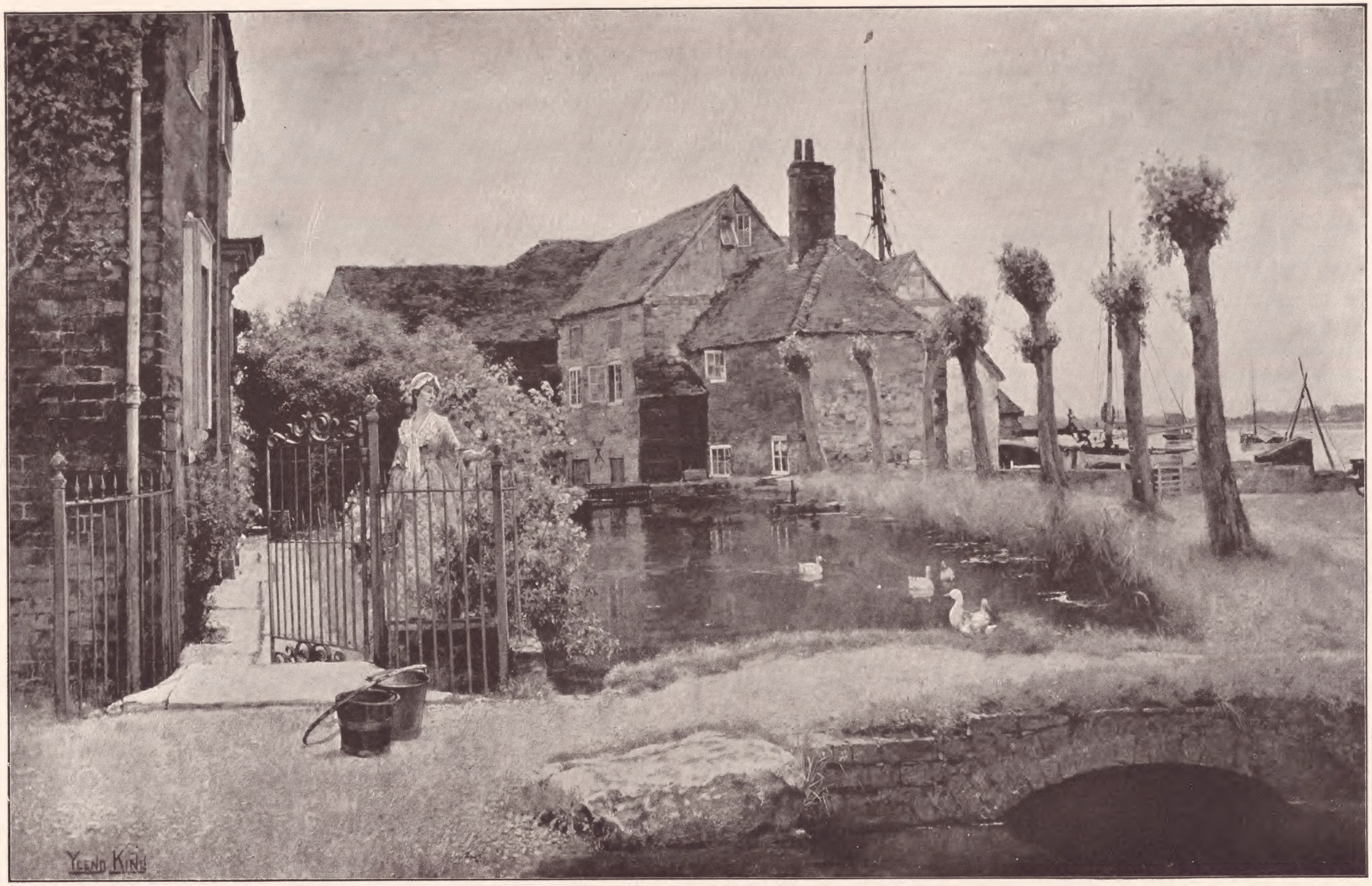

E. DEBAT-PONSAN. 1890.

FRANCE.

E. DEBAT-PONSAN.

IN MY CONSERVATORY.

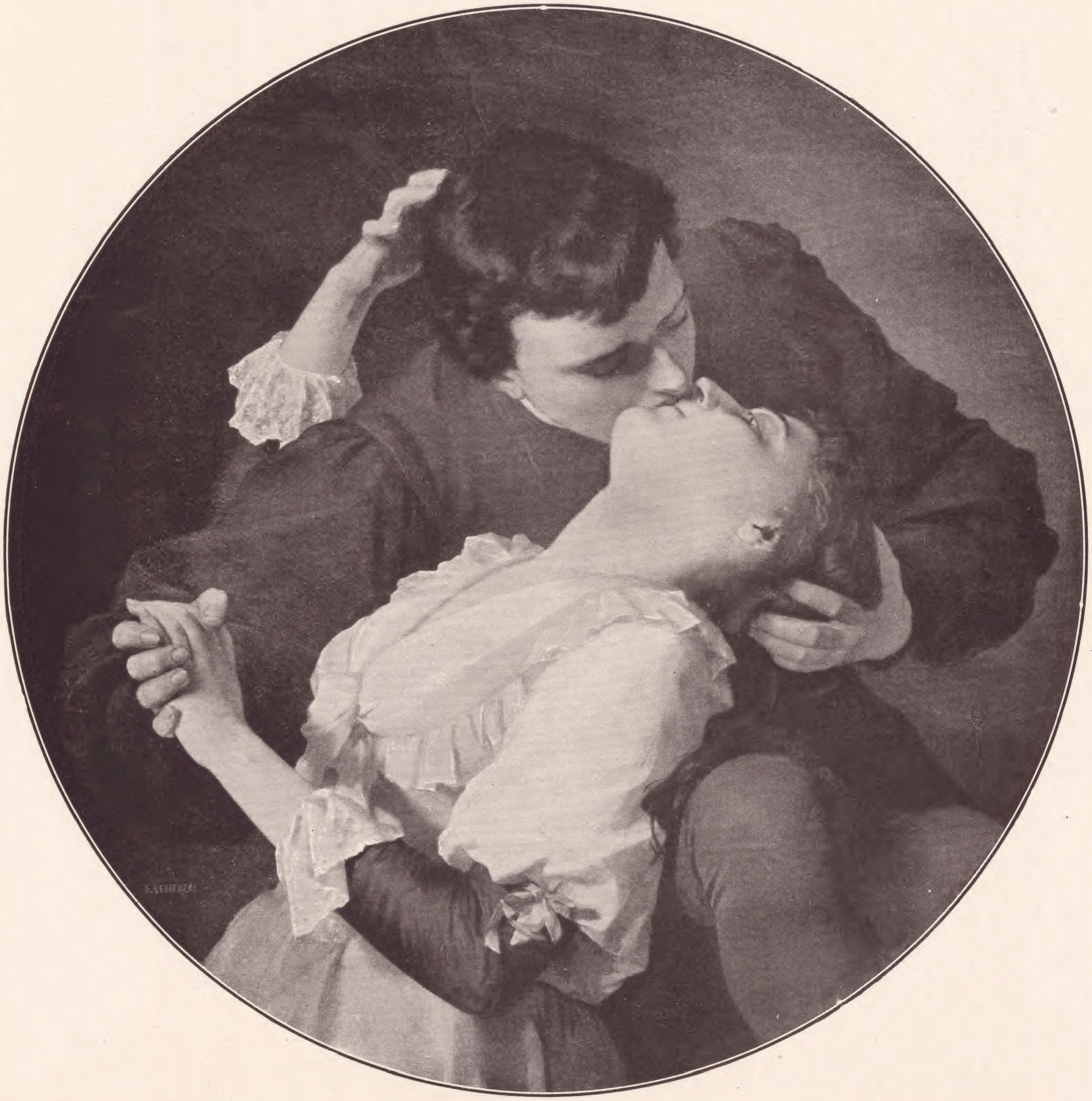
THE picture represents a lady seated among plants and flowers, and is the portrait of a handsome person. The surrounding green simply adds to the color effect of the figure. Face and hands are firmly treated, the textures skillfully rendered. A pupil of Cabanel, Edouard Debat-Ponsan has produced paintings of every kind. He was born at Toulouse, and took the second Grand Prix de Rome in 1873. Among the numerous portraits by him, several have attracted wide attention on account of their artistic eminence, and also because many Parisian celebrities were his sitters, as, for instance, M. Constans, the French Minister of the Interior. Paul de Cassagnac, the impetuous deputy, and the late General Boulanger. The then popular general was represented in full regalia upon his black horse, but the picture was withdrawn from the Universal Exposition of 1889 by order of the government. When the belongings of the dead ex-leader were sold at public auction in Brussels hardly any one cared to make an offer for a portrait that a few years before had caused so much controversy.



GREAT BRITAIN. YEEND KING.

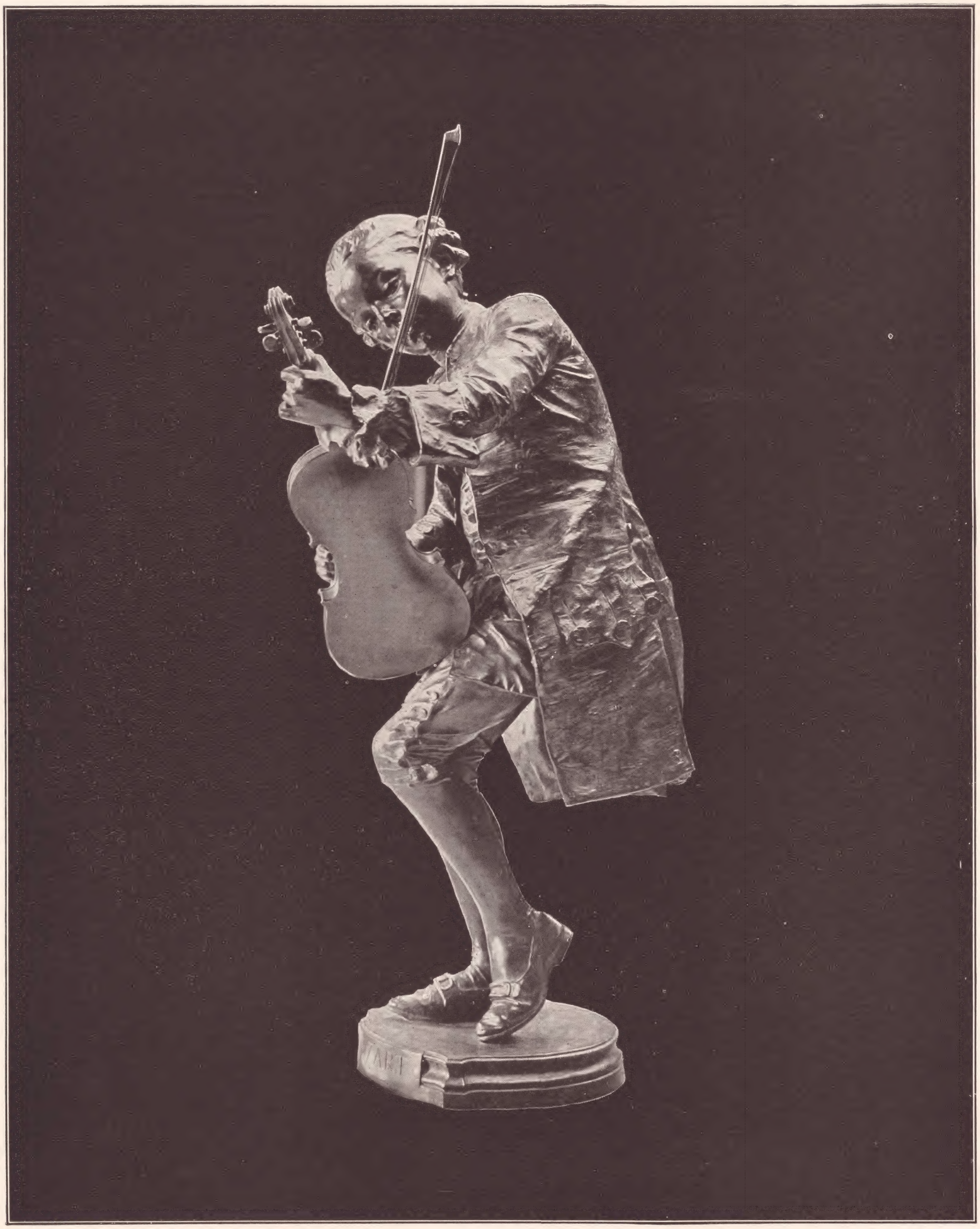
THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR.

THE lass stands before the paternal home and her love is far away. Her eyes wander from the duck-pond before her to the river beyond, where boats are anchored. Many an evening she has left the house, wondering if the absent one would not at last return to her affection, fearing the treason of the elements, perhaps struggling with a doubt of the realization of her fond expectations. Much importance is given in the picture to the accurate rendition of the pretty locality, the figure thereby losing some of the meaning that the title would assign to it. Yeend King, R. I., was represented in Chicago with three works, the two others being ' Autumn Wooing" and "A Gray Day in July."



AUSTRIA. THE KISS. EDUARD LEBIEDZKI.

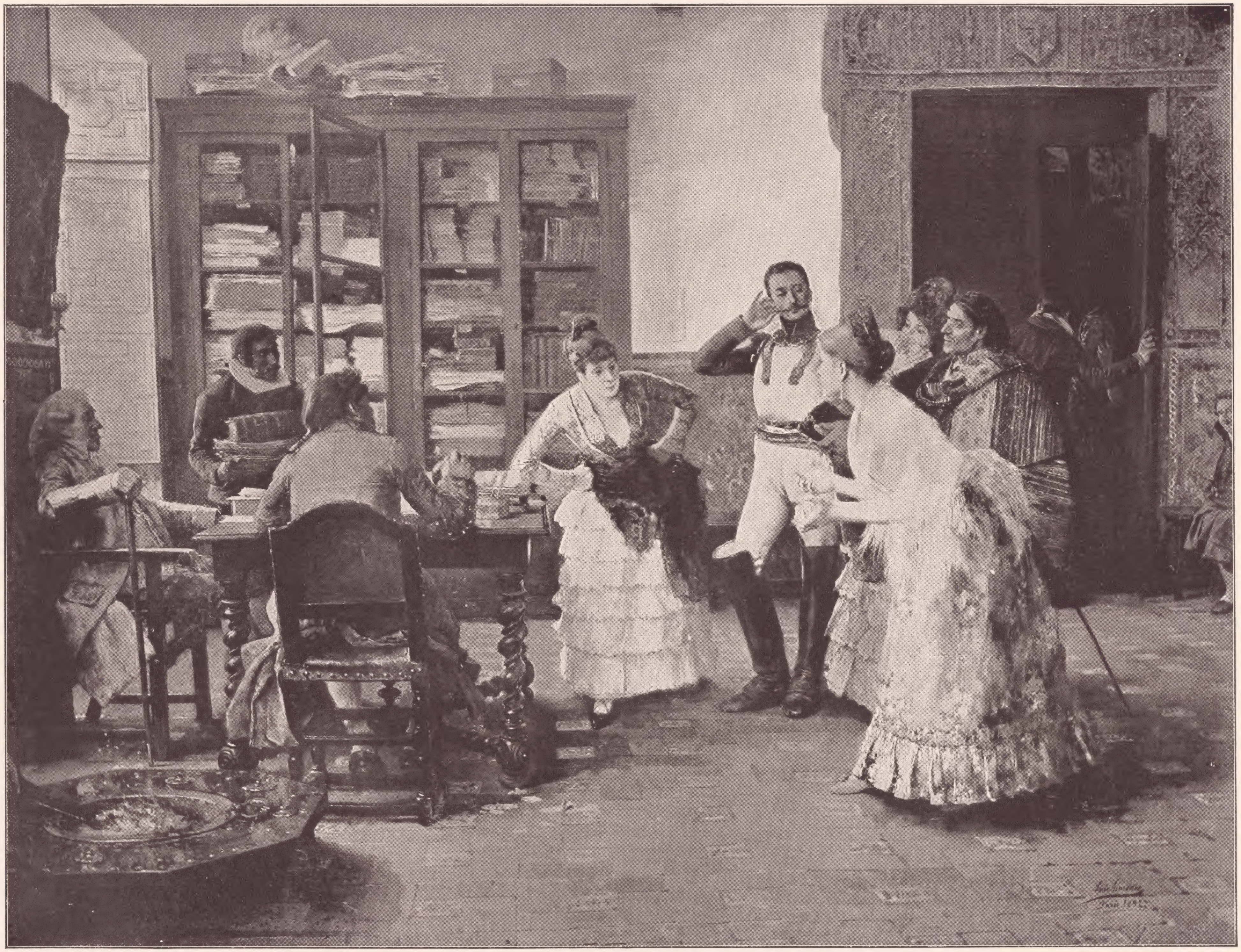
THE rainbow in itself would make an ungrateful subject for the sculptor. That pure refraction of light, infinitely delicate, escapes rendition in solid material. It would seem almost as though the kiss as a motive for the painter would offer difficulties equally unsurmountable. Emotional expression supremely concentrated is apt to dwindle down to formal gesture when transported upon canvas. Yet it is an attractive subject, meant as such, and so accepted. Four hands and two mouths bring the two young persons in caressing contact—the kiss is given and received rapturously. The picture is medallion shaped, the figures are in the exact center, and parts of the bodies are not seen. Signed E. Lebiedzki, and exhibited in Chicago as the only work from this artist.



FRANCE. LOUIS-ERNEST BARRIAS.

MOZART AS A CHILD.

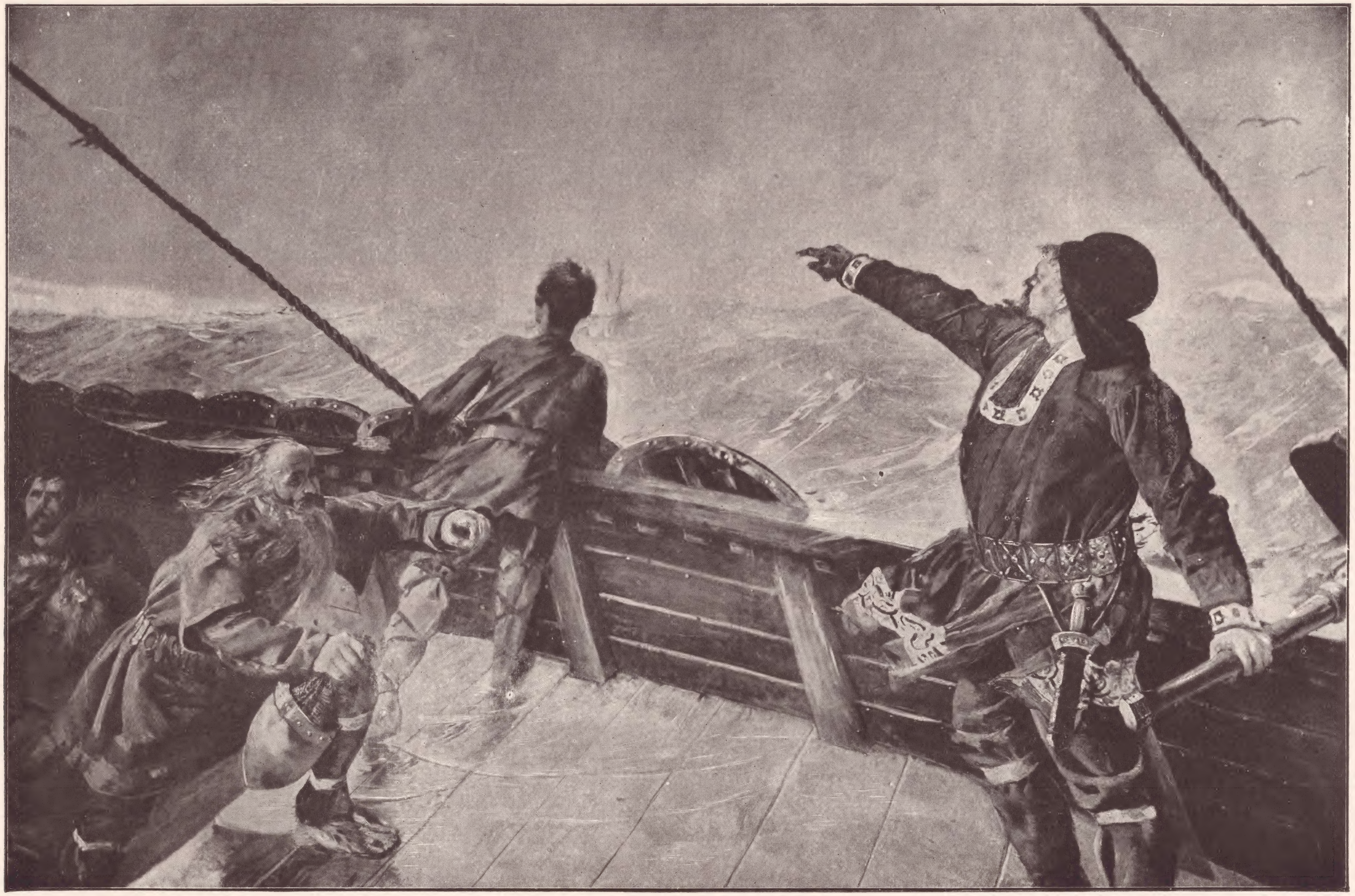
THE youthful prodigy, who afterward became one of the greatest musicians of all times, is preparing to play upon the violin. He stands slightly bent forward, braced upon one leg, holding the instrument against the other while he tunes the strings. His boyish face is earnestly animated with his work. Mozart's father traveled from city to city advertising the various talents of the little player, much in the same manner as such notices are spread in the present time, only that recent managers perhaps do not think it necessary to announce that their virtuoso is to play blindfolded upon the pianoforte. Louis-Ernest Barrias was born in Paris. He studied under Cavelier, Jouffray, and L. Cogniet. The medal of honor at the Salon of 1878, the order of the Legion of Honor, and the membership in the Institute of France are distinctions that were bestowed upon him. "Mozart as a Child" was molded from the original for the Chicago Art Institute.



SPAIN. JOSE JIMENEZ ARANDA.

THE LOVERS.

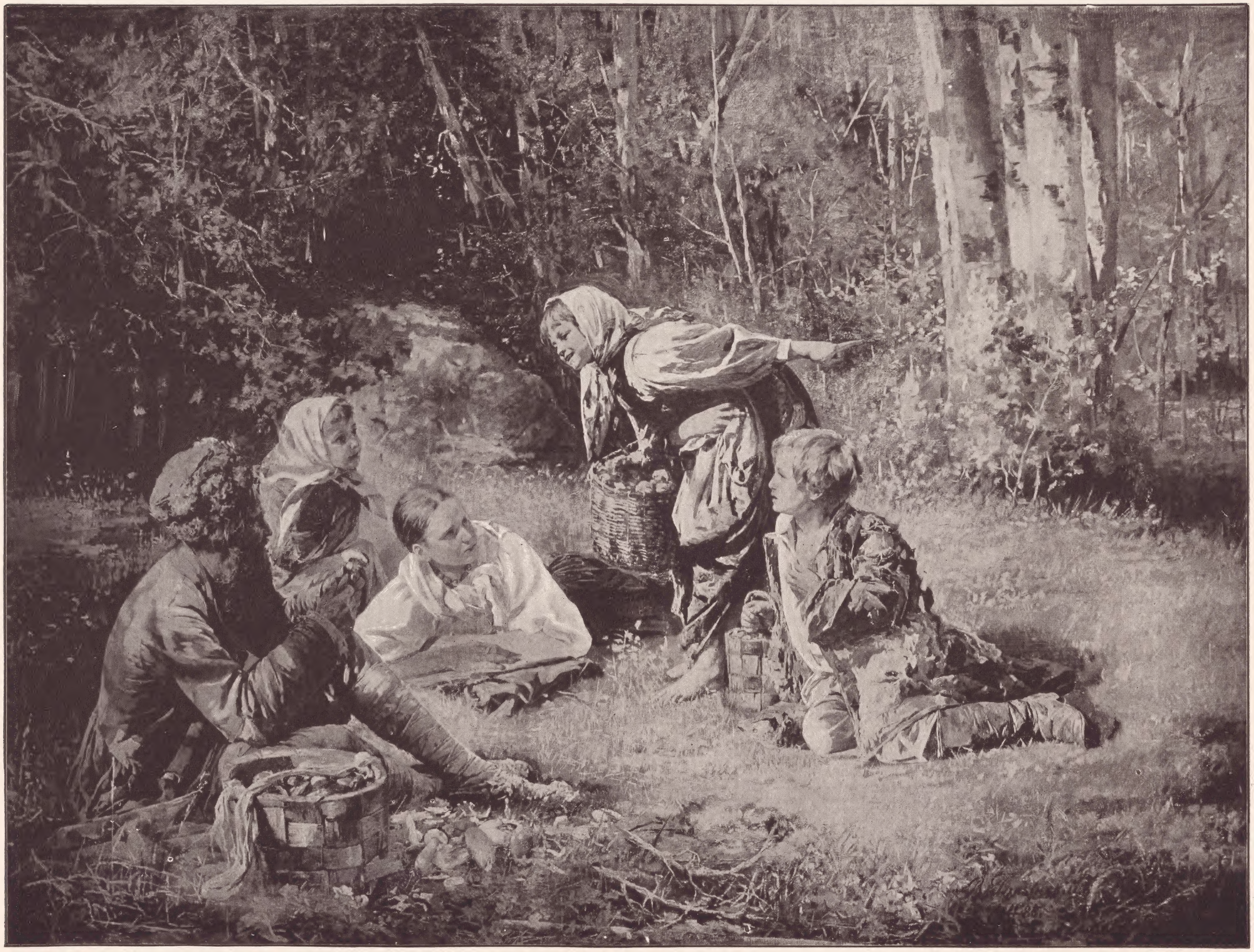
THE affections of two Spanish beauties centered upon the same object, a handsome soldier in full cuirassier uniform, have brought about an ambiguous situation The man in the case would seem capable of deciding the difficulty, but for some reason it has become opportune to present it to a justice, who now receives the parties. An argument between the two women takes quite a vivacious turn; their gesticulation shows bitter feeling and hot temper. Between them stands the caballero, twirling his mustache, as though the issue was not of great concern to him. The judge listens with an air of amused importance. Everybody is dressed in state, and the scene in the spacious court-room is bright with color. Ornamentation of the Spanish style, the crucifix upon the wall, not less than the types themselves, indicate local peculiarities. Jose Jimenez Aranda signs his picture with the addition of a Paris date, yet he painted a subject proper to his native country.



NORWAY. CHRISTIAN KROHG.

LEIF ERIKSSON DISCOVERS AMERICA.

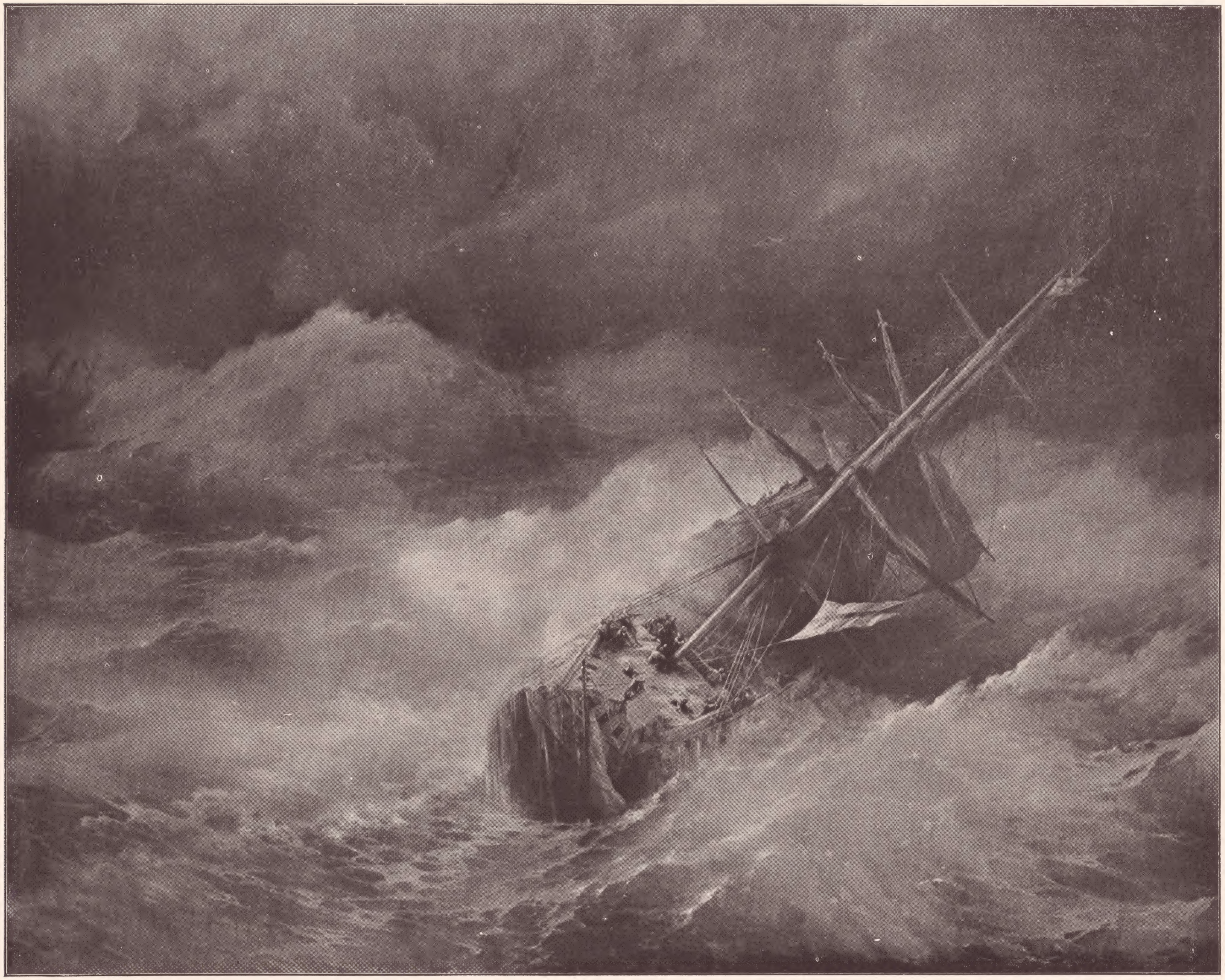
THE event of the first landing on the coast of North America, not having led to the colonization of the new continent, has not been proven beyond all doubt. Leif Eriksson, a Norwegian chief of the tenth cenutry, is said to have been the intrepid sailor who really made the discovery. His gigantic form is portrayed in the picture, standing upon the deck of his Viking ship. He has just sighted land and points toward the horizon. The men of the crew are making haste to look in the direction where the unknown coast appears. An exciting situation, which the artist conveys with all its spirit. The small craft is tossed upon the high waves; the figures in the immediate foreground move with force; the marine effect shows a fine study of nature. There is a good deal of originality in this large composition.



Russia. W. Golinsky.

MUSHROOM GATHERERS.

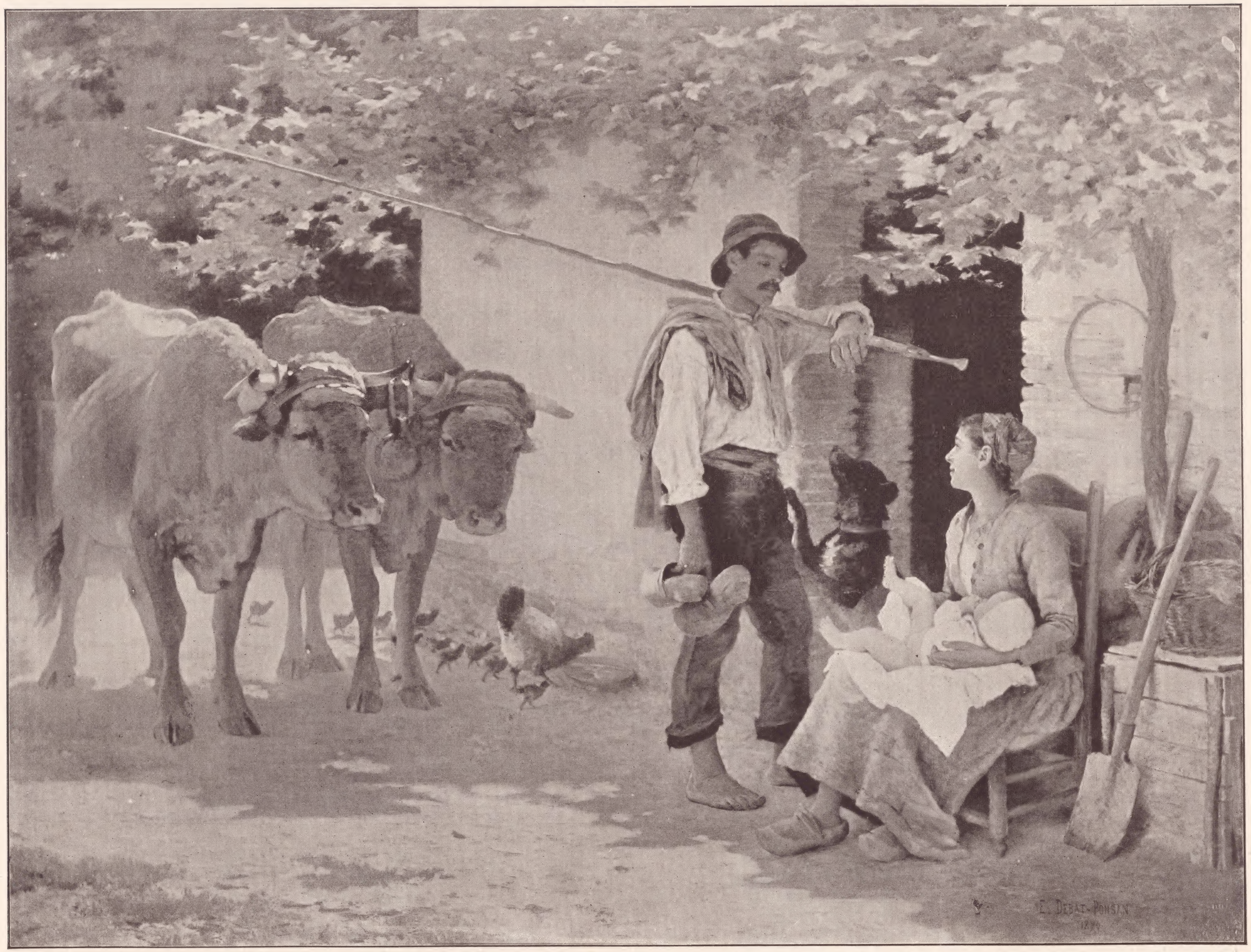
A FAMILY of rural mushroom gatherers has congregated in the woods. Baskets full of the fungi have been collected, and the gatherers are at rest upon the ground. Their smiling faces would indicate that they are pleased with the day's yield. The children seem especially animated. W. Golinsky, the author of this work, was born in the year 1854. His titles, as quoted in the official language, are: "Genre Painter; Class Artist of First Degree." The first degree is undoubtedly the highest which Russian authorities can give. The canvas exhibited in Chicago bears the date of 1888. It is the property of the Academy in St. Petersburg. Landscape and figures are interestingly treated.



Russia. J. Avvasovsky.

SANTA MARIA.

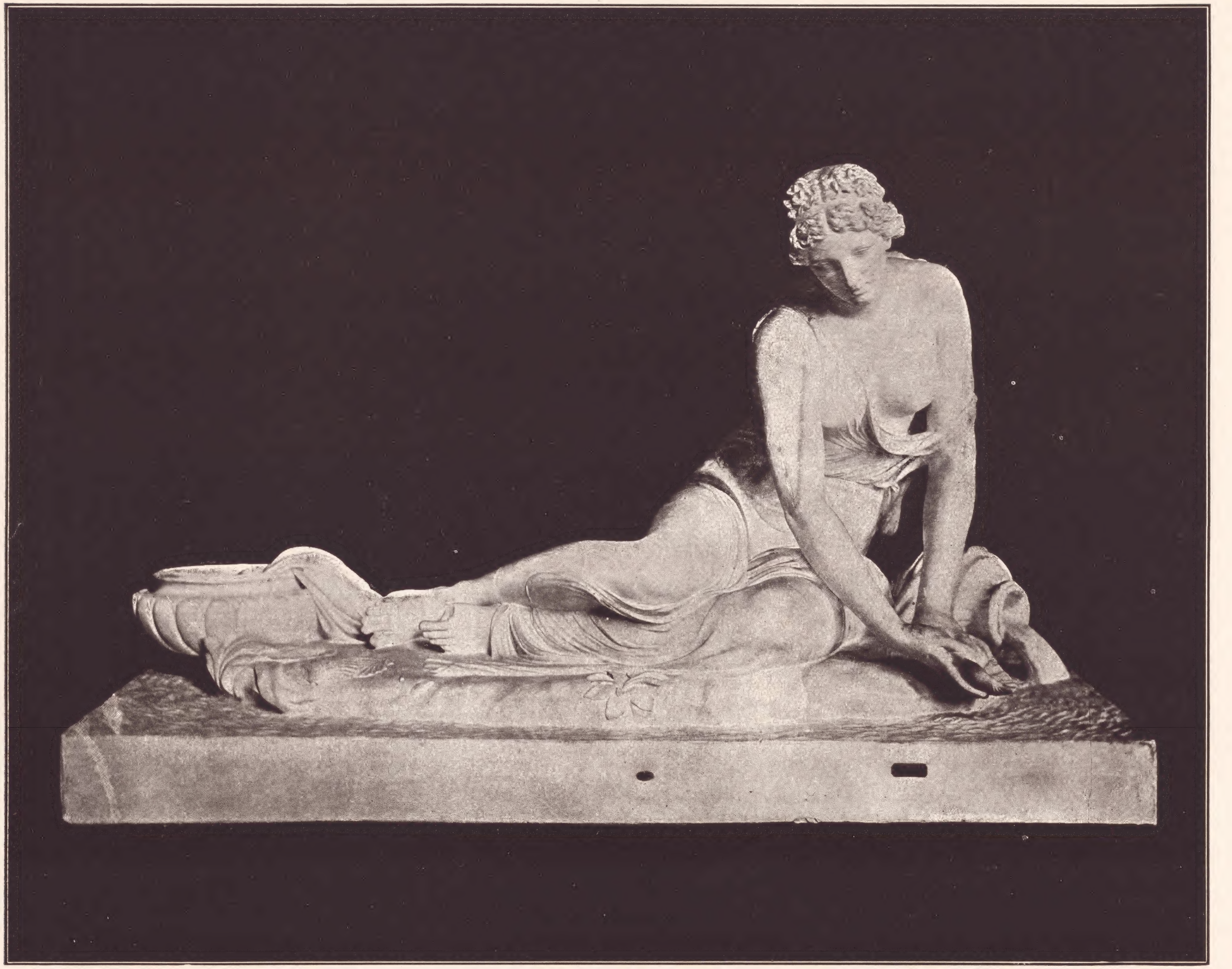
HISTORICAL painting holds a respected place among the several branches into which art finds itself officially divided. Marine painting is another distinct branch. Why there are no such recognized specialties as geographical, mechanical, or pharmaceutical paintings it remains for the authorities to explain. Yet the current classification finds itself enriched by at least one new title: the Columbian painting. Since the Chicago Exposition was held to commemorate the discovery of the adventurous Christopher, it was deemed the opportunity for confronting the public with numberless portrayals of the vicissitudes and triumphs in his fateful career. And thus the Columbian picture came to flourish. Far away Russia seized the subject with alacrity. In the collection of works contributed by the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts there were twenty numbers by J. Ayvasovsky, five of them illustrating the famous travels. The title of the painting reproduced above is given in full as follows: "The Ship Santa Maria, on its way to America. Columbus, during a violent storm, surrounded by his discontented crew."



FRANCE. E. DEBAT PONSAN.

NOON.

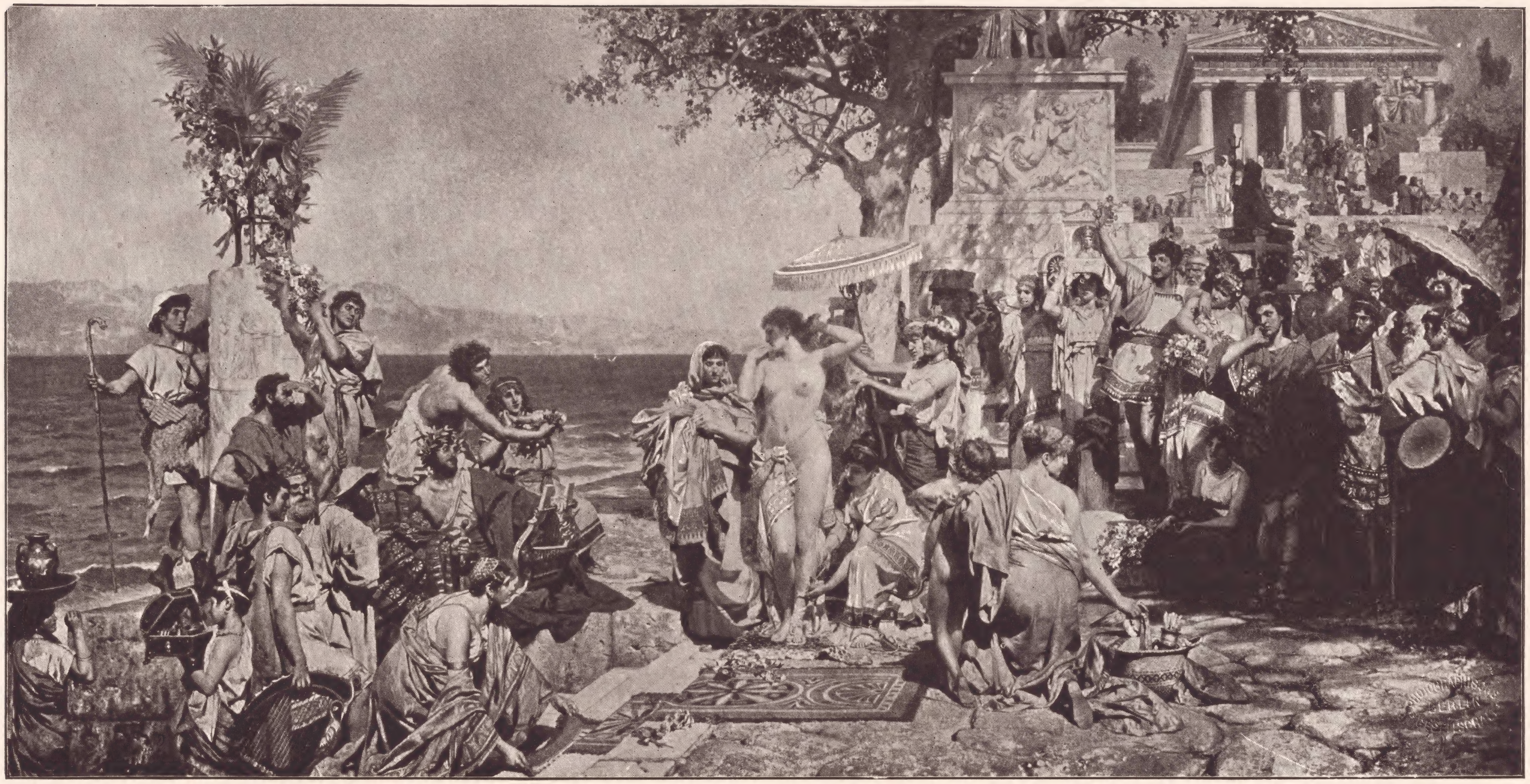
A PEASANT returning home from work is welcomed by his young wife, who holds a baby upon her knees. The scene is before the entrance to the house; the man is followed by his yoke of oxen. By inscribing "Noon" as a title upon this picture the artist probably refers to the family happiness of these people as well as to the midday sun, the one and the other in the zenith. Reference has been made in another part of this publication to the portraits that have come from the brush of E. Debat Ponsan He has been successful in diverse directions, especially with his paintings "First Mourning," exhibited in 1874, and "St. Bartholomew's Day" which was at the Salon of 1880. "In my Conservatory" and "Noon" were the two canvases contributed by E. Debat Ponsan to the Chicago Exposition.



FRANCE. A. COYSEVOX.

NYMPH WITH SHELL.

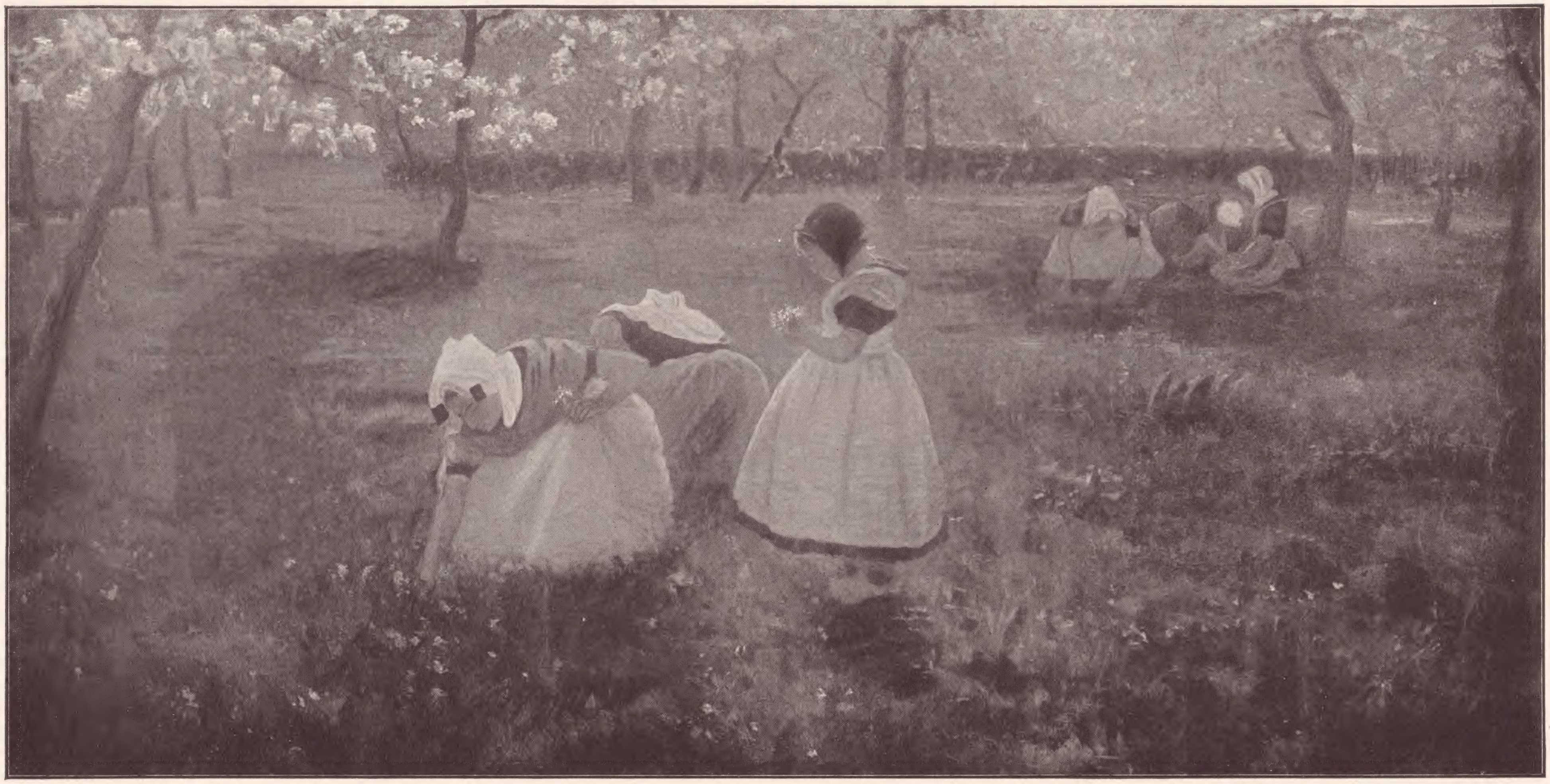
THE nymph is half-nude and in a half-reclining position upon the ground. Water flows from a source, and she is about to dip a shell into the rivulet. The cast belongs to the collection of French historical sculpture shown at the Exposition, and is now at the museum of the Chicago Art Institute. The original marble statue was in the Park of Versailles. It has recently been placed in the Galleries of the Louvre, a copy having been made for the site it occupied before. A. Coysevox, the sculptor, best known by his "Winged Horses" and "Fawn Playing the Flute," was born in 1640 at Lyons; he died in Paris at the age of eighty years. The "Nymph with Shell" dates from the end of the seventeenth century. His works in marble and in bronze were many, the latter often bearing in conjunction with his signature the name of the Kellers, the founders.



Russia. H. Semiradsky.

PHRYNE.

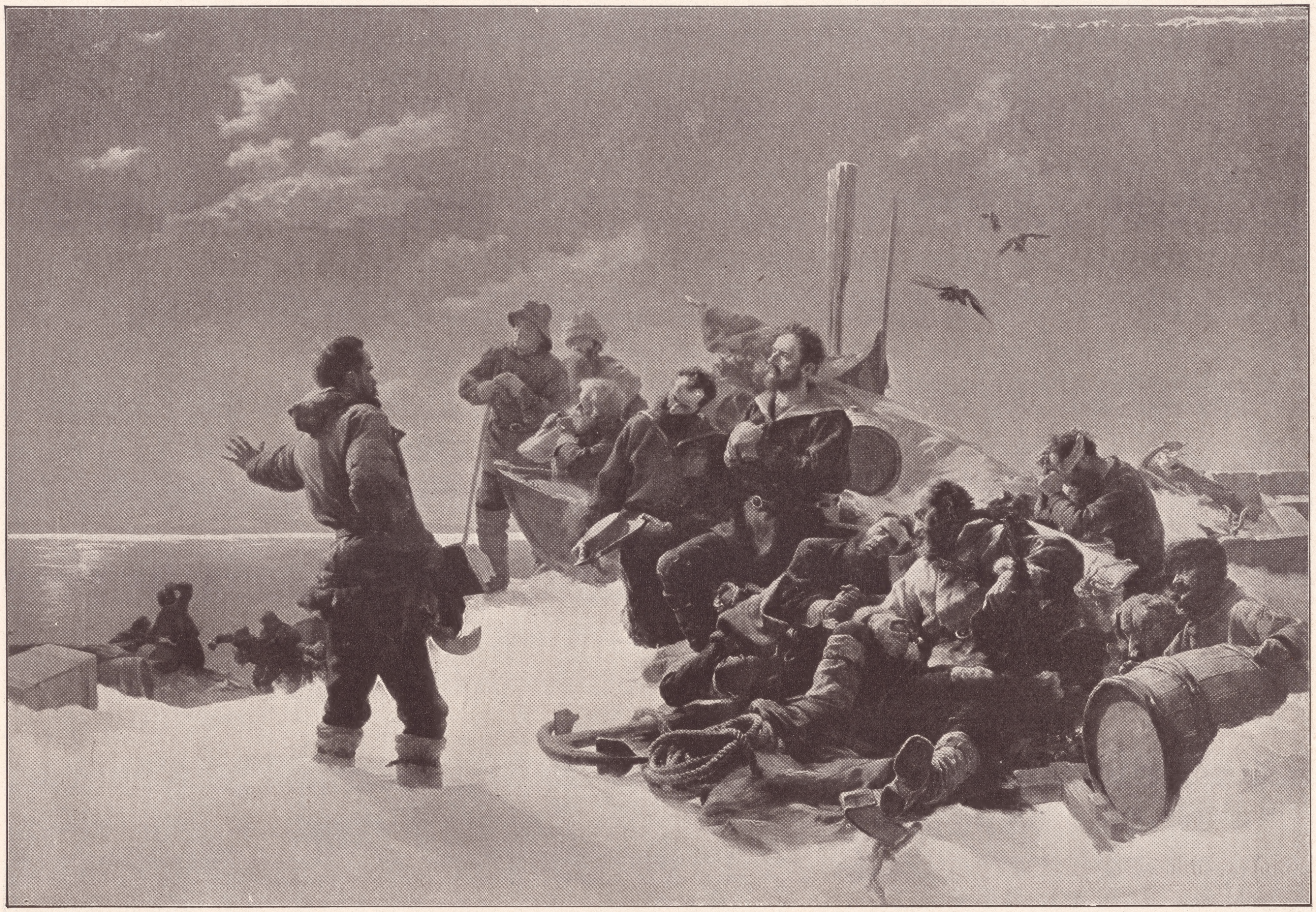
IMPIOUS and beautiful, the Greek courtesan when brought before the judges was acquitted because a decree of guilty would have deprived the artists of her time of the most Venus-like model. The legendary blindness of Justice must have set in at a later epoch. Phryne is the principal figure in a huge painting where an admiring multitude sees her on a shore taking off the last garments before bathing. She stands near the marble steps leading into the water, a figure supremely perfect. Her attendants carry robes and perfumes; one of them shades her face, another unlaces her sandals. The crowd of men and women who have followed her cheer at the vision or express their enthusiasm in some genial manner. A temple is in the background to the right. Beyond the water, on the other side a hilly coast rises. The middle group and the surrounding mass of people form a most important composition within a sunny landscape. The artist of this fine picture was a student at the University of Kharkov, where he was born in 1845 He is a member of the council of the Russian Academy of Arts since 1889. "Phryne" was painted in Rome and belongs to the Emperor of Russia.



BELGIUM. THEODORE VERSTRAETE.

ORCHARD IN ZEELAND.

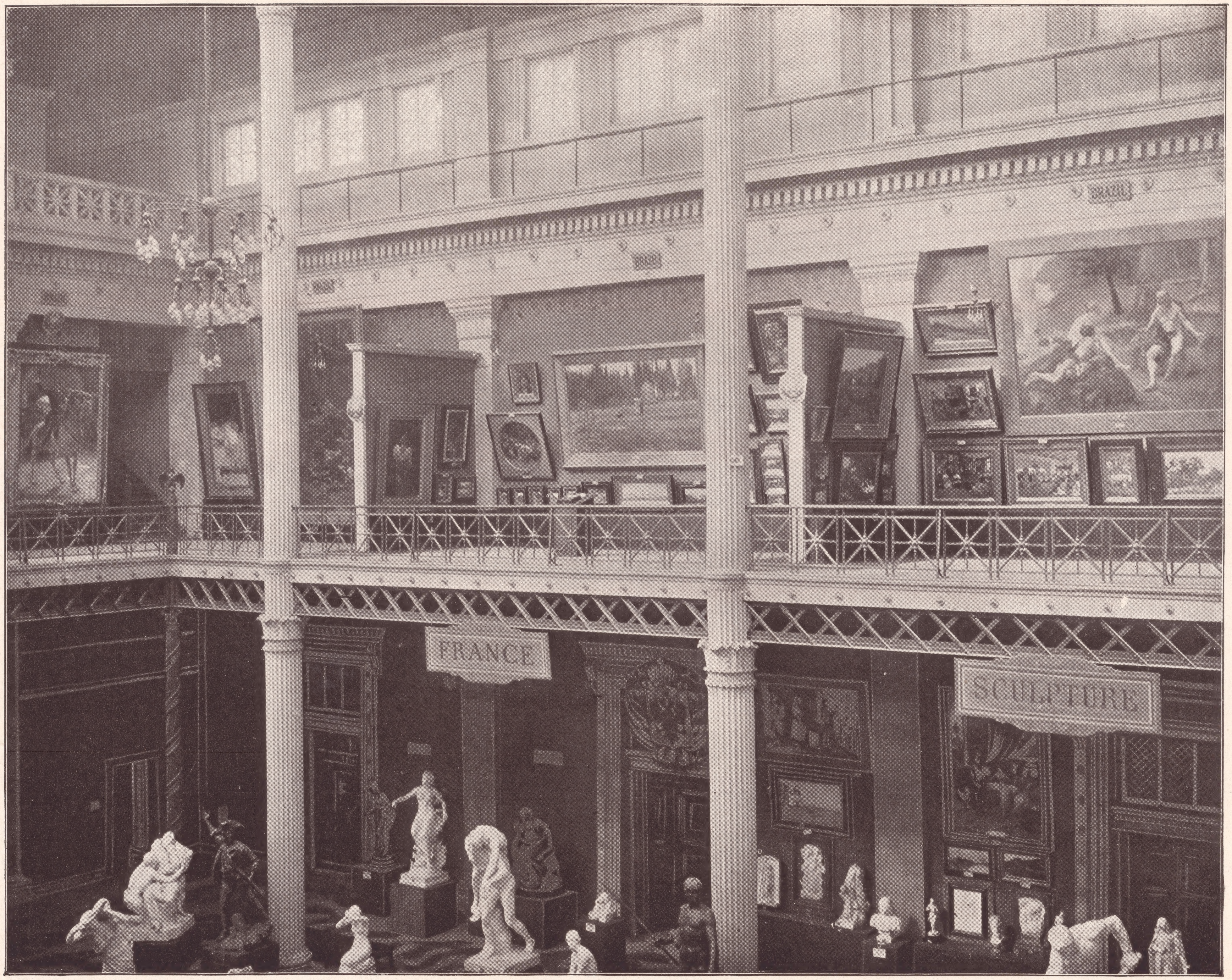
IN order to form some idea of this work one should recall the best productions of the open-air school, or, better still, the direct impressions of summer sunshine. Photographic reproductions of paintings of this sort can not do them full justice. Peasant girls in groups are gathering blossoms in an orchard. Sharp light comes through the branches and flows around bluish aprons and white bonnets. Every color asserts itself strongly, yet the effect of the whole is warmly blended. Theodore Verstraete, born in 1851 at Ghent, studied at the Antwerp Royal Academy and received a gold medal there in 1872. He has always painted entirely and directly from nature taking principally landscapes from the neighborhood of Antwerp and motives from the Belgium coast. His vigorous talent has made him the leader of the more advanced artists of Belgium. He was among the founders of the Société Nationale de Beaux Arts, Champ de Mars, Paris. Gold medals were awarded him at Antwerp, Amsterdam, Paris (1889), Vienna, Cologne, Munich, etc.



Austria. Julius von Payer.

NEVER BACK.

SHIPWRECK, icy desolation, hunger, and death have not overcome the ambition to reach the north pole. Expedition after expedition has been carefully planned and courageously undertaken only to fail, at least in its principal object. But as the map of the arctic region is dotted with graves of fearless explorers, geographical information becomes more complete and the craving for attaining the goal fiercer Julius von Payer's painting recalls an episode of a voyage made in 1872 by Weyprecht and Payer with the aid of the Austro-Hungarian government. The leader seeing his men succumb under the hardships, tries to fire their frozen spirits to a new effort. He points to the north and commands them never to retreat. A boat is drawn to the edge of a snow-covered ice-field; a group of sailors have fallen beside it; farther on an open sea glistens in the polar light.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE ART PALACE.

THIS view was obtained by photography in the South Court of the building. Sculpture from France was exhibited there, and in the upper gallery paintings from Brazil were placed. The lateral doors on the lower floor led into the rooms occupied by the collection from Russia. The arrangement of the Art Palace was eminently fit for the purpose of a great exposition. Space sufficient for the many works and for the crowds of visitors, light in abundance, decorations of a character subdued but not subduing division of room into a number of larger and smaller galleries, were some of the requirements fulfilled in every particular. Pavilions and courts designated by the points of compass to which they corresponded, galleries numbered in their order, and the grouping together of the collections from each country, formed a system easily understood.

PAINTING or Art generally as such, with all its technicalities, difficulties and particular ends, is nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing. He who has learned what is commonly considered the whole art of painting, that is, the art of representing any natural object faithfully, has as yet only learned the language by which his thoughts are to be expressed.